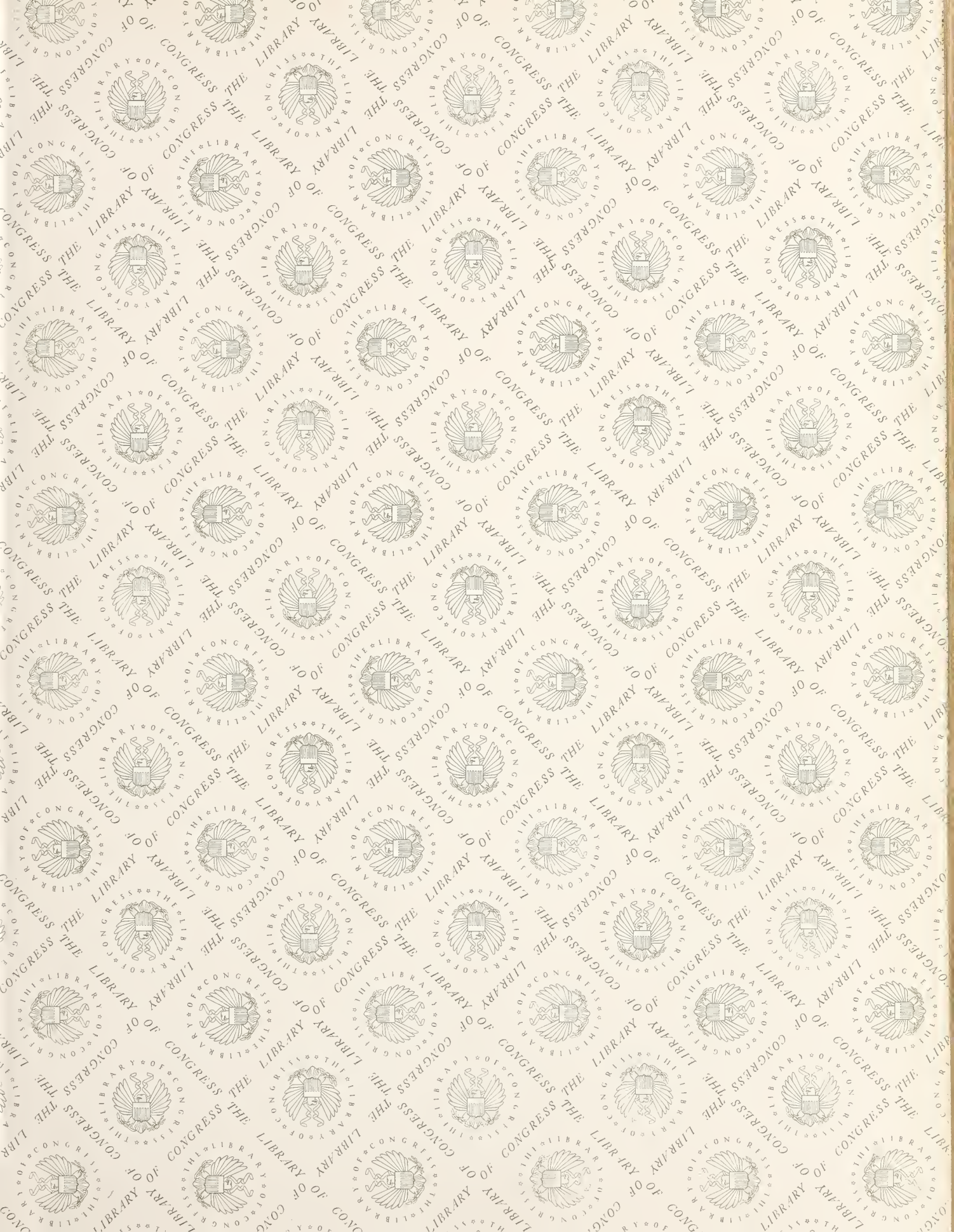
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modern screen

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DECEMBER, 1948

modern screen

the friendly magazine

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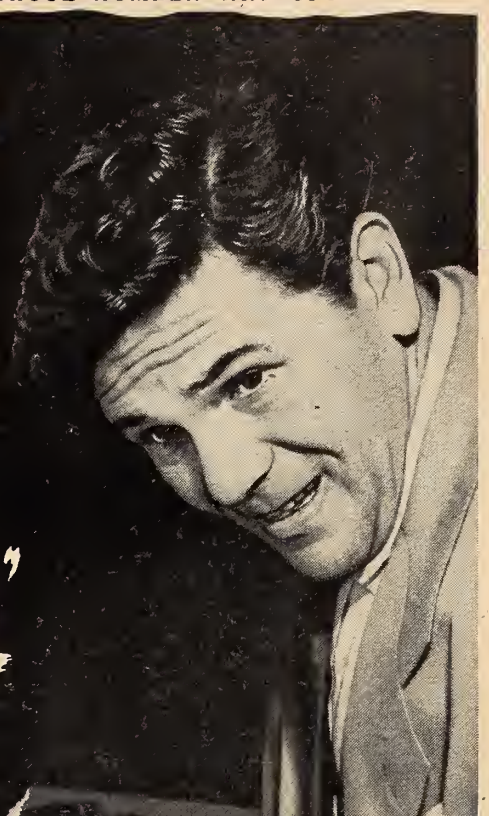
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To our Readers

THERE'S A fourteen-year-old girl in Hollywood, name of Joan Evans. Right now Joan is being groomed for stardom by Samuel Goldwyn. She has the title role in a movie called *Roseanna McCoy,* and she has Joan Crawford for a godmother and sponsor. We figure she can't lose. But what really brings Joan Evans to our mind is her aunt, K. Roby Eunson, who is MODERN SCREEN's newest contributor. Aunt Roby is in Paris—and she was there when Rita Hayworth was thereabout with Prince Ali Khan at her side and half the men of France trailing behind. You'll find Roby's view of "Rita's Royal Romance" on page 40. Good reading it is, too—although what we especially want to tell K. is: "Please stop sending us those frantic messages from the Eiffel Tower. Yes, we've heard about your niece. We think she's wonderful. . ."

WHICH BRINGS us around to Ingrid Bergman and Hedda Hopper, who are also wonderful. Hedda came striding into our office the other day. "Shy?" she said, "My eye! Recluse? Pooh! Mystery woman? Huh!" "We never thought you were, Hedda," we ventured cautiously. She brushed us aside. "Not me—Bergman, the Divine Swede!" "We know," we said. "You *don't* know!" Hedda said. "Wait till you learn the real story. . " Whereupon she made us learn it—as you may, too, if you turn to "Ingrid Bergman Talks," the item on page 28 of this issue.

ON PAGE 36, there's a piece about the Glenn Fords. What isn't in the story, our Roma Burton could tell you. Roma, our Western Editor, was at the Fords' house with the photographers and young Reba and Bonnie Churchill. She was standing in the bedroom, admiring it, when suddenly she noticed flames crawling up the drapes. Her amazement was only equalled by that of the photographers. Before Glenn could point an accusing finger, the fire was out and blame had been placed on some errant flash bulbs. It was, nevertheless, the hottest assignment Roma's ever covered. . . .

ROMA, INCIDENTALLY, is able to cope with such situations partly because she's five feet seven and stems from a family of comparative giants. Her two youngest brothers (she has three) are probably the biggest men on the California State Highway Patrol. They have been known to tag the cars of MODERN SCREEN staff members for perfectly illegal parking—a thing which surprises no one. Roma doesn't like to talk about herself, but if you threaten her, she'll tell you she went to Santa Monica Junior College, did publicity for RKO and Goldwyn, and in 1946 switched to us. We've been happy ever since. . . .



the snake pit has been filmed!

With all the emotional impact and penetrating insight that made the best-selling novel the most powerful book of our time—the story now comes to the screen!

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THE SNAKE PIT

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MARK STEVENS
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with
Celeste Holm · Glenn Langan
and Helen Craig • Leif Erickson • Beulah Bondi • Lee Patrick • Howard Freeman • Natalie Schafer • Ruth Donnelly • Katherine Locke • Frank Conroy • Minna Gombell

Directed by ANATOLE LITVAK

Produced by
ANATOLE LITVAK and ROBERT BASSLER

Screen Play by Frank Partos and Millen Brand • Based on the Novel by Mary Jane Ward



Frank Sinatro's Swoaners ond Andy Russell's Sprauts played their secand onnual charity saftball game in Gilmare Park. Umpire Jack Carsan accepts a small bribe from Swaaners' center-fielder Ran Reogan.



Mickey Raaney has o beef agoinst the Swooners, but neither pitcher Harry Jomes nar short-center-fielder Sinatro is toking it seriausly. The game wos sponsared by the Hallywoad Junior Chamber of Cammerce.



With the beaming approval of husband Ben Gage, Esther Williams models the swim suit she designed for Cale of Califarnia. The Cales tassed a champagne supper far Esther at their Beverly Hills home.



One of the big fashian shaws af the manth was the swank affair given by Irene, M-G-M designer, when she presented a new callectian at her awn salon. Ava Gardner selects a black number with gald-dotted jacket.



Janis Paige, the Sprouts' bat girl, sprays teammate Dane Clark with a Flit gun because he catches so many flies. (Ouch!) After the game, which the Sinatra ten won 19 to 9, all hands took part in an uproarious comedy show.



Cabina Wright made fashion news, too, with her party for 300 honoring designer Marusia (wife of announcer Don Wilson). Among those admiring the creations are Bill Spier, June Havoc, Judy Garland, and Vincente Minnelli.

louella parsons'

Good news

■ In the long run it is not what I, his producers or his friends in Hollywood may feel about Robert Mitchum that will decide whether he is finished—or whether he gets another chance.

It's up to YOU. You, the fans and the ticket buyers, will make the decision.

Because you are the final judge and jury, I have read with great interest every letter about Mitchum you have sent to my desk since the day he was arrested on the charge of smoking marijuana.

The majority of you letter writers are shocked and disillusioned. Several are bitter and are determined never to see another picture of his. Others believe Bob is sick. But I shall be more specific and quote from some of the more interesting letters.

"What shocks me almost as much as the marijuana smoking," writes a housewife from Portland, "is the fact that he had dropped in for a date with two Hollywood bachelor girls when his wife was, at that very time, driving back across the country with his two children, willing to give their marriage another chance. Has anyone else thought of this particular tragedy within a tragedy? Is it always the fate of fine wives like Mrs. Mitchum and Mrs. Rex Harrison to stand by, humiliated but forgiving and understanding?"

A New York taxi-driver says: "I hauled Bob Mitchum once when he was visiting here and he laughed and kidded and seemed very regular. Anybody who resorts to narcotics or 'smokes' is sick. How about giving him another chance?"

A 16-year-old girl in San Francisco writes: "Robert Mitchum has thrown himself on the mercy of the public. He has confessed his mistakes. Since when have Americans re-

Watch the lads



Admire the Girls



..whose Hair has warm, rich COLOR



★ Don't put up with dull, mousy hair *a moment longer.* Let Nestle Colorinse give your hair the warm, rich color, silken sheen and beautiful highlights that *no shampoo alone could possibly give.* Absolutely safe, washes out with shampooing.

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Nestle- originators of permanant waving- Meriden, Conn.



First nighters at the Ice Follies of 1949 in Hollywood's Pan Pacific Auditorium were Shirley and John Agar. The Agars celebrated their third wedding anniversary in September.

Good news

fused to grant another chance to a man who says he is sorry?"

"M. S. L.," of Atlanta, believes: "Hollywood must not be judged by this one case or any single happening. I heard your plea on the radio the other night asking that the many not be smeared with the few. I get my greatest happiness out of going to the movies and so do most of my friends. This is why I am always so shocked when they rave and rant against Hollywood and its people every time a new 'case' comes up. All I can say is that I hope Hollywood is not put on trial along with Robert Mitchum."

[EDITOR'S NOTE: For a most revealing insight into Bob Mitchum's character and mind, see page 30.]

* * *

I stole a couple of days off the job and went down to Del Mar and La Jolla—to Del Mar to check up on the movie stars at the races and to La Jolla to catch Gregory Peck in *The Male Animal* in summer stock revival.

After the show, I went backstage to see Greg and I couldn't have been more surprised at the lack of movie-star trappings in his dressing room. In fact, Greg, who gets every convenience he wants when he's at a Hollywood movie studio, shared a cubbyhole in the basement blocked off by curtains, with leaky pipes down the walls—and two members of the cast dressed with him.

Most of the actors who appear in these summer stock shows love that sort of thing—getting right back to the greasepaint and the good old days of barnstorming.

But such was far from the case when Jennifer Jones came to the La Jolla Playhouse for a ten day run in *Serena Blandish.*

Wow! What swank!

Jennifer's costumes were created in Hollywood and two wardrobe women came along—plus her personal maid, hairdresser and secretary! The leaky-pipe "star" dressing room was completely out of the question, so an elaborately-appointed trailer was backed up to the stage door and served as her dressing quarters.

Whether all this made a hit with the other summer stock troupers is a questionable point. In any event, Jennifer sold out the house performance after performance. The fans went crazy over her and the show could have run a year.

* * *

Elizabeth Taylor grabbed football star Glenn Davis, and planted a big kiss square on his lips when the ex-West Pointer took off for service in the Orient. That youngster is really in love and she doesn't care who knows it.

She wears Glenn's fraternity pin even on her evening gowns.

They met when Davis came out to Los Angeles to train for his only professional football appearance with the L. A. Rams before taking off for Army duty. In fact, he stayed with the next-door-neighbors to the Taylors'. It was love at first sight.

* * *

Personal Opinions: The fact that her relatives, her father, mother and sister were constantly at the house may have had something to do with the final break-up of Gloria

Bing Bob Eddie

CROSBY · HOPE · CANTOR

say:

"It's One Of The Funniest Pictures Ever Made!"



She teaches him his A B C's by drawing them on his chest . . . and he doesn't care if school never ends!

One $20,000,000 kiss and hallelujah! He's a bum!

Paramount presents

JOHN LUND
WANDA HENDRIX
BARRY FITZGERALD
MONTY WOOLLEY

in

"Mi$$ Tatlock's Million$"

with

ILKA CHASE · ROBERT STACK
DOROTHY STICKNEY · ELIZABETH PATTERSON

Produced by CHARLES BRACKETT Directed by RICHARD HAYDN

Screenplay by Charles Brackett and Richard L. Breen
Suggested by a play by Jacques Deval

GIRLS Send this coupon, plus a dime, to cover handling charges, for your autographed picture of handsome John Lund, thrilling star of "A Foreign Affair!"

Dept. 7, Paramount Pictures Inc., 1501 Broadway, New York 18, N. Y. I am enclosing 10¢ for an autographed picture of John Lund

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BOYS Now you can have an autographed picture of beautiful Wanda Hendrix, lovable star of "Ride The Pink Horse" and "Welcome Stranger!" Just send a dime, plus coupon.

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Don't be Half-safe!



by
VALDA SHERMAN

At the first blush of womanhood many mysterious changes take place in your body. For instance, the apocrine glands under your arms begin to secrete daily a type of perspiration you have never known before. This is closely related to physical development and causes an unpleasant odor on both your person and your clothes.

There is nothing "wrong" with you. It's just another sign you are now a woman, not a girl . . . so now you *must* keep yourself safe with a truly effective underarm deodorant.

Two dangers—Underarm odor is a real handicap at this romantic age, and the new cream deodorant **Arrid** is made especially to overcome this very difficulty. It kills this odor on contact in 2 seconds, then by antiseptic action prevents the formation of all odor for 48 hours and keeps you shower-bath fresh. It also stops perspiration and so protects against a second danger—perspiration stains. Since physical exertion, embarrassment and emotion can now cause your apocrine glands to fairly gush perspiration, a dance, a date, an embarrassing remark may easily make you perspire and offend, or ruin a dress.

All deodorants are not alike—so remember—no other deodorant tested stops perspiration and odor so completely yet so safely as new Arrid. Its safety has been proved by doctors. That's why girls your age buy more Arrid than any other age group. In fact, more men and women everywhere use Arrid than any other deodorant. It's antiseptic, used by 117,000 nurses.

Intimate protection is needed—so protect yourself with this snowy, stainless cream that smooths on and disappears. This new Arrid, with the amazing new ingredient Creamogen, will not crystallize or dry out in the jar. The American Laundering Institute has awarded Arrid its Approval Seal—harmless to fabrics. Arrid is safe for the skin—non-irritating—can be used right after shaving.

Don't be half-safe. During this "age of romance" don't let perspiration problems spoil your fun. Don't be half-safe—be Arrid-safe! Use Arrid to be *sure*. Get Arrid now at your favorite drug counter—only 39¢ plus tax.



Mona Freemon and Pat Nerney at Gail Patrick's party for Florida's newly-elected governor, Fuller Warren.



Back from their European honeymoon, the Bob Toppings dine out at the Colony Restouront in N. Y.

Good news

De Haven and John Payne. I know Gloria is upset over the parting, but I hope she doesn't continue to try to "forget" by dating with a new beau in a nightclub every evening. . . . The man with the most delightful manners in Hollywood is Herbert Marshall—and I mean just good old-fashioned courtesy. Some of the younger casual and indifferent males could get some good tips from Bart, who treats every woman he meets as if she were royalty. . . . If Judy Garland is successful in getting Roy Rogers for her hero in *Annie Get Your Gun*, I'll nominate that movie a year in advance as the biggest grosser of 1949. Imagine those two *plus* Irving Berlin's wonderful music!

* * *

The social season in Hollywood has reached a new high with more parties than I can remember in all the years I have been reporting movie news.

I suppose it's because so many important guests have been visiting the West Coast and hostesses have vied with one another in seeing that they meet our Hollywood stars.

Gail Patrick, looking like a dream girl in the gown she wore at her wedding to Corny Jackson, was hostess at a large cocktail party and buffet supper honoring Governor-elect Fuller Warren of Florida. The handsome Governor made a decided hit with the ladies, I can tell you.

Greer Garson, so radiantly happy these days that the whole world knows it, sat between the Governor and her best beau, Buddy Fogelson, the millionaire Texan who is now the one man in her life.

But don't think for a minute that she had the exclusive attention of the guest of honor. He was most intrigued with Rosalind Russell, whose repartee was as witty and fast as his own. Rosalind looked beautiful in an ice-cream shade of pink and a small, perky hat.

There were fully 300 guests at the party and it is impossible to mention them all. But I would like to say right here in print that one of the women most admired by the distinguished visitor from Florida was Mrs. Lorena Danker, the dark-eyed beauty—whose smiles, however, were given only to Louis B. Mayer, head man of M-G-M.

* * *

That Danny Kaye is a one! He almost broke up the first formal party given in the beautiful new home of the William Goetzes by the darnedest gag of the season. He started asking everyone his or her middle name and then refused to call them by anything else! Do I rue the moment when I confided mine was "Rose"!

He also got it out of Irene Dunne that hers is "Adelaide" and that Loretta Young's real name is "Gretchen."

During dinner, he would come up with, "Gretchen, didn't you love Adelaide in *I Remember Mama*? I thought Rose, here, wrote just a peachy review."

We fixed him when we found out his real name is "David."

The Goetz home is easily one of the most beautiful in Southern California and it has been done in wonderful taste by William Haines. One of the things that makes it so outstanding is the beautiful collection of paintings—among them, a Van Gogh self-portrait. Bill and Eadie bought many of these works of art when we were all abroad this spring.

Claudette Colbert, with her short hair-cut (it seems shorter every time I see her) sat at a table with the host and Joan Bennett.

Joan is as loath to leave her children as anyone I know, but she has never been as reluctant to leave her own fireside as she has been since the arrival of her new daughter, Shelley. I can't say I blame her, because Shelley Wanger is a beauty and a darling. Looking at Joan in her chocolate-colored dinner gown and seeing how slim she is, you find it impossible to believe that she will be a grandmother next spring. She is only 38. Doesn't that make her just about the young-

A barrage of Bouquets for Warner Bros. June Bride!

"ONE OF THE BEST COMEDIES IN YEARS!" PHOTOPLAY

"SOCKO! ONE OF THE TOP LAUGH FESTS OF THIS OR ANY OTHER YEAR!" DAILY VARIETY (FAMED SHOW-BUSINESS JOURNAL)

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"A WONDERFULLY FUNNY PICTURE!" LIBERTY



"THE COMEDY OF THE YEAR! THE BETTE DAVIS PICTURE THE PUBLIC HAS BEEN WAITING FOR!" MOTION PICTURE

Bette Robert

DAVIS - MONTGOMERY in JUNE BRIDE

WITH FAY BAINTER BETTY LYNN TOM TULLY

DIRECTED BY BRETAIGNE WINDUST · PRODUCED BY HENRY BLANKE

Screen Play by RANALD MacDOUGALL • Based on a Play by Eileen Tighe and Graeme Lorimer



Look closely and you'll find that Crosby and Sinatra are the clowns with Shirley Johns. It's a circus benefit for the St. John's Hospital in Santa Monica.



This event drew the largest collection of stars in years. $175,000 was raised with the aid of such gentlemen as Robinson Crusoe (Gary Cooper) and Friday (Buster Keaton).

Good news

est grandmother in the country? (One of the youngest, anyhow!)

The Goetz party went on until almost dawn—and why not, with Johnny Green coming in late to play the piano until the wee small hours and Danny cutting up so superbly?

* * *

How do these movie girls meet millionaires—not only meet 'em but marry 'em?

Well, I suppose there is no set blueprint—but it is amusing the way pretty, blonde Jacqeline White met Bruce Anderson, wealthy oil man whom she is marrying in November:

Even though she is an actress with a good RKO contract, Jackie is very much a home loving girl and still far more interested in her former college sorority meetings than she is in Hollywood cocktail parties.

So, when she was recently invited to one—she found herself just on the outskirts of the group, a little on the bored side. Since everything was being served but water, she decided to wander out in the kitchen and get a glass for herself.

There, much to her surprise, perched on the sink, drinking water, himself, and looking pretty well bored—was one of the most attractive men she had ever seen.

"Hello, Beautiful, where did you come from?" he greeted.

A few minutes later he asked if he could drive her home. The next night they had their first dinner date. Ten days later they were officially engaged!

I guess it is easy if fate is on your side.

Jacqueline hasn't yet said how her marriage will affect her career. But her friends wouldn't be surprised if she says goodbye to the movies when she becomes Mrs. Anderson.

* * *

Mrs. Dolly Walker, Los Angeles socialite who is not in the picture business, gave a delightful dinner honoring the Maharajah and Maharanee of Jaipur. I had previously met them in Paris last summer. They are very prominent in the international set and the attractive Maharajah is one of the wealthiest men in India.

Speaking of the international set—don't be surprised if Dolly O'Brien one day soon becomes Mrs. Clark Gable. Possibly by the time this is in print there will be some definite news, because Clark was right at the boat to greet Dolly when she returned from Europe. (Editor's Note:—For a somewhat different prediction, see page 54.)

Another marriage scheduled to take place before another year is out is that of George Sanders and Sari Gabor Hilton.

You may remember a few years ago this romance was hot and heavy—then it suddenly broke off.

George went to Europe, leaving behind the red-headed Sari, who was madly in love with him. At the time George said he wouldn't even discuss marrying again until his wife, from whom he was just recently divorced, was in better health.

Whatever else might be said about George and his haughty attitude, it must be stated that he was devoted to his wife and wanted to do nothing to upset her until she was feeling better.

Now she has said that she no longer wants to see him anymore—so there was nothing to block the announcement of his engagement to Sari who is, of course, a very, very happy girl these days.

* * *

It has been a month of shocking happenings in Hollywood. First, Robert Mitchum. Then Rita Johnson's mysterious accident.

The police are now convinced that the blow on the head that brought on the long, dangerous coma with the blonde actress's life hanging in the balance, was caused by a hair-dryer. Apparently, the machine slipped while Rita was under it after shampooing her hair at home.

But, for days, this had all the makings of a Hollywood "detective story."

Tips came to my desk by the dozens—all false. I'm afraid too many amateur detectives were writing their own solutions.

As I write this, the case is still a mystery. Rita is in the third week of the coma and her doctors do not hold out much hope. My deepest sympathy goes to her mother and brother, who are barely able to bear up under this tragedy.

* * *

I am sure I do not have to go into detail about the marvelous job Hollywood did putting on the big benefit for St. John's Hospital the opening night of the Ringling Brothers-Barnum and Bailey Circus. I saw MODERN SCREEN'S cameraman snapping pictures of all the wonderful acts—and the event has been much publicized.

In these days, when many darts and criticisms are being leveled at Hollywood and its people, I want to ask you all to remember the many fine, good things that come out of movietown and not the occasional—the very rare—disgraces.

There is not one single big star in this industry who did not pitch in and do everything possible to help the circus benefit become the sensational success it was.

There is never a time when Hollywood does not respond to a worthwhile cause.

That is the thought I would like to leave you with this month. The great things that Hollywood does far overshadow the few mistakes of one or two personalities who happen to be identified with this industry. THE END



with STEPHEN McNALLY · Carol Thurston · Edgar Barrier · Screenplay by ROBERT BUCKNER

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"Discovery of the Year"

the trials and errors of shelley winters

by robbin coons



Gone are the days when she lived on doughnuts.

Because of the remarkable impact on the public of her fresh and vital personality, because she has demonstrated first-rate professional ability in all her roles, the editors of MODERN SCREEN *consider that Shelley Winters clearly deserves to be honored as the Screen Discovery of the Year. She is, in our opinion, one of the most promising figures ever to arrive in Hollywood.*

■ The little blonde gal sat before her mirror that day in a mood as blue as her clear young eyes.

You or I would have called her "cute" or "pert" or "pixie." We might even have called her "pretty." But those blue eyes, appraising the mirrored reflection, returned another verdict.

"Shelley Winters," the girl said to her image, "you are *so* ugly. . . . Look, for three years Hollywood has been telling you how unbeautiful you are. Get wise. Make dust out of here. New York. Anywhere. What that face of yours needs is footlights—(*Continued on page 99*)



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Movie reviews

by Christopher Kane



John Lund is persuaded by Barry Fitzgerald to double for the feeble-minded Schuyler Tatlock at the reading of his grandfather's will. Barry, paid to take care of Schuyler, fears to reveal his charge may be dead.



Through a fluke, the bogus Schuyler Tatlock becomes sole heir to the famous Tatlock millions and the family begins to fawn on him. One especially is his "sister," Wanda Hendrix, whom Lund starts to adore.



An aunt (Ilka Chase) discovers that Lund is phony, forces him to go away so that her son, Robert Stack (being clouted by Lund) can marry Wanda and recover a few millions. Then the real Schuyler returns!

MISS TATLOCK'S MILLIONS

Barry Fitzgerald starts off by hiring John Lund to impersonate a young man named Schuyler Tatlock, and here's why. Schuyler's the half-wit grandson of the tremendously rich California Tatlocks, and Fitzgerald's had a soft job for years being Schuyler's keeper (the Tatlocks call it "social secretary") in Hawaii, $500 a month rolling in, and the white sand, and the broad Pacific. Trouble is, Schuyler-boy's a firebug. Leave a match around the house, and goodbye, house. One day Fitzgerald leaves Schuyler alone to go into town and pick up the monthly check. He stays away too long. Two cases too long, to be precise. When he returns, there's only a pile of ashes. No Schuyler. Barry hates to give up the easy money, so he, well, he doesn't exactly notify Schuyler's family of Schuyler's demise. Five hundred a month is $500 a month. Two years later he's in trouble. The old Tatlocks die within an hour of one another, and all the heirs have to be present to hear the will read, and Fitzgerald receives a wire from California to bring Schuyler home at once. The way he looks at it, in Schuyler's present shape, he'd be too much of a shock to his folks. (The folks are Schuyler's uncles, Monty Woolley and Dan Tobin, and his aunts, Dorothy Stickney and Ilka Chase, and his sister, Wanda Hendrix.) In addition to this, Fitzgerald figures if anyone finds he's been taking money for no services rendered (larceny) and has failed to inform the authorities of the death of a citizen (federal offense) he'll be shipped to San Quentin. Which is why he hires Lund. Lund doesn't like the idea much, but he's a movie stunt man (Fitzgerald found him through Central Casting) and not a terribly conventional soul himself. He says he'll go through with it for a couple of days. After the will is read, Fitzgerald will get sent back to Hawaii with the supposed Schuyler, and the salary will continue, and Lund will get a thousand dollars. Through a legal fluke, however, Schuyler is named the sole heir, and his acid-tongued aunts and uncles all want to be his guardians, and Lund has a field day spitting fruit pits, letting his tongue loll out of his head, and bringing them worms for presents. He's as convincing a moron as you'd care to see, and he rollicks through the part of Schuyler with zest, but he also plays his real life stunt man with nice, quiet efficiency. He's a good actor, and, incidentally, very handsome with brown hair (it's dyed to match Schuyler's). Lots more happens. Lund falls in love with Wanda (she's overly affectionate because she thinks he's her brother) and saves her from marrying Ilka's worthless son, Robert Stack, and, of course, the real Schuyler shows up at the end with a Hawaiian wife and two native babies and there's heck to pay. It's a swell movie, one of the funniest. Charlie Brackett (producer and co-writer of the script) and Richard Haydn (who directed and played a bit part) have come up with a comedy that's got everything.—Para.

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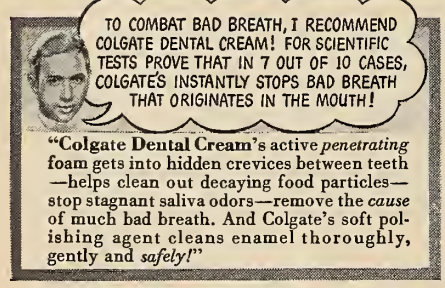
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NO MINOR VICES

Here is a movie where the characters all talk to themselves. For at least a fifth of the total running time, one or another of the principals stares into space and goes through suitable facial changes while he listens to his own mind working. It's this way. Flash to Dr. Aswell (Dana Andrews) sitting in his plushy office. His lips are still, but you hear his voice saying something like, "What's the matter, Aswell? Don't you trust your wife?" Meanwhile, he's clenching his fist, banging his desk, and twitching. If you want to know how Aswell got that way, listen. He's a benevolent despot. Likes things to move according to schedule—his schedule. His nurse (Jane Wyatt) is in love with him; he takes advantage of this; allows her to work long hours, refuse vacations. His assistant, Doctor Sturdevant (Norman Lloyd) has no private life either. He also idolizes his superior, and he spends his spare time memorizing Aswell's lectures to women's groups. Aswell's wife, Lilli Palmer, is pretty well sublimated, along with the rest of the gang. She cooks what Aswell likes; she sees there are no visitors during the hours when Aswell doesn't want visitors. But one day, Aswell overreaches himself. He tries to run the life of a young artist (Louis Jourdan) who's been doing subjective painting. "Go paint *people*," Aswell says. "This stuff is terrible." When it turns out that the person Louis most wishes to paint is Lilli, the trouble begins. When he falls in love with Lilli the trouble increases. According to Louis, the Aswells are living a tragedy. Lilli's just a piece of furniture to Aswell. To Louis, of course, Lilli could be an inspiration, a flame to light his searching way, a balm to soothe his agonies. . . . Louis is a little melodramatic, and a bit of a charlatan, but he's wonderfully charming, frighteningly handsome, and sincerely in love, so Lilli can't dismiss him lightly. I know you should be glad she sticks to her husband, in the end, but to tell the truth, Lilli and Louis were an adorable couple. You should have seen them trying to make a lobster's last day happy.—*Enterprise-MGM.*

CRY OF THE CITY

20th Century-Fox, having done so well for itself with *Kiss of Death, Street With No Name*, etc., goes on to bigger and noisier shoot-em-up's. Here again, we have a New

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What stories and features did you enjoy most in our December issue? WRITE THE NUMBERS 1, 2, and 3 AT THE RIGHT OF YOUR 1st, 2nd and 3rd CHOICES.

The Trials and Errors of Shelley Winters ..... ☐
Ingrid Bergman Talks by Hedda Hopper ..... ☐
Bob Mitchum's Own Story ..... ☐
Harry's Girl (Betty Grable) ..... ☐
Cheesehead and Company (Glenn Ford) ..... ☐
Rita's Royal Romance (Rita Hayworth) ..... ☐
Thanks For The Memories (Gregory Peck) ..... ☐
My One And Only (Rory Calhoun) ..... ☐
Artanis Knarf (I Know Him Backwards) (Frank Sinatra) ..... ☐
Mrs. Briskin's Dream House (Betty Hutton) ..... ☐
They Went That-A-Way (Roy Rogers-Dale Evans) ..... ☐
Hollywood's "Mystery" Romances ☐
This Little Voice Went No, No, No! (Loretta Young) ..... ☐
Picture Of The Month (Kiss The Blood Off My Hands) ..... ☐
Louella Parsons' Good News ..... ☐

Which of the above did you like LEAST? .....

What 3 MALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them, 1, 2, 3, in order of preference .....

.....

What 3 FEMALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them, 1, 2, 3, in order of preference .....

.....

What MALE star do you like least? .....

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Cry Of The City: Trigger-happy Richard Conte, policemon Vic Moture ond justice triumphing.

York City locale, and a trigger-happy hoodlum (Richard Conte this time) attempting to blast himself a place in the sun. Our cop hero is Victor Mature, and he has no sympathy for Conte, because he too was a poor Italian boy from the slums, and he didn't go wrong. Martin Rome (that's Conte) has been leading a life of crime for years, but I'm not sure whether you're expected to think he's a pretty good guy, or a pretty bad guy. It's confusing. Partly because as we first meet Marty, he's in the hospital, full of lead, after having killed a cop. That's terrible. Next minute, everybody's admitting the cop had killed several other fellows, and Marty's action was undoubtedly in self-defense. That's not so terrible. The hospital's trying to fix Marty up so he can get well and go to the electric chair, when a young girl (Debra Paget), as innocent as the dawn, sneaks in to tell him she'll love him forever. Obvious deductions: Marty must have his sweet side. Also, his old mama sends him hot soup. Obvious deduction: Marty must once have been kind to his mother. While he's in the hospital, a lawyer named Niles (Barry Kroeger) comes to ask Marty to confess to a large and appalling jewel robbery. The idea is Marty can only go to the chair once, and he's going to die anyway, so he may as well save this Niles' client (the real jewel thief) from his just desserts. Marty takes one look at Nile's sneering face—believe me, it's one of the most horrid faces I've ever seen—and tells Niles what he can do. Shortly thereafter, Marty breaks out of his jail hospital, goes to see Niles, ends up killing him. Here again, it's self defense, because Niles pulled a gun (Marty himself inclines toward knifing). Well, there's a pretty complicated plot, to put it mildly, but finally Marty meets his innocent young girl friend in a church, and has her just about convinced she should run away with him, when who should appear but detective Victor Mature. It's a showdown, by gosh. Naturally, Marty loses, and the picture ends inspiringly, for we find Victor explaining to Marty's kid brother that crime does not pay, while Marty himself lies cold and dead on the pavement below. There's a certain amount of excitement in a film like this, but I'm not sure it's an intelligent excitement.—*20th-Fox.*

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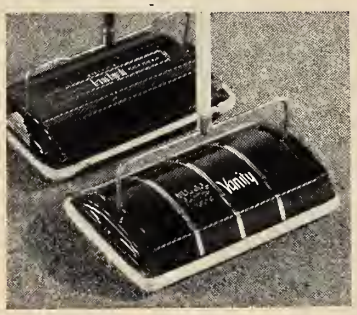
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My Dear Secretary: Authar Kirk Douglas' secretary (Laraine Day) marries him and writes a best-seller. It's a merry comedy, helped lats by Keenan Wynn.

MY DEAR SECRETARY

The trouble is, Owen Waterbury (Kirk Douglas) has had too many secretaries. He's a best-selling novelist, but he'd rather make love than money. Half the time, he just ignores his career, and pursues happiness. His secretaries usually wind up with mink coats, he himself often ends up with black eyes, and so it goes. Ronnie Hastings (Keenan Wynn), who lives next door, and calls himself a song-writer, has been mooching off of Owen for a long time; in return, he helps get Owen secretaries, and does the cooking. (He cooks simply awful messes, but they always go out and eat later anyway, so it doesn't really matter, and it helps him keep his self-respect.) When Stephanie Gaylord (Laraine Day) comes to work for Owen, it develops that that gentleman's met his Waterloo. Laraine's a principled kid, and all she wants is to write a book eventually, and make her reputation. Because of his writing, she'd always harbored the utmost admiration for Owen, but after discovering his haphazard way of life—he drinks and also gambles—she walks out in a huff. Owen, who's fallen in love with her, goes and snatches her right out of the arms of Rudy Vallee (a bookstore tycoon she used to work for) and marries her. They go away together. He writes his book. She writes hers. The publisher turns his down (it's a jealous publisher; Owen once gave his wife a mink coat); a different publisher thinks hers is terrific. So there's a problem. She doesn't want to be a success if he's not. He thinks his failure's all her fault. And darned if he doesn't start hiring more secretaries. She tries to find him fat ones. He likes 'em lean. The landlady keeps coming around to ask for the rent, and eventually Ronnie marries her. It's typical bedroom comedy, and though it's not as funny as, say, the delightful *Mr. and Mrs. Smith* of Carole Lombard and Bob Montgomery, it certainly has its moments. Laraine Day, incidentally, was given the Rita Hayworth treatment. Hair cut very short, and bleached almost white. Sort of like Harpo Marx, but prettier.—*United Artists.*

SEALED VERDICT

This picture poses a timely ethical question. Unfortunately, it's posed in occasionally confused fashion, due to the fact that Paramount's tried to force what was a firm, fully-packed novel into 83 minutes of movie. We find Ray Milland, an American officer in charge of prosecuting Nazi war criminals abroad, with a problem on his hands. There's this General Otto Steigman (John Hoyt). A Nazi, admittedly. Ray prosecutes him successfully, with the aid of eyewitness testimony from a strange little addled victim named Rodal (Norbert Schiller) who has somehow survived the Nazi terror. The only witness for Steigman is a beautiful French expatriate, Themis De Lisle (Florence Marly), whose relationship with the general is nothing if not questionable. But once he's got Steigman safely convicted, Milland starts to hear rumors. People congratulate him for "pulling one off," tell him he's got the "gift of gab." He gradually discovers that his witness, Rodal, isn't trustworthy, because he's half-crazed with longing for revenge. Milland doesn't like this. He's in Europe as an upholder of American justice. Even though the stories of Steigman's crimes against humanity are legendary, until Milland has concrete proof of these stories in his hand, Steigman must not die. If Rodal's word is worthless, other proof must be found. American Military Government doesn't see it that way. Steigman's obviously guilty, they say. Proof or no proof, he hangs. We can't afford to coddle Nazis. But Milland, stuck with his concept of ideal justice, continues to work doggedly on the case. It grows more complicated. However, if you can keep track of all the tag ends in this movie, you will find it quite absorbing.—*Para.*

JUNE BRIDE

Funniest line in *June Bride* is Robert Montgomery's. He wakes up, after sleeping off a magnificent drunk, and finds himself in what seems to be a straw-filled pen. A pig is nestling in his neck. Montgomery screws his eyes shut. "I've been thrown away,"

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says lovely Rita Hayworth

Here's a complexion care that really *works!* In recent Lux Toilet Soap tests by skin specialists, actually three out of four complexions became lovelier in a short time.

"My Lux Soap facials leave skin softer, smoother," says Rita Hayworth. "I smooth the creamy fragrant lather well in. As I rinse and then pat with a towel to dry, skin takes on fresh new beauty!"

Don't let neglect cheat you of romance. Take Rita Hayworth's tip. See what this beauty care will do for you!



Another fine product of Lever Brothers Company



RITA HAYWORTH

Star of

"THE LOVES OF CARMEN"

in Technicolor

Lux Girls are Lovelier!

Farley Granger's idea of a "Charming Woman"



FARLEY GRANGER, ONE OF THE STARS IN SAMUEL GOLDWYN'S "ENCHANTMENT", AND CATHY O'DONNELL

in Farley Granger's own words:

"When I first saw Cathy O'Donnell, I said, 'She's charming—in every way!' And I noticed her hands particularly—they're so soft, so feminine. Now Cathy tells me she uses Jergens Lotion always." Hollywood Stars use Jergens 7 to 1 over any other hand care!



His Idea?

The Stars know. Their favorite hand care—Jergens Lotion—is more effective today in two ways: It makes your hands feel softer than ever, deliciously smoother. It protects even longer against roughness. Today's Jergens Lotion contains two ingredients many doctors use for skin care. Still only 10¢ to $1.00 (plus tax). No oiliness; no sticky feeling. *If you care for your hands—use Jergens Lotion!*



Used by More Women than Any Other Hand Care in the World

For the Softest, Adorable Hands, use Jergens Lotion



June Bride: Editor Bette Davis hires long-lost love, Robert Montgomery, and the fun starts.

he says. Just a week before, he'd come home from Europe, one of the best-known foreign correspondents in the business, only to be told by his boss that the bottom has fallen out of foreign correspondents, if you'll pardon the expression. "There is a job for you here," the boss says, "but it's as a writer for Linda Gilman—on Home Life." Montgomery's shifty eyes light up. Linda (Bette Davis), now an editor, is none other than the girl he once loved and left, and he's only too pleased to be meeting her again. He thinks she's lovely. What she thinks of him becomes evident the minute he appears in her line of vision. You and I know she still nourishes a passion for him, though she wouldn't admit it for the world. "Three years ago, we had a dinner date," she says coldly. "I'm awfully glad I didn't wait." However, she agrees to hire him (she does need a writer) and the whole staff of Home Life then takes off for Indiana. Home Life's one of those magazines that moves in on some hapless family, reduces the weight of everybody in the place, brings all their clothes up to date, and modernizes their home in a relentless manner. This time, Home Life's going to do a June issue about an Indiana bride, and they've chosen a kid named Jeanne Brinker (Barbara Bates) for their guinea pig. Naturally, this means they massage Mama Brinker (Marjorie Bennett), act patronizing toward Papa Brinker (Tom Tully) and rip all the molding out of the Brinker living-room. Everybody is busy except Montgomery, who's miserable. "There's nothing to write about in a typical family," he says. "Unless typical Mr. Brinker should take typical Mrs. Brinker, and cleave her head open with a typical meat-axe." Before he's through, though, there's plenty to write about. He and Boo (Betty Lynn), another young Brinker, see to that. Seems the Brinker bride really loves her groom's brother. Seems Boo really loves the groom. Seems the cover of Home Life is ruined. Can anything else happen? You bet.—*Warners.*

STATION WEST

Dick Powell is a versatile young man. Having just (*Continued on page 107*)

your letters...

LOYAL TO BOB

Dear Editor: In yesterday's paper, I read the awful headlines about Robert Mitchum, and my heart went out to him. Such a fine man can and will overcome this misfortune that could only injure his career, his family, and his popularity.

Anne C. Means, New Orleans, La.

Dear Editor: . . . Mr. Mitchum is an actor with a future. Let's help him get back on the right track. We all need help and loyalty. After all, it's the public's fault that we haven't cleaned up the narcotics racket.

Mrs. R. H. Geilenfeldt, San Diego, Calif.

DISGUSTED WITH HOLLYWOOD

Dear Editor: The Bob Mitchum scandal is the last straw! We movie patrons no longer get to see actors and actresses, but the boys and girls who have the best "bedroom eyes and voices." Yet the movie magazines paint these characters as "sweet, home-loving bodies." Hogwash! No wonder young people today become juvenile delinquents, when their idols are nothing but divorcees and drunken sots.

A former movie fan

(Because of overwhelming public interest in this case, MODERN SCREEN brings you "Bob Mitchum's Own Story," on page 30 of this issue—Editor)

WE'RE A HEART-WARMER

Dear Editor: Your October story, "It's Not a Dream, Darling," about Cornel Wilde and Pat Knight, was one of the most heart-warming and wonderful articles I've ever read.

Terry Robertson, Richmond Hill, New York

TOXTON ANTI-TOXTON

Dear Editor: In the November issue, you identified the girl with Peter Lawford as "Susan Perry, formerly Candy Toxin." Maybe you should have your caption writers inoculated against stupid errors like that. The lady's name was Toxton, as appeared later on in your story.

Irma Nesselrode, St. Louis, Mo.

(We bow our heads in shame, Irma, but in the confusion of Candy's becoming Susan Perry, Rita Corday's becoming Paule Crosset, and Isabelita changing her name to Lita Baron and then to Mrs. Rory Calhoun, we're not sure we can spell our own name anymore—Editor)



YES, I'M JEANNIE. Together, Fred and I turned out songs . . . about love and moonbeams. To annoy me he sometimes whistled "Jeannie with the Light Brown Hair". . . for *my* brown hair was nothing to dream about. It was just dingy-looking and unruly.



BACKSTAGE ONE NIGHT, my chum Madge told me the secret of her gorgeous hair. "Lustre-Creme Shampoo," she said. "My hairdresser uses it. It's not a soap, nor a liquid, but a new *cream* shampoo with lanolin. Use it at home, too, and *keep* your hair lovely!"

Jeannie with the dull wild hair... now a lovely "LUSTRE-CREME" Girl



WHEN I GAILY ARRIVED at our studio next day, Fred whistled in amazement. "Hold it, Gorgeous!" he cried. "Your hair! It's wonderful! If Stephen Foster could write lyrics about lovely brown hair, so can I. What rhymes with glisten, glamour, sheen, and pays off with lovely dream girl?" Thanks to Lustre-Creme Shampoo, I rated a love song after all.

YOU, TOO . . . can have soft, gleaming, glamorous hair with magical Lustre-Creme Shampoo. Created by Kay Daumit, to glamorize hair with new 3-way loveliness:

1. Fragrantly clean, free of loose dandruff
2. Glistening with sheen
3. Soft, easy to manage

Lustre-Creme is a blend of secret ingredients—plus gentle lanolin, akin to the oils in a healthy scalp. Lathers richly in hard or soft water. *No special rinse needed.* Try Lustre-Creme Shampoo! Be a lovely "Lustre-Creme" Girl. 4-oz. jar $1.00; smaller sizes in jars or tubes, 49¢ and 25¢. At all cosmetic counters. Try it *today!*

Kay Daumit, Inc. (Successor) 919 N. Mich. Ave., Chicago, Ill.



For Soft Gleaming Glamorous Hair

Whether you prefer the TUBE or the JAR, you'll prefer LUSTRE-CREME SHAMPOO



DIAMONDS BY JOHN RUBEL

Fabulous

NAIL BRILLIANCE BY CUTEX *only 25¢*



Luxury-loving women are finding *so many* glamour-extras in new Nail Brilliance! You will, too, and all for a low 25¢!*

Perfume-type bottle, steady based, with beautifully balanced artist-type brush. *Dream-come-true wear.* Defies peeling or chipping. *Wonderful purity.* Free from all irritating substances. Even women whose sensitive skins are allergic to other polishes can use Nail Brilliance with perfect safety. *Ten fashion-show shades* that stay dazzling, never turn dull.

Try Color-keyed Cutex Lipsticks, *too*—created to blend perfectly with each Nail Brilliance shade. So creamy! So clinging! Large size, 49¢.*

*PLUS TAX

An open letter to Elizabeth Taylor

why won't they let you grow up?



Dear Miss Taylor:

It's really too bad, the way they're trying to keep you from growing up.

Just the other day you revealed, quite simply and openly, that you had more than a passing interest in Lieutenant Glenn Davis, the ex-West Pointer of All-America football fame. You let it be known that you were most unhappy that you and he would be separated while he was on duty in Korea. You said you would be wearing his pin all that time.

What could be more natural for a 17-year-old girl? How could you have been more honest—with yourself and your public?

Yet a good many columnists at once began clucking their tongues fondly but sadly and in general expressing sorrow or shock over the fact that you're no longer a child.

This sort of thing seems to us quite ridiculous. It's a form of pressure that has the effect, however unintentionally, of making normal girlhood and young womanhood difficult for fine people like you and Jane Powell and Peggy Ann Garner. It penalizes you in a way, for the public interest and support which you have earned—making the widespread good-will that is felt for you into a thing that might be bad for you personally.

You'll come through all this in fine manner, we have no doubt at all—but why on earth must things be made tough for you? Why can't you be given the opportunity to develop naturally through normal experiences, exactly like any other girl of your own age?

Young love, we keep remembering, is kind of wonderful. It's certainly not incredible, extraordinary or reprehensible. But most of us older folks seem to have forgotten the facts of life.

Don't mind that, though, Elizabeth. It's *your* life you're leading. Let's hope people will let you lead it simply and sanely. You'll certainly have all our best wishes while you do.

Wade H. Nichols

EDITOR



INGRID BERGMAN TALKS

In one of the most intimate portraits of Ingrid Bergman ever given, a famous journalist looks behind the myths and mysteries to discover a truly remarkable woman . . .

by Hedda Hopper





In one of their rare Hollywood public appearances, Ingrid and her husband, Dr. Peter Lindstrom, dine at the Chanteclair. Ingrid is now in England where she's completing *Under Capricorn.*

■ "Of course, Hedda," laughed Ingrid Bergman, "there are some things I simply *won't* talk about: For instance—how I keep my husband's affection and whether I sleep with a nightgown on or off!"

"You're safe," I assured her. "I don't give a hoot."

"Good," smiled the Divine Swede. "I don't think you'll find me so uncooperative."

"I never have," I told her—and I meant it. I've become pretty sick and tired, myself, of that "going-Garbo" myth they've tacked onto one of the brightest, sincerest foreign stars who ever hit Hollywood. I've never believed it for a minute and I thought now, scanning Ingrid's friendly face: "How could anyone ever mention those two in the same breath? As stars, yes. As Swedes, sure. But as persons—how very different can you be?"

Across the long, low sofa, Ingrid perched gracefully—welcoming, human and warm. A straw-tone tan made her teen-age complexion even teen-agier. Only a touch of lipstick challenged those rosy cheeks. The greens, reds and grays of her Swedish modern room made Ingrid the lovely (*Continued on page 81*)

bob mitchum's



Dorathy Mitchum rushed hame after Bab was arrested. This picture was taken immediately fallawing their reunian.

own story!

Only a few hours before his arrest, Bob Mitchum gave Modern Screen the most revealing interview of his career—part of it written by Bob himself. It is a poignant document, a true picture of a man trapped by fame. But although Bob's words are weighted with sadness, they are also filled with hope . . . with courage. It is an amazing story, one you will never forget . . .

by Carl Schroeder

■ It was as though a playwright had a bad dream. In his nightmare, the curtain went up, not on the first act, but at the end of the drama. The critics rushed to the exits, screaming their verdicts without having seen the play. The public, shocked at the headlines, asked, "Can it be?"

The Robert Mitchum story is like that nightmare. It must be told now in reverse, from the headlines to the truth of the matter. And it happens that as a Hollywood reporter who was with the actor just before the curtain came down, I am well qualified to present the re-enactment in the true version which until now has been cloaked in confusion.

The scene is a modest, five-room home on Glen Oak Drive, high in the Hollywood hills. An actor is seated at a desk, scribbling notes in pencil. He is Robert Mitchum . . .

"In eight years we grew so fast we had little time to talk," he writes, in part. "As a result, we discover a beautiful and charming lady of obvious advancement confronted by a comic-strip character who is glued to his background by printer's ink."

Mitchum pauses. He picks up a telegram just received from his wife, Dorothy, who is in the East. It tells him that she will be home in a few days. It tells him more than that: It says this is the end. He knows that he might as well start looking for another house for himself, leaving this one for Dorothy and the two boys. It is to be the final step before their divorce.

Bob winces, thinking of the letter he had written—the last attempt at reconciliation: "Why not leave the children back East for awhile? All this talk is for the birds. Join me in Acapulco for a second honeymoon. . ."

Well, that was that, and he had asked for it. His eyes took in the familiar scene, this living room in which he had so often roughhoused with Josh and Chris, his kids. He was proud of this home. In its simple modesty it was a symbol of the sensible man's Hollywood.

Bob Mitchum returned to the notes he had begun to scribble. He had promised them to me; promised them as an answer to all sorts of rumors and wrong guesses about him that had been showing up in gossip columns.

"It is her misfortune," Bob continued, writing of his wife, Dorothy, "to have reared a monster in her loving keep, and she in resolution turns her head. I have called, but (*Continued on page 33*)

BOB MITCHUM WROTE THESE REPLIES TO REPORTS OF HIS MARITAL TROUBLES...

For months columnists hinted ot trouble between Bob and Dorothy. Asked to reply to specific gossip items, Bob wrote the comments shown ot right. First reply is to o columnist's report, in 1946, that Bob ond Dorothy had "mended their troubles" and that there would be no divorce "for o long time—if ever." Bob wrote, in port, thot he hopes there will be no divorce—"forever."

"We and two children have mended Their troubles." Like a girl mends stockings — by buying a pair.
Troubled of the heart are Canadian agonies, we observed, for so particularly guarded, they are rare gals highly salable secrets. — Correction (he) frequently hopes there will be no divorce for a long time — for ever."

"Understand things are not going too well at Bob's," a columnist wrote in January, 1948. Bob soid (right) that he learned of the item through a phone call and "my girl cried." For him, it was the "handwriting on the portable lath-and-plaster wall."

This we were informed of thru clearly phone by one deliciously earnest medicaster of the Lexington Avenue, and my girl cried. I was very very tired but my eyes were open wide enough to read the handwriting on the portable lath-and-plaster wall.

Thinking of the gossip item, "Friends feor the Mitchums are writing that unhappy Hollywood ending," Bob remorked he and Dorothy were vacotioning in Delaware ot the time. He was depressed by his own troubles, by the troubles of others. In flight "like a runaway in o swamp" he left Dorothy in Delaware, drove to New York to shake off his mood of depression.

"— and an epitaph to friendship. The weather was bad, as everywhere you looked was trouble, standing in the cold deep puddles — in New York — in Connecticut — in Delaware, the people had troubles, and they sat indoors out of the cold rain and told them to you.
I was much too tired to resist and so escaped into it - like a runaway in a swamp.

In July a columnist wrote, "The Robert Mitchums' explosion is expected to take place in three weeks." "No explosion," wrote Bob. "I have spent eight yeors trying to get this girl olone for a while so that we might discover each other." And he soys mognonimously, "We discover o most beautiful and chorming lody, of obvious advancement, confronted by a comic-strip identity who is glued to his background by printer's ink." (Bob, modest in self-appraisal, sees himself as tied to his past by stories written about him.) "I have called," he says, "but she hos heard the story of Lot's wife. About the only thing I can do now is get the hell out of the comic strip ond walk around to face her. Wish me luck." (Unlike Lot's wife, who became o pillar of solt when she looked back, Dorothy hos already "looked bock"—and has now become Bob's pillor of strength.)

This explosion. I have spent eight years trying to get this girl alone for a while so that we might discover each other. In eight years we grew so fast and we had little time to talk, and depended too fully on psychic sympathy.

As a result we discover a most beautiful and Charming Lady of obvious advancement, confronted by a comic-strip identity who is glued to his background by printer's ink —

I have called, but she has heard the story of Lot's wife. About the only thing I can do now is get the hell out of the comic strip and walk around to face her. Wish me luck.

(*Continued from page 31*) she has heard the story of Lot's wife. About the only thing I can do now is to get the hell out of the comic strip and walk around to face her. Wish me luck."

Prophetic words, these, for less than 24 hours later the world of Robert Mitchum was to blow up around him. In his ears was to ring the shouting of newsboys: "Actor arrested—Bob Mitchum in jail!" Reporters, policemen, friends, studio workers, his bosses, his fans—all were to see him with cold, impartial eyes, like a medical student peering at a cadaver.

I know, because I felt that way, momentarily, myself. The day before the arrest I had an interview with Bob Mitchum at a table in the side room at Lucey's Restaurant. We didn't waste time. I placed a neat pile of clippings from gossip columns in front of Bob. "You'd better look at these," I suggested, "and answer them one way or another."

He glanced through the clippings. "I'll answer them," he said. "I think I ought to. If you don't mind, I'll take them along. Tonight I'll write out everything I can say. You'll have the whole story tomorrow."

"Fair enough," I said.

I knew he wouldn't forget, wouldn't fail on his promise. There have been plenty of stories about Bob Mitchum's "unreliability." I never found him to be that way. On the contrary, he was always open and honest with me. My friendly feeling for Bob and Dorothy dates back to the time when I first met them. Fresh from his first success, Bob admitted candidly that he had only one suit of clothes and $3.56 in his pocket to last until next payday. And he didn't ask for a loan.

Later, when I had a problem in finding a boarding school for my small son, Dorothy was the one who prevented my making the wrong move. My boy and Bob's small fry, Chris, were schoolmates and buddies. The teachers confided that you couldn't ask for a finer lad than that Chris Mitchum. He showed in every inch of him that he'd come from a home with good parents.

For these and other reasons, Bob Mitchum talks perhaps more freely to me than to other reporters. And this day at Lucey's he was the same as always, pulling no punches, never dodging the issue.

What he said was filled with overtones of sardonic wit. Freud has a good deal to say about wit of that cynical and skeptical type. People who indulge in it are forever appearing to shatter respect for institutions and truths in which they really believe very deeply. As a result, such people are little understood.

"If anything does happen between Dorothy and me," Bob said, pointing to the clippings, "it may well be the result of these 'stories' as much as anything else. Dorothy is a little nicer than most of us, in the genuine sense of the word. I guess you know that. She's not the type who understands these picturesque distortions that pass for journalism."

He paused, then added, "You know, the telephone is an instrument of the Devil. It shouldn't have been invented. It's so intimate, yet neither side can really tell what's going on.

"For instance, I leave the studio. I've got a couple of things to think about. I meet friends. It's harmless, but we get to talking. I think maybe I'd better call home and say I'm going to be delayed. So I call. Dorothy answers. I explain. It should be simple, but it's not. I can tell by the sound of her voice that she's hurt.

"How am I to know that she's been reading about us somewhere? There's been one line in a column—something about things not going too well domestically with us. Someone has called Dorothy and read it to her over the telephone. But this I don't know.

"So I go home. Dorothy doesn't mention the story until hours later. She has great pride and sensitivity. Afterwards, I feel that if I hadn't made that telephone call I wouldn't have upset her."

I pointed out that every actor goes through something like this. It's an occupational hazard.

"Yeah," Bob said, "but the (*Continued on page 92*)



Seized with Bob Mitchum were dancer Vicki Evans (left) and actress Lila Leeds. They are shown awaiting a hearing on a writ of habeas corpus granted when they were arrested.



Jerry Geisler (left), famous Los Angeles attorney, was chosen to defend Mitchum against narcotics charge emerging from Bob's arrest during an alleged Hollywood marijuana party.



photos by marty crail

When you think of Grable you think of glamor—but I don't. I think of my daughter sorting the laundry, I think how she loves to be—

HARRY'S GIRL

by Lillian Grable

■ Yes, she's Harry's girl. And that's the secret of Betty's happiness. If you're a woman in love with your husband, you'll know right off what I mean. Betty always wanted what any normal girl wants—home, husband, kids—and she *knew* what she wanted. Harry and her home come first, no two ways about it.

Soon after her marriage she said to me: "Mother, if I ever had to choose between marriage and career, I wouldn't stop to think twice. Without the career, life could still be good. Without Harry—it couldn't."

But I'm willing to lay ten to one that, with Betty and Harry, the question has never come up. I've never heard them discuss it. Betty's never mentioned it to me, and we're pretty close. And if I know my son-in-law, his attitude would have been: if Betty wants to work, okay; if she doesn't, okay.

Of course, you have to have two like them to swing it—Betty, who's never been the kind that's eaten with ambition, and Harry, who's an angel—both of them crazier about each other than the day they married.

But let's keep things straight. Don't get the idea that her career doesn't matter to Betty, because you'd be getting the wrong idea. She loves it. She loves making pictures that people enjoy seeing. She loves being up there among the top ten. She was proud of her picture on a summer cover of Time—who wouldn't be?

And she makes a heck of a lot of money. Reports last year had her and Harry making half a million between them. (*Continued on page 104*)



Harry and Betty arrange ta have their vacatians tagether—then they relax at Del Mar. This fall, when Harry's an taur, Betty will da *The Beautiful Blonde From Bashful Bend.*



One of the James' mutual interests is harses. Last seasan three af their awn raced at Del Mar. They gave each other broad mares as birthday gifts, now have faur new colts an the ranch.



cheesehead and company

by reba and bonnie churchill

This is about the weekend when Reba and Bonnie fell in love with young Cheesehead, and with Cheesehead's Mom and Pop—the Glenn Fords . . .

■ The Glenn Fords' hospitality would charm even a potentate. We know, since we spent a weekend at their home.

One quiet afternoon at Columbia Studios, we were gathering material for our newspaper column and stopped by to chat with Glenn on the set of *Mr. Soft Touch*. Glenn is always good copy.

We found him leaning back in his canvas chair. Legs propped against a sound box. Brown hat pushed over his face.

"A picture of utter contentment," we heckled and waited in vain for some response from beneath the hat.

We tried again. "Some movie stars have nothing to do but loaf."

The hat crept up a few inches.

We pursued. "And they call this work!"

That did it. The hat was pushed back revealing two amused hazel eyes.

Glenn was in a mellow mood. Don't know how we got on the subject, but the talk drifted to hobbies and home life.

"How do you spend your free time?" we inquired nosily.

"If you really want to know, why don't you come up and spend the weekend with us?"

The next Saturday we nursed our car up the steep hill, passed Pickfair, and turned into the Fords' swinging driveway.

Their house is a sunny brick affair that sprawls over two wooded acres in Beverly Hills. We walked up the rose-lined path and rang the bell. (*Continued on next page*)

photos by bert parry and bob beerman



Mrs. Ford (Eleanor Powell) leods Rebo and Bonnie to the guest room—actually a suite. Eleonor plons to retire soon ond devote herself to domesticity.



Rebo finds Glenn's o demon with o bodminton rocket. Ellie ond Bonnie wotch. Glenn's regulor opponents ore Bill Holden, Bill Wyler, Mork Stevens.



Ellie's brand of hospitality includes bedside service. Vanilla malteds for Bonnie and Reba are delivered in persan. Ellie not only runs her ten room house but takes weekly swimming and dancing lessans to keep fit!



Pork sausages and hot coffee cake were served at Sunday breakfast an the patio. Patio opens off the living room and overlooks a landscaped garden. Tall pines and eucalyptus trees separate Fords from neighbors.



Reba and Bonnie wade with Peter (or "Cheesehead") in his pool. Not much larger than a goldfish bawl, the pool's depth is less than three feet. Glenn (of *Mr. Soft Touch*) plans ta let it grow with Cheesehead.



Upstairs in Glenn's bedroom-study are Pete's electric trains, sun lamps, an ice-cream bar and the Fords' combined collection of records—8,000. Roam also halds a steam cabinet which Pete calls "The Flying Freckle."

cheesehead and company

(*Continued from preceding page*) And then a ferocious-looking German Shepherd nosed around the corner of the house. Took a few sniffs and disappeared. We began breathing again.

The door opened and there stood Glenn and Eleanor Ford (who used to be Eleanor Powell), wearing matching smiles. There was a chorus of hello's as Glenn reached for our bags and ushered us into the circular entry hall.

This is an antique collector's delight. On one side of the door is a large ivory chest which rests on the brows of two carved cupids. On the other side, is a caramel-colored marble table with a bowl of freshly-cut roses from the garden. And there's Gus—an imposing marble head mounted on a three-foot pedestal.

"An ancestor?"

"Nope," replied Glenn. "He's an ancient Roman ruler named Augustus. Gus for short. Came with the house. Confidentially, we're keeping him for a spare hatrack."

"And also because you can't move him," chided Ellie. "Come along, girls, and I'll show you your room."

As we started up the stairs we caught



While Ellie was on tour, Glenn filled the music room with a pool table. Director W. Wyler taught him the game. Here, Glenn teaches Bonnie and Reba.

sight of a three-year-old peeking over the railing above. He caught sight of us, too.

"Hiya, Cheesehead!" Glenn greeted him.

"'Lo, Daddy," replied Peter Newton Ford gravely. "Are these them?"

"Yes, dear," said Ellie as we reached the second story. "Come say hello."

He advanced shyly and took our hands in turn. With us, it was a case of love at first sight.

Peter—or Cheesehead, as Glenn fondly calls him half the time—led the way to the guest room. Actually, it was a suite, with mirrored powder-room, bath and bedroom—all in old rose. Its pink quilted walls, satin coverlets, and thick carpets were as fluffy as cotton candy.

"Come on down to the Chinese room when you're unpacked," Glenn called cheerily from downstairs.

The Chinese room with its red lacquered walls and carved gold Oriental figures used to be the music room. But while Ellie was on a four-months' dance tour, Glenn gave the room a new look by installing a pool table.

If you hold your breath you can slide between the table and the built-in couches. By a bit of manipulating you can line up your shot (that Ford has us talking like professionals), and if you hold your cue stick just so, you can play without knocking over a lamp. (Well, maybe we're just clumsy at the game.)

Our shot was thrown off-balance by Peter tapping the end of our stick.

"Come upstairs and see my airplane."

"Airplane?" we double-taked.

Glenn explained, "Pete thinks my steam cabinet is an airplane."

"The Flying Freckle," which is Pete's name for the (*Continued on page 74*)

RITA'S ROYAL ROMANCE

A holiday in Europe . . .
a romance with a Prince . . . the French
press called it love, but was
it? Only Rita Hayworth knows . . .

BY K. ROBY EUNSON



Parisians were fascinated by Rita's adventures on the French Riviera. Prince Ali Khan (abave) took first place among her numeraus admirers.



In London, Rita's film, *Down To Earth,* opened at the Goumont Theater. Proceeds went to the British Limbless Ex-Servicemen's Assaciotion. Graup-captain Douglos Bader was Rito's escort.



The French press ployed up Rita as a dashing American movie star, and gave small spoce to her more dignified public appeorances—as here, with Michel Traubetzkay, at Poris opening of *Gilda.*

■ And now she's back in the United States—the little Cansino girl who flashed like a comet through the diamond-studded skies of European society. Rita's fling has been flung; the dowagers of the Riviera have almost stopped shaking their heads in amazement; there's a silence in Continental society like the calm that follows a hurricane.

But the whispers can still be heard clearly—little moth-like whispers that flutter through the salons of France to gnaw at Rita's reputation.

"That American movie star! My dear, did you see her with the Prince!" (The Prince, of course, is Prince Ali Khan, a gay blade with enough gold in his locker to sink the Queen Mary.)

"Is she going to marry him? How about Orson Welles? Did you see her dance with Alberto Dodero? Is it true that Rita . . . ?"

Well, what *is* the truth about Rita's three-month holiday in Europe? Were the foreign press reports correct in their suggestion that the incandescent American movie star leaped from one romance to another—each staged in full view of the public—each more colorful than the last?

It all began quietly enough, this holiday that startled European society. Typical of Rita's slow start was an incident that took place shortly after her arrival in Paris on June 10. Baron Roland de L'Epee was entertaining the diplomatic set at his swank Avenue Foch home, only a stone's throw from the Arc de Triomphe.

"There's Rita Hayworth sitting over there," exclaimed the American secretary from the embassy. "I'd recognize her anywhere."

"Jove," said the British secretary, adjusting his pince-nez, "awfully quiet sort, what?"

This party was backdrop for Rita's first public appearance in Paris. She couldn't have been more inconspicuous—and Rita wanted it that way. Those who observed her at the Baron L'Epee's party were conscious of her tremendous charm and also of her unwillingness to dominate the affair, as she might easily have done.

She had arrived in Paris a day or so before and registered at the Hotel Lancaster in Rue de Berri, just off the Champs Elysees. Although the Lancaster is anything but swank, it is comfortable and often draws visiting notables because of a management policy that guarantees protection from inquiring reporters. Miss Hayworth and her secretary put up at the Lancaster and were left pretty much alone.

But her second public appearance was at the glamorous carnival, Grande Nuit de Paris, where she shared billing with Ingrid Bergman, Charles Boyer, Edward G. Robinson, and an antiquated elephant named Mary. Miss Hayworth wore a white evening gown, draped in such a manner that it drew a good round of "ooohhs" and "aaahhs" from the crowd perched in the shadows of the spotlighted Eiffel Tower.

Again, Miss Hayworth seemed subdued in manner. "She has just finished working her heart (*Continued on page 101*)

thanks for the memories

The Thanksgiving when he wept, a fight ending in disgrace—things like these Greg remembers with gratitude

By GEORGE BENJAMIN



■ You feel sure that Gregory Peck must be one of those depressive personalities for which psychiatrists have hyphenated names when you first hear the kind of experiences in his past that he chooses to be grateful for around Thanksgiving time.

Events like a memorable punch in the snoot, an attack on him by three street toughs, an early Thanksgiving that started out to be the lonesomest day of his life—these are what he loves to dwell over fondly. The pleasant things that have happened to him he seems to consider as strictly secondary. He doesn't even mention the time he was signed for Hollywood, for instance. To him a much more significant day was the one at college when he came to the conclusion that he had wasted three years taking the wrong course.

And then, when this causes you to mull over your hard luck in happening to be talking to Gregory just when he is having a mental breakdown—he proves he is right! He has unerringly picked the incidents in his life that either helped mould him into the man he is, or turned him directly onto the path he had to follow to get where he is today.

Take that black morning at the University of California when Gregory decided that he was barking up the wrong career—that he didn't want to settle down in life as a teacher of English literature after all. That had been his first ambition. He had expressed it to his father thus: (*Continued on page 79*)



photos by bert parry



Rory gave Lita the ring for her birthday. They were quietly wed August 29. Rory's next is *When a Man's a Man.*

MY ONE AND ONLY

Only now does
Lita know how much
Rory meant it
when he said, "I
love you" . . . how
much she wanted him
to mean it . . .

by Lita Baron Calhoun
as told to Louis Pollock

■ I always thought that if a man ever told me he loved me the first time we met, I would burst out laughing. Rory Calhoun told me that the first time we ever talked and I didn't laugh. I sat there just looking at him. If I said anything at that moment I don't remember it.

I know partly what I was thinking. I was thinking that it might happen like that in Chicago or Upper Sandusky or Temple, Texas, or maybe in the movies—but not in the place where they make the movies; not in Hollywood. And, finally, not knowing what else to do, I decided I had better start kidding.

Rory kidded back. But, as we know now, we were only kidding ourselves. Rory meant it so much, and I wanted him to mean it so much. . . .

It didn't happen the first time we *saw* each other. It happened one night last January when, as Isabelita—as I was then known professionally—I was singing at the Mocambo. I saw him enter and take a table close to the orchestra. I felt that he was watching me. He says I never looked back at him, but I did; out of the tiniest corner of my eyes I saw him all the time.

When that evening passed and we didn't meet I was quite let down. But when other nights came, and Rory along with them, sitting again and watching again; then I felt something exciting growing within me and from then on the other patrons should have started kicking—because as far as I was concerned, I was singing just for Rory Calhoun.

I sang to Rory Calhoun, whom I didn't know, and it was as if I were talking to him. I wanted to tell him things about me . . . of a little girl who was only four (*Continued on page 89*)



artanis knarf

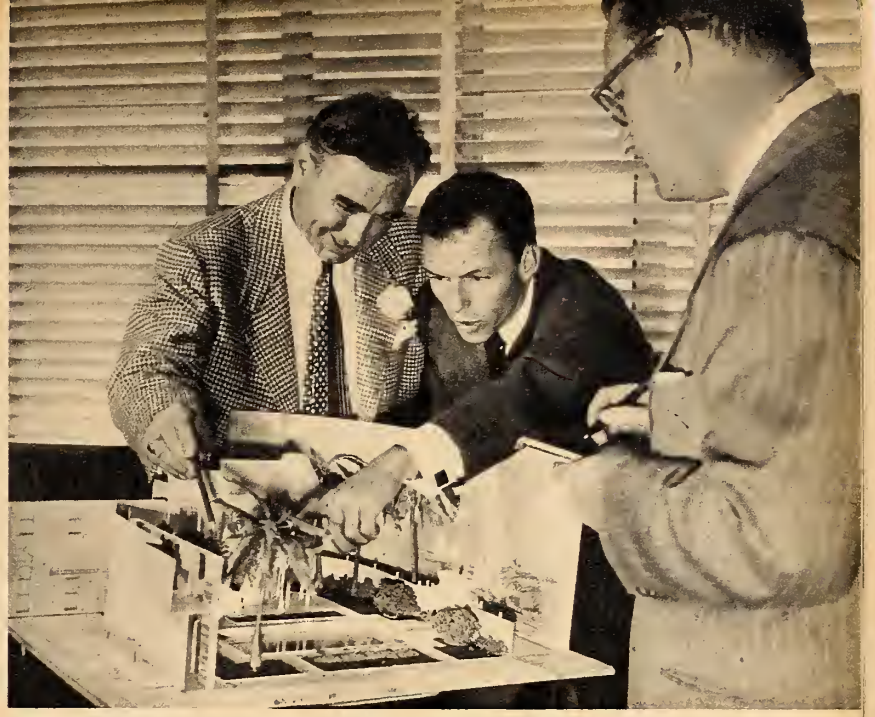
"I know him backwards"

by bobby burns





Fronk's manoger, Bobby Burns, keeps him from promising to be in three places at once. Here they're on their way to o studio conference. As usuol, Fronk rushes ahead.



They met in 1939, when both worked for T. Dorsey. Bobby joined Frank's stoff ofter his Army dischorge. He's o favorite with Noncy, Jr. Above they confer with Busby Berkeley on *Take Me Out To The Ball Game.*

What I can't tell you about Sinatra!
Those jokes he played on Dorsey... the way he met Bing...
that time we flew his crate to NY
and stopped for malteds...

All I know about planes is that I like trains. But Frank Sinatra—I'm sort of his manager—got a new airplane not long ago and he loves it. It's a Beechcraft Bonanza, whatever that is, and it's taken ten years off my life already. Frank bought it to commute between Palm Springs and Hollywood.

Nancy was a little dubious. "You aren't going to fly it yourself, Frank?"

"Me? Heck, no! I'm just taking lessons. Bob Lee is the pilot and I'll be co-pilot, and I'll make Burns navigator."

"Not me!" I said. "I couldn't navigate a bull across a cow pasture."

"Aw, it's easy. You'll catch on quick."

Nancy really worried, though, when Frank decided to make a trip to New York in the plane, with Bob Lee and me.

"Why can't you take a regular airline, like everyone else?"

Frank looked at her reprovingly. "What about Lindbergh? Where would the world be today if *he'd* taken a regular airline?"

Nancy gave up. When Frank makes up his mind about something he is a determined type.

They said, "Okay, you're the navigator, Burns," and handed me what looked like an Esso road map. I was navigator.

That is a trip which will be long remembered, at least by me. And by George Evans, Frank's publicity man, who was waiting for us in New York. We took our time. None of that Howard Hughes nonsense for us. We left Palm Springs at six-thirty and by the time we got to Oklahoma City, we said nuts to all this flying, what we wanted was eight hours' sleep. Which we had plus steak and spaghetti.

We got started again, but every now and then we'd have to make a landing because Frank would want a malted. Honest. I called Evans from St. Louis, in case he might be wondering what had happened to us. He was. His language was terrible and he (*Continued on page 96*)

mrs. briskin's dream **house**

Betty's house was built
with joy and a few quiet tears.
Betty's house is warm
and friendly—like her heart.

By MARVA PETERSON

Betty and Ted da their everyday living in the library-bar, equipped with televisian, bar counter, baaks, and small tables far informal dining.





Guest house is on English-type cottage, set in the gorden. Here the Briskins hold poker porties without disturbing kids. Cock-fight chair, left of fireploce, wos made by George Montgomery.



Betty told decorotor Roy Moyer, "I wont o coffee toble in the living room that I can put my feet on." So Roy designed a combination ottoman-table. Fireside choirs are built for two.

■ Two years ago when Betty Hutton was pregnant for the first time, she called in a drove of carpenters to add a nursery to her house.

When the room was near completion, one of the workmen stepped back and inspected his handiwork. "You know," he said thoughtfully, "this is really going to be a beautiful nursery."

He looked at Betty, at her well-tailored maternity dress, at her finely tooled shoes. "I guess," he said, "you must've had a nursery almost as nice."

"Cripes, man!" Betty exclaimed. "*I* was raised in a clothes-basket!"

Betty Hutton's early youth, as you probably know, was scarcely a period of gracious living. She spent her adolescence singing in night clubs, living in furnished rooms, traveling from one scrubby town to another. You might imagine that now she's established in well-to-do domesticity, she's gone all out to make up for those drab beginnings.

But her establishment isn't like that at all. There are no eye-blinding color schemes, no rococo decor, no too-elaborate furnishings—just a house, lively, pleasant, completely livable, a house transformed by the personality of the four Briskins into a happy home.

Betty bought this low, rambling, California ranch house when she was single. She bought it from Ruth Huntington, whose grandfather had founded the Southern Pacific Railroad. It was a small house, with pool, patio, and one guest room—an ideal set-up for a bachelor girl. And that was Betty's lot in life back in 1945.

A few weeks after she purchased the house, Betty left Hollywood on an eight-week USO tour. Before leaving, she discussed the interior decorating with Ray Moyer. Ray had been the set decorator on such pictures as *Lady in the Dark, Love Letters, Stork Club* and *Dream Girl.* He had also done Betty's studio dressing-room, and she had frequently promised him, "If I ever buy a house, you're going to decorate it."

Just before she boarded the train, after going over final plans for the house with him for hours. Betty gave Ray one last request. "I want a coffee table in front of the fireplace," she said, "that I can put my feet on." Moyer designed a combination table and ottoman, and it turned out to be exactly what Betty had in mind.

Unfortunately, Moyer wasn't clairvoyant enough to know what Betty had in her heart. On September 2nd, 1945, he found out. He received the following wire: GETTING MARRIED STOP FIX OUT OF THIS WORLD ROOM FOR TED STOP ARRIVE SEPTEMBER 20 LOVE BETTY.

Moyer says he almost blacked out when he read the telegram. "After all," he explains, "there I was working on a home for a single girl, with all my plans drawn accordingly. I was having a tough enough time as it was, what with shortages in everything. And then that telegram came, giving me 18 days to re-do the place for a man and wife." The memory still unsteadies him.

Luckily, Moyer had had a good deal of movie experience in building castles overnight, so he knew what to do. He feverishly converted the (*Continued on next page*)

by bob beerman and bert parry

mrs. briskin's dream house



Lindsay's and Candy's closets (in hollway just outside the nursery) look like disploy cobinets in children's store. Gloss doors ore intended to encourage neotness in Betty's two girls.



Mom Briskin feeds Condy in the nursery. Mother Goose folk were pointed on walls by o Disney ortist. Lindsoy's crib is modeled after Betty's bed; oll the furniture is scoled down to kids' size.

guest room, originally planned in demure blue and white, into a man's virile setting of chartreuse and brown with leather accessories. Breathing heavily, he finished the house two short hours before Betty and Ted Briskin made their appearance.

Moyer met them at the front door. He asked them to leave their luggage in the foyer on the shaggy chartreuse carpet and to "please follow me."

The first stop on the conducted tour was the dining room. It's small but well-mirrored—which, of course, always creates the illusion of size. The furniture is white and upholstered in yellow shag. The table, made of glass with an antique mirror center, is a copy of one used in *Stork Club*. Betty fell in love with the original and insisted that Ray have a duplicate made. There's a silver lazy susan, a present from the studio, and a corner niche agleam with much of the Briskins' wedding silver.

The Briskins don't use the dining room very often. For large parties, they have a pork or beef barbecue outside; and when they just have another couple—say Sue and Alan Ladd—in for dinner, they usually relax up in the library-bar, munching in front of the fireplace.

The decor of this library-bar probably best exemplifies the Briskins' simple, lively tastes. It's green, yellow-striped, and touched with hot pink, Betty's favorite color. Here are books, a television set (a birthday present from Ted when she was too expectant to go to ball games), a telephone. It also contains bound copies of all the Hutton movie scripts, a magazine award to Betty for being the most promising actress of 1944, and Gizmo, a funny figure of a Marine in battle dress, posed like an Oscar. This was presented to Betty for her performance in *The Miracle of Morgan's Creek* by Leatherneck, the Marines' magazine. The room looks small but it's got a lot of seating space. In addition to the three easy chairs and bar stools, it has striped benches along one wall.

The living room is a rhapsody in gray-green walls and raspberry-red upholstery. The two dominant features are the white concert-grand piano and the pastel portrait of Betty which hangs above it. The portrait was painted by Helen Carlton in 1942. The furniture is out-sized, with the sofa seating six quite easily and the two chairs on either side of the fireplace seating two each. In between is that ottoman-coffee table, Betty's favorite piece.

Ted Briskin's room is a prime example of remodeling ingenuity—made necessary when Ted gave up his original room so it could be turned into the aforementioned nursery. His present one was once nothing but a patio between the library and Betty's bedroom. It's an oak-paneled job, distinctly masculine, with a desk and desk chair done in green leather, other furniture of bleached wood, and a bedspread and draperies of full-bodied yellow.

Betty's bedroom is the room that made her cry when designer Moyer first led her into it. "Why the tears?" Ray asked on that memorable day. "Is it *that* bad?"

"No, no!" Betty sobbed. "It's—it's so beautiful I've just got to cry."

It's beautiful, all right. The wallpaper is blue and streaked with a feathery white figure. The rug is blue and the curtains, made of fine white (*Continued on page 103*)

Large windows take up a complete wall of the spacious living room. Couch seats six comfortably, and the white grand piano (extreme left) is concert size. To contrast with massive furniture are warm color tones of grey-green, soft red and muted yellow. Although here they are only entertaining each other, Betty and Ted can—and frequently do—hold big parties in this room



The dining room is "spun sunlight"—with upholstery and rug done in bold yellow. Illusion of space is created by mirrors. The table is a replica of one used in Betty's *Stork Club*.



Betty cried when she saw her bedroom for the first time—"so delicate and beautiful." Colors are pink, blue and white. Loudspeaker at night table picks up all sounds in the nursery.



Getting ready for rodeo time requires lots of work. When Trigger slows down Roy plans to replace him with Trigger, Jr. (above).

■ Before setting out on the third annual tour with their World's Championship Rodeo, Roy Rogers and Dale Evans spent three weeks putting their educated equines, Trigger and Pal, through a brisk refresher course in horse tricks. As a further warm-up, Roy and Dale appeared as guest stars at the annual Sheriff's Rodeo at the Los Angeles Coliseum—where Ann Sheridan presided as Queen (yep, Annie rode a horse) and Marshals Jack Carson and Dennis Morgan led the opening parade.

Soon after this jumbo charity event, Roy and Dale and Trigger and Pal went that-a-way with their own show, opening in Philadelphia and winding up in Chicago a couple of weeks ago following numerous stands in Midwestern cities. The Rogers rodeo is one of the two biggest in existence, the other being that owned and operated by a young feller named Gene Autry—which, as it happens, is also billed as the World's Championship Rodeo. (Seems that's general usage.)

Lots of other rodeos are entertaining as all get out to those who know the finer points of bulldozin', bronco-bustin' and the other frontier specialties—yet make the ordinary spectator right restless after the first unrelieved half hour. The Rogers show is different. Cowboys do try to out-perform each other to win various World's Championships, as decided by points accumulated by the end of the tour. But sandwiched in between the Wild West athletics are trained dogs, acrobats, auto-wrecking comedians, and lots of fine music—mainly supplied by Roy and Dale and The Riders of the Purple Sage. Throughout, Roy tells the folks jokes and little confidences.

At the end he rides around the sides of the arena shaking hands with as many as he can. Everybody—and who can blame 'em?—tries to get into this part of the act.

they went that-a-way!

Rodeo time comes every year for Roy and Dale! They give their horses a refresher course, and then take the West on tour.

photos by bert parry and bob beerman



This is Trigger rehearsing his own way of taking a curtain call. The horse is accomplished on the dance floor, too. He waltzes, fox-trots and jitterbugs—even without a band—all Roy has to do is hum a tune.



Dale and Roy put their horses into a driving gallop. Dale, as good a rider as Roy, is mounted on Pal. Their stables are at the N. Hollywood ranch of Hank Randall, Roy's trainer.



Guests at the annual Sheriff's Rodeo in the Los Angeles Coliseum, Roy and Dale sit at attention as the flag goes by. This rodeo was a warm-up for their own show which toured Midwestern cities in October.



Trigger performs for the Coliseum audience—which numbered 105,000. Roy says he won't teach his next horse 52 stunts because he's tired of having the horse act smarter than he!

Is Jimmy Stewart going to marry Myrna Dell? Will Jane Wyman go back to Ronnie? Here's an expert guide to who's likely to marry whom—and if not, why not.

BY JACK WADE

hollywood's "mystery"

THESE ROMANCES MAKE NEWS

About 12 movie couples keep the gossip columnists happily supplied with enough Cupid items to satisfy their readers. Listed below are the most "active" Hollywood romances. Note that sometimes the same name figures in more than one combination.

CARY GRANT	BETSY DRAKE
JAMES STEWART	GLORIA McLEAN MYRNA DELL
CLARK GABLE	IRIS BYNUM DOLLY O'BRIEN ANITA COLBY
RONALD REAGAN	MONICA LEWIS
HOWARD DUFF	AVA GARDNER
PETER LAWFORD	JANE WYMAN
LEW AYRES	JANE WYMAN
VINCENT PRICE	DEANNA DURBIN
BUD FOGELSON	GREER GARSON
BOB NEAL	DIANA LYNN
GREG BAUTZER	JOAN CRAWFORD
DAVID MAY	BEVERLY TYLER

■ It is early of a Sunday morning. Out where the Topanga Canyon road begins its twists and turns over the mountain range there is a roar of motors. . At this hour, shortly after dawn, the Sunday drivers have not yet begun their game of California mayhem, and the road is safe for the two dozen motorcycle fans who whiz back and forth, holding speed tests and trading gab.

Into this scene slides a sleek, squat black car of foreign make, and stops at the side of the road. In it lounges a broad-shouldered man in white T-shirt and white slacks. Seated beside him is a beautiful brunette.

The man is Clark Gable, the girl Iris Bynum.

Motorcycle riders wave as they shoot past. Casually, two or three who know Clark skid up and pause to talk awhile. Not about Hollywood or romance, but about fishing and hunting and high-powered motors. The cycle fans discuss Clark's $7,000 foreign job, want to know if it is really true that he has another car on the way, worth about $13,000. He has, he tells them, but the price rumor is a little high. Custom built, the new car will probably cost about $10,000.

What goes on here?

A few weeks ago, Clark Gable was prowling around the Riviera. Wherever he went he was preceded by a wave of hysterical excitement in the upper-crust social set. To have Clark Gable as a guest was score and point-after-touchdown for any society leader.

Yet here is Clark a few days later, hobnobbing with guys who do good and plenty if they earn over $100 a week. And the girl with him, this Iris Bynum. Who is she?

Well, who is she?

A girl from Texas, that's all. A girl who works in movies sometimes. A girl whose idea of fun is not a tea dansant

romances

in the Vanderbilt set, but a lovely creature who collects proposals as the average young lady does autographs.

Will Clark Gable marry Iris Bynum? Nope. Will he marry Dolly O'Brien? Hardly. Will he marry Anita (The Face) Colby, with whom he is linked frequently in gossip columns? Of course not.

Of all Hollywood's romantic mysteries, the subject of Clark Gable is more intriguing to social reporters everywhere than is the next chapter of a radio soap opera to the average housewife. And it is a cinch that should Gable ever suffer a lapse from his obvious intentions and wind up at the altar, they'll all be able to claim that they predicted whom he'd marry. At one time or another every writer on the Hollywood scene has announced that Clark is more serious about one girl than another, so in case of such a cataclysmic event, nobody will make a mistake.

What's the answer to Clark Gable's playing the field?

It's simple. Clark Gable has been married a few times. He prefers to stay single.

And in that last simple statement concerning the big man's preference is the answer to so many of the other mystifying romantic situations in Hollywood.

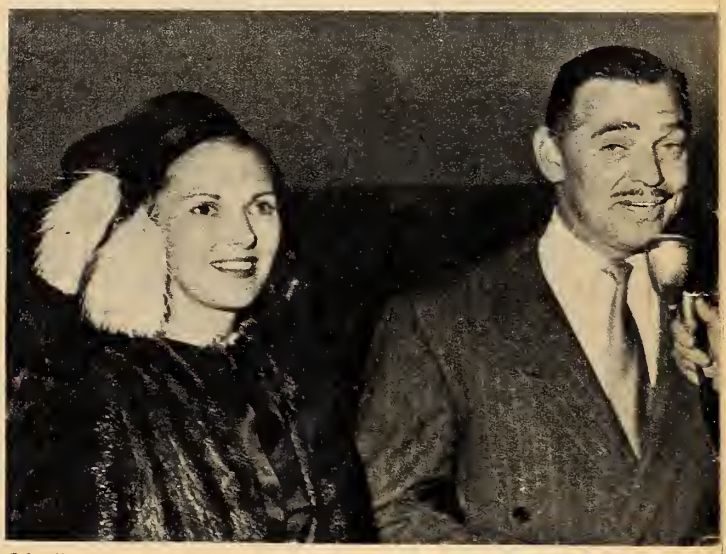
There are some boys and girls out here who run a high fever in their desire to find and lasso a mate. It's a case of believing Nature Boy's advice about the greatest thing you'll ever learn is to love someone and be loved in return.

On the distaff side, Lana Turner has been the prize example of a girl who wants to be married. She is now Mrs. Topping and, as she says, no doubt for keeps. Before all this, Lana was a great problem to herself, her friends and bosses. If Lana met a nice guy and he proposed, the beauty of the idea seemed to intoxicate her.

Lana can well thank Louella (*Continued on next page*)



Columnists hove been trying to morry off bochelor Jimmy Stewort for yeors. He doted Myrno Dell three whole months before they were discovered ond onother rash of Stewart marrioge rumors broke aut.



Of oll the Hollywood stogs, Goble is the most baffling. Among his fovorite girl friends ore Anito Colby (obove), Iris Bynum ond Dolly O'Brien, but it's doubtful thot any of them will became Mrs. G



Cory Gront is onother octor who prefers single horness. Nevertheless, gossips keep insisting he'll morry his protégée, Betsy Droke. Cary mointains, though, thot his interest in the girl is only professionol.

hollywood's "mystery" romances



Howard Duff was on the verge of marrying before the war —the girl wed someone else. Then Duff met Ava Gardner, who'd made two marital mistakes. They became an item.



Ronald Reagan is reportedly still carrying the torch for Jane Wyman, but they both date others. Ronald's current favorite is Monica Lewis. Here's Jane with Pete Lawford.

Parsons for not having made several mistakes. After a couple of wrong tries, Lana had an understanding with Louella. If she felt that pell-mell urge to rush into marital vows, she'd call Louella. At least twice, she called Louella in the middle of the night to announce that she'd found the right man. And from the depths of wisdom founded on long years as a witness to Hollywood heart problems, Louella advised Lana to just kiss this boy goodnight instead of hopping a plane for Las Vegas.

In the morning Lana would congratulate herself on a narrow escape, call Louella and thank her. Unlike Louella, there are a number of columnists who are incurably romantic. When they see a nice boy going with a nice girl, they do all they can to aid and abet the romance. That's why all of us so frequently read in the newspapers that this boy is on the verge of eloping with this girl. Then, a few days later we read that this boy is going out with some other girl, and we can't figure it out.

There's Jimmy Stewart. Poor Jimmy. Every time his friends, fans and columnist historians think about him they picture him as the perfect husband. It's so bad that Jimmy can tell from the look in anyone's eyes exactly when they're going to ask, "Jimmy, when are you going to find the right girl, settle down and get married?"

Jimmy never has an answer for that, but like Clark Gable he is in favor of staying single. Not that this idea of his will ever stop people from speculating on each and every girl he dates.

For instance, many months ago Sylvia Sidney and Carlton Alsop gave a party. They asked Jimmy and they knew he'd like the charming and talented Myrna Dell. They were right. Jimmy promptly began to date Myrna. They went out together for no less than three months before they were discovered. Now Jimmy wonders whether it was a bright idea to take Myrna to that première. Right then a rash of romantic predictions broke out over every typewriter in town. Some columnists were a little peeved. They'd been saying that Jimmy was going with someone else, but when Jimmy continued to date Myrna they pegged it as a serious thing.

Serious, that is, until he took Gloria McLean to a dinner party. Then Gloria was the secret heart.

For everybody's information, Jimmy is not going to marry Gloria or Myrna, either. He still dates Myrna regularly, except that she's very busy at the moment being Johnny Weissmuller's heavy date in *Jungle Jim,* and they have fewer dates on the golf course than they used to.

Until now, the barrage of romantic items has not upset the friendship between Myrna and Jimmy. "I guess," Myrna says, "it's because neither of us bothers to read the papers." Then, when confronted with (*Continued on page 86*)

"kiss the blood off my hands"





■ It goes without saying that lots of good citizens are going to be outraged by the title of Burt Lancaster's first independent production. Matter of fact, the Johnston office, guardian of sensitivities and morals, banned the title for a while and Burt and his Norma Productions associates changed it to something daintier, *The Unafraid.* Then the Johnston Office reversed the ruling, allowing as how maybe *Kiss the Blood Off My Hands* was a nice enough name after all. But Burt said thanks, he guessed he'd just leave it as *The Unafraid.*

Came the first sneak preview—and the enthusiastic customers voted three-to-one for shifting back to the original gory title. So Burt, a firm believer in democracy, gave the people just (*Continued on next page*)

"kiss the blood off my hands"

(*Continued from preceding page*) what they wanted.

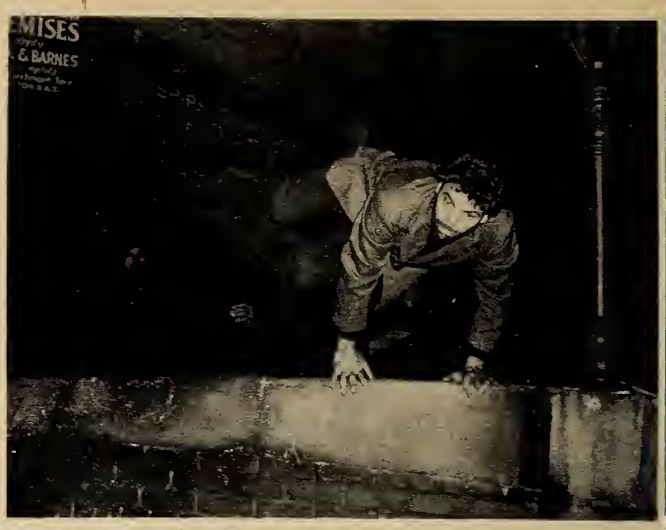
What's *Kiss the Blood Off My Hands* all about? Well, lady, it ain't no picnic. The study of a young bully who kills, lies, steals, trafficks in human misery and is finally regenerated by the love of a nice girl just before, presumably, society closes in on him with a noose, this picture is one of the most brutal and shocking ever filmed. Excellently performed and directed, its morbid fascinations will doubtless lead to brisk box-office business. But there are those who will hold that it should never have been released. Some will say that while it does point a moral—that retribution will eventually catch up with evil-doers—yet at the same time it presents as the main character a contemptible rat who, since impersonated by the glamorous Mr. Lancaster, may well be sympathetically looked upon by many impressionable young spectators as an attractively ruthless and possibly model fellow.

Be that as it may, *Kiss the Blood Off My Hands* is a fine example of tight, expert movie-making. Watching its smooth unwinding, you'd never suspect the troubles they had before getting it into the cans. Most movies run into production problems which delay scenes, cause absolute standstills, and in general foul up the budget. *Kiss the Blood Off My Hands* had more than its share.

The worst problem was rain, which kept postponing exterior scenes. Next worst was Miss Fontaine's pregnancy, which she announced after the first week's shooting. This, plus a bad cold, kept her out of action for 12 days in all. It was almost impossible to know if she'd be able to work from one day to the next. Another real problem was Burt's beard. He wears a four-day stubble in about 40 percent of the film. Several times, in order to keep things rolling along despite Joan's enforced absences, scheduled scenes in which Burt wears stubble had to be postponed in favor of later scenes in which he appears clean-shaven. This meant he had to shave off and then regrow his beard three times. On each occasion it took a week-end. And another problem was presented by Robert Newton, the fine British character actor who plays Harry. Mr. Newton, a cheery, very pleasant man, found it almost impossible to pace his studying to the American idea of speed. He needed at least two days notice on his scenes, or he simply wouldn't know them.

Despite these and other headaches, director Norman Foster completed shooting only three days over schedule.

Burt's toughest scene was the flogging scene, which was left in the picture only after it had received favorable sneak preview approval. In order to get the feeling of reality into his facial reactions to pain, Burt actually took twelve licks from the cat-o'-nine-tails. Of course, it was only plain belting, instead of the leaded affairs they use in (*Continued on page 92*)



1. The lurid *Kiss the Blood Off My Hands* begins when drifter Bill Saunders (Burt Lancaster), a Canadian ex-war prisaner, kills a Landan pub praprietar in a brawl, then flees thraugh the waterfrant streets.



4. Jane and Bill ga ta the races. On the return train, his hat temper leads him ta slug anather passenger. He leaps fram the train, dragging Jane with him. She upbraids him, runs away. He gives chase.



7. Now Harry persuades Bill ta steal a truckload af scarce penicillin and sulfa. But Bill finds Jane in the truck, takes her and drugs ta village stricken with scarlet fever. On return trip, they declare their lave.



2. Bill gains refuge by breaking into the flat where Jane (Joan Fontaine), a clinic nurse, lives alone. He threatens her, says he's done no wrong, lets her go off next morning convinced she won't inform police.



3. Leaving the flat at nightfall, Bill gets funds by robbery, buys new clothes, gets shaved. His appearance changed, he feels sofe, looks up Jane and gets her, against her judgment, to go out with him.



5. While chasing Jane, Bill strikes an interfering policeman, is seized by another, gets six months in jail and 18 lashes. Released, he is approached by Harry (Robert Newton), who witnessed the pub killing.



6. Harry induces him to join him in crime, but after a quarrel over laot from a garage robbery, Bill leaves him. Harry's henchmen try vainly to beat Bill up. Jane gets him a job as clinic truck-driver.

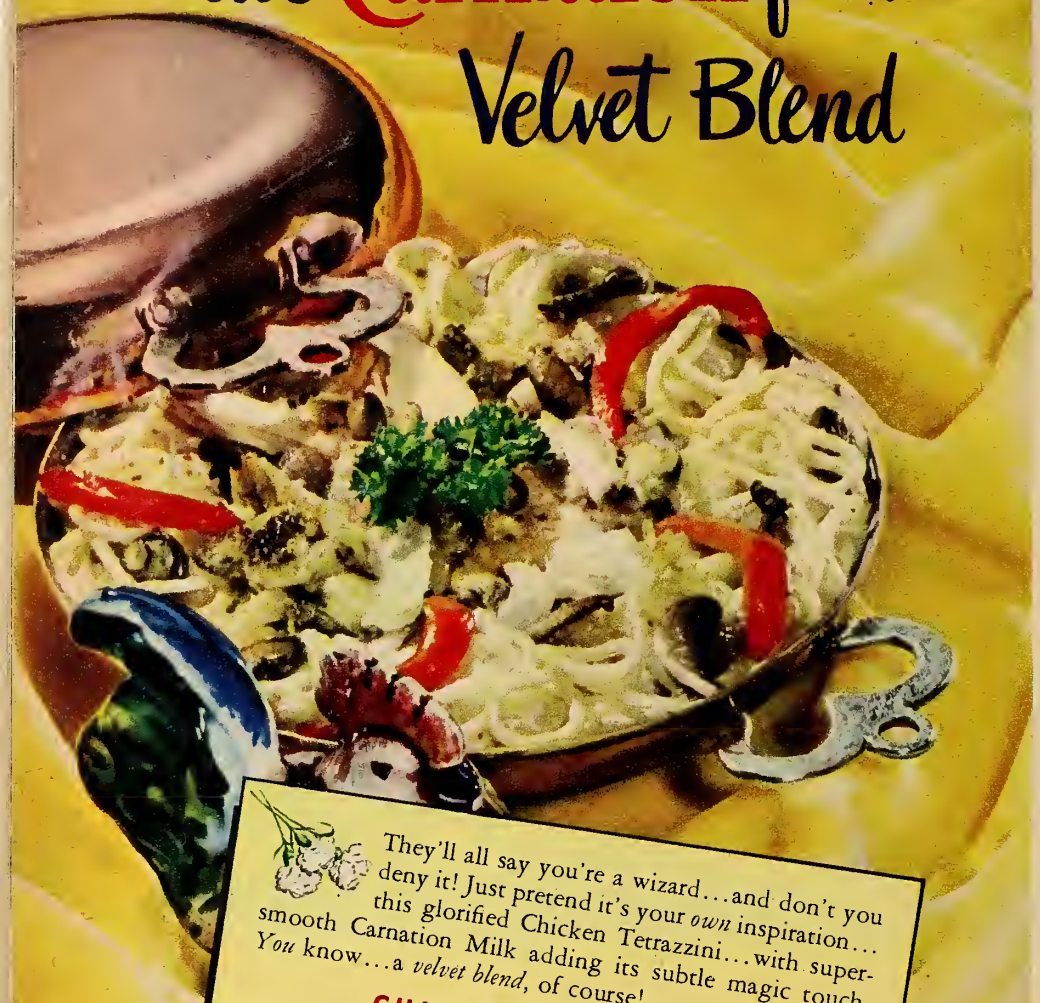


8. That night, Harry goes to Jone's flat to talk her into joining his gong. She refuses, they struggle, she stabs him with scissors. She tells Bill, who removes the still-alive Harry to a hideout. He dies.



9. Bill arranges with smugglers to take him and Jane to the Continent, steals penicillin to pay. He tells Jane Harry was only waunded. They start for the ship. Jane learns the truth, insists they surrender.

Onspiration! use Carnation for a Velvet Blend



They'll all say you're a wizard...and don't you deny it! Just pretend it's your *own* inspiration... this glorified Chicken Tetrazzini...with super-smooth Carnation Milk adding its subtle magic touch. *You* know...a *velvet blend*, of course!

CHICKEN TETRAZZINI

"Glorified"? That's putting it mildly!

½ cup sliced mushrooms
3 tablespoons butter
1 tablespoon flour
1 tall can Carnation Milk, undiluted
½ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon paprika
⅛ teaspoon pepper
¼ teaspoon celery salt
1 cup cooked shredded chicken
1 cup cooked spaghetti cut in 1" pieces
⅓ cup Parmesan cheese

Sauté mushrooms in butter till tender. Add flour and stir till smooth. Add Carnation Milk and seasonings. Cook till thickened, stirring constantly. Remove from heat. Blend half of sauce with chicken and remaining half with spaghetti. Bank spaghetti around edges of shallow greased baking dish. Pour chicken mixture into center. Sprinkle with cheese. Brown under broiler. May be garnished with pimiento or chopped parsley. Makes 4 to 6 servings.

WRITE for the "Velvet Blend Book," containing 75 exceptional recipes. It's free. Address Dept. X-12, Carnation Company, Oconomowoc, Wis. or Los Angeles 36, Calif.

LISTEN to the "Contented Hour" from Hollywood every Monday night on your NBC station.

"From Contented Cows"



The voice is little but loud. It's Loretta's Conscience and best friend, an odd character who wiggles in the face of Temptation.

■ Loretta Young was bushed. That day on location in eastern Oregon had been really rugged. If *Rachel and the Stranger* didn't turn out to be the greatest film since *The Birth of a Nation,* it wouldn't be her fault. She'd given her All.

As Loretta dragged herself through the door of her little rented house, the prospect of sitting up and opening and closing her jaws the requisite number of times to down dinner was too much to face. She called the maid. "No dinner, Beatrice," she said. "I'm going right to bed."

She fell asleep the minute her head hit the pillow. Then she was dreaming the house was on fire. Firemen, as she recalls it, were on their knees around the bed begging her to arise and jump out the window into the nice net. This she refused to consider until they'd convinced her it was necessary by signing an affidavit stating they couldn't save the bedroom.

What brought on this colorful dream was, no doubt, the ringing of the telephone. A famous novelist had just arrived in town after rushing up from Hollywood. He was calling Loretta. At Loretta's own request, he'd dropped everything to come up and talk to her about his new book in which, from everything Loretta had heard, there was a wonderful role for her.

Now Beatrice, the maid, knew it was important that the novelist get in touch with Loretta. But, sympathetic toward her mistress' exhaustion, she decided to use her own judgment—a judgment which told her it was best for Loretta and best for tomorrow's work that Loretta not be disturbed.

The writer pleaded, argued, finally threatened—and got nowhere. For one night in the life of Loretta Young her career was in the hands of her maid, and Beatrice firmly

this little voice went no, no, no!

by Winston Stallings

shoved it to one side in favor of the prosaic blessing of a little shut-eye for the weary star.

Next morning, Beatrice had to call Loretta three times before she got up. And then there was such a dither and a bustle to get her off so she wouldn't be late on the set that Beatrice completely forgot to tell her about the novelist's call.

Thus it wasn't until quite some time later, when Loretta had returned to Hollywood, that she discovered that the writer, in a towering passion at not seeing her, had gone back to the film capital figuratively chewing on his manuscript and spitting out whole chapters along the railroad tracks. This she learned when she chanced to encounter him at a Beverly Hills parking lot. He roared his indignation. Loretta apologized deeply, explaining she'd never been told of his call. (In a few moments, naturally, the fellow was beaming and purring.)

Loretta was darned provoked as she started for home. Why on earth hadn't Beatrice called her? She was going to tell that maid a thing or two!

But on the way back she began to think of how she had felt that night in Oregon, how bone-tired she'd been, how refreshed by the uninterrupted sleep. . . .

By the time she got home . . . well, the maid greeted her and Loretta replied with a warm smile. Then, as she started up the stairs, she turned back. "Beatrice," she said, "I want you to know something. I think you're a *jewel!*"

Loretta Young, you see, has a conscience. A "wiggling, loud" conscience, she calls it. Let her try to act hastily in a situation without thinking things through, and her conscience gets right up and hollers. Let her try to (*Continued on page 95*)



Loretto wos known os Gretchen Young when she begon her coreer ot 5. Silent stor Colleen Moore suggested the new nome. "Gretch," os her friends still coll her, has been Mrs. Tom Lewis since 1940, hos 3 kids. *Rachel and the Stranger* is No. 68!

Such a Wrap-turous gift
—and it's Dan River fabric!

Wrap her in this Swirl for Christmas—everything from gadabout dress to fireside housecoat in one. Of Dan River's famed Starspun,. cotton just agog with holiday spirits. Completely washable—pre-shrunk, fast color. Dan River Mills, Inc.*



Swirl (one button in back, ties in front), a "Neat 'n Tidy" product by L. Nachman & Sons. Sizes 12 to 20. About $9 at Marshall Field & Company, Chicago; B. Altman & Co., New York; Hudson's, Detroit.

*residual shrinkage not more than 3%

IT'S A DAN RIVER FABRIC

holiday fashions

CONNIE BARTEL, FASHION EDITOR

■ Christmas! The stir and urge of bells; the insistent pungence of evergreens; the white whirl of snowflakes. And—the heady yen to wear your spirit on the outside as well as in, to pin some holly in your hair—to wear something red, something green, to glitter—yes, like a Christmas tree.

To help you glow as brightly as any holiday candle, and to indulge your pressed down and overflowing impulse to gift everyone you know, this month's fashions are aimed both at you and the friends you'll give presents.

The holiday clothes Peggy Cummins wears on the next three pages, for example, we picked for you to wear to all those parties you have scheduled. The ski clothes Ella Raines models we thought you might use as a hint to your mother, your husband, your rich uncle, or anybody else who's wondering what to give you.

As for the glamorous accessories on pages 68 and 70, each one of them can add the final holiday touch to any of your costumes; all of them will make exciting gifts to your friends. Need we remind you that there's not a minute to lose in ordering, if you want your holiday loot by the twenty-fifth?

So let the Christmas spirit enter in, let joy be unconfined, and get out that gift list.

peggy cummins says merry christmas and looks the part

■ Peggy Cummins, currently in Europe making "Autumn Violins" for Alexander Korda, looks gay as a gift-wrap in holiday red, green and gold.

Know a sweater girl? Give her the sweater with the gold yoke. It's all wool, the tinsel won't tarnish. Green, royal blue, black or grey. By Featherknits—$3.98.

Know a girl who goes to lots of formals? Try the gold mesh gloves. They're hand crocheted, won't tarnish. Also in bronze, silver or gun metal. By Aris—$4.98.

Know a bracelet fan? Give her Peggy's gold birdcage bracelet, and watch her swoon. The dangling gold birdcage is filled with colored stones —and it's the sensation of jewel collectors. By Coro—$4.98, plus tax.

All these are at Oppenheim Collins, New York—and other stores, page 72.



for christmas dates

the dress with the



If there was ever a girl born to wear perky, come-and-get-me date clothes, it's Peggy Cummins. At right she wears a dreamy holiday suit in tiny-checked green and black iridescent taffeta. The collar and peplum are fringed in black, the buttons are jet. Also rose or royal checks. Sizes 9-15. By Dorris Varnum for Jonathan Logan, $17.95. At Best & Co., New York; other store information page 72.

follow-me air



Cute Peggy Cummins demonstrates a boy's idea of how a girl should look on a holiday date—gay and a little bit saucy.

Her pert one-piece dress has a plaid taffeta skirt with apron back—flippant as anything. The black faille bodice buttons to a little collar, tied with plaid. Sizes 7-15. By Nan Scott Jr., $14.95. At John Wanamaker, New York, other stores page 72.

oh say, can you ski?





ella raines

makes like a pro on the slopes — she's that crazy about skiing. You can tell she's expert by the way she wears ski clothes— this St. Moritz-y looking parka, for example. It's natural colored Zelan-treated gabardine with a cotton fleece lining and vicuna fur to snuggle your ears and chin. Sizes 10-20. By White Mountain. $12.95. Arnold Constable, N. Y., other stores page 72.

■ Ella Raines, star of Columbia's forthcoming *The Walking Hills*, really skis a mean christie whenever she can find some snow. Right, she wears a streamlined cotton gabardine ski suit with zipper front and pockets. Your choice of navy, black, green or brown with white yoke; or black, navy, green, grey with red yoke. Sizes 10-20. By Davis Sportswear. About $25. Arnold Constable, N. Y., other stores page 72.

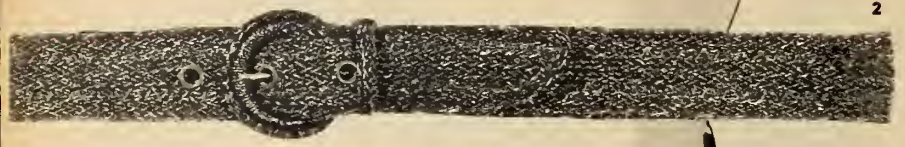


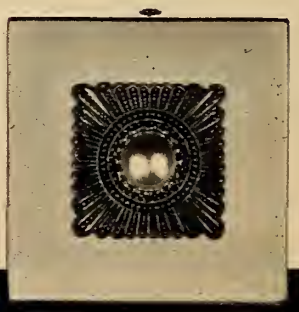
is she glamorous? give her . . .

















1. Nylon lace stockings, very cheesecake! They're Mojud's Fantasy, and they can't run. $2.25.
2. Glowing bronze dress-up belt. It's metallic and sparkles like crazy. By Goroy. $1.
3. Rhinestone and pearl pin and earring set. Gold or silver. By Dano. $1.98* per set.
4. Pearl-centered gold metal compact, squared off in filigree. Looks expensive! By Wadsworth. $3*.
5. Fluffy angora mittens, sprinkled with twinkling colored sequins. By American Knit Gloves. $3.50.
6. White bunny fur scarf and muff trimmed with gold braid. Each $4. Fur headband in white, black or brown, $2. By Douglas of California.
7. Dreamy pearl and gold heart bracelet. By Karu. $2.98*.

For where to buy see pages 72 and 73.
*Plus tax.

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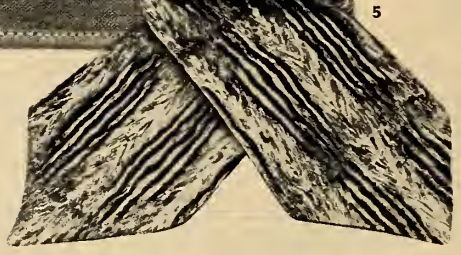
is she dashing? give her . . .



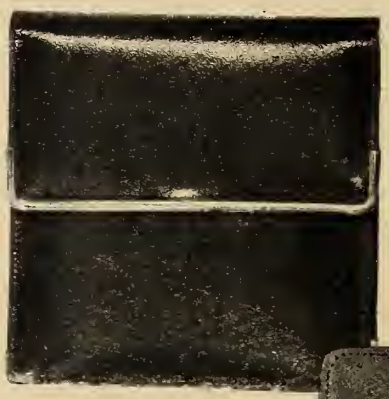














1. Sterling key choin with St. Christapher medal. $3.50.
2. Sparty woal glaves with pigskin palms. By Weor-Right. $4.98.
3. Swonky grey sharkskin avernight case trimmed and lined in bright red. It's 18", cames in mony calars with contrasting leother trim. By Skywoy. $18.*
4. Leother dog-leosh belt in all calors. By Vague. $1.95.
5. Foke fur scorf—veddy smort. Baranduki printed fabric, bright lining. By Glentex. $1.
6. Fake leopard vest—in lush printed plush. By Langoil. $8.
7. New smaller hondbog. Genuine split cowhide envelope, gold edge. Red, green, block. By Kadin. $2.98*
8. Bright suede belt edged with gald beads. By Criterion. $2.
9. Morocca leother change purse. Opens flat into roomy wollet. Red, block, brown, with name. $4.25.

For where ta buy see poge 73
*Plus tox.

give her a slip



for the girl who likes polka dots . .

Sweet sprinkling of embroidered dots on bodice and flounce. Fine crepe in heavenly colors—yellow, blue, pink, white. A Powers Model Slip, $3.98. At Kaufmann's, Pittsburgh.



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WHERE YOU CAN BUY

(Prices on merchandise may vary throughout country)

Green and gold sweater, gold mesh gloves and birdcage bracelet worn by Peggy Cummins in the full color photograph (page 63) all at:

Los Angeles, Calif.—*The Broadway Dept. Store,* Broadway & 4th Sts.
New York, N. Y.—*Oppenheim Collins,* 33 W. 34th St.

Iridescent checked taffeta suit, fringe trim, worn by Peggy Cummins (page 64)

New York, N. Y.—*Best & Co.,* 51st St. & 5th Ave., Young Cosmopolitan Shop, 6th fl.

Plaid taffeta and black faille dress worn by Peggy Cummins (page 65)

Albany, N. Y.—*Cotrell & Leonard,* 472 Broadway
Charlotte, N. C.—*Belk Bros.*—and all *Belk* and *Leggett* stores throughout Southeastern United States
Cincinnati, O.—*The H. & S. Pogue Co.,* 4th & Race Sts., Junior Miss Shop, 3d fl.
Los Angeles, Calif.—*Desmond's,* 616 Broadway, Woman's Shop
New York, N. Y.—*John Wanamaker,* Broadway & 9th St., Mimi Shop, 3rd fl.
Scranton, Pa.—*The Heinz Store*
Springfield, Mass.—*Forbes & Wallace,* 1414 Main St., Debonnaire Shop, 2nd fl.

Hooded parka with vicuna fur trim worn by Ella Raines (page 66)

Chicago, Ill.—*Mandel Brothers,* State & Madison Sts.
Detroit, Mich.—*Peters Sport Apparel,* 1228 Griswold Ave.
New York, N. Y.—*Arnold Constable,* 5th Ave. & 40th St.

Cotton gabardine ski suit with zipper pockets worn by Ella Raines (page 67)

Brooklyn, N. Y.—*Loeser's,* 484 Fulton St.
Buffalo, N. Y.—*Adam, Meldrum & Anderson Co.,* 398 Main St.
Detroit, Mich.—*Crowley, Milner & Co.,* Gratiot Ave.
Hartford, Conn.—*Brown Thomson, Inc.,* 920 Main St.
New York, N. Y.—*Arnold Constable,* 5th Ave. & 40th St.

MODERN SCREEN CHRISTMAS GIFTS

Gifts for the glamorous gal (page 68)

1. Nylon lace stockings

Boston, Mass.—*Jordan Marsh Co.,* Washington & Avon Sts.
New York, N. Y.—*Franklin Simon,* 5th Ave. & 38th St.

2. Bronze metallic belt

Pittsburgh, Pa.—*Joseph Horne Co.,* Pennsylvania Ave.

3. Matching pin and earrings set

Grand Rapids, Mich.—*Herpolsheimer's,* 101 Monroe Ave.
New York, N. Y.—*Saks-34th,* 34th St. & Broadway

4. Gold compact with pearl and filigree design

New York, N. Y.—*Arnold Constable,* 5th Ave. & 40th St.
Philadelphia, Pa.—*Lit Bros.,* Market & 8th Sts.

MODERN SCREEN FASHIONS

5. Angora mittens with sequin trim

New York, N. Y.—*Bloomingdale's,* 59th St. & Lexington Ave.

6. Bunny fur headband, scarf and muff with braid trim

Cleveland, Ohio—*The May Co.,* Euclid & Ontario Sts.
Detroit, Mich.—*Himelhoch's,* 1545 Woodward Ave.
New York, N. Y.—*Oppenheim Collins,* 33 W. 34th St.

7. Pearl and gold heart bracelet

Brooklyn, N. Y.—*Namm's,* 452 Fulton St.
New York, N. Y.—*Stern's,* 41 W. 42nd St.

Gifts for the dashing gal (page 70)

1. St. Christopher key chain

Order by mail from:
H. E. Associates, 223 E. 50th St., New York 22, N. Y.
(Postage included in price)

2. Pigskin palm gloves

New York, N. Y.—*Oppenheim Collins,* 33 W. 34th St.
Philadelphia, Pa.—*Lit Bros.,* Market & 8th Sts.

3. Sharkskin overnight case

Dallas, Tex—*Neiman Marcus,* Main & Ervay Sts.
San Francisco, Calif.—*City of Paris Dry Goods Co.,* Geary & Stockton Sts.

4. Leather dog-leash belt

New York, N. Y.—*Bond Fifth Ave.,* 5th Ave. & 35th St.

5. Fake fur baronduki scarf

Fort Worth, Tex.—*The Fair*
New York, N. Y.—*McCreery's,* 5th Ave. & 34th St.

6. Fake leopard vest

Brooklyn, N. Y.—*Martin's,* 501 Fulton St.
New York, N. Y.—*Macy's,* Herald Square
Portland, Ore.—*Chas. F. Berg Co.,* 615 S. Broadway

7. Split cowhide envelope handbag

Columbus, Ohio—*F. & R. Lazarus & Co.,* High & Town Sts.
New York, N. Y.—*Oppenheim Collins,* 33 W. 34th St.

8. Suede belt edged with gold beads

New York, N. Y.—*Gimbels,* 33rd St. & Ave. of Americas

9. Combination wallet and change purse

Order by mail from:
Crown Craft Products, 246 5th Ave., New York 1, N. Y.
(Postage included in price)

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(2) Order by mail from stores listed.
(3) Write Connie Bartel, Modern Screen, Box 125, Murray Hill Station, New York 16, N. Y.—for store in your vicinity.

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CHEESEHEAD AND CO.

(*Continued from page 39*)

cabinet—excuse please, the plane—is hangared in Glenn's upstairs study, Glenn's favorite room.

This is quite a place. An electric train with three tracks runs under the chairs and around the tables. "That's for the little boy," Ellie told us. We nodded understandingly as Glenn turned on the switch.

Every wall in the room is shelved with records. There's a glass case in the corner where Glenn keeps his gun. (It's always locked so Peter won't put inquiring fingers on it.) There are also sun lamps, books, cowboy boots, and an ice cream bar. An autographed picture of the late President Roosevelt stands on Glenn's desk.

Sitting next to this sleek mahogany desk is a battered-looking table. The leather is almost gone from its top and if you blow hard its legs quiver. Each year Ellie decides to get rid of it as her first contribution to spring house-cleaning. And each year Glenn gallops down the hill after the dealer's truck and manages to retrieve it.

The clock on the mantel struck five and a cool breeze could be felt from the ocean. Glenn lighted the large open fireplace. Ellie joined us on the floor before it and helped select records from the albums. Some were labeled ELEANOR POWELL and some GLENN FORD.

"How come?" we asked.

"Both Glenn and I are record collectors from way back. I had 5,000 discs B. G.—Before Glenn—and he had 3,000. I often think he just proposed so we could merge our record collection."

"Tain't so," Glenn chimed in. "You know I married you for your cheesecake—the kind you eat."

Ellie looked at Glenn and a smile started rolling up her cheeks.

It was a family joke. When Glenn had his first date with Ellie, they didn't go dining or dancing, but spent the evening at her home. They had dinner there—and what a wonderful dinner! For dessert Ellie served what turned out to be Glenn's favorite dish—cheesecake.

"I decided she was the girl for me the moment I tasted it," said Glenn. "I didn't learn until later that the cheesecake was the contribution of Ellie's cook, Agnes Clark, to the romance. Aggie has been with her since 1936. So when we were married, I got not only the cheesecake, but Aggie as well."

We can vouch for Agnes' cooking. The dinner we had would have driven a calorie-watcher mad. There was rare roast beef, Yorkshire pudding, little creamed onions and—of course!—cheesecake. (Only the week before, the Fords' next-door neighbors, the James Masons, had visited them, and they too pronounced the pudding splendid.)

We finally pushed away from the table and were steered into the living room. The thing that impresses you here is that there are two of everything. Two antique chests flank the fireplace, two love seats, two radios and even two mirror-topped coffee tables. On the latter there are two silver match boxes—one inscribed ELLIE and the other GLENN.

Glenn was busy getting out the home projector and Peter asked if he could see the Bugs Bunny cartoon first.

Glenn and Pete had a little trouble getting the screen set up because the radios were in the way. The Fords are radio addicts. They have one in every room, including the garage and the baths.

After we'd seen Bugs Bunny it was pretty late for Pete, so Ellie took him up to bed. We tagged along.

Peter's room is filled with dozens of toys. A colorful parade of elephants runs along the wallpaper. There's an alcove which houses a refrigerator and a sink, also a tiny bed which Peter has outgrown.

"Will you tell me a goodnight story?" he asked. Although he's only three, he talks very plainly.

Ellie handed him his favorite toy, button-eyed Toto the Clown—several inches taller than he. And began telling him about the gallant knight and the fair lady.

Glenn had the film changed by the time we returned downstairs. He ran a print of *Fighting Lady*. Afterwards we sat around and talked—about everything from fishing to Ellie's forthcoming dance tour. Then all of a sudden it was 11:30. Bedtime.

We had just settled into our extra long, extra wide bed when there was a knock on the door. And in came Ellie, with two delectable nightcaps for us—double-strength vanilla malteds! Have we already said something about perfect hospitality?

Next morning we were awakened by a clanging noise and Peter's voice calling, "Hi-ho, Silver, away!" He sounded near-by. He was—just outside our door.

He was riding a pinto rocking horse, covered with real pony's hair, and shooting bandits down the hallway. When he saw us he forgot his man-hunt. Stepping over his lifeless victims, he accompanied us downstairs to breakfast on the patio. Ellie and Glenn were waiting.

The patio is rosy brick with wrought-iron furniture. It opens off the living room and overlooks a well-landscaped yard. Tall pine and eucalyptus trees skirt the grounds and provide a forest-like setting.

This is only one of the Fords' yards. To the right of the patio and through a white picket gate is still another. Here there is a greenhouse which contains Glenn's prize tuberoses. There's also a pint-sized swimming pool for Cheesehead and a much-used badminton court.

Glenn's a whiz at the game. (Ask his regular opponents, Bill Holden, William Wyler and Mark Stevens.) It helps him keep his trim, 165-pound frame as well as his year-round tan.

Although Glenn is a kind and thoughtful guy, once he steps on the badminton court he's a demon with the racket. If we were in the rear, he'd hit one just over the net. If we were by the net, the bird would soar over our heads. He took high glee and even higher aim in spotting the bird just a little too high for our 5-foot-2 frames. (He beat us 20 to 4!)

Later in the day, Ellie let Peter go in swimming. The pool is about the size of a goldfish pond and only three feet deep.

Peter was splashing noisily about playing "Whee." This is a game Glenn and Pete invented. Pete floats in the water until the count of three—then Glenn says "Whee," and Peter makes like a rotary eggbeater.

Ellie came out of the house bearing double-dip chocolate ice-cream cones. Seeing her, Peter scampered out of the water and flung wet arms around her waist.

"Mommy, I love you, I love you!"

"Is it just because I have my hands full of ice cream?"

"No. I love you so much I want to crack your head open so I can pour all the love in."

"Violent child you have there, Mrs. Ford," said Glenn, beaming. "And to think you were afraid if we had a boy he wouldn't be affectionate." He turned to us. "You know, Ellie's so soft-hearted she makes me be the heavy when it comes to disciplining Pete. The worst thing you can do to him is to send him to bed without saying goodnight. Peter's favorite expression is, 'Let's not tell Daddy, shall we?' But Cheesehead really isn't much of a problem."

With this, Glenn abruptly picked up Cheesehead and swung him around in the air. Pete squealed with delight and Ellie got that be-careful look all mothers get.

It was a perfect picture. It was a perfect weekend. THE END

MODERN SCREEN



"Pardon me, is this seat taken?"

"Fashion plate"

Cream Wafer Face Make-Up by REVLON



IT'S GOING PLACES...
in the smartest handbags!
It's *designed* to keep the
poreless-as-porcelain perfection
of the "Fashion Plate" complexion
at your fingertips . . . always.



JUST FINGER-STROKE IT ON...
Not a cake, "Fashion Plate"
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the old-fashioned, dry, mask-y
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fashion-genius colors.

The great new fashion in make-up! New vanity-case size 1.00 *plus tax*

Are you in the know?



For the pale hands he loves, try—

- ☐ *Bleaching lotion*
- ☐ *Moon magic*
- ☐ *Dusky locquer*

You're the romantic type, now! With a fragile, "ladylike" look, even to your pastel fingernails. That calls for careful manicures—moons and tips showing. Here's how: Outline moon with enamel; paint rest of nail completely. Then, while enamel's wet, "thumb off" a rounded nail tip. Depth of moon should suit your individual nail. Just as—on "those" days—your *needs* should guide your choice of napkins. Try *Kotex—3 absorbencies* to choose from.



What's the Jinx in this jalopy?

- ☐ *The cuddle couple*
- ☐ *The boogie blast*
- ☐ *Four's a crowd*

Joy ride? Uh-uh. For here, say safety experts, are the makings of a crash landing! (See all answers above.) The car's crowded: bad for careful driving. The raucous music adds *more* distraction. Anyway, how can a highway romeo keep his mind on the road? Sharp gals will avoid these hazards: take no risks. Even of problem-day accidents. And that's why they choose Kotex . . . its exclusive *safety center* means *extra* protection!



If your back's blemished, what's best?

- ☐ *A white honky*
- ☐ *A roin check*
- ☐ *A stole*

Stoles for your strapless frocks are high fashion . . . not meant for hiding hickeys! And you can't "un-date" at zero hour. Why wait 'til dance night to cover back break-outs? Start days ahead, with antiseptic—plus white hanky, pinned to shoulderstraps. Worn beneath school dresses, the medicated "goo" works while you grind! Never fret about how to conceal "certain" outlines—with Kotex. Those *flat pressed ends prevent* outlines; protect you—*all ways!*



When giving a party, which is important?

- ☐ *Fancy refreshments*
- ☐ *Banishing the family*
- ☐ *Keeping your guests busy*

To save your party from the floperoo brackets it doesn't take caterer's chow . . . or shooing Mom to the movies. *Plan* the doings. Have records handy. Provide the "props" for games. At Christmas, let your guests trim the tree; anything to keep them *busy*. And should your calendar suddenly betray you, don't be a blu gnu! Turn to Kotex, for comfort. For *softness* that *holds its shape*. In short, be carefree with the new Kotex—made to stay soft while you wear it. And happy hostessing to you!

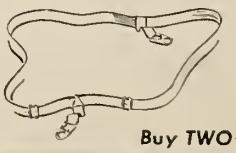


Why does a gal buy 2 sanitary belts?

- ☐ *For extra security*
- ☐ *For that "bandbox" feeling*
- ☐ *One belt's for her sister*

Next time you're dressing for a date—donning fresh undies, a charming frock—you'll want a change of sanitary belts. Yes, for that crisp, "bandbox feeling" you need two Kotex Sanitary Belts, for a *change.*

You know, the *Kotex* Belt is made to lie flat, without twisting or curling. And because it's adjustable, all-elastic, your Kotex Belt fits smoothly; doesn't bind. So—for more comfort, buy the new Kotex Sanitary Belt. And buy *two—for a change!*



Kotex Sanitary Belt

Buy TWO—by name!



More women choose KOTEX than all other sanitary napkins*

3 ABSORBENCIES: REGULAR, JUNIOR, SUPER

*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

the fans

MODERN SCREEN FAN CLUB ASSOCIATION



SHIRLEY FROHLICH
director
GLORIA LAMPERT
associate

News: Bob Atcher Club is convention-minded. Also looking for a new name for their journal . . . Rex Allen Clubbers are calling on the entire MSFCA to help one of their members, Paul Nelson, Jr., injured in on accident, and now unable to move about unless you can help buy Paul his own ambulance station wagon. Several businessmen hove started the fun and you may add to it by mailing contributions to Peter Burowski, pres. of Cosmopolitan Bank, Chicago, Ill. . . . To celebrate the first anniversary of her club, honorary Joan Fulton is sending every member an autographed 8x10 photo . . . Any qualified person who wants to start a club for Jack Smith in L. A. can write to Delores Feeney, 1827 South Bronson, L. A. 6, Calif.

When Bing Crosby couldn't appear in person to accept a music award in Grand Central Palace, N. Y., he designated Terry DiFrancesco, prexy of the Bingites, as the most proper person for the job . . . Due to illness, Joan Travnicek has turned her Perry Como Club over to Margaret Staley's Como Cream City Club . . . Over 140 members attended the Sleepy Hollow Club outing at Sleepy Hollow Ranch, and 40 new members were signed up in one afternoon . . . Harriet Denahy is the new prexy of Arthur Neal's Club . . . Jean Cosenza of Brooklyn entertained her honorary, Sammy Solo, and his secretary in her home.

Memberships: Bobbie Meltzer is offering a free membership in her Stuart Foster club to anyone donating baby food or baby clothing money for the club's adopted French orphan. Her address is 110 Riverside Dr., New York 24, N. Y. . . . Marie Johnson is giving away 50 free memberships in her Jayne Meadows Club to the first 50 who write her at 261 E. Duval St., Phila. 44, Pa. Mention MODERN SCREEN . . . Anyone who brings six new members into the Darryl Hickman Club gets a year's privileges free . . . Philip Reed Club (Virginia Golz, 41 Ripley St., Somerset, Mass.) wants three new members from any foreign country except Great Britain. They'll be admitted free.

If you're a fan of Donna Atwood, the figure skating champ and Ice Capades star, and you'd like to start a club for her, write to Peggy Pearl, 2229A Oregon, St. Louis 4, Mo. You must live in one of the cities where the Ice Capades appears every year, and you must list your qualifications, stating whether you have a typewriter, can borrow o mimeo, etc. . . . The new James Melton Journal will be a music magazine as well as a Melton fan mag . . . If you join the Barbara Lawrence Club before Dec. 31 and mention MS, you'll receive five extra snaps absolutely free. Address Mrs. Katherine Galloway, 3658 McGill Road, Jackson, Mich. . . . First 10 Como fans in the Detroit area who contact Shirley Wiers, 6645 Pelham, Allen Pk., Mich., will receive a half-rate membership. (This club was formerly piloted by Betty Schwarz.) . . . Marceline Sonenberg, 1548 N. Honore St., Chicago, Ill., is offering free memberships in her Lloyd Bridges Club to the first five fans from any state except *Illinois* . . . Member who brings the most new Ted Steele fans into Ada Rubins' Club gets a personally dedicated recording by Ted.

. . . First 50 shut-ins who write Ann Bellino, 1267 Addison St., Berkeley 2, Calif., will receive free memberships in her Alan Ladd Club Tito Guizar is offering a $500 Mexican outfit to first-prize-winner in club's membership contest. . . . Dick Haymes Associates still agog over Dick's visit to New York. He was so-o-o-o cooperative . . . Official Dick Jaeckel Club, former MSFCA Trophy winner, is reorganizing, under Louise Warnes' direction . . . Leota Carter is looking for new prexy for her Cliff Johnson Club. If you're interested, send your qualifications to Leota at 1001 Lyon Street, Des Moines 16, Iowa . . . Officers of the two official Nelson Eddy Clubs would like it known that there are only two clubs exclusively for Nelson: the International, presided over by the Nicholins, and the Music Club, piloted by the Mottolas . . . Recommended to Canadian clubs for journalwork: Peerless Fan Club Service, 171 Talbot St., North, Simcoe, Ontario. Write for details, price list, samples, etc., before sending order . . . Dorothy Fenger has sent up a "Movie Fan Diary," a printed diary which helps you keep a record of every movie you've seen during the year, and important facts about them. Very useful and handsome, too. They're $1 each, only 85 cents to fan club members. Her address is: 1402 Superior Ave., Sheboygan, Mich.

8 SEMI-ANNUAL TROPHY CUP CONTEST (4TH LAP)

Did you write an article or poem for your club journal this month? We have a lovely Helena Rubinstein Fourcast lipstick set for you, if you are a winner in our "This Is My Best" contest. The set has four luscious shades for your particular coloring! Club artists can compete for those handsome Tangee Trip Kits, each one packed with super Tangee products, including powder, base, astringent, rouge, etc. And don't forget, there are also smooth-as-silk Eberhard Faber Pen and Pencil sets that write like a dream and are absolutely guaranteed. Subscriptions to all Dell magazines are waiting to be won by you and you and you!

This Is My Best: (100 points) "Why," Miriam Budnick, *Morgan Memos*. "Sensational Team," Dorothy Vincent, *Rae-Lowery journal*. "Why Fan Clubs Help Frank," Eva Smith, *Voice Parade*. "My Visit to U-I," Lyn Ricker, *Joan Caulfield journal*. "Is It All An Act," Robert Spearin, *Ron Randell Roundtable*. "Let's Visit Gloucester," Jean Doyle and Mary Perry, *Warren Douglas journal*. **Best Journals:** (500 points) League 1, no entries. League 2, *Joan Crawford journal*. League 3 (tied), *Nina Foch journal*, *June Allyson journal*, "Musical Echoes," (Riley). **Best Editing:** (250 points) League 1, no entries. League 2, Kit Pritchett, *Morgan Memos*. League 3, Dot Reisser, *Musical Harvest*. **Best Covers:** (250 points) League 1. no entries. League 2 (tied) *Velvet Fog* and *Morgan Memos*. League 3 (tied) *Walsh Watch* and *Hickmon* (Reeks) *journal*. **Best Art Work:** (150 points) Lucille Bishop, *Musical Harvest* (Melton journal). **Membership Increases:** (100 points) League 1, Reno Brown Club. League 2. Mel Torme Club. League 3, June Allyson Club. **Most Worthwhile Activities:** (250 points) League 1, no entries. League 2, Ginger Rogers Club (sent food packages to Europe). League 3, (tied) Barbara Lawrence Club (sent CARE package to England) and Bingites (collected 3,500 stamps to be sent to VA hospital in Castle Point). **Best Correspondents:** (50 points), League 1, none qualified. League 2, Lorraine Paxton, Sleepy Hollow Club. League 3, Flo Steingraber, Joseph Cotten Club. **Candid Camera Contest** (100 points to 1st prize winner, 50 to others). Lee Dyer, Rand Brooks Club. Nelda Clough, Charles Korvin, Joyce Moison, Sinatra Club. Isabel Lee, Bob Crosby Club. Dorothy Nix, Sinatra (McMullen Club), Flo Zomak, Mel Torme.



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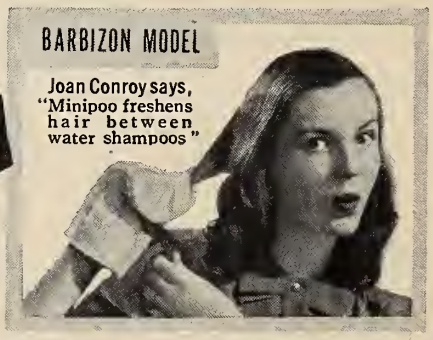
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You know your best friend's size. Wouldn't this make a delightfully different Christmas gift for her?

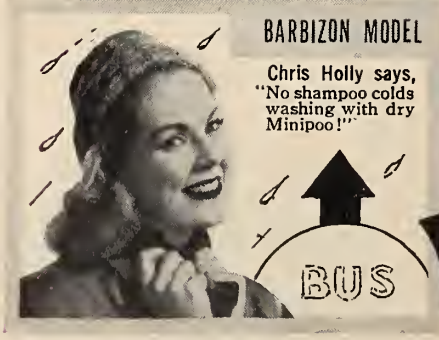
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new faces



MICHAEL NORTH *returned to Hollywood after his discharge from the Navy to take up the career he'd started seven years before. Mike was born of theatrical parents in Topeka, Kansas, in 1918, and made his debut at the age of 12. Graduating from the University of Kansas in 1938, Mike went straight to Hollywood. The war intervened and North got his first role seven years later when Mike Curtiz cast him in* The Unsuspected. *He's 6′ 2″, has blond hair and blue eyes and is unmarried.*



CATHY O'DONNELL *whom you remember in* The Best Years of Our Lives *was born July 6, 1923, near Birmingham, Alabama. Her father was a school teacher and operated the town's only theater. Cathy enrolled in the dramatic course at the University of Oklahoma. Later, on a $90 a month job, she saved enough to venture to Hollywood. Ben Medford, Goldwyn agent, discovered her in Schwab's drugstore. Cathy has brown hair and brown eyes, is married to Robert Wyler and will soon be seen in* The Twisted Road.



DORIS DAY *who was born in Cincinnati, O. on April 3, 1924, first started out in life to become a dancer. She was doing well, too, when a nasty auto accident broke both her legs and kept her in the hospital for over 14 months . . . Doris started singing just to escape boredom but wound up as a better singer than dancer. Working in night clubs and hotels, she signed with Bob Crosby's band and then with Frank Sinatra on the Hit Parade. Mike Curtiz gave her a movie contract. She made her debut in* Romance on the High Seas. *Doris is 5′ 5″ and weighs 125 lbs. Married to George Weidler, has 1 child.*



GERALDINE BROOKS *doesn't come from a long line of actors, but her father is the foremost theatrical costumer in the world (Brooks Costumes). Her first theatrical role was in the Broadway musical,* Follow the Girls. *Born in N. Y. C. Oct. 29, 1925, and went to Julia Richman High and the American Academy of Dramatic Arts. Geraldine made her movie debut in* Cry Wolf *with Errol Flynn. She's 5′ 2″, weighs 100 lbs, and her latest is* Embraceable You.

THANKS FOR THE MEMORIES

(*Continued from page 42*)

"I just want to have a little house, a big library and a middle-sized wife."

That afternoon he was crossing the campus when (as has been written before) he was asked to take part in a school play. Had he not felt discouraged and at a completely loose end, his reply would have been, "No." He had no interest in acting; had never given any thought to it. But now, with fate having gotten to him that morning and placed him in a receptive mood for anything, it was "Yes." That's what Gregory means.

Actors are often overly moody. Gregory isn't. He set himself against this kind of softness when . . . well, let's see this particular phase of his character get its initial shaping-up.

Gregory, a 13-year-old boy in a gym suit, stands all alone in the basketball court of the San Diego Athletic Club. He is making some half-hearted shots with a basketball. After a while he lets the ball go and just watches it bounce aimlessly away to roll to the edge of the floor finally and lie still.

so very sad . . .

He is a boy lost in thought. He is thinking it was a dizzy idea to come to the club at all; not another boy was there, of course. What other boy *would* be there on such a holiday? What other boy lived just with his father who worked nights and came home mornings for merely a brief greeting before going to bed? What other boy in the whole world felt so much alone, especially on big days like . . . well, what other boy had to face such a sad, lonesome Thanksgiving Day?

He finds no answer to any of these questions. Slowly he trudges off the floor and through the dark, crooked corridor that leads to the locker room. There he slumps down on a bench, unlaces his worn sneakers and begins peeling away spiritlessly at his tight woolen socks. After a while, as he sits there, he is crying. . . .

Gregory Peck has never forgotten the hollow echo of the basketball that Thanksgiving. As far as he is concerned, it wins the palm for sounds steeped in pure melancholy.

But now comes Act Two. It burst upon Gregory when he left the club and arrived home an hour or so later. Relatives crowded the house, his father was up and bustling, in the oven a big, golden-brown turkey dripped all over itself. There was a telegram from his mother sending him love and wanting him to be with her for Christmas. There were presents from her and from his father and from cousins. There was kidding and joking and a sense of high excitement all over; all the festivity he had been unconsciously longing for. . . .

"You know," Gregory recalls, "I stood there and couldn't believe that life could take such a sudden flip-flop. I felt ashamed at having felt so sorry for myself. And every time since when I have become too much concerned about myself, especially when there has been a little self-pity involved, I think of that Thanksgiving Day and snap out of it."

About this period in his life, Gregory Peck was a youthful romanticist—classically speaking, that is. Thoughts of girls—that is to say, real, live girls of his own neighborhood—never entered his head until he was 16. But we'll come to that. The point is that Gregory's romantic outlook gave him a slightly false conception

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of things. He thought, for instance, that life is like a book. It was time for him to learn otherwise and the lesson came in the form of that paste in the snoot he is so thankful for now.

When this happened he was still 13 but by now attending St. John's Military Academy in Los Angeles. There was a 14-year-old student at the school whose name was not "Pasty," even if that is the name Gregory prefers to use because it is most accurately descriptive of him. Pasty, who is the villain of this yarn, not only was older and bigger than Gregory, and domineering, Pasty was the only son of rich and doting parents who had their chauffeur take him special bed sheets, and toothpaste and soap, and call to take Pasty for rides and bring him home on holidays. Pasty also received unlimited pocket money to spend at the school commissary for candy—*which he ate all by himself without ever sharing.* But all this was not enough for Pasty. For complete happiness he had to cuff and push Gregory around—and he did.

One afternoon, the last school afternoon before a Thanksgiving, the kids ran out of their final class for a last-minute romp on the campus before leaving for their separate homes. Most of them charged onto a rickety, wooden merry-go-round which they operated by shoving at the ground with their feet. Greg was having a great time at this when Pasty suddenly showed up and shouldered him off. It was too much. For weeks he had been brooding about this fellow. Getting up from the ground he doubled up his fists and rushed Pasty, letting fly with lefts and rights as fast as he could propel them.

In a novel it would be written that Greg thus overcame the bully and laid him low and quiescent for the rest of the school term. Greg felt like the heroes of all the books he had ever read. But this fight took place in a matter-of-fact world, not in a book. As a matter of fact, Pasty was stronger and had the reach. As a matter of fact, Pasty picked the right time, just the right target (which was Gregory's mouth and nose) and let go. Greg was knocked cuckoo. The whole front of his face ached for days. He ached even more inside when he realized he had accomplished nothing by his rebellion. Pasty kept picking on him and it went on wearily like that all through St. John's.

"Anyone who thinks this isn't an important lesson for any boy to learn . . . well, just hasn't learned *his* lesson," Gregory laughs.

About those girls, now that they are in the picture (as they are in every Gregory Peck picture), Greg remembers that he began thinking about them about the same time that he began wishing that he had a car—which he considers very good timing. What he recalls with much nostalgia is the fun he had with both the girls and the car when his father helped him get his first jalopy.

Only a year before, when Gregory was 15, his father, Gregory "Doc" Peck, Sr. (who still works steadily at the only all-night drugstore in San Diego and has bandaged the heads of some 5,000 errant sailors in his time), had thrown him a birthday party—and there had been a dispute as to whether any girls should be invited at all! They were, but Greg's father noticed that, for the first time at any such affair, Gregory was taking a great interest in the culinary and serving ends of the party. He was keeping himself very busy—and away from any possibility of getting involved in a conversation with any of his feminine guests.

So with the coming of the jalopy—a Model T, of course—there were girls. And with girls there developed a need for money with which to buy gas and sodas and football game tickets—which all seem to go together with girls and a car. A thing like this has driven many a man to work—and it did young Gregory. That's when he went to work driving a truck for the Union Oil Company the summer before he finished high school.

This leads directly to another of Gregory's odd Thanksgiving recollections—a crash between his truck and an ancient Essex driven by an old man. The latter, for some reason, tried to steer his Essex right through the middle of Greg's truck. The Essex just came apart and when the old man was questioned as to what was on his mind he had no answer—but his driving license did. It specified that he was to drive only while wearing glasses—which he wasn't. He claimed he looked for them when he got up that morning but that he never could find his glasses—without his glasses.

Despite the fact that it wasn't his fault, however, Gregory had to go through a lot of legal rigmarole in connection with the accident and he began to feel that the life of a truck driver was not as ideal as he had imagined. Perhaps his father was right about continuing school—and back to school he went. His father was right, as it turned out, and that's why the crash has become one of Greg's fonder recollections.

Incidentally, there is another incident in connection with Greg's career as a truck driver that his father remembers but Gregory doesn't. This has to do with the time when Gregory brought the day's receipts into the company's home office and found he was $30 short. Gregory doesn't remember it, probably, because he simply borrowed the $30 to make up the deficit and that was that. His father remembers it because it was his $30 that Greg borrowed.

Of course, not all of Gregory's memories have a calamitous sound to them at first hearing. There are three very nice ones whose names are Vincent Price, Ingrid Bergman and Greer Garson. They helped out the Gregory Peck who arrived in Hollywood as an apprehensive newcomer.

He was a nervous boy when he started his first scene in his first big picture, *Keys of the Kingdom.* It was a complicated bit and playing opposite him was Vincent Price, a tried and capable performer. Gregory sweated his way through it and when it was finally shot heard Price addressing him angrily, "For Heaven's sake, Peck! Don't you ever do anything wrong?"

It was a moment or two before Gregory realized that Vincent was speaking in mock anger and was actually complimenting him on his work.

What happened in *The Keys of the Kingdom* was, Gregory learned, the key to what lay ahead of him from then on in Hollywood. *Spellbound* was his next picture and not until he arrived on the set did he meet his co-star, Ingrid Bergman. She was in front of the camera doing a makeup test and he wondered what he could say, when introduced, that would insure their getting off on the right foot together. But he need not have worried. Even as he pondered, the shot was over, and before she even took a step toward him Ingrid called in delight, "Why, here is my wonderful new leading man!"

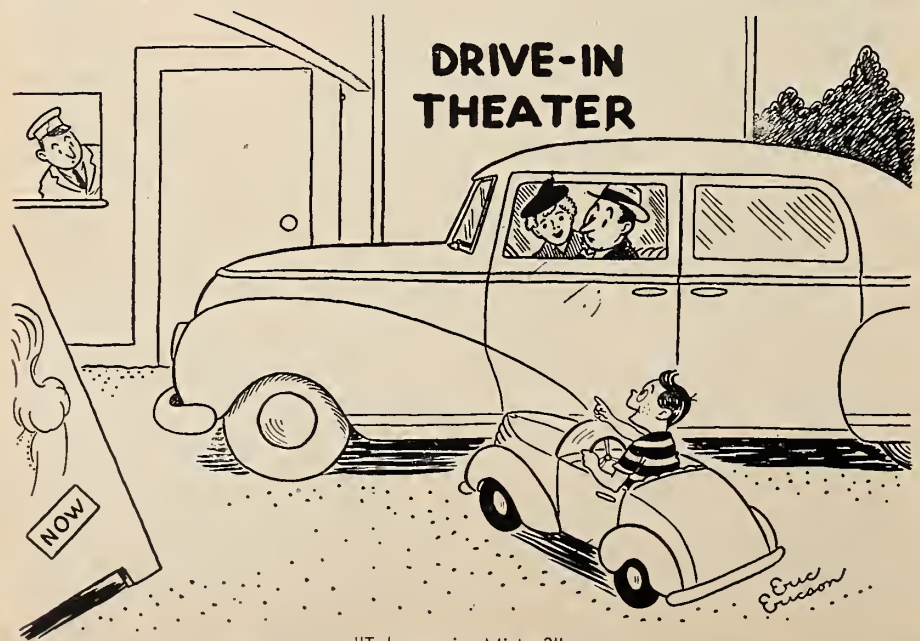
He couldn't believe that it could happen so easily but, almost as if she sensed this, Ingrid went further. She ran over to him with hand extended. As they stood close together she said something in a tone of thankfulness that seemed to come right from her heart. "Oh, you're tall! It will be so wonderful—I won't have to play with my shoes off in this picture!"

So by the time Gregory went on stage to meet Greer Garson for the first time, before they started *The Valley of Decision,* he knew his fears were groundless. Perhaps it was a good thing, because for a moment Garson set him back. As soon as she caught sight of him she cried out, "Well, Mr. Peck has finally arrived. Now we can get started!"

But Greer was kidding. When they were more formally introduced she said, "It wasn't that you were late. It was my impatience. I have been impatient to meet you ever since I knew we were going to work together."

And who could blame Greer?

This accounts now for all of Gregory's favorite, if ominous-sounding memories—except the one concerning the attack made on him by three street hoodlums. This took place before he came to Hollywood, when he was attending the New York Neighborhood Playhouse School trying to acquire acting experience. Some of the



"Take me in, Mister?"

students threw a party and Greg, along with a cute girl (he hadn't yet met his Greta) departed for the neighborhood delicatessen to buy sandwich meat. On the way back, three neighborhood toughs passed some insulting remarks about the girl. To his own surprise, Greg challenged them. The three men were so surprised themselves that they stared back in silence and even let Greg go halfway up the block with his companion before they woke up and decided to come after him.

Greg is no weakling. Not only has he the strength of a man of his weight and height, he is perhaps more supple than the average fellow because of his lifelong love for swimming. But he is emphatically *not*, and never wants to be, one of your muscular monstrosities. And don't forget, he had learned his lesson by this time about life not being like a book. This means that he knew very well what was probably in store for him—the three toughs would tear him apart.

Nevertheless, Greg took a deep breath, put down his packages, and sailed into the three bruisers as they came up.

The first man he hit, dropped. The second man stayed up for two punches—then *he* dropped. The third man ran . . . and Greg, having tasted blood, chased him. He caught him at the corner and in a few more punches had this man on the ground!

It was no time to quit now. Greg felt that, by then, the first man had had sufficient rest and should be a sound opponent again. He went back to this fellow, but found him reclining gracefully on the sidewalk.

"Well?" demanded Greg. "Are you getting up?"

The fellow stared. "What for?" he asked—and reasonably enough.

Now for the moral of this incident—the great lesson it taught Gregory. But when he is asked for this he looks blank.

"There isn't any moral," he replies. "It's just something any man would like to remember. Good Lord! I licked three guys at one time. Me! Do you think I'll ever forget it?" THE END

INGRID BERGMAN TALKS

(Continued from page 29)

centerpiece of a rich color-scheme. Ingrid had just completed all arrangements for her trip to Europe, she was so happy at the prospect she practically glowed and—golly—here I was glowing right back. She can do that to you, can Bergman.

For a long time, I'd wanted to know the answers to a lot of questions about the best actress on the American screen. I was lucky. We started off chattering like magpies and kept it up for two hours.

I'm not bashful. I asked her straight off, "Ingrid, what are your honest thoughts about all these interviews, pictures, fans and public appearances you're supposed to duck?"

Ingrid's gray eyes were earnest as she replied. "From the beginning, I've always struggled to save myself for what is most important—my work. It's as simple as that. I've never understood how I could spend all my time, thoughts and energy talking about myself, posing for pictures. meeting people and signing autographs—and have anything left for my work. I don't think *I'm* so important. But I think my acting is.

"They say I've changed," Ingrid went on. "I haven't changed at all. I've always felt that way. Of course, when I first came to America I didn't understand the language too well. I'd miss the point of



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a joke, laugh at the wrong time, or make some absurd answer due to my weak English. I often gave the wrong impression. So I started keeping my mouth shut in self-defense."

"Half the time," I sighed, "that's why I keep mine open."

Ingrid isn't missing any cracks these days. "I see what you mean," she said, "but at least you know to whom you're talking. I've the most horrible memory in the world for faces and names."

Ingrid confessed that's another handicap she's lugged along from the start. She used to bluff, she said, asking, "And how is your wife?" when the gentleman didn't have one, or "How did you leave New York?" when the lady had never been outside Hollywood for years. She just got into jams, so she quit pretending and started saying, "I'm sorry—I don't remember who you are." Which didn't win her any popularity contests.

you can't win . . .

"But believe it or not, I'm really a friendly soul," laughed Ingrid. "Although, when I am friendly, sometimes they say it's an act. . . . You really can't win!"

Ingrid wasn't worked-up or mad about anything. She simply was eager to elaborate her attitude on a touchy subject.

"Peter and I are out dining sometimes when perfect strangers come up to our table and ask me to dance." Bergman smiled. "Probably a dare, a bet or something. But it always surprises me—when you act on the screen, people think they know you, personally. I've walked down the street dozens of times and have had a friendly 'Hello' from some passerby who had no idea who I was at first—just someone he knew, a familiar face. Then I've watched them turn around and stare when it dawned *why* they'd said 'Hello' when they recognized me. That's a nice feeling, that friendliness. I like that."

Ingrid told me about her pals, "The Alvin Gang," a set of Bergman fans who clustered around the Alvin Theatre in New York where she played in *Joan of Lorraine*. They started out mobbing her for autographs, and she told them off in no uncertain terms, right at the start. She wasn't, she stated, going to sign autographs at the stage door every time she passed through it—and that was that. But they kept coming back anyway, loaded with presents and tributes which filled her dressing room and touched her heart. By the end of her run, she had a circle of firm friends, and I do mean circle.

Because each night the fan gang formed a ring of hands when she entered or left, to protect her from the Broadway crowds!

"They were such a help and so wonderful," sighed Ingrid. "I felt horrible remembering I'd bawled them out at the start." So at her last matinée, Ingrid threw open the Alvin to the whole group and after the show she met them all, explained everything about herself, signed autographs until her arm ached and made everybody happy, including herself. She still hears from some of "The Alvin Gang."

Ingrid said she'd had her scrimmages with ruder fans, of course; she's been trapped in elevators, trailed on streets, stalked here and there. She's had to abandon the long walks she loved on Manhattan streets and in Central Park after three of her pictures played Broadway at the same time. She's had to grab cabs to shake persistent pests, such as one group of ladies who trailed her in cabs to a Swedish sculptor's apartment in Greenwich Village where she hunted refuge, and hammered on the door until she came out. That sort of rudeness makes Bergman see red, but it doesn't happen often and she rises above it when it does. It's all a part of this weird, celebrity-happy America, Ingrid supposed.

So I had a question. "Come on, now—aren't you going to find it like that in Sweden, too?"

Ingrid shook her head. "It wasn't like that when I was there last," she said. "You see, there is only one screen publication, a few theater magazines, and"—she grinned wickedly—"no movie columnists. Anyway, my severest critics are the Swedes." I asked her to explain that.

"My pictures go very well in Sweden," she said (five of them played Stockholm at one time), "but my countrymen are a little disappointed in me."

"Disappointed!" I almost fell off the divan.

"They don't think I'm doing the things I should," said Ingrid. The Swedes, she explained, look on her a lot more seriously than the Americans. (She's a sort of national idol, I know, and they're supremely proud of her.) They like to picture her as sweet, intelligent, virtuous—as anyone loves to picture an ideal. *Intermezzo* was how the Swedes liked Bergman best. But *Spellbound*, *Notorious*, *Arch of Triumph*, made them wince.

Ingrid's hoping she'll win back a little character in her native country with *Joan of Arc*. Because Sweden's deep in her heart always, and she herself is sort of "touchy" too about what the home folks think. When she was doing *Joan of Lor-*

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of MODERN SCREEN, published monthly at Dunellen, N. J., for October 1, 1948.

State of New York } ss.
County of New York }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Helen Meyer, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is the Business Manager of the MODERN SCREEN and that the following is, to the best of her knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily, weekly, semiweekly or triweekly newspaper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the acts of March 3, 1933, and July 2, 1946 (section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations), printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

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Sworn to and subscribed before me this 13th day of September, 1948.
(SEAL) JEANETTE SMITH GREEN (My Commission expires March 30, 1950.)

raine on Broadway, an interviewer asked her if she'd do the play in Swedish in Stockholm. "Oh, no—I couldn't," replied Ingrid. Well, her answer was twisted to mean she couldn't speak Swedish well enough any more. When the Swedes read that they almost burned down their icebergs—and Ingrid was very embarrassed. What she'd meant, of course, was that she'd be far too busy in Hollywood to consider the project.

Ingrid Bergman has been pretty thoroughly Americanized in her seven years in this country. As we talked it was hard for me to detect a trace of the undulating Scandinavian rhythm; occasionally a "Yah" pops out, but not often. Ingrid has worked steadily—and still does—with her best friend and English coach, Ruth Roberts, to tailor her tongue to American ears. She and her husband, Peter, never speak Swedish at home, and in public only when they've a private thought to communicate. Even then Ingrid's likely to punctuate her *Svensk* with "Don't be silly!" "Okay" or "Nothing doing."

Her daughter, Pia, can't speak a word of Swedish, Ingrid said. Pia's nine now, a tall-for-her-age cotton-blonde. ("I hope she doesn't grow into an elephant like me!" sighed Ingrid.) She's never had a Swedish nurse or governess.

the unpredictable age . . .

Her daughter is another private-life subject on which Ingrid has always preferred to be reticent. But now she answered my questions readily. Pia's in fourth grade at Beverly Hills public school and when I asked Ingrid how she was doing I got a mother's frank appraisal: "Not too well, I'm afraid."

Pia's at the unpredictable growing-girl stage now which baffles most mothers, including Ingrid. The youngster was perfectly content with pigtails, for instance, until her mama came home with a short haircut for *Joan of Arc*. Then *she* had to have one, too, and to keep peace Ingrid trotted her down to the studio and observed wistfully while her hairdresser snipped Pia's curls.

During Pia's early years, Ingrid firmly refused to allow the child to watch her making a film. But she finally admitted Pia on a set to see her act in *The Bells of St. Mary's*. When her scene was over, Ingrid asked Pia how she liked it.

"Oh," said Pia in her best blasé tones, "it looks easy. *I* could do *that!*"

The Bells was Pia's first full-length look at her mother on the screen. What wowed Pia then was the boxing bout Ingrid staged with her boy pupil. She thought it was terribly funny when Mama got clipped on the jaw.

Ingrid's not training Pia to be an actress or even thinking about it, yet, she said. Later, if Pia follows in her footsteps, that'll be fine with Ingrid and she'll try to teach her everything she knows. Right now, she said, she's very relaxed about her daughter's future, and she couldn't say whether or not Pia had an ounce of acting talent.

"But she loves to play-act and dress up all the time," Ingrid admitted. Pia makes up her own plays and acts out all the parts. "I'm her audience and critic," admitted Ingrid. "We take everything she does apart—and sometimes she takes apart everything I do, too."

Ingrid has never been anywhere for long without having Pia around. Her stay here without her daughter for *Intermezzo*, Bergman's first Hollywood film, was pretty unhappy. I know she kept a picture of Pia inside her makeup box and used to close her dressing-room door and have a good cry almost every day, then try to walk off her loneliness at night along the foggy streets of Culver

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City. Her daughter's the apple of her eye and the flower of her heart—along with the other member of her family, her husband, Dr. Peter Lindstrom.

Ingrid has no close relatives left in the world—her mother died when she was two, and her father when she was 12—and she centers all her affections on those two hungrily. You don't hear much about the private life of Ingrid and Peter (this has been the Number One topic on Ingrid's list of things she won't talk about) but I know they're idyllically mated—and pretty sentimental, too.

For instance, last New Year's, when Ingrid was East in *Joan of Lorraine,* Peter grabbed a plane and flew East to see her, arriving the afternoon of New Year's Eve. They stepped out that night at the Cotillion Room of the Pierre and danced the New Year in. The next afternoon, Peter was flying back to his Los Angeles hospital job. He'd made the trip because New Year's Eve is their very special night and has been ever since they met.

Ingrid has always been fiercely proud of her husband's profession and she's always sized it up as being twice as important as her own. Peter has just been appointed resident neuro-surgeon for the Los Angeles General Hospital, a mighty important post.

Sometimes their two completely different careers make them strangers for days, Ingrid said. Sometimes Ingrid's husband drags home at 3 A.M., sometimes he leaves earlier than that. He often works Christmas and holidays. But whether Ingrid is deep in a picture part or not she's always wrapped up in what he's doing. His doctor friends are the most regular guests at their home and she's even watched one operation of Peter's—on a nine-year-old boy, to remove a brain tumor. (She told me she steeled herself for hours before, not to be squeamish, and she worried far more over how she'd act at that event than she ever did over a movie scene.)

Then Ingrid gave me an intimate little sidelight on her relationship with Peter. "There's one thing my husband is always kidding me about," she smiled. "I've overcome a lot of things since I've been in America, but I still hate to be stared at. I'm always sneaking into little cafés and having a good time until somebody says 'Look!' Then the whole room, it seems, bends its eyes on me and I have to leave. I've fled stores so many times, just as the shopping was getting interesting, because a crowd collected."

Ingrid laughed, "My husband kids me a lot about that. 'You don't like people to stare at you,' he says, 'yet you're always staring like a hick at other celebrities yourself.' That's true. I'll grab his arm and say, 'Look, look—there's Bette Davis!' or someone when I should know better.

"Well, I'm guilty. I stare. But I don't see why people have to stare at *me* so *long.*

so here goes! . . .

"Anyway, at Sun Valley it used to be a nightmare for me to start down that slope on skis. The sides were always lined with people and I knew I would be so bad. I could see amateur cameras pointing my way and I could picture myself upside down, pointing six different directions awkardly in a spill, or wobbling wildly while movie cameras kept grinding, grinding. So I just stayed at the top being miserable, when I was dying to learn to ski.

"But one time not long ago it suddenly occurred to me that, stared-at or not, I must live my life—and I wanted to ski. So here goes, I said! I slipped and slid and wobbled down—but after a time or two I didn't care who watched. I cured myself of that and I had a grand time."

Ingrid's full of little surprise items like that when you warm her up and get her talking. I dragged out another one when I asked her why she was still such a homebody, if she's blunted the edges of her self-consciousness. "Don't you like to go out at night?" I asked her. (I know she's a divine dancer; Ray Milland told me once Ingrid was light as a feather.) And although I never see her in public much around Hollywood, it was getting harder and harder to picture Bergman as the Alice-sit-by-the-fire you usually hear about.

"I *love* to go out," Ingrid came back at me. "In New York I never ate dinner until midnight, after the show. Then I was always asking, 'Where do we go now?' There were so many interesting places to go and things to do. I adore New York," glowed Bergman. "Hollywood is an ideal place to work. There's absolutely nothing to distract you. But as a place to enjoy—well, Hollywood has little that attracts me. And so I just stay home."

no ivory tower . . .

But hugging her hearth does not mean that Bergman is living in an ivory tower, remote from the whirling world. Not at all. She's very sociable and keeps her house crowded with her good friends—among them Ruth Roberts; Signe Hasso (the Swedish actress who went through the Royal Dramatic Theatre in Stockholm ahead of her, and who has always been Ingrid's acting idol); Alfred Hitchcock and his wife; Lewis Milestone; the Charles Boyers, and the Gary Coopers. Larry Adler, the harmonica player, and Jack Benny, both of whom traveled with her through Germany on a wartime GI entertainment tour, drop by often. Ingrid likes concentrated conversation. She loves to pump people who can tell her things she doesn't know about art, philosophy, medicine, politics. But she can also be bright with small-talk. She can even be whacky if she gets an idea. Her witch ride Hallowe'en before last proved that beyond any doubt.

It started when Victor Fleming, directing Ingrid in *Joan of Arc,* caught a cold and stayed home in bed. After a couple of idle days, Bergman called him and quipped, "If you don't hurry and get well, I'm coming over like a witch and scare you out of bed! This is Hallowe'en, you know."

Walking away from the phone she thought, "Why not?" So she hustled to her makeup man, Jack Pierce, and soon was the most horrible-looking hag you'd care to shudder at. She drove to Bel Air—and rode her broom into Vic's house, clawing and screaming. He got well fast.

Then Ingrid decided her makeup was too good to waste. She buzzed over to Leo McCarey's to give him the terror treatment, and on to Al Hitchcock's to scare him out of bed, too. Along the way, plenty of Hollywood citizens got a startled eyeful of Ingrid Bergman in her frightwig.

But quieter joys are her real recreation. She reads three and four books a week, working or not. She's absolutely greedy about seeing plays, too. Once Ingrid was in New York for an 11-day visit. She saw 14 plays—one a night, plus three matinées! In Hollywood, she loves to shop at the Farmers' Market. She also loves to eat, but hates to cook.

Ingrid stacks on weight rather easily, so she goes light on breakfast with coffee, fruit and a muffin, a cottage-cheese lunch and then a whopping dinner. If she can stave off her weakness, nibbling throughout the day, she's safe. Her figure looked super-trim the day I saw her, and she's dressing much more smartly since being

exposed to Manhattan styles last year. Incidentally, we've seen more of the Bergman silhouette in *Arch of Triumph* than the camera had hitherto exposed, and if she does *Adam and Eve* for Leo McCarey (she said she probably will—but the script's not written yet), well—Bergman in fig-leaves—could you take it?

Ingrid has no prudish complexes whatever about how she appears, if it's in line with her art. You hear she never wears makeup. I asked her and she blasted that fiction pronto. "Of course I'll wear makeup, all that's needed, if the part calls for it."

Ingrid's as curious as a cat professionally, too. She was in New York once when Mae West was starring in a bawdy burlesque, *Katherine Was Great*. Bergman told some friends she wanted to see it. They shuddered.

"Why?" they asked her. "It's a lousy play. You'd be bored with it. And Mae West—she's not your type at all!"

Ingrid shook her head. "She must have something," she persisted. "I'd like to know what it is. Maybe I can learn something from her." So she went.

Ingrid seemed a little wistful to me when I asked her whether she had any other great goal or ambition to take the place of *Joan of Arc*.

"No, not yet," she said. "How could I? When I started the picture, it was like someone handing me a shining castle, one I had dreamed about forever. But," she said, "one of these days I'll have to find something."

She will, I'm sure—because Ingrid Bergman is not only a great actress but a human being, warm with feeling and the capacity to love ideals and her fellow man.

I looked at my watch. Two hours of frank talk with the bashful Bergman! Uncooperative? I couldn't help but wonder how long I'd have lasted with the unsociable Greta Garbo.

On the steps, I couldn't resist the question, "Ingrid, have you ever met Greta Garbo?"

She blushed and shook her head. "No—well, yes, once," she corrected, "but so briefly. I was in a store and someone quickly introduced us. She just said, 'How do you do'."

"Then what happened?" I wanted to know.

"Why," laughed Ingrid, "she disappeared."

Then I reluctantly did a Garbo myself. But I was happy. For I'd learned a number of new things about the mystery woman (huh!), the shy (my eye!) recluse (pooh!) that we've long ago unofficially crowned queen of Hollywood stars.

And I'm happy to be able to pass them along. It's a shame someone hasn't before.

THE END

I SAW IT HAPPEN



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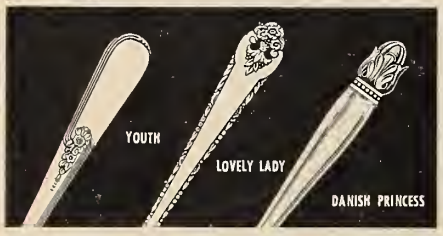
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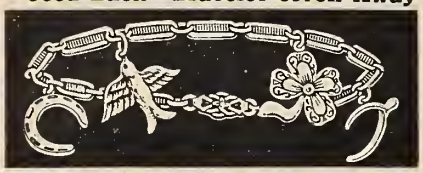
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HOLLYWOOD'S MYSTERY ROMANCES

(*Continued from page 56*)

an Eastern columnist's item about her switch to dates with Lew Ayres, Myrna choked on a giggle and said, "That would be the most unusual romance I never had. You see, I've never met Lew Ayres."

All this confusion is one thing that makes life interesting anywhere, whether in Hollywood or Popopolis, Nebraska. It's impossible to state emphatically when an emotion will sail into the heart and mind of any boy or girl and upset the entire future as seen in the crystal ball.

Only one thing is certain. When a man carries a torch, his dates are going to be as scattered as a double shotgun blast. That's the case with Ronald Reagan. Columnists haven't been able to get it out of their minds that Ronnie will go back to Jane Wyman because their marriage seemed to be so perfect.

For instance, on a recent evening Ronnie came into the pint-sized restaurant known as the Bantam Cock alone. This charming little cafe is now the gathering spot and kick-off place for bachelors, romances and romantic bust-ups. On this particular evening, Ronnie was more cheerful than he had been in weeks.

hot tip . . .

"Watch," a columnist said to another. "In a couple minutes you'll see Jane Wyman come in. I've been tipped off that there will be a reconciliation."

Sure enough, Jane did come in. She and Ronnie retired to a corner booth. They sat close together. As he talked he touched her hand.

"See?" the columnists declared in triumph. "It's just like I said—they're getting back together. Boy, I've seen all I need for a sure-shot prediction tomorrow."

The columnist left, happy in the thought of his little scoop. But what a dope he was. He should have stood around, for ten minutes later Jane and Ronnie were joined by two other individuals—both male. Ronnie didn't look too happy. After a while, he left. After a longer while, Jane left with the two escorts, both unknown to the movie world.

The answer? Jane Wyman and Ronald Reagan tried one reconciliation. It didn't work. The chances are heavily against another attempt. Frankly, Ronnie is carrying a torch—one that could be used on the Statue of Liberty, it's that bright. But what almost everyone overlooks is that Ronnie's torch is lit as much for the state of matrimony and the incomparable happiness that comes with daily association between a father and his kids as it is for Jane.

And now? Well, Ronnie has taken out Doris Lilly, Nancy Duke, Betty Underwood, Ann Lawrence, Patricia Neal, Ann Sothern and most recently Monica Lewis, the lovely singer who has just returned to New York. He appears to like Monica better than any of them, considering he had four dates in a row before her departure, but who's to tell what's going to happen when he finally puts down the torch for good?

By then he may have found the girl he wants to marry next—and it is a safe bet that Ronnie *will* marry again (if he doesn't do the unexpected and go back to Jane) long before such stalwart characters as Clark Gable and Jimmy Stewart are ready to settle down.

Not that Ronnie isn't stalwart. He's a real guy and the best husband material loose in these parts, but don't try to figure his next move or believe everything you read.

Sometimes these torch-carrying situations bounce with dramatic effect and no one thinks to look backwards to find out what really happened.

Consider the case of Bob Walker. He took his divorce from Jennifer Jones hard. Like Ronald Reagan he had a tough time forgetting his former bride but a much worse tussle taking the loss of daily association with his children in stride. It's not funny when a man is the good father type.

When Bob Walker put down the torch, he put it down for good. He still spent long hours with his children at every opportunity. They are crazy about him and vice versa, but in his personal life, Bob became a cynic. He'd make a date with a girl and stand her up. He'd be at a party and just walk out on his date. He was confused and his subconscious seemed to be bent on proving that he didn't care a darn for any female. The old policy of hurt rather than get hurt. So Bob eventually married Barbara Ford.

It was a sad mistake.

A mistake which perhaps might be rectified if the love between the two were strong enough. The trouble is that they hadn't known each other long enough—long enough, perhaps, for Barbara to fully understand Bob, and for Bob to have resumed a completely normal attitude toward women in general.

At any rate, two days before they were married, Barbara spent a long weekend on the yacht where she's lived most of the time since childhood. Her father, John Ford, is a quiet, stern-visaged individual, known for his deeply religious convictions and his big heart. He didn't want Barbara to wed a man who'd been divorced. Barbara thought she knew better and so did Bob.

They didn't take into consideration the truth—that a man who has had one or more unfortunate romances is not sure of what he wants. Actually, Bob was on the verge of falling in love with someone else shortly before he married Barbara, and that girl was Ava Gardner. They had been seeing a lot of each other, until an accident happened that put an end to the budding romance.

Actually, the climax to Barbara and

Earl's Pearls

■ Lois Andrews, married but separated from a Hollywood actor, doesn't plan a divorce just now, and explains it with this logic: "I do not want to get unmarried because you see, as long as I'm married, then I can't get married. . . ."

■ Dick Wilson: "The single girl looks for a husband every day and the married woman looks for one every night."

■ Groucho Marx, now filming *Love Happy*, insisted that publicity for stars was needed. Without publicity, he said, people say, "Groucho Marx? Never heard of him." With publicity, they say, "Groucho Marx? *That* bum!"

■ "I saw a movie so old," says Milton Berle, "it should be on television . . ."

■ "An income tax reduction," says Jackie Gleason, "is the kindest cut of all."

—Earl Wilson

Bob's romantic troubles began a long way back with a series of emotional accidents, none related to the other. There was Ava Gardner who had been hurt by two previous marriages, with Mickey Rooney and Artie Shaw. Until then Ava's own personality had been a light hidden under a bushel of male dominance. When she emerged, she was determined never to let it happen again.

Then Howard Duff entered the picture. Few people know it, but he was on the verge of marrying a girl before the war. He made up his mind that she was the one while he was on Saipan. His declaration of intentions was almost on its way when the girl married someone else. A year later, Howard emerged from the war to become the famous Sam Spade of radio. From there he stepped into pictures. He wanted no part of one woman. He was playing the field. He met Yvonne de Carlo. They dated steadily, but not exclusively.

One day he dropped into the dressing room of Burt Lancaster. By accident, Ava Gardner was there. They liked each other. A little later people stopped talking about Bob Walker and Ava Gardner. Now it was Duff and Gardner. What happened is not known in detail because Howard Duff and Bob Walker have a solid virtue in common. They are not lippy.

emotional climax . . .

But the emotional atoms were at work. One bounced off another until a climax was reached in the Walker-Ford wedding.

Of course, after the fashion of people who wake up with hangovers, there are always those among us who wake up after a broken romance and declare, "Never again!" That's the way Howard and Ava and Bob all felt, and the only conclusion that can be drawn when it's all summed up is, "It shouldn't have happened to a nice girl like Barbara."

There's nobody to be censured, for like the ancient defense against crimes of violence, when it comes to people in love the verdict must always be, "Not guilty and not guilty by reason of (temporary) insanity."

Obviously, because it is true that sweethearts everywhere are in a state of coma, the alert press of Hollywood cannot be blamed for not reporting anything but conflicting stories when those involved in romances don't know the answer themselves. Except for certain "pat" situations, Hollywood heart situations are like a closely contested basketball game, the answer to which is in doubt until the final whistle. And even then a tie score may result in an extra period.

Of course, there is the old business of "publicity romances." Rory Calhoun had one with Vera-Ellen.

They seldom rush off to get married and the resultant friendships make for interesting reading. It's no one's fault if impressionable people go off the deep end and figure that a hot romance is going on. That's why everyone—almost—was amazed when Rory suddenly upped and married Lita Baron, formerly known as Isabelita (see page 44).

The facts are that Rory for many weeks had been dating the pretty singer four-to-one to the times he saw Vera-Ellen. On the other hand, the Guy Madison-Gail Russell romance which started out to be purely a publicity gimmick seems to be moving toward a permanent cementing.

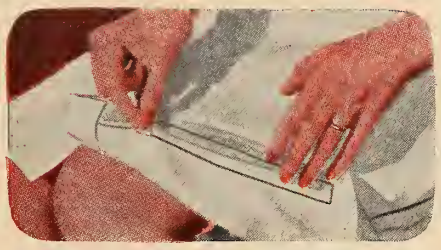
Dating for publicity's sake is an old and honored practice in Hollywood. Consider Pete Lawford. Pete is a very ambitious fellow. A few years back he used to cheerfully complain, "What's the matter with me? I'm not such a lousy actor. I get good parts, but nobody knows me. I might as well be Peter the Hermit."

"The thing for you to do," he was told



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by a studio friend, "is to whip up a little romance publicity."

Pete went to work on the idea. At the time he had very little money, so he didn't go the Mocambo route. But before very long his name was linked with popular names, one after another. The results were pleasing. Every time you picked up a newspaper, Pete's name was in the gossip columns. The same for magazines.

Today, Pete doesn't have to date for "sweet publicity's sake." Nevertheless, when he takes a good long look at what happens to the general run of marriages, he's a wary boy and he is not exactly allergic to the thought that he is one of the few remaining bachelors in Hollywood who make romantic news. It's part of the business.

That's why, when you see Pete's name linked with Jane Wyman, he's not to be considered the reason Janey doesn't go back to Ronald Reagan. The same goes for his dates with Ann Miller, the couple of dates with Rita Hayworth. The time to wonder what's happening with Pete is when his name is *not* in the columns as sparking with this girl or that. It will mean that Pete has "gone underground" in the Hollywood romance field and he's about to come up with a bride.

permanent bachelors . .

Of course, Pete is not in a class with bachelor characters like Bruce Cabot. A suave, handsome oldtimer who can still spot any of the new glamor boys eight phone numbers and never get lonesome, Bruce doesn't bother with "serious" intentions to start a romance. He's a fellow who's not trying to prove anything. Either a girl wants to date him or she doesn't and everyone knows he's a permanent bachelor.

The same thing goes for Cary Grant, who has long enjoyed an acute attack of singleitus. Newspaper predictions that he would marry Betty Hensel—who is now one of the most beautiful models ever to be stared at on the floor at Adrian's in Beverly Hills—would fill a book. It's happening all over again with Betsy Drake. Of course, Cary can weaken, but less impressionable friends of Mr. Grant's are already insisting that the star is more fascinated with Betsy's promise as a future star than he is about a possible career for her as his wife.

Lew Ayres also ceased to be the marrying type a long time ago and he is such an habitual bachelor that the columnists have even ceased to revive that old one about Lew not having been able to forget Ginger Rogers. His dates with Jane Wyman are not serious.

Similarly, the talk about Deanna Durbin and Vincent Price may be marked down as a large cut of whole cloth.

Not so in the case of Greer Garson and Bud Fogelson, the Texas oil man. Greer's dates with Georgie Jessel were for laughs. She was a lonesome gal until she ran into the enterprising Fogelson, one of the most likable characters ever to hit Hollywood.

It is Fogelson who several years ago revealed himself to be a big-time man of action when he was puzzled by the question: "Why is it that grey horses don't win as many races as other horses?"

"That's easy," a jockey told him. "There aren't as many grey horses."

This sounded reasonable. But Fogelson decided to test it. He did so, spectacularly. He began to buy grey horses. Before long he had more grey horses than anyone else. In fact, he had as many grey horses as the average stable owner had other-colored horses. He began to race them at Del Mar back in 1938, and sure enough, it turned out that if a racing stable had as many grey horses as other stables had brown and black horses, there'd be many grey winners.

Fogelson met Greer at a party. His sense of humor matched hers. They have no bankroll problem. Hence they have no career problem. They have no problems, period. As a result they are an exceedingly good bet in the future book for marriage.

But what of Richard Ney? There's no question but that he still is deeply fond of Greer. For a time, whenever Ney walked into a restaurant or a theater and discovered Greer present, he did a fade-out. This is a normal reaction because no two recently divorced people get any laughs out of sitting in the same restaurant and being stared at. In the meantime, Richard Ney apparently is not too happy. His dates are scattered and not serious. Studio people took notice of the fact that he had dinner a couple of times with Madeleine Carroll before she left to do a New York stage play. They took note because Madeleine is older than Ney and the suspicion is that Ney is generally more attracted to older women.

But there can be nothing more than friendship of the acting sort between these two because Madeleine is married. Her husband is in Europe, or was at the time, and she naturally had dinner with several friends. Perhaps Ney and Miss Carroll had something in common to talk about because her marriage to Sterling Hayden began to flounder originally because of the disparity in ages. The allegation of the experts was that Madeleine couldn't forget that Sterling was a bit younger, although he continually protested that this made no difference. If this is true, it may be equally true from the male standpoint with Richard Ney and Greer Garson.

Back of all these mysteries and the constant microscopic examination of the stars' private lives is considerable heartache which none of them desire and few of them deserve. True, movie stars differ from other people in the size of their bankrolls and the glamor of their lives—but their heart problems are the same as those of anyone else.

Meantime, we will all go on reading the daily puzzle columns. We'll find out that it's now really serious between Diana Lynn and Bob Neal—as indeed it isn't but could be . . . that Joan Crawford has quarreled with her attorney, Greg Bautzer—as indeed she sometimes does, except with less frequency as time goes by . . . that Roddy McDowall is interested in Ann Blythe and something will come of it—as it well might if Roddy continues to grow up, as he will . . . that David May is jealous of anyone who pays too much attention to Beverly Tyler . . .

Fascinating people, these romantic Hollywoodians. THE END



HOW TIME FLIES!

■ Our movie reviewer wrote of Bing Crosby's performance in *Sing You Sinners:* "The Groaner has always been a likable screen personality, but now for the first time in his career he really acts. . . . Bing will probably never win an Academy Oscar for his histrionics, but he does play a drunk scene . . . beautifully."—*From a 1938 issue of Modern Screen*

MY ONE AND ONLY

(*Continued from page 44*)

when she was brought to this country from Madrid . . . who first sensed the immensity of America in the shadow and noise of the giant automobile plants at Detroit . . . who wanted to grow and learn quickly to become a part of this new life . . . but took such long years about it.

I wanted to tell him that this girl had dreams . . . dreams that she thought were answered when she got a chance to sing, to travel, to find for herself a place in the world of music and art. But that she was wrong. All this was not the answer to her dreams. That answer was . . . well, that was what I was singing about. I had finally found the answer!

Up to now he had been coming in with friends; sometimes men, sometimes girls. Then, one night in March he came in alone. He was dressed in his dark blue suit—that, I found out later, he calls his "Diamond Jim Brady" outfit. It was a night in which he had started out by dining alone at the Bel Air—in a booth usually reserved for Greta Garbo. And he had come to the Mocambo planning to talk to me.

no introduction needed . . .

He didn't send someone to ask if I would come to his table. He didn't ask anyone to introduce us—though he was aware that many people he knew there, knew me as well. No. He waited until a moment came when I was walking by his table, and then he rose to his feet and spoke right out. For a second I only knew that he was tall above me . . . and that he was . . . and he was actually talking to me!

"Hello," he said. "I've been wondering if you would sit with me."

Quick things went through my mind. I remember thinking, "That's not really a question, Isabelita. He has actually merely made a statement. All you have to do is say, 'Oh, have you?' and walk on."

But the next second I was sitting down. It wasn't at all what I had expected to find myself doing. And then he was giving me a glass. "What are you doing?" I asked myself as I took it. "There is champagne in that glass. Don't you know you never drink . . . ?"

Of course I knew. I distinctly remember telling him that I never drank. And then I was drinking the wine and neither one of us noticed it because he was saying something so earnestly that it seemed not only to take all the saying he could put into it—but all the listening I could give him.

"I know you've noticed me here all the time looking at you," he said. "Maybe you've wondered why I never tried to meet you. I avoided it on purpose, because I knew that when it did happen I would fall in love with you the same instant."

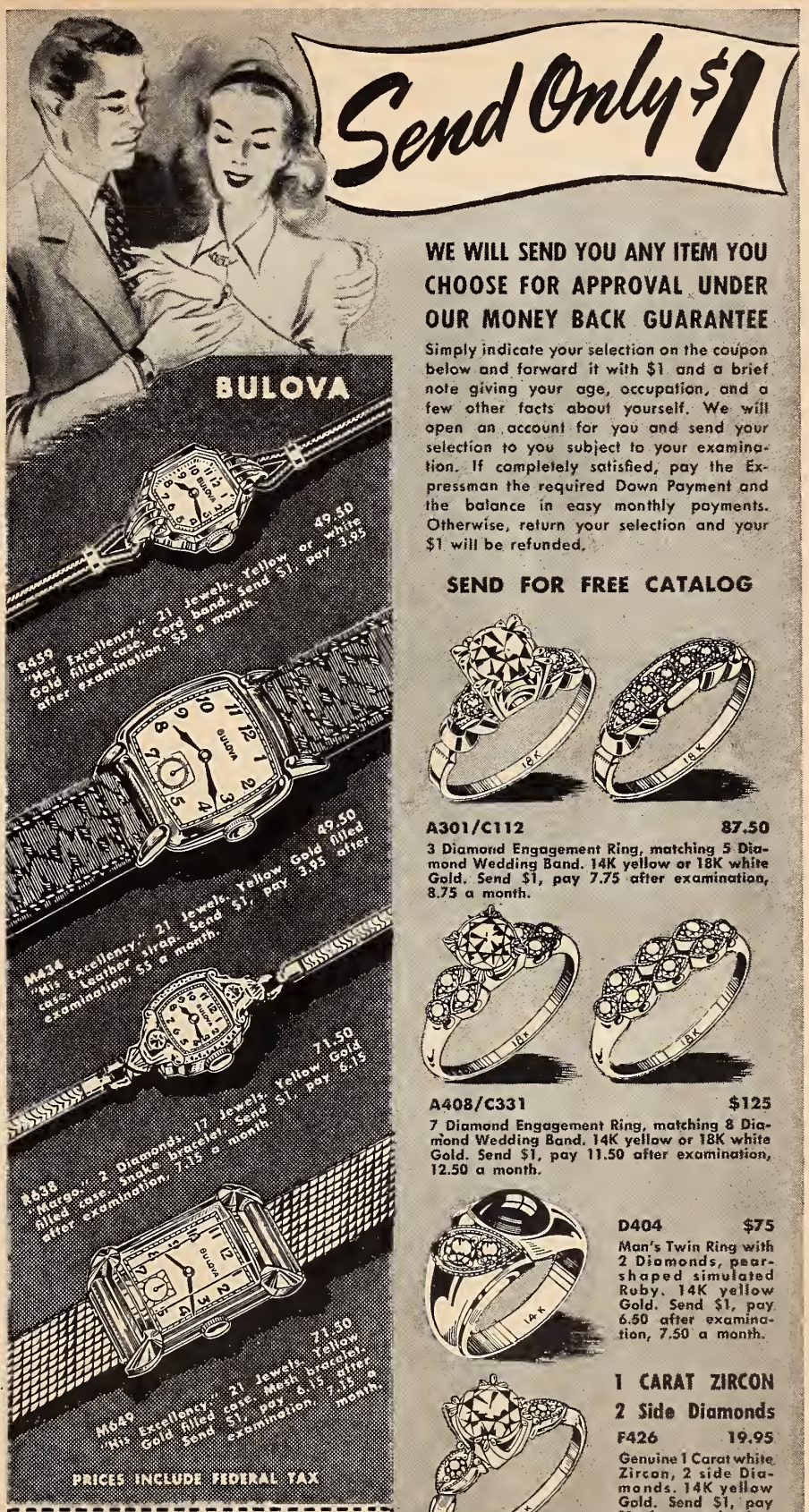
After a moment I realized I was staring. And it came to me that he had said, ". . . fall in love with you the same instant." He went on from there.

"Tonight I want just that to happen," he said simply.

So this is what we both couldn't take; this is when we found it a relief to laugh and kid each other. He acted as if he were terribly disappointed with my speaking voice, and said that maybe it would have been better if I hadn't taken elocution at Wayne University in Detroit.

"I thought you would talk the way you sing—with a Latin accent," he said. "You know, like Carmen Miranda."

"You mees thees?" I asked, as Latin as



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I could make it. "Eef you do, I can talk like that—but, believe me, señor, eet ees hard for me without music."

We laughed and he said, "No! I like you better without the accent. It's as if you had a double personality."

Later, he asked if he could drive me home. Naturally, I accepted. I saw some pictures of him in the back of his car and told him I would be one of his strongest fans if he would autograph one for me. He wrote something swiftly and I read, "For Isabelita, a wonderful, sweet person and it is my pleasure to know you." It was nice . . . but perhaps written a little too swiftly, too formally?

On the way home he seemed to hunt up all the traffic lights in the city, managing it so that he stopped for the red light at each one. Then he stopped at a drive-in. Then he stopped so we could see the lights of Hollywood below. Then he thought we should stop at another drive-in. And then . . . well, he just stopped!

getting serious . . .

I never saw a man who seemed to care less for driving and more for stopping! But each stop and each talk brought us closer together and when at last I ran inside my house I felt that maybe such a wonderful thing could happen in Hollywood after all!

There were other nights afterwards, and mornings and afternoons—whenever we could be together. Little by little we found out that we were getting to be very serious.

One night we talked about the other people we were dating. I talked about the men I knew. He talked about the girls he knew (and whom I had read about and seen with him so often). We kept on talking about them—and then one night, as if someone had thrown us a cue, we started referring to them in the past tense!

What had happened struck us both at the same time. He put his hand on my shoulder.

"Did—did you notice something?" he asked.

"Uh-huh," I answered.

A big smile spread over his face and another one, even bigger, was on mine.

"Gee, that's swell!" he said. "You know, I've been wanting to get into that subject—about the others we go out with."

"*Used* to go out with, you mean?" I asked.

"That's just what I mean!" he said.

So, from that it wasn't long before the afternoon when Rory's arm went reassuringly around my shoulders as I nervously prepared to enter his home and meet his father and mother . . . and the night when he met *my* parents and I covered his awkwardness by constantly handing him things, taking them away again, and practically chattering my head off.

There was a special night when Rory and my sister Mary Lou barred me from a room, while they both worked on something, to emerge later with my second autographed picture from him. This one he had written in Spanish, with Mary Lou's help. This one was much better than the first. Translated into English it read, "For Isabelita . . . we are made for each other . . . with all my love and affection . . . always yours, Rory."

Much, much better!

We learned things about each other. I learned that with Rory absence does make the heart grow fonder. I learned that when he was away on location at Durango, Colorado, making *Sand* for 20th Century-Fox, he did not stop thinking about me. The proof was in a package that came for me one day. When I opened it I saw a silver fox cape; six of the most beautiful, unusual skins I have ever seen. But it wasn't the furs that thrilled me as much as a hint of what was on his mind in the form of the initials he had chosen to be sewed on the inside of the cape.

They weren't just the initials "I. C." that would stand for Isabelita Castro, my real name. The initials were "I. C. C."! Could that second "C" stand for Calhoun—or could it?

"No," said my sister, kidding me. "The furrier has to put that on to show the fur comes from Colorado."

"That's not it," volunteered my brother, Peter, who knows all about everything now that he is in the middle of his college career. "All goods shipped from one state to the other are under the jurisdiction of the Interstate Commerce Commission, and that's what the 'I. C. C.' stands for!"

Our first big formal date almost never came off, because he rushed me and I wouldn't be rushed. He arrived all shining and black-tied, to find me still in rolled-up jeans and knockabout sweater! He poked at me to get started and I balked. We began fencing with outstretched arms for weapons, carrying on the fight through living room, out to the backyard, past the incinerator and in and out the garage. When at last the duel was over, Rory looked a mess—his tuxedo smudged, his shirt wilted and soiled. No party. We had our dinner in the kitchen.

The first big mystery of our romance concerned his former girl friends whom I never seemed to meet at any of the first half-dozen affairs we attended. And I had thought there were so many of them! Then I learned that it wasn't just chance that caused this . . . it was Rory's diplomacy.

About that time we had our first experience with one of Rory's fans (something I knew I would have to get used to). It started off badly but Rory saved the day—or, rather, night.

We were leaving Ciro's one night when he noticed a 15-year-old bobby-soxer whispering to her pals along "autograph row." But she didn't run forward for an autograph. She stood perfectly still while Rory's car was brought up and while he held the door open for me to enter. But when he had entered his side and we were slowly pulling away, the youngster leaped up to him and screamed a "wolf call" right into his ear. He couldn't help being startled and the car jumped badly, almost hitting a pillar before Rory could straighten it.

happy fan . . .

For a minute he was angry—and then he saw the girl standing in deep dismay, her hand to her open mouth as she realized what she had done. Now her friends began to jeer at her and her eyes began to fill.

Rory leaned out of the car and, acting as if she were someone he knew, said, "Oh, it's *you!*" and blew a kiss to her. As we pulled away her mouth was still open . . . but on her face was the happiest look I have ever seen.

We learned, as we got to know each other, that our instincts matched each other, in idea and practice. Many times we met for a date, to find ourselves with the same inspiration about where to go and even wearing similar combinations—he in his white flannels and blue jacket, I in my white wool, pleated skirt and navy blue coat with sailor collar; or, if we were to "rough" it, he in levis and baby blue shirt and I in my powder blue seersucker skirt and deeper blue blouse.

We had an attunement on the matter of our careers. I shared with him his close attention to all facets of his screen work—and he was delighted that the

screen was becoming my own major activity when Columbia gave me one of the leads in *Jungle Jim*, starring Johnny Weissmuller. (The studio also gave me my nice new name—Lita Baron.)

All this was what we had lived together and known about each other when, one night late in summer, we sat parked on the hill outside my house, the front of his car pointing up at the stars rising in the east, and the orange-colored beams of the Hollywood Bowl searchlights playing over our heads.

He said the many things that a girl wants to hear . . . and remember for the rest of her life.

He spoke of other girls he'd known, saying that in each of them he had found one thing or another to attract him: unusual beauty, a smile, a sense of humor, a way of talking or a way of doing; but in only one girl had he found all of the qualities he really thought important.

He spoke of plans: of a house, and of what kind of house; of the kind of life he wanted to live in it.

He spoke of all this and then he said that I was the girl and the plans were for us. . . .

mind made up . . .

One night, after our marriage, we dropped in at the Mocambo together and Johnny the waiter grinned as he seated us.

"You never had a chance," he kidded Rory. "The minute you walked into the Mocambo last January your goose was cooked. Isabelita and I went after you. It was two-to-one—a cinch!"

Rory laughed—but as if he were especially tickled by something.

"You mean," he said, "that you and Isabelita laid plans to put shackles on me, eh? Well, that works both ways."

"Well . . ." said Johnny. "You know I was only kidding."

"Sure," said Rory. "But I wasn't. Long before you and Isabelita saw me, I saw her."

It was my turn to talk.

"Where? When?" I wanted to know.

Rory leaned over the table and took my hand. "A couple of years ago in my home town, San José," he said. "You sang there with Cugat one night, remember?"

I thought quickly and then recalled the time. "In a theater?" I asked.

"That's right," said Rory. "That's when I fell in love with you. But you were a singing star on the stage and I was just a guy in the audience. What chance did I have? But I made up my mind. Someday—somehow—I would meet you . . . and I did!"

Now Johnny, who is ordinarily so suave, so sure of himself, stood there with his mouth open. Both of us looked at Rory—wondering that something like this could happen, not in a book, not on the screen, but in real life.

And Rory, leaning back in his chair, winked at us. He was enjoying himself hugely.

I hope he always will. THE END

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WHY DOES HE TURN HIS BACK ON HIS WIFE'S TEARS?

A. **Because she has neglected one precaution, often of major importance to intimate marital happiness.**

Q. What is that important precaution that can so greatly help to safeguard marital happiness?

A. **The practice of sound feminine hygiene with a scientifically correct preparation for vaginal douching, such as "Lysol" in proper solution.**

Q. Why are wives wrong to trust to soap instead?

A. **Because soap, like soda or salt, is an old-fashioned makeshift that cannot compare with "Lysol" in germ killing power. Though gentle to delicate membranes, "Lysol" is powerful in the presence of mucus and other organic matter. Destroys the source of objectionable odors . . . kills germs on contact.**

Q. Do many women use "Lysol" for feminine hygiene?

A. **Three times more women use "Lysol" than all other liquid products combined! Many doctors advise patients to douche regularly with "Lysol" brand disinfectant just to insure daintiness alone. No greasy aftereffect. Use it as often as you want.**

KEEP DESIRABLE, by douching regularly with "Lysol." Remember—no *other product for feminine hygiene is more reliable than "Lysol"* . . . no *other product is more effective!*

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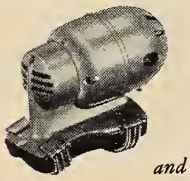


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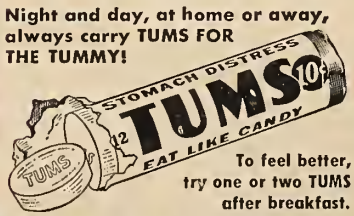


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PICTURE OF THE MONTH

(*Continued from page 58*)

British prisons, but he insisted that the man who whipped him really lay it on. (Incidentally, the British refused to send over any research about the cat-o'-nine. They had to find a picture of one in a French crime magazine.) Burt was so welted the next day that he couldn't comfortably wear a shirt, but he feels strongly that scenes of that intensity cannot be faked. He wanted to show four shifts in his character's response to the whipping. First, complete surprise that the first lick could even ruffle his feelings. Second, real hurt as the next few cracks broke down his bluffed bravery. Third, the shift from simple pain to mental imagery of the crime which he is being beaten for. Fourth, complete breakdown as he considers that his guilt is being repaid.

On the screen, the scene is powerful stuff and they were afraid that it might be too much for the public. But it will be left in, almost untouched.

Being a psychological study of a bully, this picture didn't have much of the usual set horseplay during the shooting. The funniest thing that did happen was the day Fontaine outran Lancaster. They were doing a scene in which Burt was supposed to catch Joan just in front of the camera after a long chase. She took off like a deer and Burt, running like a track star, couldn't catch her. Both ran right by the set-up and the take was ruined. Burt, who gets up every morning at six to work out on the UCLA track with his friend and former acrobatic partner, Nick Cravat, decided he'd better add another couple of miles to his workout.

Burt startled everyone on the set by climbing up a 40-foot steel scaffolding one morning. He explained when he got down that "I just felt good and wanted to see how fast I could do it." His friends (and Burt) are hoping that he can soon do a circus picture to get some of the acrobatics out of his system.

Suggested title: *The Unafraid.* THE END

BOB MITCHUM'S OWN STORY

(*Continued from page 33*)

telephone is to blame. The reporter calls the actor and says he hears there's going to be a divorce. The actor explains. Yes, he admits, they *have* had a little trouble. But divorce? No. No divorce. So the next day the paper says, 'Too bad about that actor, Joe Flotsam, and his wife. Looks like they're breaking up over that trouble they had.' Of course, Joe Flotsam didn't say that, exactly. He said things on both sides of it which would explain. And it's not the reporter's fault—he can't write the life history of everybody who gets his name in the paper."

The words came back to me vividly two days later when the news of Bob's arrest on a narcotics charge broke into print. I didn't believe everything I read.

I recalled the stories that broke a few years back when Lew Ayres went to a conscientious objectors' camp rather than bear arms, and I remembered his later distinguished service in the front lines with the wounded.

Then there was the case of a Marine by the name of Fitzgerald. A hero of Guadalcanal, he married a fine young actress named Gloria Dixon. Their home burned down. She was killed. He was picked up as a deserter, given twenty years' hard labor. On reported "facts" alone, he didn't have a friend left in Hollywood. But two months later I saw him again, back in uniform, and advanced to the rank of sergeant. There had been a mistake, but it had finally been rectified when the payroll record of his 10c a day as a prisoner reached Washington. There the honorable discharge he had claimed all along had been discovered.

I thought of something else: Bob Mitchum left me at Lucey's that day to go house-hunting. I stayed for a few more drinks with friends. When we left, any one of us could have jumped a stop signal, smashed into a car, hurt someone seriously and wound up in jail facing serious charges.

But Fate was fond of us. Fate gave Bob Mitchum a kick in the pants.

Strangely enough, in the hours of sadness into which Bob plunged, he was pursued by the ringing of the telephone he hated. Perhaps he should have answered, for hours before his ill-fated decision to stop in at the little house in Laurel Canyon, a friend was trying to reach him. Someone had called to say, "I don't know what it's all about, but I've had a call from someone close to the law. He says he was tipped off that they are going to try to pick up Bob for something tonight—maybe you'd better tell him to stay home."

I wondered about that. I guess everyone has friends, in a pinch. Did Bob have enemies, too?

Certainly he had made mistakes. They might have been swept away by a reconciliation on Dorothy's return. But would there have been such a reconciliation? In the notes he wrote for me, Bob said, "I have spent eight years trying to get this girl alone for a while so that we might discover each other. In eight years we grew so fast that we had little time to talk, and depended too fully on psychic sympathy." The two of them were struggling to reach each other, yet going in opposite directions at breakneck speed.

Actually, what appeared to be tragedy was an abrupt, if brutal, climax which could provide them with a fresh start. When Dorothy did return to Hollywood after Bob's arrest, she rejoined him publicly. As this is written, they are alone together at last.

Will the shock they have withstood undo the damage of so many years? To present that possibility honestly, let me relate an incident as Bob told it to me.

Weeks ago, he signed a contract to do some personal appearances in New York.

"Dorothy," he said in that clipped manner of his, "I have to do this trick. Pick up some nice money. Then we'll take a vacation."

"A vacation?" Dorothy exclaimed. "That's wonderful. We can pile the kids in the Buick and drive across country."

Bob's face lit up. "Yeah, that's it. See the Grand Canyon. Talk to people. Be a couple of average fellows for a change. I'm jittery. Seems I can't even shave any more without some guy looking over my shoulder and trying to sell me something. Yeah—get ready. We're driving."

They got ready, but the telephone rang. Telegram for Bob Mitchum. The date in New York was moved up. No time now

for a leisurely jaunt across the country.

"Can't do this to us," Bob told Dorothy. "We're going anyway—the whole gang. We'll fly."

Dorothy was alarmed. After all, their savings had been wiped out only a few months before. They'd had too much confidence that someone else would do the right thing. She knew that the worry over this loss had cut deeply, undermining Bob's confidence in his own judgment, upsetting his faith in other people.

"The boys and I had better stay home," she said. "It's too expensive."

Bob exploded. "To hell with expense! This is important. We'll sell the car. We can pick one up back there when I've piled up some money. You and the kids can go down to Delaware. No, we'll all go to New York, and when I'm through with my work we'll go to the country together."

That's what they did. They had been in a $30-a-day hotel suite in New York for three days when dispatches from Hollywood were still speaking of impending divorce!

Then came the trip to Delaware. It, too, shows how the odds were piling up against them long before the headlines broke.

"—An epitaph to friendship," Bob wrote of that trip in his notes for me. "The weather was bad, and everywhere you looked was trouble, standing in cold, deep puddles—in New York—in Connecticut—in Delaware, the people had troubles, and they sat indoors out of the cold rain and told their troubles to you. I was much too tired to resist, and so escaped into it—like a runaway in a swamp."

Bob Mitchum didn't intend it to be this way, for his family's sake.

He and Dorothy went to a few parties, fewer night clubs, but they couldn't turn down all invitations graciously. Bob ran smack into trouble. Trouble like this: at one party a blonde, somewhat over par in alcoholic content, wanted to muss his hair. She did. Bob got sore and didn't say anything. Mrs. Bob got sore and did, later. It wasn't so important, but it was typical.

"I thought you said you knew her," Mrs. Bob commented.

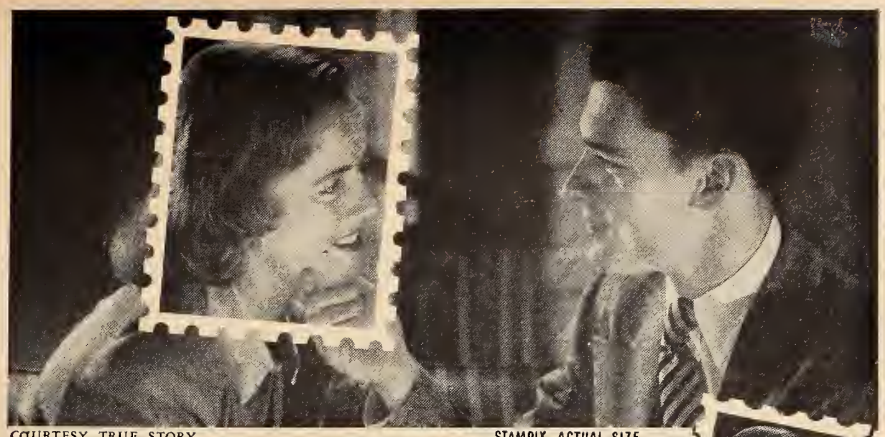
"I guess I know everyone," Bob said, wearily.

They argued a little and then forgot the episode. They were both tired.

A few nights later, Bob decided to take a walk, prowl around on his own. Everything was all right. He was talking to



"That's nathing——you see it done every day in the newsreels."



COURTESY TRUE STORY

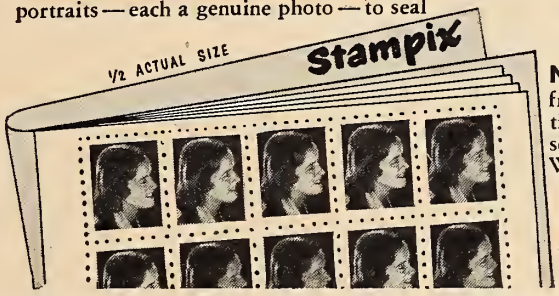
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somebody who'd known him when. All of a sudden, a few feet away, a little guy was punched by a big guy. He went flat. He got up. The big man poked him again. He went down, permanently.

"Don't do that," Bob said.

"Who said don't do that?" the big man asked.

"I did," Bob answered. "Now stop it."

"Don't worry, actor," the big man said. "This won't take long." He started across the room.

"I'm going to do it again," Bob said to himself. "I've got no right hand. Everybody tells me that. Why do I always have to try once with the right? Oh, well, maybe I can roll over by the little guy and we can sleep this one out."

The big man threw his punch. Bob's right hand moved. Somebody fell on the floor.

"Well, whattya know," Bob muttered. "I did it with that no-good right. I'd better go. When this character gets up he'll kill me. I could never do it again."

He turned. The police were there. Two men were on the floor. Bob knew better than to explain, so he did anyway. "It was like this—" he began.

"Never mind what it was like," one of the officers snapped. "We saw the whole thing. Now get out of here before some nut claims it was your fault."

Bob walked to his car. He was about to go inside and talk to Dorothy. He felt ridiculous. Things like this had to stop, that was all there was to it.

take a ride . . .

The thing to do was to take a ride and cool off. Pretty soon he was on the highway—the one to New York. He remembered the play he had been discussing with the Theatre Guild—a thing he'd written when he was eighteen years old.

Go to New York, he thought. Dorothy knew he did the unexpected, knew he wanted to spend a few days alone incorporating some changes in the play, changes that were suggested to him by Eugene O'Neill and others. He'd be there in a couple of hours. Then he'd wire her.

He stepped on the gas. Later he saw a sailor on the highway. "Can you drive?" he asked as he stopped. The sailor could. Bob crawled into the back seat and fell asleep. When he woke up he felt like he'd dozed off on the BMT during rush hour. There were six sailors in the car. Nice guys. They liked him. He liked them. They stopped off for a nightcap.

Bob reached the hotel near dawn. Instead of wiring, he called Dorothy.

The short story was a long story now: Yes, of course, he'd be back in a few days. Sure, he'd be there for the county fair. Wouldn't miss it.

And in a couple of days he did go back, did go to the fair. Then—

"I guess this vacation isn't working out," he told Dorothy. "I'm not making you or the kids happy." They talked for a long time and it was late at night.

"I'll drive on up to New York," he said.

"But about the car," Dorothy said, trying to head off his flight, "I'll need it to get around with the children."

"That's right," Bob agreed.

Dorothy drove Bob to New York, almost two hundred miles.

They were understanding each other better when they reached the Holland Tunnel. Dorothy thought about staying over. Bob already had rooms.

"Right there our troubles could have been over," Bob told me later. "But something perverse always seemed to be nudging me. Instead of asking her to stay, I said she could use the phone in my room to get a reservation. I hated myself while she called around. Then she left. Drove all the way back in a heavy fog.

"I was the one in the fog. I'd been there a long time. Dorothy is the best. Intelligent, beautiful, loyal, a wonderful mother. I don't know what's wrong. Maybe it's the place, this Hollywood. Maybe it's me. The money? I earned $25,000 a week once and got to keep $376 net. . . .

"If I sound like a fool, I am, but I'm my own fool. Nobody else's. I don't want this marriage to end. I don't want a lot of things to go on as they have been, and these things have nothing to do with my wife. Maybe I'll find out when I have that so-called freedom. Anyway, we'll find out in a few days. . . ."

He didn't know then that everything was going to explode the next day. . . .

I had a morning paper with me when I stopped in at the corner gas station. The attendant indicated the headlines. "I suppose you writer guys will really give it to Mitchum now," he said.

"Oh, I don't know."

"Look," he said. "I don't know him. But I know about myself. A few years back I got off on the wrong foot. One thing led to another. I didn't really do anything wrong, but I drank myself right out of a job and I lost my wife and two kids in the bargain. It took me two years to get them back. Now I really amount to something. I take collection in church. I work with a boy's club. You'll see, Mitchum will turn out all right."

I had a date then to talk to Red Skelton. "Mitchum?" Red said. "Too bad about him, you say? Look, I haven't seen the headlines yet, so don't tell me. First, let me tell you something about him."

Red went to the files in his office. He brought out a folder with some pictures. "See these pictures?" he asked. "They belong to the Pacific Boys' Lodge. All those boys have been in court for one reason or another, but they aren't sent to any reformatory. They go to the Lodge. A lot of outstanding citizens support the Lodge and a few motion picture people have helped in getting funds and inspiring these kids.

a lot of good . . .

"We had a basketball game to get funds for a new building, and some other events too. None of it ever got into the papers. Some of the people we expected to show up never did. But Bob Mitchum was there. He's done a lot of good."

Then Red and I talked about Bob. It was Red's thought that Bob was lucky, strange as that may seem. "Think how close he can get to kids like these now," he said. "He can do more than a hundred men who lecture kids and don't know what it means to be in trouble."

Up at the little house on Glen Oak Drive the newspaper watch was waiting for Dorothy Mitchum's return. A line a newspaper columnist had used came to mind. It had been published two months before and was strictly a guess. "Bob and Mrs. Mitchum have mended their troubles."

In his notes, Bob had commented on this item. "Like a girl mends her stockings?" he wrote bitterly. "By buying more? Troubles of the heart are agonies we keep passionately guarded, and they are highly salable secrets . . . . He (the columnist) fervently hopes there will be no divorce for a long time—I hope forever."

Mrs. Bob Mitchum drove up with the kids. She went up the walk. Bob opened the door. His arms went around her.

"Bob," she said.

The dialogue was not intended for a third act curtain line, but it was the real climax to the story of Robert Mitchum.

The door closed, and I thought of what Bob had scribbled on that miserable evening so short a time before:

"We want very much to be alone together."

THE END

THIS LITTLE VOICE WENT NO, NO, NO!

(Continued from page 61)

forget some irksome promise, perhaps even one made in thoughtless haste, let her try to neglect some obligation, and it starts wiggling until she decides to remember.

People have been known to rebel against their consciences. But they can't win, Loretta is convinced, if they have "wiggling, loud" ones. Take the case of the time she tried to overcome that inner voice once during the war. One morning she was scheduled to make a promised appearance at a Lockheed employees' bond rally. As she sat down to breakfast, she suddenly felt light-headed and dismally ill. Which was certainly natural, considering that Loretta was a prospective mother. And it was also natural that, feeling as wretched as she did, she should shrink from the prospect of struggling through a speech at that rally. At her elbow was a telephone. A quick call and a quick explanation and she could lounge back and "enjoy her misery quietly."

The tussle between her physical misery and her conscience raged for a quarter of an hour. "The only sensible thing to do is call off the date," cried her misery. "No!" came back the conscience. "You've promised. Lying still won't make you feel any better. *I* will see to that! You'll hear from me, if you don't go. You'll hear from me all day long!"

That noon Loretta was at the rally. Not long afterward came a most gratifying reward for her fortitude. Loretta is chairman of the board of directors of St. Anne's Maternity Hospital, an institution founded to give haven and care to unmarried mothers. A drive for fifty thousand dollars in new funds was under way. Since everyone was contributing to war efforts, the drive was making slow headway. But at Lockheed the employees had formed what they called "The Buck of the Month Club" for the purpose of making contributions to worthy causes. To St. Anne's there soon came a substantial check from the club. Substantial enough to help St. Anne's well along the way toward its goal.

Since to be a star in Hollywood is to be one of some 200 persons who vie with each other for the favor of millions of their fellow citizens, the stress on self is apt to be fierce. But in order to keep thinking of one's self all the time a certain degree of deafness, blindness and a dulled sense of touch is required to keep the outer world from intruding. When you properly achieve such a state it is termed absent-mindedness and taken as a mark of genius. Here is where Loretta fails badly. With as much right as anyone to be egocentric she has little chance with that unsleeping conscience of hers.

And Loretta is awfully interested in the little things of life; things your true, moody artist, surrounded by his or her mental wall, would hardly know existed. Is the cook's brother-in-law going to get married? Why are the people who own the house on the hill adding a new room? Have they got a new baby or is someone coming to live with them? Why are those fences up on that corner property near the market; are they going to build there? What is it going to be? Why do the leaves on the Chinese Elm fall continuously? Don't they know there is such a thing as seasons? And so on for all the days she has lived, and all the days before her, as far as she knows.

Most often this all-embracing curiosity of Loretta's works out along fine, beneficial lines. When she was ready to start in *The Bishop's Wife,* for example, her stand-in came to her looking deeply troubled. Gregg Toland, the camera chief—whose untimely death occurred this September—had told her she was not suitable for the job; her face was too square, her color wrong. Much as Loretta's sympathies were with the girl, how could she oppose the man responsible for the photography of the picture?

But something made her go see Gregg anyway. She didn't know quite what she had in mind, but that old conscience was working and she went to see him anyway.

The first thing she told Gregg was that he was perfectly right in refusing to use the girl. But, she went on, she found herself wondering just why a differently shaped face or variance in color interfered with good camera work. Would Gregg explain?

What happened then should have happened to a physics student—not Loretta. Gregg started away back with Newton's work on optics. He gave her light, light reflection, the coefficient of light absorption, and the albugineous properties of various types of human pigment when struck by light. What he was trying to say was that a fair skin needs less light than a dark skin, but that wasn't the way Loretta heard it.

Nevertheless, she thanked him and said it was very interesting and to the point. He was so right. He was so right that she was going straight to her stand-in and explain everything he had said so she wouldn't feel so badly about losing her job, what with a mother to support and all. With a sad, sweet smile, she turned to leave.

"Just a minute!" exclaimed Gregg. "What was that about the mother?" Lor-

what's the **name?**

Like to juggle words? Here's a game to test your skill. Following is a list of forty names—the first names of Hollywood actors and actresses. If you match one with another you'll get the complete names of twenty famous personalities. Try it—then turn to page 105 for the solution and your rating.

1: ABEL	21: ARTHUR
2: ERWIN	22: EDWARD
3: JOAN	23: STUART
4: SHIRLEY	24: WARREN
5: RAYMOND	25: ARNOLD
6: TONY	26: CHESTER
7: HARRY	27: WALTER
8: PATRICK	28: EDDY
9: FRANCIS	29: RANDOLPH
10: JAMES	30: GENE
11: RUSSELL	31: BENNY
12: MELVYN	32: BRUCE
13: VIRGINIA	33: GAIL
14: JEAN	34: LESLIE
15: HAROLD	35: ANNE
16: KAY	36: LLOYD
17: MORRIS	37: DOUGLAS
18: NELSON	38: SCOTT
19: WILLIAM	39: MARTIN
20: ROSALIND	40: JACK



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etta repeated it. Gregg thought a moment —and then said that while the proper stand-in *was* important, maybe it wasn't *that* important, and—well, maybe the girl would be acceptable to him after all.

"Despite Newton?" asked Loretta. "And that albig stuff and everything?"

Gregg nodded. "I think there's something in Einstein's work which will handle everything," he said. "I'll—I'll look it up right away."

Loretta thinks she got into the habit of letting her conscience get the upper hand when she first started work in the studios. At 15 she was already a star and greatly in demand. One of the things that used to irritate a certain producer was the fact that Loretta, since she was under age, was under the constant supervision of a state teacher and permitted to work only a limited number of hours a day. He made a suggestion to her one day and Loretta, in love with the romance of her work, agreed.

At five-thirty every afternoon she would leave the set in the company of her teacher and go home. At her front door they would exchange farewells.

"Good afternoon, Loretta," the teacher would say. "Study your homework, get a good night's sleep, and I'll pick you up first thing in the morning."

"Yes, ma'am," Loretta would reply politely.

Whereupon the teacher would go on and Loretta would enter her house—to emerge from the back door, get into a waiting studio car and go back to work in front of the cameras until three in the morning!

A tiny little voice used to pipe up inside of her someplace those days—the as-yet-undeveloped wiggler—but she would beat it down firmly. And then one day the three A.M. routine caught up with her and Loretta found herself lying in a hospital exhausted from overwork. She was weeks recovering and her only comfort was that, at least, she had helped this producer and he would be appreciative of her herculean efforts.

But when she returned to him she discovered that she had been off salary every day she was in the hospital! All the time she'd thought she'd been fooling her teacher, she'd actually been fooling herself! And the only voice which had warned her had been the little one from within.

From that day on it has been the voice she's listened to, not only in connection with her career but as a guide to her everyday actions.

It has been a good mentor. It has directed a lot of splendid decisions for her. Wiggling and loud though it is, her attention to it has not become a burden—her sense of humor and clear sense of values keep it in its constructive place in her life. A life of work and home and family which makes her a fulfilled woman—a constantly finer actress—and, for all of these things, a grateful human being.

THE END

ARTANIS KNARF

(*Continued from page 47*)

said his hair was turning white. He said for us to get on a train before he collapsed.

"Before *you* collapse!" I said indignantly. "You're safe in New York, you're not flying around the country with these maniacs. I'm supposed to be navigator, but this map they've dreamed up looks silly to me. Just a lot of crooked lines."

"Oh, Lord!" George said in anguished tones. "Put Bob Lee on the phone."

Bob reassured him, and we got started again eventually. When we reached Columbus we called George again. "Take it easy," Frank told him. "We'll be in before you know it. Keep in touch with the control tower at LaGuardia. Here's our plane number."

Actually it wasn't too long afterward that George, pacing the soles off his shoes at LaGuardia, heard our number announced. Then he *really* started getting panicky, because about ten planes were over the field, waiting to land. The control tower gave us our landing number. The plane ahead of us was a DC-3 and the one behind us was a Constellation.

"You have 25 seconds to land," the tower informed our plane and George gave a moan of anguish.

As we came down toward the field it felt like a power dive. I covered my eyes—and darned if we didn't make a fine landing. Frank was very pleased.

"Only way to travel," he declared largely.

That's Frank. If I'm an old man before my time, blame it on Sinatra.

Let's go back a few years to the time he first came into my life.

In 1939 I was Tommy Dorsey's manager. I'd been with him for three years. One day in Chicago he came around to me and said, "Bobby, I'm thinking about taking on a new singer. A guy by the name of Sinatra."

I'd heard Frank in person and on records and I thought he was just what we needed.

"He's with James at the Palmer House," Tommy said. "Give him a ring and see if he can duck over here tonight between shows. Just for a little talk."

You know what happened. Harry James gave him a release, and Frank joined our band the next week in Milwaukee. When he first got there, Tommy took me aside.

"Say, Bobby, kinda look out for the kid, will you? He doesn't know anybody in the band and it might be a little tough for him at first."

That's how it happened that Frank and I roomed together for the next three years whenever we were on the road. But Tommy needn't have worried about Frank. Frank makes friends faster than a dog gets fleas.

What really gave me a boot was how hard the kid worked. He knew he could do a good job for us, but he knew he couldn't do it just by sitting around. Right then was when he started to wear me out and he's been doing it ever since.

Look at the schedule we had on the road. Play till two in the morning, grab a quick meal, get on the bus and ride till noon next day. Get a few hours' sleep, then some food and play all evening. But was that enough for Frank? Never! He spent half his sleeping time learning new arrangements. He made appearances with Tommy and the Pied Pipers in record stores. Whatever anybody asked him to do, he said yes. That's a habit I've been trying to break him of for darned near nine years now. I guess I'll never succeed. If I did, he wouldn't be Frank.

In a year or so, we got a chance to go to Hollywood and make a picture. We were all pretty pleased with the idea. We had visions of lying in that warm sun, eating avocados, and walking with beautiful starlets in the moonlight.

Visions is just what they were, too, except for the avocados. Because we were booked to play at the Palladium at the

same time we made the picture. Brother, Mexican jumping beans weren't in it with us.

But Frank had had a neat little vision of his own, and *his* came true. He wanted to meet Bing Crosby.

"That Bing's the greatest singer in the world," he'd say to me, wistfully. "Do you think I might get to meet him, huh?"

I'd say I didn't know, which was the truth. Sure, the picture was being made at Paramount and that was Bing's studio, but Bing wasn't making a picture now. He was away somewhere, only I hated to tell Frankie that.

He found it out, of course, as soon as he got to the studio. So he went around for a week looking like a small boy when Mom says, "No cookies today."

Until one day. We were shooting a long sequence of the band playing and Frank making with the tonsils. I happened to glance over my shoulder and practically froze in that position. Because there was the Groaner himself, lounging in the door back of us, and looking as if he liked what he was hearing.

He got hold of Dorsey as soon as the scene was over and said, "This Sinatra. Very good, Tommy, very good. I think you've got something there." Then Tommy introduced Frank to him, and I thought the kid was going to faint.

Later Frank grabbed me and rushed me outside. "Bobby, you mean he was there all the time? Listening? Gee, I hope I sang all right."

"Bing seemed to think you sang okay," I told him, grinning, "and I understand he's a pretty fair judge."

After we left California we traveled all over the country. And we all had one pet gripe. Tommy had bought a bus for the band to ride in. Painted silver it was, and a very fancy-looking job. But the seats wouldn't tilt back, and the thing bounced all over the road and when you got through a long trip you felt as if every bone in your body was broken. We used to beg Tommy to let us drive our own cars, but he was afraid we wouldn't make the next stop on time if we did.

One night Frank and I did miss the bus, because he'd been calling Nancy long-distance. Ordinarily, we could have hired a car to catch up in, or taken a train. But this time we were both broke and that's for sure. Of course Frank was always broke, because he lent so much dough to the other guys. Anyway, we decided to hitch-hike.

Ever try hitch-hiking along a strange road at three in the morning? Oh, a few cars go by, but that's just what they do—go by. We were hungry, too, and we finally swiped some raw corn out of a field and ate it. Before long, we did get a ride that caught us up with the bus, but by then it was too late. That raw corn made Frank so sick that he might as well not have been there at all that night when it came to singing.

One time Tommy started for New York from a place we'd been playing in Pennsylvania. He drove *his* own car, natch, and the rest of us were supposed to start four hours later on the bus, for he had business to attend to in New York before we got there.

So we slept an extra four hours, and then piled into the bus. Frank climbed into the driver's seat. "Let's beat that car of Tommy's to New York," he said suddenly. "Hold your hats!" And he started down the road like a bat.

At first everyone yelled at him that he was nuts. Then they began to laugh. "Tommy keeps saying what a wonderful bus this is," somebody said. "Let's prove he's right."

We rocketed along that road like a sardine can rolling downhill. Not that Frank was driving recklessly, you understand. But he sure did kick that crate along as briskly as the law allowed. And when we finally got on the New York ferry, the car ahead of us belonged to one Mr. Thomas Dorsey!

I thought he'd have apoplexy when he saw us. Especially when he found out we had burned out various essential parts during the trip. He had to sell the bus after that, and allow us to drive our own cars. But let me say in our favor that we were never late.

Well, those days ended for me when I went into the Army. Naturally I didn't know when I'd see Frank again—if ever. Then I was sent to a camp near Hollywood. I knew Frank was out there—he'd become pretty famous since I'd last seen him. I got a yen to talk about old times, and I wrote him a letter and said so. But I thought maybe I'd get back a note signed by a secretary saying, "Mr. Sinatra is too busy."

Instead I got a phone call. "Bobby, you old so-and-so, get yourself a pass as soon as you can and come up here for a week end. Boy, do I want to see you!"

He wanted to see *me!* Things like that explain why Frank has more friends than any guy in the world.

I spent a lot of weekends at Frank's house after that. Nancy is the kind of wonderful hostess who lets you relax completely and do as you please, instead of trying to fit you into her plans.

"What you going to do when you get out of the service, Bobby?" Frank asked me one day.

"I don't know yet. I've had a couple of offers."

"Well, here's one I'd like you to give a little special attention to. I'd like you to come and work for me. I need somebody like you."

It took me about one-fifth of a second to forget those other offers.

One day I said to Frank, "I sure wish you could be best man at my wedding." After all, we'd worked together off and on for eight years. When a guy is your best friend as well as your prospective boss, you naturally want him around when you take the big step. But Frank was involved in a million things. "I know how busy you are . . ." I said, trying to sound casual.

"That busy, I never get," Frank said, grinning. "If you're going to climb into a straitjacket, I want to be there to lace it."

I laughed. I always laugh at Frank's



that's hollywood!

Curvaceous Esther Williams was wearing a bathing suit of lamé on an M-G-M set. "Hmmm," hmmm'd an extra, "thar's hills in them thar gold . . ."

Greer Garson gets giggles displaying a clipping reporting an accident she suffered. It's from the Monterey Peninsula Herald—which read: "The area in which Miss Garson was injured is spectacularly scenic . . ."

Dick Haymes' definition of a glamour girl is probably as good as any: "A girl who has what it takes to take what you have . . ."

Irving Hoffman in
The Hollywood Reporter

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jokes. He claims I do it to be polite, but that's not so. I think he's one of the funniest guys in the world.

"When and where's the wedding?" he asked.

"The day of my Army discharge. Right at the camp. But of course that's eighty miles from Hollywood."

"I know that, you dope. I've been down there often enough in the last few months."

He had, too, entertaining the boys, and usually bringing along his whole radio show to help.

He was considering me now, thoughtfully. "Might need a little help, being best man. Okay if I bring Phil Silvers or somebody to help hold us both up?"

I said that would be fine. The days skidded by and all of a sudden it was my wedding day.

Frank was a little late that afternoon. Finally I went out by the gate and paced up and down waiting for him, just for something to do. I was watching for his convertible and hardly glanced at the big Greyhound bus marked CHARTERED that swung in beside me.

Then a voice yelled from the bus, "Hey, Burns. I can see your knees shaking from here!" It was Frank. It was also half the rest of Hollywood. Phil Silvers, Axel Stordahl, Nancy, a whole set of musicians from the old Dorsey band. Any room that was left was taken up with wedding presents. Seemed like a million of them. I really felt myself getting all sentimental inside.

Know what Frank's wedding present to me was? Honest, that guy is terrific! Here I was, just out of the Army, no civilian clothes and none available. So he had had his tailor make me a whole new wardrobe! It was really a thing.

After the honeymoon in New York, we came back to the Coast and I went to work for Frank as a combination secretary-manager-timetable.

I knew him so well by that time that it wasn't like taking on a completely new job. But Frank was a different proposition now from what he had been in the old days. He was a figure of national interest. Not only was he the idol of a million bobby-soxers, but he was doing important work in the campaign against racial intolerance. He was giving benefits by the dozen. He was a picture star as well as a radio singer.

All of that affected my job. Because Frank was still saying yes to everything. I found I had to act as a buffer between him and all the requests he got, or he would forget and make dates to be in three different places at once.

I soon discovered one thing about Frank. His mind is always occupied. We'll be driving along in the car, me with my mind on nothing except maybe where we could pick up a hamburger. But Frank, quiet for a long time, will suddenly come up with something.

Like "I think we oughta make a short for the Cancer Fund. I've been working it out in my mind. It'll go like this . . ."

And, sure enough, there it is, all worked out for presentation. I've come to have a lot of respect for those silences.

Maybe I'm giving you too serious a picture of the guy. Maybe I'm making him sound angelic, and he isn't. He clowns more often than he's serious, and sometimes he does things that just about drive me crazy.

Like his getting into the habit of calling me "Burns." Around the studio, Frank will let out a yell you can hear from here to Harlem—*"Hey, BURNS!"* And now the rest of the gang has taken to doing the same thing. I hear *"Hey, BURNS!"* in my sleep.

I mean that literally, too. Because Frank loves to stay up late—the later, the better—while I am strictly a Cinderella type, all for getting in the sack by midnight. But when we're living together, which is frequently, just let me start to doze off, and—

"Burns! We gotta talk. Let's not have any sleeping around here at this hour."

Then another thing. He loves to make me sing. I can't sing a note, can't carry a tune even one bar, never could. But every once in a while, Frank will put on that hypnotic smile of his and say, "Bobby, sing 'I'm An Old Cowhand.'"

Like a dope, I do it, and Frank laughs so hard they have to dump cold water on him to keep him from having a fit of hysterics.

Nobody minds things like that from Frank, though. He's just as willing to be kidded himself.

Frank's children are one of the chief attractions for me in that household. That little Nancy. She'll call me up on the telephone.

"Uncle Bobby. When are you coming over?"

"Maybe this evening, sweetheart."

"Well, that's good. Because I have a new jigsaw puzzle and I don't want to start it till you get here."

So I rush over and spend the evening lying on my stomach doing a jigsaw puzzle with Nancy. When it's her bedtime, I talk to big Nancy awhile and then probably Frank and I get involved in a long discussion about the split-second timing we will need to get everything done the following day.

I suppose it's sort of a strange life I lead, and it's the kind of job that goes on 24 hours a day. But when you're working for a guy like Frank, who cares?

THE END

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*Recommended
No Stars: Average

FROM THE MOVIES

A SONG IS BORN—Stealing Apples: **Benny Goodman (Capital). A Song Was Born: *Louis Armstrong (Victor). Doddy-O: *Dinah Shore (Columbia); *Page Cavanaugh (Victor). Blind Barnabas: *Golden Gate Quartet (Columbia). Flying Home: *Lionel Hampton (Decca), *Benny Goodman Sextet (Columbia). Redskin Rhumba: *Charlie Barnet (National). I'm Getting Sentimental Over You: *Tommy Dorsey (Victor).

If you're a jazz fan, this department advises you not to miss the picture, even if it isn't Danny Kaye's best.

NIGHT HAS A THOUSAND EYES—title song: *Vic Damone (Mercury), Art Mooney (MGM).

PALEFACE—Buttons and Bows: *Betty Rhodes (Victor), Betty Garrett (MGM).

SO DEAR TO MY HEART—Lavender Blue: *Dinah Shore (Columbia); Jack Smith and Clark Sisters (Capitol).

WHEN MY BABY SMILES AT ME—By The Way: *Ja Stafford (Capitol); Dick Haymes (Decca); Art Lund (MGM). What Did I Do: Margaret Whiting (Capitol); *Helen Forrest (MGM).

HOT JAZZ

COLEMAN HAWKINS—*April In Paris (Victor).

ALBUMS

GENE KELLY—*Song and Dance Man (MGM).
PIED PIPERS—*Harvest Moon (Capitol).

...gazine, Variety.
...riter and director, was
...eady to launch a road com-
...of his hit play, *Born Yesterday*. Garson Kanin . . . She had met him once. Four years ago. Maybe . . .

Impulsively, she reached for the telephone. She dialed Long Distance and placed her call—and then she began to quake, and a little chill skipped along her spine.

She was always doing the wrong thing, she reflected shiveringly, and this—*this* could be her prize boner. Why, any fool could tell you that it wasn't the thing to do, calling a big shot clear across a continent to tell him you could act. Maybe if you hung up real quickly nobody would know—but now it was too late, because already Garson Kanin was on the line, and you *had* to say *something*. . . .

Such was the beginning, however improbable, of today's boom for Shelley Winters, Hollywood's "wrong-way kid," who has achieved the eminence of Discovery of the Year by doing the "wrong thing" at practically every opportunity. Five-feet-four, her 115 pounds dynamically distributed, Shelley at 25 is the screen's newest *femme fatale*, a torchy little honey whose impact made critics yip as they did for the early Bette Davis. And she's still exuberantly jumpy and impulsive, obeying those impulses and having them somehow turn out right.

Like that telephone call, for instance. She didn't dream it then, but that spur-of-the-moment dialing was to set her small feet squarely on stardom's path. It was to lead to her memorable role as the little tramp of a waitress whom Ronald Colman strangled in his Oscar-winning *A Double Life*. She was to parlay that small role—a death scene, plus thirty lines of dialogue and a few sequences of insolent sultriness preceding her demise—into a career that sizzles with promise. This cute youngster who thought she was "so ugly," has already moved ahead rapidly in four more films: *The Cry of the City, The Great Gatsby, Larceny* and *Criss-Cross*. Along the exciting way she has signed a Universal-International contract, chosen from a welter of studio offers. And she has known the thrill of hearing producers mutter, "Yes, but can we borrow Shelley Winters?" Some of the same producers, too, who had helped convince her she was the homeliest critter this side of Dogpatch!

And all because of her positive talent for "the wrong thing."

Consider that call to Kanin. Having made it, knowing it wasn't the thing to do, did she state her case and ask for a job? Not Shelley. No.

The dialogue ran like this:

"Hello. . . . Yes, this is Garson Kanin."

"Oh. Mr. Kanin, this is Shelley Winters."

"Oh, yes . . ."

Pause—while Kanin tried to remember who in blazes Shelley Winters might be.

"Mr. Kanin, I wonder—I mean—er—how's the weather back there?"

"Fine. And how is it in Hollywood?"

"It's—it's fine here, too. Well—er—well, goodbye now."

That was all. Her nerve completely wilted, Shelley hung up in confusion, feeling very, very silly. Imagine calling Long Distance to talk about the weather! What would Kanin think?

But the call probably impressed Kanin by its very pointlessness. At any rate, when Shelley followed through with a ...replied promptly. No stage job for her, he said, but he and his wife Ruth Gordon had just written a movie. His brother Michael in Hollywood was filming it, so why didn't Shelley go see him?

The movie was *A Double Life*, and Shelley was on her way—to fame, fortune—and more *faux pas*.

She came from a stage career barely notable enough to win her the most meager of passports to pictures—train fare and a short-lived Columbia contract. Once arrived, she spent three years being told how sensationally undecorative she was. At first, nobody seemed to know anything about her or why she had come, although some vague reference had been made to a part in Rita Hayworth's *Cover Girl*.

When she was finally noticed, the attention was most disheartening.

A makeup man studied her blue-eyed blondeness for a while, then shook his head. "You need to have your hairline raised," he sighed despondently. "You need your teeth braced, too, and—oh yes, you ought to have your nose bobbed."

Shelley ducked the second two suggestions, but shelled out $400 for electrolysis aimed at a higher brow.

"Then," she recalls, "they gave me pink hair and a wide mouth, to look as much as possible like Rita Hayworth. I didn't—I looked a fright. They put me to work, after all this makeup, in *A Thousand and One Nights*—with my face hidden behind a veil."

Taking the hint, Shelley laid aside one U. S. savings bond a month against the time of her departure from steady salary. The time came, and she embarked on a free-lance career which caused nobody to dance in the streets. She ate one bond a month, and she took screen tests, feeling uglier with every test.

At 20th Century-Fox they gave her hair a Betty Grable up-do and applied other cosmetic treatment, but vetoed her chances. "You're hopeless, your voice is all wrong, and you have three left feet," they said. (Recently she played there in *The Cry of the City.*)

At M-G-M they made her up like Lucille Ball. "Ye gods," the makeup man answered her mild protests, "you don't want to look like *you*, do you?" Squelched, she played a small role in *Living in a Big Way* while her personal living dwindled along with her savings. (M-G-M wanted to borrow her, not long ago, for a movie life of Jean Harlow.)

At Warners, she got an Ann Sheridan treatment, and another brush-off that made her feel as glamorous as Gravel Gertie. (Warners, since the Winters boom began, also has tried to borrow her.)

Everywhere it was the same. She had one of the most thoroughly disparaged faces in town, and her ego was flatter than last year's slang. She was convinced that she needed at least a ton of makeup to brave a camera.

But when she landed her role as waitress-hussy in *A Double Life*—

"No makeup," said George Cukor flatly.

Shelley tried to fool him. A gal *had* to have glamor.

"Wipe that lipstick off, Shelley," he ordered day after day.

When she still persisted pleadingly, a less patient man might have fired her. But Cukor just ordered the mirror removed from her dressing room. He just collected all stray lipsticks and combs on the set, and put them under lock. He just made Shelley forfeit all her own cosmetic aids.



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"But I'm so u
believing it. "I
"Stay away
plied. "That'
But to the v
was a challenge.
Shelley smuggled herself into a
projection room after the others were seated. She thought she'd escape unnoticed before the lights went on again. But it was *so-o-o-o* interesting that she forgot. And in her excitement she began telling Producer Michael Kanin how he should cut his picture. She must have been very cute about it, because ordinarily that's a good way for an unknown actress to buy a ticket to oblivion.

"I guess," Shelley muses now, "I shouldn't do things like that. But it seems to me that movies are so depart*men*talized. I mean, everybody attends to their own business and you're not supposed to make suggestions outside your own department."

She was so tense and nervous in her first scenes (thinking of her "ugliness") that she almost lost the part. But Shelley soon relaxed enough to make a few suggestions about her dialogue. When Cukor liked one of these, she was elated and made more. One day Author Garson Kanin memo'd: "Shelley dear, I know you've written many distinguished plays, but do you mind saying my lines as I wrote them?"

That cured her. "Since then," she avers, "I've never tried to improve my lines."

But her zeal for "un-departmentalizing" the movies has found outlet in other directions. It reached dangerous proportions on *Larceny,* for instance. Here Mr. Lane (Shotgun) Britton, her makeup man, admirer and confidant, had to rush in to smooth out a "situation." Seems Shelley, eager to help, was telling the veteran cameraman how she preferred to be photographed!

"You just don't *do* that, Shelley!" warned Shotgun, after tranquillity was restored.

"Oh," said Shelley, contrite, "I didn't know."

Fortunately for her future, the girl makes these voluntary contributions to cinema uplift with a friendliness, zest and enthusiasm that soon win forgiveness.

Even in her theatrical beginnings, Shelley violated that prime rule of the stage trouper: "Never overstay your welcome." As a moppet named Shirley Schrift, she made her way to a theater's Shirley Temple contest in her native St. Louis. She shrieked "On the Good Ship Lollipop" and kept on shrieking it until they finally had to remove her from the stage. She won a consolation prize.

Apparently she never recovered, because by her 'teens she was persuading her father, a designer of men's clothing, that his future really lay in New York. Her mother, the former Rose Winters of St. Louis' famed municipal opera, was sympathetic. They moved to Brooklyn.

Highlight of Shelley's dramatic career at Thomas Jefferson High there was her performance as Katisha in *The Mikado.* The school had two orchestras, which joined forces for this production without prior rehearsal as a unit. The resulting cacophony had reached a nice frenzy by the time Katisha entered for her aria. As Shelley recalls it, the chorus was singing something the orchestra wasn't playing, and poor Katisha was stumped. This time she did the wrong thing—stepped out of character—and made a hit.

"Excuse me a minute?" she asked the thousand faces in the audience.

Then she turned to the orchestra: "Let's start over and get together!"

The thousand faces roared and cheered.

Her professional debut was as a model in a metropolitan garment center. And it went of course all wrong.

sational. Shelley
sang and danced in
to keep her in doughnuts and
family home to go it alone. Almost
enough, that is. There was one time when she ushered at the Belasco Theater for $8 a week during an "at liberty" period—and impulsively spent all her cash on a fancy bathing suit in which to audition for a part. She didn't get it, and went two days without food.

The stage career was not, however, without distinction of a sort—the wrong sort.

In the musical *Rosalinda* Shelley had a good singing role. Rather lost in the music's complications, Shelley connived with the orchestra's oboe player (who carried the melody in her important number) to cue her. He would throw his head back, they agreed, as a signal that she should sing.

"It worked fine," she reports cheerfully, "except the second night—he threw his head back too far, lost his balance, and knocked down half the orchestra."

Despite this Winters-connected catastrophe, *Rosalinda* sent Shelley to Hollywood, with results partially aforetold. The whole results, at this writing, are still unfolding.

After completing *A Double Life,* she took time out to go to New York for a part in *Oklahoma!*

She returned from New York and *Oklahoma!* still unaware what *A Double Life* would mean to her. In practical terms it has meant a contract for three times the money she might have had if they'd signed her before the film's release. Nearly a thousand a week, with more promised.

Meanwhile, the Winters life has settled down to routine confusion. She used to share a small apartment with mother, father, and sister Blanche, a pediatric nurse. An aunt and uncle were close neighbors—"and all my relatives moved out from St. Louis, and—oh, yes, the baby . . ."

The baby, it developed, was a "borrowed" one from a motherless home upstairs. It spent the day at Shelley's while its father worked. (Shelley's own marriage, an impulsive wartime union now dissolved, produced no offspring.)

Recently Shelley moved into her own small apartment in Hollywood, but bedlam moved with her. Oversupplied with energy and vitality, she creates her own—"just by being in a room," as someone observed. She keeps on the go. She works. When not working, she dashes breathlessly through her days, usually half an hour late for appointments, always with fantastic but legitimate reasons for her tardiness. She telephones friends, endlessly, for advice which she usually, and impulsively, ignores.

And equal to her talent for doing the "wrong thing" is her gift for saying, without thinking, what she thinks. Recently, for instance, at a Jack Warner party the big man was reproaching Shelley for signing with U-I rather than with WB. Shelley, ever outspoken, told him of her Warners test.

"But why didn't I see it?" he protested.

"You did see it," said Shelley blithely, "and it was *you* who turned me down."

Reminded later that it is *lèse majesté* in Hollywood to recall a big shot's oversights, Shelley was unmoved.

"Well, he *did* turn me down, didn't he?" she demanded innocently, as if that made any difference.

But when you can be a "wrong-way kid" in the Winters way—who'd ever want to be "right"?

THE END

...ère found to-
...ner) on a bench
...oisette.

...aused her illness as
...ju pressure and a general
...condition. He kept her tucked
...bed for more than a week.

Coming out of the hospital, Rita spent most of July just resting and getting well. So far, she had acted in a predictable manner. Nothing sensational. Nothing for the headlines.

On July 23 she was in Cannes, registered at the fashionable Eden Roc, apartment Number 34. On that date Orson Welles arrived at Eden Roc and registered in apartment Number 29.

The word went out, the newspaper columnists moved in and there immediately began the story of Rita Hayworth's adventures on the French Riviera.

The August 1 issue of France Dimanche, Parisian weekly, carried a picture of Rita Hayworth and Orson Welles dining together.

"Orson Welles says, 'I shall never remarry Rita Hayworth'," whooped the headline.

"Orson Welles, the youthful genius, and Rita Hayworth spent a night at Cannes . . . but strictly honorable," the story went on to say.

"Gilda (Miss Hayworth was called by the name of the character she had made known throughout the world by her portrayal on the screen) did not appreciate the pleasantry. She is still very much in love with her ex-husband. . . .

"The night of his arrival, Orson Welles invited Gilda to dine with him at Chez Francis at La Garoupe.

" 'He truly treated me as if I'd never been his wife,' sighed Miss Hayworth."

France Dimanche neglected to say to whom "Gilda" sighed.

"After dinner they had a drink at La Jungle, a cabaret in Cannes. On leaving around four o'clock in the morning, Orson, who was feeling very gay, embraced Gilda *a la Francaise.*" (Meaning, of course that he kissed her noisily on both cheeks.)

"At five o'clock in the morning," you could almost hear the France Dimanche

Now, it is necessary to point out that the French papers have a typical Gallic approach to romance items and sometimes go to far greater lengths then their American cousins in reporting affairs of the heart. It is well to remember that everyone in France, from diplomats to the least shopgirl, *wanted* the glamorous American star to behave in a manner befitting French ideas of movie star behavior

It's possible that Rita and Orson spent an exceedingly gay evening together—and it is also possible that the evening was no more exciting than an excursion to the local bistro of Cranberry Corners, Idaho. Whatever the case, the newspaper stories were unfortunate. They established Rita as a type, m'sieu, that the Continent had not seen since pre-war days—gay, beautiful, dashing, careless of reputation, typical of those mad Hollywood beauties portrayed in American films.

echoes at home . . .

The story created such an uproar that echoes were heard in New York. Paris reporters for American newspapers were asked where they had been wasting their time when Rita Hayworth and Orson Welles announced their plans to marry again. It isn't difficult to understand why the newspaper boys began to watch Rita with the worried expression of men with a bomb in their midst. The pressure was on. From this point forward, Rita would be big news.

Orson Welles went back to Rome on the day. after his "reunion" with Rita. And Rita retired to the quiet of her apartment. It is possible that she should have talked to the press; her seclusion only added fuel to the fire of rumors.

Rita's self-imposed retirement was brief. It was in the fashionable club Paradis a short time later that it was decided Rita had completely recuperated and was once more in "great form." This deduction was obvious when, in stocking feet, Miss Hayworth demonstrated a wicked samba. The eager partner was Alberto Dodero, Venezuelan millionaire. Although often referred to as "the pompous Señor Dodero," he didn't hesitate to discard his white dinner jacket, the better to match the antics of his spirited partner.

Even Mohammed Rega, the Shah of Iran, during 48 hours of liberty allotted him by protocol, spent his precious time pursuing the most sought-after woman in France. Shah or not, he was the recipient of a Hayworth brush-off. It seems he did manage to say hello to her, and was under the impression that she was to dine with him at Eden Roc on his last night in town. But Rita didn't show. After a two-hour wait, he finally gave up and consoled himself by having two of the prettiest of the pretty Viseux sisters join him for the evening.

It is now time to introduce Ali Khan, a character in the pageant of Rita's holiday. He takes a bit of introducing. Ali Khan, be it said, is son of the Right Honorable Aga Sultan Sir Mohammed Shah (better known as the Aga Khan). The Right Honorable is probably the richest man in the world. Every year his people, the Ismail Mohammedans, pay their beloved leader an amount of gold equal to his weight. On the fiftieth anniversary of his reign, they made it diamonds—and that year he tipped the scale at a neat 272 pounds!

Prince Ali Khan, with that sort of inhe-

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For obvious rea
does is news. Let him bow casu
beautiful lady—the European press will scent a romance. Couple his name with that of a girl already in the headlines, and you have a story that approaches, in sensation, the fabulous Wally Simpson-Prince of Wales romance.

Khan, accustomed as he may be to having beautiful women swooping down on him in droves, was not immune to the Hayworth charm. He first sized her up appreciatively at a party organized by Elsa Maxwell to celebrate the tenth wedding anniversary of Lily Pons and Andre Kostelanetz. Rita was wearing a ravishing rose-colored gown, purchased during her short stay in Paris. During the evening, when Prince Ali Khan stepped out on the dance floor, the partner he embraced was usually a girl in a ravishing rose-colored gown.

It was after Orson Welles had left for Rome and there was gossip of a reconciliation that Ali Khan met Rita again. This time it was at a party given by Alberto Dodero at his fabulous Chateau des Pins.

However, it was not until the end of the first week in August, the time of the opening of the summer Sporting Club at Monte Carlo, that the romance of Rita and Ali became apparent. It took a great deal of perseverance on the part of the young prince, but by the time the Gala had ended it was obvious to those who had witnessed the public flirtation that the Prince was first contender in the Hayworth holiday sweepstakes.

The opening of the summer Sporting Club of Monte Carlo is one of the biggest events of the season on the French Riviera. This year, in addition to the satisfaction of seeing the Edward G. Robinsons, Maurice Chevalier and Sacha Guitry, the famous French actor-playwright, the guests were caught up in the excitement of watching and commenting on the attempts of Prince Ali Khan to captivate the beautiful Rita.

The word was whispered around that Ali Khan was out to steal a kiss from this girl of his princely dreams. One observer reported he had tried but had been rebuked in the restaurant. Others reported watching similar futile attempts in the entrance hall and in the cabaret.

prince's reward . . .

Five hours after the quest for a kiss had started, or at 3 o'clock in the morning, to be exact, interested spectators—and the persistent Ali Khan—were rewarded. Under the spell of the languid rhythm of "Clopin, Clopant," Rita embraced her prince charming and kissed him.

This may or may not have been unwise; whatever the case, it made news. (When Molly Jones kisses her escort at the Fireman's Clambake, no one is more than mildly interested except Molly and her escort. When Rita Hayworth kisses a prince at what, fundamentally, is a Fireman's Clambake on a somewhat larger scale, columnists quiver and the news strikes into remote corners of the world.)

After the Case of the Kiss, everyone was certain of Rita's selection of a vacation companion. As one well-known French scribe summed it up, "Rita took a long time to make a choice among her numerous admirers, but now it's official. Of all those who sighed after her, it is the Prince Ali Khan who has won her company."

It had been too interesting a yarn, however, for the scribe to write such a definite *finis* to it, so he continued with this gem of speculation: "Naturally, she has made

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on the
january
cover of
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on sale
december 10

many others jealous, the principal one being Orson Welles. Since his first visit to Cannes to see Rita, he has made several trips between Rome and the French Riviera. He arrives unexpectedly and then acts embarrassed about being here at all.

"It is said that if Rita left the Hotel du Cap to live at La Reserve de Beaulieu, where it is quieter, it was only to keep from getting involved with Orson Welles."

The correspondent explained the two rivals' attitudes and editorialized as follows: "Orson and Ali spy on each other and dodge one another. A fight between the two would provide great sport. Orson is a colossal specimen, and Ali, though not quite so muscular, is nonetheless in good physical shape. He exercises a lot and is quite a sportsman. He is a fighter. This young man, immensely rich, to whom life refuses nothing, loves a fight and provokes it."

It was undoubtedly a great disappointment to those who had hoped for a violent physical encounter between Orson Welles and Ali Khan that the fight didn't come off.

Instead, by August 20th, the United Press reported that Rita Hayworth and Ali Khan were motoring through Spain. The UP dispatch from Madrid said:

"Rita Hayworth is the most popular movie star in Spain today. Everyone knows her by her maiden name of Margarita Carmen Cansino. Nevertheless, she refuses obstinately to receive journalists and has given strict orders to the hotel that no one is to disturb her. A Spanish reporter remarked, 'She doesn't even speak Spanish any more, but there is not a possible error —with her temperament and disposition, she couldn't possibly have been born anywhere but in Spain.'"

It was a bad guess on Rita's part, this refusal to receive journalists. But the error is an understandable one. Because of the prominence of her escort and Rita's own fame, her every move had been watched by the press. The reporters had dramatized the slightest flicker of an eyelash and Rita, a girl who simply wanted a vacation, had found herself sharing headlines with the French Cabinet. Irritated by the wild and sometimes spicy items, she made the mistake of underlining them by avoidance of the press.

From Madrid, Rita and Prince Ali motored to Lisbon where they stayed at the fashionable resort of Estoril. Besides Rita, the Associated Press reported, "the prince is accompanied by Mr. A. Williams, his secretary, whose chief task is to keep

...ighfiled
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...ita insisted
...Nations chil-
...At about this time,
...secretary announced: "She doesn't want anything printed about her illness because she's afraid people in America might worry."

...; and strolled
... of Biarritz.
... brief trip to San Sebastian
...e Rita showed up on the passenger list of the *Queen Elizabeth*. Now she's home. Prince Ali? He's down at Mayfair, his Côte d'Azur villa, reportedly planning an early visit to Hollywood. (Whether or not the "romance" will flame again in that more workaday atmosphere is anybody's guess.) Orson Welles, it is said, may marry an Italian girl named Lea Padovani.

Rita has her memories of a vacation that involved a Prince. And normally this story could be expected to end here.

It doesn't.

In addition to flashing across the horizon of European society with Ali Khan, Rita did some things that were not emphasized by the press. She attended a Paris premiere

Rita's romance with Prince Ali made the headlines. Rita's appearance at a children's benefit, although noted by the European papers, received quiet treatment. It didn't fit the preconceived pattern of movie-star behavior.

Certainly Rita romped around Europe with Ali Khan. It's in the record, it happened and perhaps it was unwise. But any other star of Rita's prominence, if paired with Europe's most eligible male, would have received a comparable amount of gossip attention. Rita's mistake—if, indeed any mistake was made—was that of forgetting for a few weeks that she was Rita Hayworth. And the reporters never forgot it.

THE END

MRS. BRISKIN'S DREAM HOUSE

(*Continued from page 50*)

organdy, are bounded by blue draperies. The bed is white with a quilted headboard of pink satin, and a duplicate is in the nursery for little Lindsay. An identical one is on order for the littlest Briskin, Candice, whom everyone calls Candy. So all three Briskin women will soon sleep in beds of the same design. . . . Which brings to mind the loudspeaker attachment in Betty's bedroom that picks up the slightest sounds from the nursery. In most Hollywood homes, the loudspeaker is located in a nurse's room. But not in Betty's! If one of the children is crying, *she* wants to be awakened, and in a hurry.

Something else she likes to keep close tabs on is her clothes. And to this end all her wardrobe closets are equipped with glass doors so she can see at a glance where every garment is. Her closets are so designed that each item of dress has its own compartment. For example, there's a separate space for short blouses and lingerie, one for long blouses and sweaters, one for hats and bags, one for gloves, and so on.

Compared with some other actresses who practically live in Adrian's and Howard Greer's, Betty doesn't have an extraordinary amount of clothing. She has a few dressy things and one new Sophie wardrobe—which consists of 17 outfits. She bought them all in one day on the spur of the moment when she was shopping with her secretary, Susan Hawkins.

She was very much pregnant with Candy at the time, and she couldn't stand the sight of maternity clothes any longer. She and Susan went down to Saks Fifth Avenue in Beverly Hills and politely asked for a private showing of the new Sophie creations. In one fell swoop, Betty ordered 17 of the 24 outfits shown. Then she had her Paramount dress form sent over to the store, and the dresses were made to fit her regular figure. This served as an added incentive to regain her pre-pregnancy outlines when the time came.

Lindsay and Candy have a nursery room which is all sunlight and moonbeams. Windows form two sides of the room and the white walls are covered with nursery-rhyme murals. These were painted by a Walt Disney artist and so cleverly executed that they extend along the toy cupboards, and the knobs on the cabinets constitute Humpty-Dumpty's eyes.

The crib in the nursery is a copy of Betty's bed, but its sides are removable and it will become a youth bed before long. In the hall outside the room are two store cabinets which hold the Briskin girls' wardrobes. Like their mother, they'll have to hang their clothes neatly, because the closet doors are made of glass.

If you were to judge Betty Hutton's home life by her screen roles, you'd imagine it to be wild. zany, slapstick, raucous. Not so! The Briskins lead a typically American middle class life. They're both early risers. Ted, who is a camera manufacturer, gets to his factory by nine, and Betty, even when she doesn't have to report to the studio, is up by seven. For years, when she was playing the night-club circuit, she went to bed at three in the morning and slept till noon; now she turns in at ten and awakens each morning a little after dawn.

Ted comes back to lunch each day, and when Betty is working he lunches with little Lindsay.

After dinner when the children are abed, the Briskins frequently slip away to their guest house, which is furnished like an old English cottage. Here Betty can study a script while Ted reads, or they both can play gin rummy, or they can hold a little poker party away from the house and the sleeping children. The guest house is equipped with a fireplace; an early English breakfront which displays a china collection; a day bed, and a cock-fight chair made and given to them by George Montgomery.

Betty says she hopes to have at least three children, and if she does, the present house will be too small. When the third Briskin is en route, she and Ted are going to buy a larger house. "One with two stories and a colonial front."

"When I was a little kid," Betty says, "and used to visit my school mates, I found out that the happiest families always seemed to live in two-story colonials."

If happiness is any criterion, the Briskins deserve just about the largest colonial house in America.

THE END

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(I don't know wh... none of my business.) ...they ... what they can in government bonds. They support me. When Betty's father lost most of his money and came out here to retire, they gave him an allowance. But retiring just about drove him crazy, the way it does most men. So Harry and Betty made him supervisor of their ranch, and if they'd gone into the open market they couldn't have found a better man for the job.

But what I was going to say, before I got lost in all this chatter, is that it just wouldn't make sense for a girl to think about retiring when she was earning that much and enjoying herself in a career that doesn't interfere a bit with a happy marriage.

As I remarked, Betty's never been the terribly ambitious type, no matter how much she likes her work. I'm the one who was ambitious for her. I kept pushing her, encouraging her—when she was little, I made all her costumes, went to every darn rehearsal, sat on those hard benches from eight in the morning till ten at night.

I've never seen Betty very disappointed over parts she's lost. And before *DuBarry Was a Lady,* believe me, she was up for plenty that she didn't get. "What of it?" she'd shrug. "There'll be another one coming along."

Today she behaves like anything but a movie star. Never reads reviews, doesn't wait to see rushes—she's in too much of a hurry to get home. Loves to tell stories on herself. Like when women at the market take a gander at her legs, and their voices carry farther than they imagine. "Oh, I don't think her legs are so wonderful. . . ."

So there's my daughter, who doesn't take herself too seriously, married to the kindest, sweetest, most thoughtful man in the world—and if you want to put that under the head of bragging, don't let me stop you. Harry's a fellow who will *not* fight with people. He wants things to be pleasant, he wants peace. If he's not satisfied with a boy in the band, he'll do his level best to iron things out. If that's not possible, he'll tell the manager to let the boy go. You can't get Harry to argue —especially with his wife.

Betty used to have a quick temper. She'd fly off the handle and say things and be sorry. But not any more. I don't even try to account for the change. All I know is that once right after their marriage, some little thing happened, and Betty flared up. Harry said, "Excuse me, Betty," and got up and left the room.

"I feel so ashamed," she said.

I've never seen another two like the Jameses—never heard them quarrel. They still act like a couple of honeymooners—oh, nothing mushy—just the way they smile at each other, the way she slips her arm through his in the car and pats his hand. He even wants her to eat everything he eats—and how he loves those rich desserts! When Harry's home, Betty just can't help gaining. Not long ago they ran *Springtime in the Rockies* for us at the studio, and we laughed our heads off. Harry looked like a matchstick—135 pounds! Now he's 185, thanks to home cooking. When he's away, Betty simply tells the cook to skip the starches, and takes any extra poundage off rehearsing.

Her one aim in life is to please her husband. When Jessica arrived five weeks early, she worried herself sick because the house might not be in apple-pie order

...she's ... hates makeup, so th... lipstick. And she hasn't ... colored nail polish on her ha... they were married. On her toes she uses it, which strikes me funny.

"How come you don't like it on her fingers and you do on her toes?" I asked Harry once.

"I don't look at her toes," he grinned.

They're both grown-up. They both know that something has to be sacrificed to their work and they don't act childish about it. Harry's as pleasant and nice when Betty's on a picture as any other time—doesn't complain about her being tired or having to go to bed early. Betty understands that an orchestra leader has to travel, that the public wants to see him. Naturally she misses him. She expects to be lonesome. He calls her every night and how eagerly she waits for that call!

Otherwise, they've got things down to a kind of routine. Arrange so they can have their vacations together, and that's when they just thoroughly relax down at Del Mar. Betty used to make three and four pictures a year, and the schedules are so long she hardly had a breath between them. After they were married, she fixed it with the studio not to make more than two a year, and one of those she does while Harry's off on his long trip—six weeks to three months. This fall she'll start *That Beautiful Blonde from Bashful Bend* soon after he leaves. She'll be busy all day and dead tired at night, and I don't know any better medicine for loneliness. It's no cure but it helps.

At home they're Betty and Harry James with a couple of kids. The name Grable means nothing in Vicki's young life. Ask what her mother's name is and she'll tell you Betty James. Of course she knows what her parents do, same as any child does, but it's all in the day's work to Vicki. Her favorite line used to be: "Daddy's blowing his brains out to make money to buy shoes." And though I've taken her to a couple of Betty's pictures—*The Dolly*



critic's corner

WHAT PAPER DO YOU READ?

With all due regard for Rita Hayworth's abundant and evident charms, bestowed upon her by nature and the makeup department equally, it must be surmised that the lady simply hasn't got what it takes to play the role of Carmen, Prosper Merimee's classic gypsy vamp. For an emptier lot of posturing and posing, of slinging hips and general emoting of passion you're never likely to see, than that indulged in by Miss Hayworth in *The Loves of Carmen.*

Bosley Crowther
The New York Times

Rita Hayworth dancing in *The Loves Of Carmen* is one of the movies' true bewitchments. A lovely thing to contemplate whatever they call the dream-like creature, as Carmen she's a natural, at ease, on earth—at last.

Cecilia Ager
New York Star

Mouse.
aketyak
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bs are
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he's played a
cut a new record and you ask him how it went, he has three expressions: "*Pretty* good" or "pretty good" or "pretty *good.*" "Pretty *good*" means what some other man might call "terrific" for an hour and a half.

They both have the same idea about a home. It's for the people who live in it —grown-ups, children, dogs, no matter who. If Betty's terrycloth robe slips to the floor and Punkin and Wow, the poodles, want to sleep on it, they sleep on it. "Why have dogs," Betty wants to know, "just to give them complexes?" Two years ago she fixed up the garden with beautiful old-fashioned white wicker furniture. It looked heavenly. Then she had a fence built round the pool, which maybe didn't look so heavenly but, more important, it kept the children safe. Last year Punkin and Wow chewed up the furniture, so now there's a chicken-wire fence to keep them away from it. There's also Jessica's playpen, a swing and slide and merry-go-round for Vicki, toys for the children and dogs and I don't know what all. Any resemblance between what it looked like two years ago and today is purely accidental. But they should worry, the family's happy.

And it's not just the outside. When Jessica came, they gave Vicki the upstairs music room. It was too small for her doll house, so that went down to the living-room. So did about 9,000 records, which they stuck under the piano. Then I walk in one day and here's this shuffleboard smack down the middle of the living-room, and so long that it sticks out into the hall. All over the walls they've got signs tacked up about how to play the game, and a towel hanging from the end of a mahogany desk.

"Interior decorating by the Jameses," said Betty. "How do you like it?"

"I like anything you two do. But pardon me if I mention that this room was once beautiful."

"Sure, but we never used it. Now we have fun."

They don't mind the clutter of garden and living-room because there's a reason for it—it makes for happier living. Otherwise they're both bugs about order. Harry can shave and shower and you'd never know he'd been in the bathroom. Betty's clothes and dresser drawers are immaculate. She's forever fussing around and straightening things. That she always did. But if you want to know what really amazes me, it's the wonderful housekeeper she's turned out to be.

Makes me laugh sometimes, the differ-

solution to what's the name (page 95)

Give yourself 5 points for each correct answer. A score below 65 is poor; between 75 and 90 is good; over 90 is excellent.

27- 1: Walter Abel
23- 2: Stuart Erwin
3-34: Joan Leslie
35- 4: Anne Shirley
30- 5: Gene Raymond
6-39: Tony Martin
7-10: Harry James
33- 8: Gail Patrick
16- 9: Kay Francis
20-11: Rosalind Russell
12-37: Melvyr Douglas
13:32: Virginia Bruce
14-21: Jean Arthur
15-36: Harold Lloyd
26-17: Chester Morris
18-28: Nelson Eddy
24-19: Warren William
22-25: Edward Arnold
29-38: Randolph Scott
40-31: Jack Benny



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6. Bloody discharge from the nipple or irregular bleeding from any of the natural body openings.
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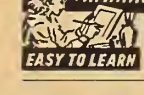


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ing, believe me, s
folks say, "Don't tell things
they're not glamorous." And I say, "Bosh!" It's true that during the war we sent out 90,000 pin-ups of Betty. But the minute Vicki was born, we got so many requests for the three Jameses together that we had to have new photos made—and the same with Jessica. Which proves to me that Betty's fans are interested in her as a human being—in the fact that she's got a husband and kids and sorts her laundry like any other woman.

And while we're on the subject of children, let me say this. Betty realized from the start how easy it would be to spoil them, and that's one thing she won't stand for. "A spoiled child," I've heard her say, "means a self-indulgent parent." Vicki and Jessica get all the love and security they need, but when Betty says no, it's no, and that's the end of it.

On the other hand, both Betty and Harry hate this business of shunting children off to the nursery. As soon as she was old enough, Vicki started eating with her parents—her own kind of dinner, of course, but at the same table. Jessica comes down now and stays in the room with them for half an hour before bedtime. That's so they'll know they're part of the family. Then when Vicki's ready for bed, Betty and Harry go up and she sings these two little songs her nurse taught her—"God Bless America" and "Jesus Loves Me"—and says her prayers.

And at Christmas she's mistress of ceremonies. Betty tells her whom to take each package to, and everybody waits till that one's opened and admired before she brings the next one. We're all there—Betty's sister Marjorie, and her husband Peter, Mr. Grable and myself—so it takes forever, but I don't know a pleasanter way to pass the time. Last Christmas Harry was Santa Claus—stood waiting at the foot of the stairs when Vicki came down, and boy! was she thrilled. Then she started calling for Daddy—Daddy had to see Santa Claus.

"Think fast," muttered Harry.

"Now you know Daddy's on a show this afternoon, Vicki, and he's out rehearsing."

So the situation was saved.

Betty and Harry don't give big parties or go to 'em—except maybe once in a blue moon like the party Jack Benny throws on New Year's Eve. They just seem sufficient unto themselves, and it's their life, and who's to tell them not to enjoy it their own way? On a free evening Harry likes to have friends in for gin or poker. As a rule, men can't stand playing poker with women, but Betty's an exceptional player and gives them a run for their money. Or they'll call the studio and ask to have a picture run off. Once in a while Harry'll go for a good musical—apart from Betty, Judy Garland's his favorite. Otherwise, it's always Westerns. Or they'll just sit home and listen to records and the radio.

Outside of music, they're both crazy about horses and baseball. That's nothing Betty got from Harry, though of course being married to him makes it more so. From the time she could climb on a horse she adored riding and, coming from St. Louis, we'd take her to see the Cards every time they played.

As for horses, I suppose you've read time and again how they bought the ranch so's to have a place to ride, and the thing gradually grew. Harry had a chance to

other
days. They've got fou
right now, and my! the exc
those foals are born. Usually in the
dle of the night, just like human babies.

Before she married Harry, Betty used to go out dancing all the time. So did Harry, for that matter. The Palladium once ran a jitterbug contest between musicians and bandleaders, and Harry asked Betty to enter it with him. Not knowing him very well at the time, she refused, and he won it anyway. Well, believe it or not, I have *never* seen Betty and Harry dancing together. Not once since they're married. Also I've got a pretty good notion why. Because if my daughter hates the limelight, my son-in-law hates it worse. Quite a few times I've been in New York with them. We'd go to some night spot, and the headwaiter'd say, "I've got a ringside table for you, Mr. James."

But oh, no! Mr. James had to get clear off in a corner somewhere, and me, who wanted to see everything, I'd just trot along, keeping my mouth shut. As for those two getting up on the floor together, you'd have thought there was some law against it!

Now, I wouldn't be surprised if Betty'd like to go dancing now and then. But people might say, "There's Harry James and Betty Grable dancing!" Maybe even stop and stare. Which would embarrass Harry, and spoil any pleasure he got out of it. Well, dancing's not that important to Betty. Her husband's comfort is. On all the important things they agree. The trifles don't matter. That seems to me the basis of a real marriage. Unless her husband's happy, Betty can't be. First, last and always, she's Harry's girl, and I'm glad.

Glad? You know that silly song about I want a girl just like the girl that married Harry James. Well, here's a twist on it. When the time comes, I couldn't wish anything better for Vicki and Jessica than to marry a man just like the man that married Betty Grable. THE END

MODERN SCREEN



"Frankly, you shouldn't go in unless you understand lip reading."

...is up in this Western ...age coach days as a completely believable hard-hitting, gun-toting secret service man. It's a shock to see him out of pin-stripes and into levis and a ten-gallon hat, but we think you'll like his new look.

The story with all its twists and angles and vast numbers of indistinguishable good and bad hombres is incredibly complicated, but the gist of it is this. Two soldiers have been murdered by bandits while guarding a shipment of gold from the mining town of Rock Pass. Lieutenant John Haven of the Military Information Service is sent out to look into it. Haven drifts into town in civilian clothes, goes into a saloon and deliberately picks a fight with his friend Lieut. Stellman (Steve Brodie) just to let the customers know how little he thinks of the U. S. Army. He flirts with the saloon proprietress, Charlie (Jane Greer), and in due time is told off by her strapping bouncer, Mick Marion (Guinn Williams).

There's a fight (and it's a honey) during which Haven KO's Mick, impressing the sloe-eyed Charlie (whom Haven has shrewdly sized up as the town's Big Wheel) no end. She offers him a job running her stage coach line, and Haven, suspecting that Charlie is involved in past and present skullduggery around the gold mine, accepts, hoping to learn something. He does—the hardest possible way.

There's a brief, doomed love between these two, but that isn't the big thing here. What will hold you from beginning to end is the action: the fights, the chases, the warehouse fire at the end.

Agnes Moorehead, prettier than we've ever seen her, is fine as the fiancée of Haven's commanding officer (Tom Powers). Jane Greer is lovely, but a little bit wooden. Burl Ives, as Orville—Haven's guitar-playing hotel clerk—is—well, don't you love that man? This is an excellent Western, full of the stuff that makes your heart pound. Go see it.—*RKO.*

...MUSKETEERS

MGM has put just about everybody but Peter Lawford and Louis B. Mayer into this glorious Technicolor epic. For example, D'Artagnan is played by Gene Kelly, Lady De Winter by Lana Turner, Constance by June Allyson, the three musketeers by Van Heflin, Gig Young and Robert Coote, the King of France by Frank Morgan, the Queen by Angela Lansbury, Cardinal Richelieu by Vincent Price, and the Duke of Buckingham by John Sutton, to mention one or two. With that many stars, who could ask for anything more? You get more, whether you ask for it or not. Hours more. You get the story of D'Artagnan's trip to Paris (he's a country bumpkin, but an artist with a sword), of his joining the three musketeers, of his love for Constance. Then you get the story of Richelieu's power over the king, and you discover how Richelieu used the infamous Lady De Winter to wheedle state secrets out of recalcitrant gentlemen. And you get the story of Lady De Winter's past life—she was once married to one of the musketeers (Heflin) and she was also once a common thief. The love affair of the French Queen with the British Buckingham is explored; there's a war; there are more horses than you'd find in three Republic Westerns, and enough duelling and loud music to last you for years. Some of the duelling scenes are graceful and exciting (since there's no opportunity to dance, Kelly's been given plenty of leaping, bounding action to occupy his agile feet) and some of the duelling scenes are revoltingly suggestive of pig-sticking. After you've watched eight or ten men get run through the body with swords, you more or less have the idea. Still, it's a question of taste.—*MGM.*

LUCK OF THE IRISH

What might have been a fearfully routine story (about a poor but honest young journalist going to work for a rich but crooked old politician, and sweating it out until, at the end, he regains his ideals) is saved and even made delightful by the magic of Cecil



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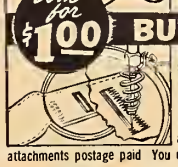
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is Tyrone Power, who's been in Ireland, but is returning to the States at once to go to work for a man named Augur (Lee J. Cobb). Augur wants to be a senator, and he's buying Ty's brains to run his campaign. Anyhow, Ty gets lost in Ireland, and meets up with a real live leprechaun (Cecil Kellaway) whose chief shame is that he's so big. Leprechauns have a reputation for being petite. Ty wins this leprechaun's undying affection when he returns to him the pot of gold which he wrested from him in the first place. (He didn't mean no harm, guv'nor, just never really believed that story about leprechauns having pots of gold before.) Ty goes on his way, with Cecil blessing him cordially, and up at an inn nearby he meets an Irish girl named Nora (Anne Baxter) in whom he realizes he could be interested. But Augur is waiting, and off to the States Ty goes. He's been home one day (Frances Augur, the boss' daughter, has fixed him up with an apartment already) when who should appear at the door but the leprechaun. He denies that's what he is; claims the employment agency sent him. "What's your name?" Ty says. "Oh, call me Horace," says the little man. "I've always had a fancy to be called Horace." Horace develops quite a hate on Frances Augur (Jayne Meadows), once it looks as though Ty's going to marry her (after all, us leprechauns have to stick up for nice Irish girls) and first thing you know, Anne Baxter is suddenly in New York on some legal business. Magically enough, Ty bumps into her. From there on, Anne and Horace battle with Frances and her father for Ty's immortal soul, but don't you worry for a minute. Ty's the sort of guy who'd rather have Anne Baxter in a cottage on the auld sod than Jayne Meadows wrapped in mink at El Morocco. If you think he's crazy, that's your business. The girls are charming (Anne has a brogue), Tyrone is handsome, and Cecil Kellaway's *"What an actor!"—20th-Fox.*



Apartment For Peggy: As Mr. and Mrs., Bill Holden and Jeanne Crain, meet problems.

APARTMENT FOR PEGGY

I'd heard this was another *Miracle on 34th Street*, which made me curious. I missed *Miracle* myself, but half the people I know thought it was great, warm, human, etc., while the other half thought it was ham. And not even fresh ham at that. Well, *Apartment for Peggy* can stand on its own, for my money. It exploits a few trite situations for tears, and some of its solutions are too slick, but it says some things that most movies don't kill themselves saying these days. It says that knowledge is good, and that all men who teach aren't absent-minded dodos not quite bright enough to concerns a young cou[ple] Jeanne Crain. He's a veter[an] lege under the GI Bill, because he wants to teach some day. He figured it all out when he was hanging on a raft in the Pacific. He figured the reason he was hanging there, to begin with. Ignorance, and therefore fear, and hence hatred, and so, wars. But always the ignorance coming first. So he'd decided to be an educator if he ever got safely home. He and his wife have their problems at school—they need a place to live, they're going to have a baby, he'd like to be able to buy her nice things. They meet Edmund Gwenn (he got an Academy Award for his performance in *Miracle*), an elderly retired professor about to kill himself. He feels he's outlived his usefulness. You can plot it from there. He takes them into his house, they give him something to live for, and everything moves along nicely until Holden, in a fit of aberration, suddenly decides to go off and sell used cars in Chicago. After all, he says, why is it *his* responsibility to be a sober, hard-working, do-gooding fellow when the whole rest of the cock-eyed world is playing black-market in a great big way? This, though logical enough, is a little hard to take in such a nice boy as Holden, but you know it's not going to last, and it doesn't. See *Apartment for Peggy*. The brightest thing about it is by no means its Technicolor. *—20th-Fox.*

also showing . . .

A FOREIGN AFFAIR (Para.)—Jean Arthur, a strong-minded Congresswoman, goes to Germany to investigate the morals of U. S. occupation troops. Jean is superbly funny, Marlene Dietrich gives the performance of her career, and John Lund is perfect in this most unusual and down-to-earth comedy.

A SONG IS BORN (Goldwyn-RKO)—Imagine a Danny Kaye movie without Danny Kaye specialties, a Goldwyn musical without the Goldwyn Girls! Well, this is that—but still delightful. Danny is a professor who falls in with a group of jazz musicians, including Benny Goodman, Louis Armstrong and T. Dorsey. Even if you're not a hepcat, you'll have a fine time.

AN INNOCENT AFFAIR (U. A.)—A very funny lightweight comedy. Fred MacMurray, Madeleine Carroll, Rita Johnson and Buddy Rogers have a field day in one of the brightest sparklers in a long time.

GOOD SAM (RKO)—Gary Cooper plays a guy who believes in being nice to all comers, come what may. Naturally, he gets into difficulties. So does this movie. Gary Cooper is expert at playing Gary Cooper, Anne Sheridan can deliver a hrisk line, and Leo McCarey always comes through with bright directorial touches. Still, *Good Sam* is a long bore.

HAMLET (Univ.-Int.)—Shakespeare's masterpiece has been made into a magnificently beautiful and exciting film by Sir Laurence Olivier and skilled assistants. A great motion picture in every respect and an unforgettable and deepening experience.

ISN'T IT ROMANTIC? (Para.)—This is a sort of poor man's *Meet Me In St. Louis*. It has its moments, some of them musical. Veronica Lake, Mary Hatcher, Mona Freeman and Roland Culver are involved. Nothing to rave about, but it'll pass the time pleasantly enough.

JOHNNY BELINDA (Warners)—Jane Wyman adds definitely to her stature as a fine actress with an extraordinary portrayal of a deaf mute in a small Nova Scotia town. Lew Ayres, as a kind young doctor who befriends her, is excellent. A powerful, adult movie.

JULIA MISBEHAVES (MGM)—Greer Garson proves she's a first-rate comedienne in this uproarious comedy. Her old teammate, Walter Pidgeon, also scores heavily as do Cesar Romero (especially!), Liz Taylor and Peter Lawford. You'll laugh yourself silly.

LUXURY LINER (MGM)—A light, pleasant musical with Jane Powell, Lauritz Melchior, George Brent, Xavier Cugat and Technicolor. All in all, delicious and refreshing.

ONE TOUCH OF VENUS (Univ.-Int.)—Department store clerk Boh Walker kisses a statue of Venus and, he-dad, she comes to life as Ava Gardner and employs her magic touch both to complicate things and straighten 'em out. An entertaining fantasy, full of chuckles and, what with Ava, beauty.

RACHEL AND THE STRANGER (RKO)—Loretta Young is a nice girl who, to eat, becomes a bondwoman—or slave—to Bill Holden on the old Western frontier. Bill's married her, but looks on her as strictly a servant until Robert Mitchum comes along. Loretta falls for Robert. The climax arrives in a redskin attack. Good story, swell acting by all concerned.

THE ILLEGALS (20th-Fox)—An exciting story of displaced Jews on their adventurous way to Palestine. All the actors are non-professionals. Frank and realistic, it's a picture you'll long remember.

THE LOVES OF CARMEN (Col.)—Rita Hayworth plays the celebrated gypsy with fine abandon in this diverting Technicolor version of the old novel. The novel, we said—it's not the opera. Glenn Ford and Victor Jory also display fire. Go see.

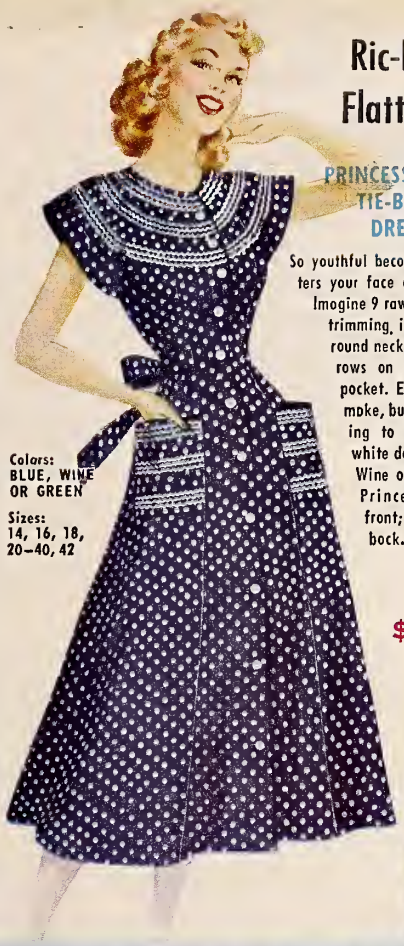
THE NIGHT HAS A THOUSAND EYES (Para.)—Here's a strange one. Edward G. Robinson is a guy who finds he can predict the future, and the things he sees in the lives of his associates hother him mightily. Even if you're skeptical ahout the whole thing, you'll find it darned absorbing. With John Lund, Gail Russell, Virginia Bruce and Jerome Cowan.

THE SAXON CHARM (Univ.-Int.)—Sounds like a mystery, but it's just a talky and unconvincing thing about an egomaniac theatrical producer. Robert Montgomery, Susan Hayward, John Payne and Audrey Totter get all they can out of an uneven script.

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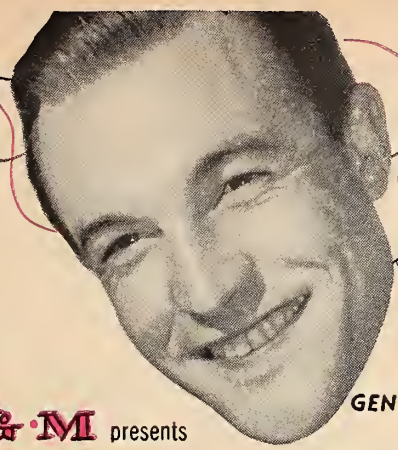
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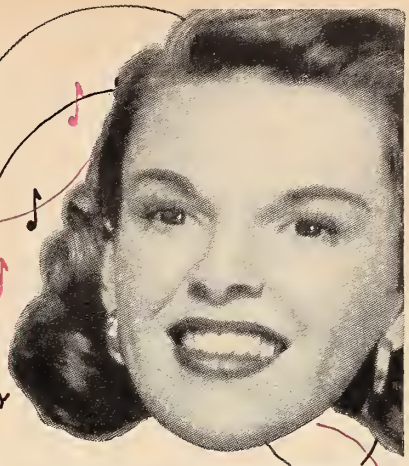
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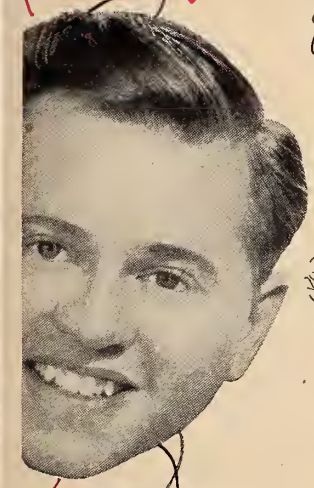
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Based on the Lives and Music of RICHARD RODGERS and LORENZ HART

Screen Play by FRED FINKELHOFFE
Story by GUY BOLTON and JEAN HOLLOWAY
Adaptation by BEN FEINER, Jr.

20 Hit Songs

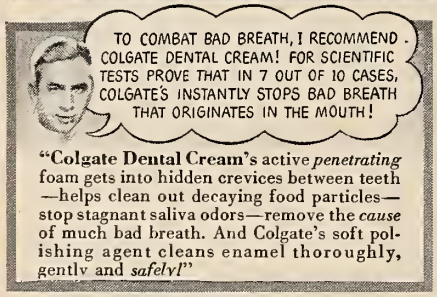
Manhattan
Small Hotel
With A Song In My Heart
Spring Is Here
Where Or When
The Lady Is A Tramp
On Your Toes
Blue Room
March Of The Knights
Thou Swell
Someone Should Tell Them
Blue Moon
I Wish I Were In Love Again
Mountain Greenery
Where's That Rainbow
A Tree In The Park
A Little Birdie Told Me So
Slaughter On 10th Avenue
Way Out West On West End Avenue • Johnny-One-Note

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

It's All History -but No Dates!







"Colgate Dental Cream's active *penetrating* foam gets into hidden crevices between teeth —helps clean out decaying food particles— stop stagnant saliva odors—remove the *cause* of much bad breath. And Colgate's soft polishing agent cleans enamel thoroughly, gently and *safely!*"

LATER-Thanks to Colgate Dental Cream







To our Readers

THERE ARE over two hundred birds at the Mocambo—little feathered things that flutter around behind a glass wall. Every once in a while someone looks at the wall and screams. Charlie Morrison takes this philosophically. Charlie, being the proprietor of the Mocambo, has seen more people fall in love at his night club than fall into anything else. He's figured it out to a science—give 'em birds, give 'em dimly-lit corners, give 'em the works—and then, hold back the waiter! After all, where did Cyd Charisse discover love? And where did Tony Martin? And where did Marie McDonald? Of course: the M - - - - - o. You can read all about these and other "Mocambo Affairs" on page 40. Charlie (who was there) tells the tale . . .

SHEILAH GRAHAM was probably there, too. In fact, Sheilah seems to be almost everywhere—several hundred newspapers throughout the country carry her column—and now she's writing for MODERN SCREEN. We're proud and delighted to have her join the distinguished group whose good and lively stuff graces our pages. The piece on page 38 of this issue, called "Robert Walker: Tragic Figure," is her first offering. We think you'll be fascinated by this penetrating analysis of a very confused man . . .

If you have any mad notions about Hollywood just turn to page 28 and you'll be cured. Beginning on that page Hedda Hooper gives it to you straight from both shoulders. Did you know, for instance, that the gold was never moved from Fort Knox to Vine Street? That the family silver, of certain Hollywood families, spends more time in the pawn shop? Well, even if you *did* know, read "The Ten Greatest Myths Of Hollywood." Recommended especially for those who love the town well—but not too wisely . . .

WE HAVE a lady here who gives us an inferiority complex. We feel, somehow, you ought to know about her. She's Viola Moore, our newest Associate Editor. Viola was born in Calcutta, India, twenty-nine years ago. By her twelfth birthday she'd lived in Europe, Asia, Africa and Australia. As if that weren't enough, she was kissed by Fredric March in the picture, *I Married A Witch.* But more—while covering the UN conferences in San Francisco (as a writer for the London Daily Mail and the Australian Women's Weekly) she ran into Queen Julianna in a ladies' room at Stanford University. Needless to add, Viola got an exclusive and widely-read interview. For us, Viola will get equally hot tips on the home-making and personality habits of your favorite stars. All we can say now, and feebly, is "Welcome aboard, Vi."

IT HAPPENS

UP IN THE WILD BLUE YONDER IT GETS WILDER AS THEY GET FONDER!





They find love
in a mile-high kiss

with a corpse and a crook
to add to their bliss





a chump and a chimp

and a couple in a coma



and a half a ton of fish
with a horrible aroma





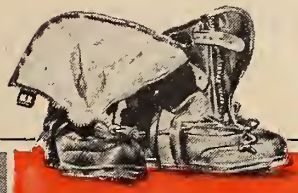
the plane stacks up
in a field of corn

and the funniest
love affair
ever filmed was born!



It's from that wonderfully wacky SAT EVE. POST serial by Robert Carson





UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL presents

Joan Fontaine James Stewart

YOU GOTTA STAY HAPPY

with EDDIE ALBERT

ROLAND YOUNG · WILLARD PARKER · PERCY KILBRIDE

Produced and Written for the Screen by KARL TUNBERG · Directed by H. C. POTTER · A WILLIAM DOZIER PRESENTATION · A RAMPART PRODUCTION

THERE'S ANOTHER GREAT COMEDY ON ITS WAY, "FAMILY HONEYMOON"!

Hollywood has fun at the press photographers ball



Frank Sinatra goes along with the current advertising gag, trying to guess "Which twin has the Tani?" The "twins" are Loretta Young and Rosalind Russell; the occasion: Hollywood's Annual Press Photographers' Ball, at Ciro's.



Ava Gardner sits on the General's lap. George Jessel, who was emcee for the evening, created a mild sensation as U. S. Grant. Event was the highlight of Hollywood's social season.



Roddy McDowall (note the new mustache) escorted Coleen Townsend to the Ball. They came as Rameo and Juliet. Castumed guests started arriving at nine and same remained to hear the last strains of music at four in the morning.



Bob Mitchum and his wife Dorothy ware monkey heads and sat quietly on the sidelines all evening, temporarily forgetting their legal troubles. Many friends visited at their table.

LOUELLA PARSONS'

Good news



John Agar, usually shy about kissing his wife in public, was so impressed with her Marie Antoinette costume he couldn't resist a light peck. Under the wig is the shortest hair-do Shirley's ever worn.



Louella Parsons predicts marriage for June Haver and Dr. John Duzik —Colonial girl and Paul Revere. Evening was climaxed by entertainment—Danny Kaye and Frank Sinatra were among those in the acts.

■ The romantic mystery of Rita Hayworth and Ali Khan had Hollywood guessing. No one knew when he came, when he left and why he didn't call up his friends in our town. Now the big question is—will our glamorous, red-haired Rita marry the international playboy, whose father, the Aga Khan, is ruler of the Moslems both in India and Africa?

Marrying the Khan isn't half as simple as it sounds. Ali, in his country, is the equivalent of a Crown Prince, and is heir to a fabulous fortune. Moreover, he is not free, being still married to an Englishwoman, by whom he has two children. Ali and his wife have not lived together for many years, but the children were in Cannes with him this summer. They all lived in the magnificent Mediterranean villa, once owned by the late Maxine Eliott, which is one of the most famous show places in Southern France.

I must say Ali looked like a most devoted father. When I was there on my vacation, it was an everyday sight to see them all at Cap Antibes, water skiing.

But the romantics say that surely the Khan must be madly in love with Rita or he wouldn't travel 6,000 miles just to see her in Hollywood.

I don't doubt that he is fascinated. Who wouldn't be with Rita? But I cannot believe that marriage is part of his plan—nor, for that matter, that it is Rita's.

Rita once told me that she had to be sure next time, and that she wouldn't marry without taking plenty of time to make a decision. As for Ali Khan, he arrived in Los Angeles without letting his embassy know. He always travels with a retinue, but this time he came practically unattended to see the lady of his heart. He saw none of his friends in California, and spent all of his time either at the house Rita rented for him across from her own home, or at hers. He slipped out of town even more quietly than he had entered it.

If Ali should seek a divorce, it would take a long time—and right now his wife, although separated from him, has not consented to free him.



A box of roses is accepted by Jone Wymon, stor of *Johnny Belinda,* os she enters the Hollywood Theater for the picture's première.



This wos the first importont full-dress première of the foll, ond ottrocted mony of the top-flight stors. Above, Alon and Sue Lodd.



Douglos Dick and Martho Vickers (seporoted from her husband, A. C. Lyles) orrived together. Here they say hello to the citizenry outside.



Lucille Boll, Callier Young, Ido Lupino ond Desi Arnoz added their luster to the occosion. Hollywood opinion is thot Jone Wyman's performonce in *Belinda* moy eorn her on Acodemy Aword.

LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD NEWS

So I cannot see marriage for Rita and Ali Khan in the cards.

* * *

On the other hand, I do see marriage for Greer Garson and the rich Texas oil man, Buddy Fogelson. Unless, of course, something entirely unforeseen happens.

Greer sees no one but the very likable Buddy, and it could very well be that they will be married by the time this appears in MODERN SCREEN.

All she says is, "I'll let you know"—and I have to be satisfied with that promise. But if it doesn't sound like marriage, my name is Ingrid Bergman.

Both Greer and Buddy had passport photographs taken, and nobody sits for these dreadful things unless they are contemplating an important trip abroad. And also, Greer, who is sorta thrifty with her money, has recently been buying clothes like mad.

So I'll miss my guess if the wedding bells don't ring for these two; maybe somewhere overseas, and soon. Personally, I hope they do. Buddy seems very right for the intellectual, sensitive Greer, and I happen to know that she's been mighty lonely since her separation from Richard Ney.

* * *

Right smack off the train from the East, June Allyson and Dick Powell came directly to my house. They came to quiet the separation rumors that have been much too persistent ever since June went to New York and Dick to Arkansas on separate vacations.

I must say I never saw two people act more like turtle doves than Junie and Dick during their call on me. Dick admitted that June had dined out a few times with Peter Lawford when they were working together on the same picture.

For her part, June gave that cute giggle of hers and confessed that she loved dancing and occasional nightclubbing—which Dick frankly doesn't go for. She said that their picture schedules had been in conflict lately,





The hide-and-seek, tongue-in-cheek tale of a marriage-shy baby doctor... and a misbehavin', man-huntin' Babe!

a **Dore Schary** presentation

Cary Grant

in DON HARTMAN'S production

Every Girl Should Be Married

CO-STARRING

FRANCHOT TONE · DIANA LYNN

and Introducing BETSY DRAKE

with ALAN MOWBRAY • Produced, Directed and Co-written by DON HARTMAN

Screenplay Collaboration by Stephen Morehouse Avery

Advertisement

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Don't be Half-safe!



by
VALDA SHERMAN

At the first blush of womanhood many mysterious changes take place in your body. For instance, the apocrine glands under your arms begin to secrete daily a type of perspiration you have never known before. This is closely related to physical development and causes an unpleasant odor on both your person and your clothes.

There is nothing "wrong" with you. It's just another sign you are now a woman, not a girl . . . so now you *must* keep yourself safe with a truly effective underarm deodorant.

Two dangers—Underarm odor is a real handicap at this romantic age, and the new cream deodorant Arrid is made especially to overcome this very difficulty. It kills this odor on contact in 2 seconds, then by antiseptic action prevents the formation of all odor for 48 hours and keeps you shower-bath fresh. It also stops perspiration and so protects against a second danger—perspiration stains. Since physical exertion, embarrassment and emotion can now cause your apocrine glands to fairly gush perspiration, a dance, a date, an embarrassing remark may easily make you perspire and offend, or ruin a dress.

All deodorants are not alike—so remember—no other deodorant tested stops perspiration and odor so completely yet so safely as new Arrid. Its safety has been proved by doctors. That's why girls your age buy more Arrid than any other age group. In fact, more men and women everywhere use Arrid than any other deodorant. It's antiseptic, used by 117,000 nurses.

Intimate protection is needed—so protect yourself with this snowy, stainless cream that smooths on and disappears. This new Arrid, with the amazing new ingredient Creamogen, will not crystallize or dry out in the jar. The American Laundering Institute has awarded Arrid its Approval Seal—harmless to fabrics. Arrid is safe for the skin—non-irritating—can be used right after shaving.

Don't be half-safe. During this "age of romance" don't let perspiration problems spoil your fun. Don't be half-safe—be Arrid-safe! Use Arrid to be *sure*. Get Arrid now at your favorite drug counter—only 39¢ plus tax.



Rita Hayworth and the wealthy Ali Khan, whom she met on the Riviera last summer. He arrived quietly in Hollywood and left town the same way. Neither would comment on their "romance."

LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD NEWS

she being free when Dick was tied up and vice versa. This was the reason she took a trip to New York with Gloria De Haven. Dick was kept home by a cold.

I'm all for giving the Powells the benefit of the doubt, and here's hoping we see them celebrating a golden wedding anniversary about 46 years from now.

* * *

Here's a new twist on that old, old story about the two careers in one family. Brenda Marshall, who, as you know, is Mrs. Bill Holden, claims she has played her last screen role. From now on, she says, she just wants to be a devoted wife and mother.

The twist is that Brenda has just completed *Whispering Smith* in which she had the best role of her entire life. She is wonderful in it, too, and Paramount has been prophesying great things for her. But this beautiful girl loves her home and everything connected with it, and has decided to give all her time to it.

I say, three cheers for Brenda! If there were more girls like this in Hollywood, it would be a much, much happier town.

* * *

As you probably remember, when he came back from service, Lew Ayres talked about entering the ministry. He changed his mind on that, but it hasn't prevented him from spending much time on good works. Lew does these very worthy and humanitarian deeds very quietly. For instance, he has just completed a two-reel subject called *The Greater City of Hope*. It is for the benefit of a T.B. sanitarium at Duarte, a suburb not too far from Hollywood.

All the film and equipment to make the picture was donated by our various studios, but it was Lew who organized the venture, persuaded other actors to donate their services, and saw the whole thing through.

Incidentally, Lew is seen everywhere these days with Heather Walsh, a beautiful young actress from South Africa, which has quelled those rumors about him and Jane Wyman.

* * *

Personal Opinions: I'm no authority on this subject, but for my money, Cary Grant is the best-dressed man in town, even if he almost never wears socks. . . . Jimmy Cagney certainly gives me a terrible pain in my civic pride when he announces he is moving to Massachusetts so that his children can be brought up away from the influence of Hollywood. I wonder if Jimmy also plans to keep his children away from being tainted by all that money he has made here? . . . My nomination for the happiest personality anywhere at any time: Esther Williams. . . . RKO has dropped Lawrence Tierney's option, which isn't surprising to anyone. But if you ask me, the Tierney family doesn't have to worry. . . . Scott Brady, who is Larry's brother, and temperamentally completely unlike him, has scored so tremendously in his first picture, *Canon City*, that I believe he'll be a major star before another year is over. . . . I am about to go overboard, too, concerning the future of Douglas Dick. He had never impressed me too much until I saw *Accused*—but when I watched him in that, I knew he was "in"—but good. . . .

* * *

The Errol Flynns are separated again, but could be, by the time this is printed, they will be together once more. I doubt it, however: this time I think it's really the end for them. That's because it isn't Nora who is lonesome and sitting home moping during the separation—it's the dashing Errol who is sitting by the home fires while the lovely Nora is at gay Palm Springs, surrounded by friends.

How this girl has changed! When she first came to see me, she dressed plainly, almost severely. She was very quiet and deeply,

Are you in the know?



How much should she have tipped him?

- ☐ 10%
- ☐ 25%
- ☐ 15 to 20%

Don't wait 'til a waiter wears that "why don't you do right" look. Hone up on tipping! 'Taint what it used to be, thanks to inflation, so leave a little extra on that silver tray. A 15 to 20% tip pays off in smiles; good service. And for certain times there's a special service Kotex gives . . . your choice of 3 *absorbencies*, designed for different girls, different days. You'll find it pays to try all 3: Regular, Junior, Super Kotex. See which absorbency suits *your* needs.



If she tries on your hat, should you—

- ☐ *Resent it*
- ☐ *Lend it*
- ☐ *Feel flattered*

You break away from babushkas . . . wow your cellmates with a whammy chapeau. *But*, it needn't go to their heads. Why court ol' dabbil dandruff? Like borrowing combs or lipstick, trying each other's hats is scowled on in cactus (sharp, that is) circles. Discourage same, for your own protection. On "those" days, too, let caution guide you. Straight to the counter that sells Kotex. For it's Kotex that has an exclusive *safety center:* your *extra* protection against accidents.



What clan does her plaid represent?

- ☐ *Frazer*
- ☐ *Macphersan*
- ☐ *Black Watch*

If you give a hoot for the Highland touch in togs—and who doesn't?—bend a wee ear. Have a fling at "ancient tartans": top-rating plaids with authentic patterns, representing actual clans. A genuwyne *Macpherson*, for instance, as shown. And when your own clan meets, have fun—even at calendar time. No cause to be self-conscious what with Kotex preventing telltale outlines. Those *flat pressed ends* just don't turn traitor. They *don't show*. (As if you didn't know!).



Which gal would you ask to complete a foursome?

- ☐ *A Suave Sally*
- ☐ *A numb number*
- ☐ *A character from the carnival*

Your steady freddy asks you to produce a date for his pal? Here's advice! Choosing a gal less winsome than you, can doom the party. It flusters your guy; disappoints his friend. Best you invite Suave Sally. You can stay confident—regardless of the day of the month—with Kotex to keep you comfortable, to give you *softness* that *holds its shape*. You risk no treachery with Kotex! It's the napkin made to *stay* soft while you wear it.

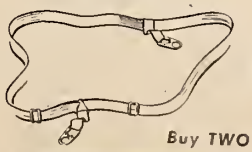


When buying sanitary needs, should you—

- ☐ *Wait 'til next time*
- ☐ *Buy a new sanitary belt*
- ☐ *Buy 2 sanitary belts*

After a bout with the daily grind, you welcome a shower . . . a change to fresh togs. Of course! But to make your daintiness complete, on "those" days you'll want a fresh sanitary belt. You'll need two Kotex Sanitary Belts, for a *change*.

Remember, the *Kotex* Belt is made to lie flat, without twisting or curling. You'll find your adjustable Kotex Belt fits smoothly; doesn't bind. (It's all-elastic.) So—for extra comfort, choose the new Kotex Sanitary Belt, and buy *two*—*for a change!*



Kotex Sanitary Belt

Buy TWO—by name!



*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

More women choose KOTEX than all other sanitary napkins*

3 ABSORBENCIES: REGULAR, JUNIOR, SUPER



British stor Michoel Wilding, with Joe Cotten, Ingrid Bergmon, ond director Alfred Hitchcock on the set of *Under Capricorn*, in Englond. Loter, Bergmon returned to her notive Sweden, where she wos joined by husbond Peter Lindstrom ond daughter Pio. Ingrid moy moke on Itolion film next yeor.

LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD NEWS

deeply in love with Errol and determined to make a go of her marriage. Now she has cut her red hair fashionably short and wears exquisite clothes. As the last woman in Errol's screen life in *Don Juan*, she is very pretty.

Nora had her eldest daughter, Deidre, with her at the desert resort when news of the separation was printed. But her youngest little girl was sick back in Hollywood with a nurse. Errol was in the hospital where he underwent a minor operation.

Nora has leased a house out in Brentwood for herself and the children. It is miles from Errol's bachelor establishment, Mulholland Farm. Nora lived at the Farm for about a year after her marriage to Errol, but Errol has always felt it was too small for the entire family.

Well, he'll have plenty of room now—if Nora sticks to her same mood. But Errol's such a charmer, and he may win her back.

* * *

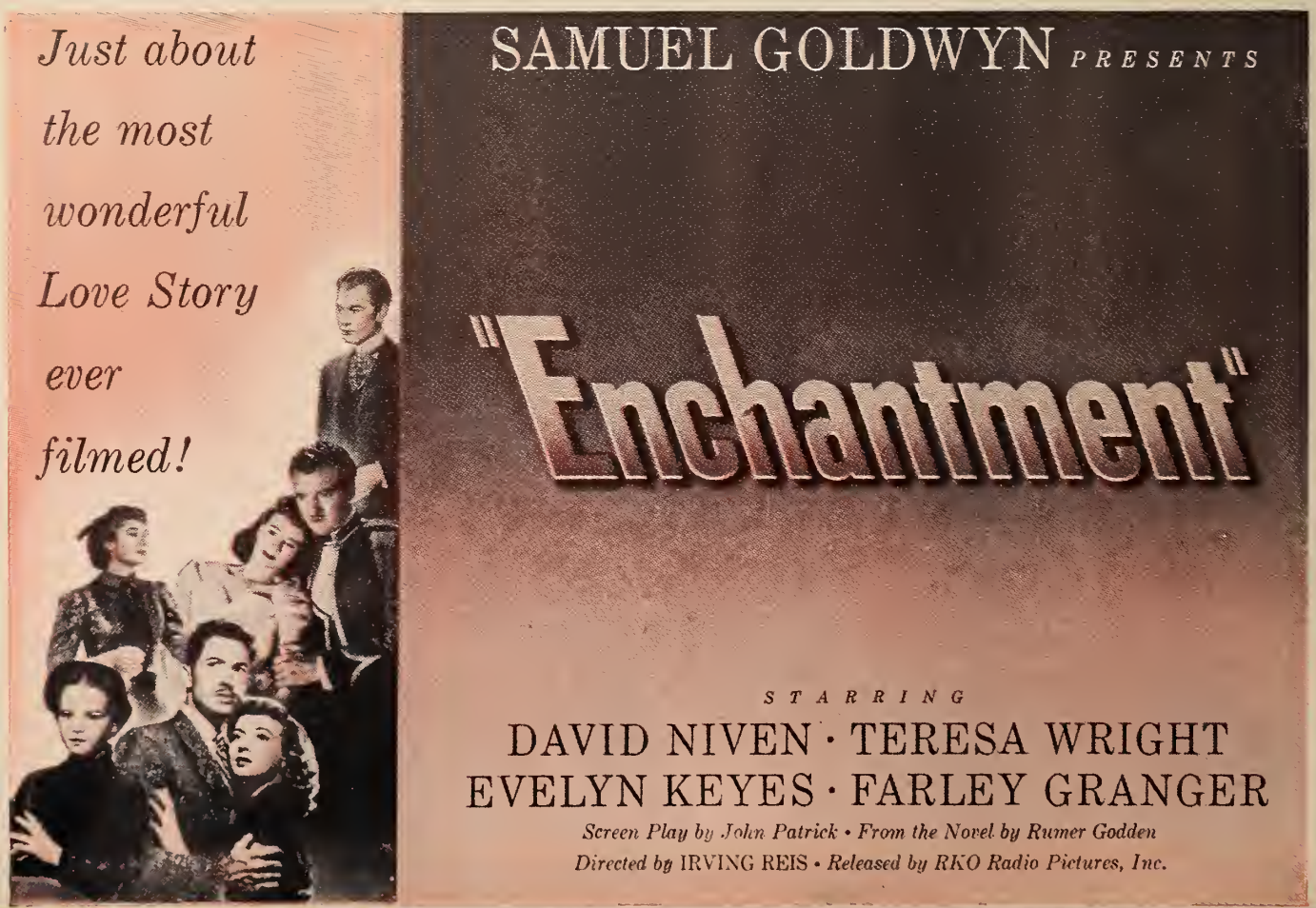
Not only was the Hollywood Press Photographers' Ball the high spot of the social season thus far, it also was so darn much fun I wish all of you could have been there.

The entertainment was wonderful, and I've never seen our glamorous stars dressed up in such beautiful and clever costumes. The first person I met was Sonja Henie, who has been discussing a business deal to make pictures with the Texas multi-millionaire, Glenn McCarthy. Sonja was there with the gentleman, and was all done up in a fluffy pink ballet dress and feathers. And, of course, she was wearing her fabulous diamonds.

Robert Mitchum made his first appearance since all his trouble. Bob and his wife came wearing monkey heads, and sat very quietly on the sidelines all evening. Dozens of his friends, I noticed, went over to his table to visit. Among them, Loretta Young.

Of course the younger crowd was out in full force, and looked mighty handsome. Shirley Temple wore a voluminous gown of heavy satin and a white wig which was so becoming to her cute face. I stopped to ask if she were Marie Antoinette, and the famous Temple dimples flashed as she laughed, "I guess so."

John Agar, Shirley's husband, obviously thought his young wife was the most beau-



tiful girl in the room. I was glad to tell John about all the fan mail which is pouring in about him. He's such a nice boy, that one, and I'll bet all I own he'll never "go Hollywood."

Rory Calhoun and his Isabelita were with the Agars, and Rory, as a knight of old, practically swept the floor with his plumed hat in giving me a super-low bow. I'll admit that it took me some time to recognize Jane Withers rattling on like every new mother about her first-born. Janie was anything but glamorous in an old tramp costume. But, then, Janie always did go for a laugh.

Seated near to us were Farley Granger in a red costume of the Renaissance period, and his date of the evening, dark-haired Geraldine Brooks. They both table-hopped to visit with us for a few minutes.

Rosalind Russell and Loretta Young came as the Toni Twins of the advertisements. Both girls wore identical black wigs with signs on their dresses saying: "Which is real and which is permanent?"

Betty Hutton and her good friend, Lindsay Durand, shared Ted Briskin and a table. That is, Ted was bedecked as an Indian potentate and the gals were his harem beauties. June Haver brought her beau, Dr. John Dusik, over to introduce to me, and I'm surer than ever that they'll marry one of these days. June looked very fetching in a Colonial costume, and the doctor was a fine-looking Paul Revere.

A cute idea was Anne Baxter and Mrs. Zachary Scott as silent day stars Clara Bow and Lilyan Tashman. But the biggest hand for originality went to Dorothy Malone and her boy-friend, Dr. Phillip Montgomery, who walked in under a shower bath, complete with real water. Fittingly enough, Esther Williams and Ben Gage happened to walk in right behind them, daringly dressed in 1920 bathing suits.

My favorite, I think, was that sweetheart, Kay Kyser, who strutted in as Gorgeous George, the famous wrestler, with his beautiful wife, Georgia Carroll, in the role of valet to the "grunt and groan" artist.

Piece de resistance of the entertainment bill was the hilarious imitation of Kay Thompson and the Williams Brothers staged by Danny Kaye as Thompson, and George Burns, Jack Benny, Van Johnson and Jack Carson as the Brothers. Even the "Brothers" laughed so hard at Danny's antics they darn near broke up the act.

Another big surprise was Jane Russell's parody song—"Feudin' and a Fussin' and a Focusin'." The snappy way Jane put the song over made all of us realize we've been overlooking an important talent in the girl. Winding up the bill was the duo of Frank Sinatra and Gene Kelly in a song and dance number that had every foot at the ball a-tappin', including mine.

* * *

Did Joan Fontaine arrive in a state at the recent baby shower given for her by a group of close friends!

Joan was donning her best bib and tucker for the party when she happened to look out the window of the lovely Dozier home, and to her horror saw the entire bath house by the swimming pool in roaring flames!

What happened next was almost a nightmare. First the fire department couldn't find the Dozier house, and then the firemen couldn't find a hydrant for the hose.

A connection was finally made, but not before the entire bath house had burned to the ground and the main house itself had been threatened.

No wonder Joan was jittery when she arrived at the party, but the lovely presents given her by the hostesses, Mrs. Al Blooming-



Home from London, Betty Hutton is greeted by doughters Condice ond Lindsoy Dione. Betty smoshed oll previous records ot the Pollodium.



Another "Best" from the Producer of "The Best Years of Our Lives" Academy Award Winner!



USE

NOREEN

SUPER COLOR RINSE

Glorifies your hair with
ABUNDANT TEMPORARY COLOR.
Smart, new, convenient, easy-to-apply

We sincerely believe that NOREEN will *really do* what you have always wanted a color rinse to do.

Because Noreen bountifully augments the natural color of your hair with added glamorizing shades of gold, bronze red, deeper brown gold, coppery brown, deep dark brown, or lustrous black.

Because Noreen lusterizes white or gray hair, takes out yellow, and adds cool tones of steel-blue, blue-gray, or deeper gray.

Because Noreen amazingly blends in to the natural shade the unwanted gray in graying hair.

Millions of discerning women now know the superb COLOR qualities of NOREEN ... there's always a NOREEN shade to beautify and glorify *your* hair.



14 COLORFUL SHADES
Sold in 4 and 8 rinse packages...Each rinse in an easy-to-use capsule. Price 25¢ and 50¢ (plus tax)

At Leading Cosmetic Counters or Beauty Salons Everywhere

NOREEN Dist., 450 Lincoln St., Denver 9, Colo.

FREE ENLARGEMENT of your favorite photo



NEW SILK FINISH • GOLD TOOLED FRAME

Just to get acquainted, we will make you a FREE 5x7 enlargement of any picture or negative and mount it in a handsome gold tooled frame. Be sure to include color of hair, eyes, and clothing for information on having this enlargement beautifully hand colored in oil.

SEND NO MONEY. Send your most cherished photo or negative now, accept your beautifully framed enlargement when it arrives, and pay postman only 19c for frame plus small handling and mailing charge. If you are not completely satisfied, return the enlargement within 10 days and your money will be refunded. **But you may keep the handsome frame as a gift for promptness.** Limit 2 to a customer. Originals returned.

HOLLYWOOD FILM STUDIOS
7021 Santa Monica Blvd., Dept. M-57, Hollywood 38, Cal.



Rita Johnson is well again, after a delicate brain operation. Rita fell into a coma when she was accidentally hit by a hair-dryer.



Mel Tarme tossed a 23rd birthday party for himself and was rewarded by a kiss from Susan Perry (nee Candy Toxtan), his best girl.

dale, Anita Louise and Minna Wallace, and the other girls, including Rosalind Russell, Greer Garson, Mrs. Ray Milland, Loretta Young and about 40 others, soon calmed her down. Or, maybe I should say, made her forget about the fire, because she certainly was excited about all the lovely gifts for the new baby.

* * *

Have you ever had someone ring your doorbell in the middle of the night and ask for a maraschino cherry, a dog collar, a fancy bottle, and a worm from the back yard?

That's what happened to me, and, yep, it was all part of the scavenger hunt staged by the town's small fry at the fun party given by pretty Betty Sullivan, daughter of the well-known columnist, Ed Sullivan.

Fortunately, I was able to supply all four articles, so Barbara Bebe Lyon, my doorbell ringer, romped in for third prize. Poor Elizabeth Taylor didn't fare so well. One of her "orders" was Jack Benny's violin, and for a gag, Jack insisted on playing "Love In Bloom" for her before he would lend the instrument. It was a fine performance, Elizabeth said, but it made her come in last in the race!

* * *

I was the first person outside of her immediate family to talk to lovely Rita Johnson after she got out of the hospital. The poor girl still wasn't strong enough to explain to me what had caused the mysterious accident that sent her into a coma on Labor Day, and from which she didn't rouse for almost six weeks.

There were times, during those weeks, when her life was despaired of. She underwent a couple of brain operations, but now I am happy to tell you that she looks well on the way to recovery. Her mother and brother are with her, and while she is living at a quiet beach a little way from Hollywood at the moment, later they expect to bring her back to her home. I brought her a bottle of French perfume, and she was happy as a child over it. She kept saying: "How did you remember it was my favorite kind?" She also kept admiring my suit and my hat—and you know as well as I do that when a woman sits up and notices clothes, she's getting well.

The long-expected Jennifer Jones and David Selznick marriage is set for early next year. David's divorce from Irene Selznick becomes final January 8th, and he and his star will marry shortly after that.

Jennifer has been madly in love with her boss for a long time, and has let him guide her career completely. She was a quiet, naïve girl when they first met. Now she is chic and charming, and very much the woman of the world.

I doubt if hers and David's plan to honeymoon in Switzerland materializes. Jennifer has so many pictures lined up, the first of which is *Madame Bovary* at M-G-M. But time will tell, and so will I.

* * *

Bits and Pieces: Merle Oberon decided that money was more important than love: she left Count Cini in Italy and flew back to America for *Operation Malaya* at RKO before her contract at RKO got a chance to expire. . . . The hottest new male name around Hollywood is Stephen McNally, the very bad boy of that very good picture, *Johnny Belinda*. But, instead of getting the romantic build-up like Montgomery Clift, Universal-International is giving him the Crosby treatment. I mean, photographs of him bathing his four small children and such like. Well, if Steve, who used to be called Horace on Broadway, does as well as Bing, that will be terrific. . . . They are whispering that Yvonne de Carlo has a new mysterious beau—a Count, yet, somewhere in Europe. . . . Dick Haymes is dieting like crazy. When I asked him why, he said, "I saw myself in *One Touch of Venus*. I looked like two touches of pecan pie." . . . The two girls seen most often together around Hollywood right now are Jeanne Crain and Georgianna Young Montalban. Both are expecting, and both delighted over it. . . . Newest fashion note: blue flannel underwear. That's right, blue flannel! They designed it for young Joan Evans, Samuel Goldwyn's discovery, for *Roseanna McCoy*. She's wearing it right now on location for the picture, if you can bear it. I can't! . . . And that's all for this month. Please keep writing! I so enjoy hearing from you, my readers of MODERN SCREEN. Tell me what and whom you like to read about.

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is mason kidding? he says:

of bobby-soxers
"vile, loathsame, wretched barbarians, for the most part, morons."

of the movies
"made for half-wits and certainly not for intelligent people."

of his marriage
"yes, I beat my wife."

the truth about james mason

by morgan macneil



Scenes of violence between the Masons occur only in films. James and Pam will be parents by the time you see this.



During their first year in America, they've made one film—*Caught*. James plays a doctor; Pamela appears briefly.

■ A few months ago when Cecil B. DeMille began casting *Sampson and Delilah,* one of his assistants submitted to him, in a list of possible leading men, the name of James Mason. When Mason heard about this he quickly announced to the press that his price to appear in any Cecil B. DeMille film was $250,000.

Mason's heretic announcement, relayed to Paramount (where DeMille produces his epics), occasioned a furrowing of foreheads, some consternation, and much pithy indignation.

"Just who does this Mason think he is?" one of DeMille's boys demanded. "What's he ever done to be asking for that kind of dough?"

Mason's agent, who happened to be standing by, offered a ready reply. "To begin with," he explained, "Mason has been the number one movie star in Great Britain for the past three years."

"A lot that means!" challenged the assistant. "They use foreign money in Great Britain."

Ignoring the retort, the agent continued. "In addition," he said, "Mason has been averaging 6,000 fan letters a week. One third of these come from American women. He's been in the United States for over a year now, and wherever he goes the girls give him the Sinatra treatment: they tear his clothes, they ask for locks of his hair; they claim he 'sends' them; and the fact of the matter is that right now he's more popular than ever."

The Paramount man shook his head. "Why?" he asked. "Please tell me why?"

Now, this is the very question that many other people have been asking about Mason ever since his arrival in America. His undeniable appeal for the public has been a source of widespread wonder, for Mason, sneering superbly in all directions, has appeared to be striving to make himself the most unpopular Englishman in (*Continued on page 92*)


"Just remember...
A WOMAN'S BULLETS KILL AS QUICK AS A MAN'S!"
Blood and thunder saga of the West's most savage days! ... Sweeping this lone wolf into the gun-sights—and the arms of a blonde spitfire—and right into the turbulent heart of the bloodiest range war ever to explode on the screen!
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BARBARA BEL GEDDES
ROBERT PRESTON in
BLOOD ON THE MOON
with
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FRANK FAYLEN • TOM TULLY
Executive Producer SID ROGELL
Produced by THERON WARTH • Directed by ROBERT WISE
Screen Play by LILLIE HAYWARD
RKO RADIO PICTURES
Straight from the rip-roaring pages of the famous Saturday Evening Post serial story!



Orphon Deon Stockwell wakes up one morning to find that his hair has turned bright green. At first his schoalmotes regard the change os on enviable novelty, but prejudiced porents persuode them ta turn oway fram the boy.

MOVIE REVIEWS

by Christopher Kane

THE BOY WITH GREEN HAIR

This is the story of a sensitive little boy named Peter Frye (Dean Stockwell) who's shunted around from relative to relative until he comes to live with Gramps (Pat O'Brien), an ex-circus performer now working as a singing waiter. Peter's happy with Gramps; he listens to stories of the old fellow's past glories, he begins to feel secure. Then his school teacher (Barbara Hale) enlists his aid in a clothing drive for war orphans. One of the other children at school points out that Peter himself is a war orphan. Peter checks, and discovers the fact to be true. His parents were both killed in England, while doing war work. (He'd thought they were away on a long trip.) The plight of the world's children begins to prey on his mind, and one morning, when he awakes, his hair has turned bright green. For a while, the kids in the neighborhood think green hair is fascinating; Peter himself is pretty proud. But the community's grownups have prejudices. They don't want their children exposed to green hair. Peter's jeered at, and left alone. He comes to believe his green hair is to remind people that he's a war orphan, and that war is very bad for children. He realizes people are tired and busy and don't want to hear any more about war, but he's willing to fight the battle alone, until even Gramps seems to turn against him. Under pressure from the rest of the town, Gramps decides that perhaps it would be best if Peter's hair were shaved off. Brokenhearted, Peter runs away. I must admit I didn't understand the movie's ending. Because after Gramps has found Peter and made his peace, and Peter's agreed to come home and continue his work on behalf of the world's children, we hear two doctors discussing the boy. They say it doesn't matter whether Peter's hair was really green or not; all that matters was whether Peter *believed* it was. Since Peter's hair was green as grass, and you and I and all the townspeople believed it, this is awfully confusing. Still, it's a nice picture. It hits at bigotry, it pleads for war's forgotten victims, and certainly, Dean Stockwell's a most appealing young actor.—*RKO.*



Red River: Montgomery Clift, Joanne Dru and the hazards of cattle-raising in early Texas days.

RED RIVER

Across the Red River, a long time back, there was an untenanted stretch called Texas. All a man had to do was ride out from the East, stake a claim, kill any Mexican who came sneaking across the border to say he'd seen the land first, and start to work raising cattle. Which is the course of action John Wayne takes in the movie under discussion. He builds himself a regular beef empire, only to have the Civil War interfere with his plans. A wrecked South is no market for meat, and Texans have to find a way of getting their stock East, or see the work of years go for nothing. This picture is supposed to be a chronicle of the first long, painful trip driving cattle across country (via the Chisholm Trail) to a place in Kansas where a railroad to the East began. It's also the chronicle of Dunsan (John Wayne), a hard man whom the years have made harder; Matt (Montgomery Clift), the boy who's been a son to him, and the cold and terrible feud which grew between them. Long before the cattle reach the railroad, or Wayne and Clift face one another with guns in their hands, you've had your money's worth of entertainment. You've seen cattle stampedes, and Indian fighting, and a cast including toothless Walter Brennan, Noah Beery, Jr., and the late Harry Carey. —*U.A.*

GALLANT BLADE

Couple of hundred years ago, France was in bad trouble. She'd been at war with half the countries in Europe, and her soldiers, tired of blood baths, were clamoring for peace. Fortunately (since men were deserting from the army at a good clip), the wars had about resolved themselves. The good general in charge of France's troops, as our story opens, is just about to send those troops home, when a certain Marshal (Victor Jory) convinces the Queen that France ought to make war on Spain. Spain hasn't done anything to warrant such action, but the way Victor's mind works, if you can't give the peasants bread, you've got to give them war. Fill their minds, and you won't have to fill



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their stomachs. Besides, the people are close to hating their own government (namely the Marshal) and the Marshal's willing to have them hate something else (namely Spain). The good general, whose heart is with his men, doesn't see it that way. He thinks there's been enough war, too much war. Obviously, he's a man to be put out of the way. But Marshal Victor reckons without Larry Parks, the general's aide, and the best swordsman in France. Larry dashes through the picture, avenging all the right people, and he even ends up with Victor's girl friend (Marguerite Chapman). In Technicolor, she's very nice to end up with. The general is ultimately freed from the prison where Victor stuck him, the queen is made to see the error of Victor's ways ("This means *peace!*"), Victor himself is run through by Larry's gallant blade (the very sword the general gave him after ten loyal years, and the peasants go home and eat grass, I guess.—*Col.*

BLOOD ON THE MOON

The ethics in *Blood on the Moon* are a little unresolved. First of all, there's a conflict between a man named Lufton (Tom Tully), a cattle owner who feels that a large part of Texas ought to be grazing land for his beef, and a lot of homesteaders who're fighting for their small patches of land, and who think men have as much right to live as cows. Ordinarily, you'd be on their side. But it seems Lufton's a good soul, in his capitalistic way, whereas the homesteaders are being led by a big crook, Tate Riling (Robert Preston). Truth is, Tate doesn't care about the homesteaders being over-run; he just wants to fix it so Lufton won't be able to find any graze for his cattle, and will have to sell it dirt-cheap (to him, Tate, of course). Up until now, Lufton's had his stock on the Ute Indian reservation (he's been selling beef to the government) but Tate's in cahoots with the government agent (Frank Faylen) and they've given Lufton his walking papers. That's when Lufton starts planning to move in on the homesteaders. Jim Garry (Bob Mitchum), an old friend of Tate's, comes riding up to the whole mess looking for a job. Tate's already got one of Lufton's daughters (Phyllis Thaxter) in love with him, and he's using her to further his own shifty ends; another Lufton daughter (Barbara Bel Geddes) falls for Mitchum, and before the picture's over, half the people involved are shot quite dead. Walter Brennan, in a small part, is wonderful, and as taut, exciting Western drama goes, so is *Blood on the Moon*—*RKO.*



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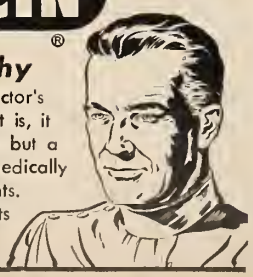
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QUESTIONNAIRE

What stories and features did you enjoy most in our January issue? WRITE THE NUMBERS 1, 2, and 3 AT THE RIGHT OF YOUR 1st, 2nd and 3rd CHOICES.

The Truth About James Mason ☐
The Ten Greatest Myths of Hollywood by Hedda Hopper ☐
Mother Was Never Like This (Joan Bennett) ☐
The Christmas I'll Never Forget by Alida Valli ☐
The Gang's All Here (Ann Blyth) ☐
Robert Walker: Tragic Figure ☐
The Mocambo Affairs ☐
Why Jimmy Stewart Won't Marry ☐
This Secret Power by Greer Garson ☐
And Baby Makes Three (June Allyson-Dick Powell) ☐
She's A Big Girl Now! (Elizabeth Taylor) ☐
He Got What He Wanted (Larry Parks) ☐
Parting Is Such Sorrow (Gloria DeHaven-John Payne) ☐
Picture Of The Month (Enchantment) ☐
Perpetual Emotion (Cyd Charisse-Tony Martin) ☐
Louella Parsons' Good News ☐

Which of the above did you like LEAST?.....

What 3 MALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them, 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.....

.....

What 3 FEMALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them, 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.....

.....

What MALE star do you like least?.....

What FEMALE star do you like least?.....

My name is.....

My address is.....

City..... Zone..... State..... I am ..... years old

ADDRESS THIS TO: POLL DEPT., MODERN SCREEN, BOX 125, MURRAY HILL STATION, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.



Return of October: Professor Glenn Ford becomes involved with a horse-lover, Terry Moore.

RETURN OF OCTOBER

James Gleason is Terry Moore's uncle, as the Technicolored *Return of October* opens. But the poor fellow has a heart attack when his horse loses a race, and this leaves Terry alone in the world, with nothing to do except go and live at her rich old Aunt Martha's house. Up until now, she's bummed around with Uncle Willie, and all she knows is horses. She knows some touts, too. They're a docile bunch; they just love little Terry, they allow her to stay up late shooting craps with them, and they even allow her to walk off with the pots in a way no nice-mannered girl would do. However, I'm quibbling. Trouble is, I found very little to admire in Miss Terry. For instance, she hitches a ride with Glenn Ford (who's a Professor Bassett at a nearby college) and in the short time she's with him, she says sneeringly, "Phi Beta Kappa, what's that?" (she has a habit of acting snobbish about education, a little of which wouldn't have hurt her a bit), and she also tells him he's a "schnookle" because he doesn't know from horses. Anyhow, to make a long story, her rich Aunt Martha admires her for being such a spunky little critter (Aunt Martha's other dependents are a weak-kneed lot) and Terry is indulged more than you'd believe possible. Ultimately, she has another run-in with Glenn Ford, when they both show up at a horse-auction trying to buy the same sad horse, a wind-sucker called October. Ford wants it for some scientific research at the college; Terry wants it because she thinks it's her Uncle Willie. Believe it or not, she's noted a resemblance. That, coupled with the fact that Uncle Willie'd always said if he ever came back, he'd come back as a horse and win the Derby, decides her. From there, it gets really wild.

Glenn Ford is fine; Albert Sharpe, late of *Finian's Rainbow*, is more or less wasted in a small Irish part; Jimmy Gleason is swell, and Terry Moore is a round-faced blend of Deanna Durbin and Joan Leslie.—*Col.*

THE RED SHOES

Hans Christian Andersen, in one of his grim little tales for children, told of a girl whose shoes would not stop dancing, and who died (presumably of exhaustion) when

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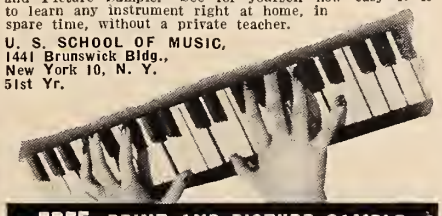
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she couldn't get the fatal booties off. This picture is based on Mr. Andersen's invention. It starts in London, where a man named Lermontov (Anton Walbrook), who's the head of a very famous ballet company, hires two new people. They are a young man named Julian Craster (Marius Goring), who writes music, and a girl named Victoria Page (Moira Shearer), who wants to dance. Lermontov's passion for the ballet entirely rules his life. When his première ballerina announces that she's going to be married, he takes this for a reprehensible sign of human frailty, and so far as he's concerned, she's all washed up. He starts training Victoria, in whom he detects signs of more than ordinary ability, coupled with a dedication equal to his own. She says she lives to dance, and he believes her. The company travels, and Julian and Vicky both grow. Julian writes a ballet called "The Red Shoes" about a girl whose dancing shoes keep her from finding peace until she dies. Vicky dances the lead; the role makes her a star. But Julian and Vicky fall in love, and this enrages Lermontov, who claims that the work of both is sure to suffer. To a sharp eye it's apparent that Lermontov himself is in love with Vicky. There's a quarrel, and Julian leaves the company. Vicky goes with him; they get married. Julian writes an opera—he's busy and happy—but Vicky misses her dancing. When Lermontov schemes to get her back, he succeeds. "Nobody else has ever danced 'The Red Shoes'," he tells her. "Have you forgotten your ambitions?" The way things work out (or *don't* work out), Julian's opera and the ballet are both scheduled to open the same night; Vicky refuses to give up her dancing just to stay by Julian's side; Julian leaves her forever, and there's nothing for the poor girl to do but go leaping off a parapet to her death, thereby carrying out the symbolism of "The Red Shoes." The ending is too melodramatic, even if it *was* inevitable. You keep thinking that stubborn couple might have effected some sort of compromise and lived happily ever after. The picture's two and a half hours long, contains a full-length ballet, exquisite Technicolor, and superb performances by everyone concerned, including the great dancer Leonide Massine.—*Eagle-Lion*

THE PALEFACE

Jane Russell, that gorgeous, gorgeous creature, is cast here as Calamity Jane, famous lady hotshot of Injun fightin' days. Governor somebody-or-other gets her out of the clink where she's been languishing for some unnamed sin, and promises her a full pardon if she'll take a job as a federal agent. He wants her to go West and find out who's been selling dynamite and other messy playthings to a feller named Chief Yellow Feathers. (In the end, it turns out that one of the governor's own sneaky little aides done it, but we've got a while to go yet.) Jane takes up with a dentist called Painless Peter Potter (Bob Hope) because he's conveniently dumb, and she can make him marry her. (A lone woman traveling West in a



The Paleface: Federal agent Jone Russell uses dentist Hope as a decoy for her sleuthing.

wagon train might arouse some attention.) When the rumor spreads that a federal agent is with the caravan, Jane manages to shift suspicion to Bob. Whoever kills Bob, she figures, will be the villain she's after. The logic of this is immediately apparent. Bob, however, shows a stubborn inclination to keep breathing. He scrambles through the picture, never quite sure what's going on, the swaggering, bragging hero, often cut down by his own rare candor. There's the time Yellow Feather's boys attack a log cabin, and Bob's locked outside. He leaps into a rain barrel, and heroically aims his gun over the top. "All those Indians," he sighs, "against one coward." *The Paleface* is hilarious, exciting, lovely to look at, and the song, "Buttons and Bows," started there. If you miss it, have your head examined.—*Para.*

UNFAITHFULLY YOURS

You get a little bit of everything here, and it's all Preston Sturges'. He wrote, produced, directed. To begin with, Sir Alfred De Carter (Rex Harrison), a baronet who leads a symphony orchestra, is married to Linda Darnell. Linda's sister, Barbara Lawrence, is married to Rudy Vallee. Rudy's a millionaire, a stuffed shirt—oh, you know the kind of parts they give Rudy Vallee. Well, Rex comes home from a concert tour and finds that Rudy's been looking out for his interests; in fact, he's had a detective trailing Linda. At first, Rex is enraged, but the more gossip he hears about Linda, the more curious he becomes. One night he's conducting Tschaikovsky, and, as the music swells, you (the audience) see into his (Rex's, not Tschaikovsky's) mind's eye, where he's neatly plotting Linda's murder. Everything goes smoothly, Rex's secretary (Kurt Kreuger), the man under suspicion of being Linda's boyfriend, burns for the murder, and it's a highly satisfactory dream. But as the concert continues, Rex's mood changes. We see him conjuring up a scene in which he gives Linda a huge check, and forgives her. "Youth cries to youth," he whispers, tragically. The movie turns into high (or low) farce, when the real-life Rex, attempting to re-create one of the scenes he'd ex-



Unfaithfully Yours: Rex Harrison suspects his wife, Linda Darnell, and secretary Kurt Kreuger.

ecuted so perfectly in his imagination, very nearly executes himself. Anyhow, Linda wasn't guilty in the first place, and you should have known it right along.—*20th-Fox.*

MACBETH

Life Magazine gasped itself into a convulsion over this production, the Luce critics thought it was so funny. And the audience tittered the night I saw it, too. Which leaves me nowhere, because I thought it was fine. Furthermore, I thought Orson Welles, as the ambitious but tortured Macbeth, was both impressive and moving, even if he did carry funny looking pike-staffs (and what's the matter with authenticity anyhow?). Some liberties were taken with Shakespeare, but name me a Shakespearean production where some weren't. The story's still about the General, Macbeth, whose ruthless wife urges him to kill Scotland's king, and take the crown for himself. Murder leads to murder as the fearful Macbeth attempts to insure his new power, and eventually even Lady Macbeth splits under the strain. She goes pitching off a cliff, quite unhinged. (Shakespeare didn't specify how the wicked female died, so Orson just picked a way which pleased him.) The music for Macbeth is thrilling, Jeannette Nolan is the same as Lady M., and two of the most wonderful performances are given by Dan O'Herlihy and Peggy Webber as Macduff and Lady Macduff, victims of Macbeth's treachery. Roddy McDowall seemed to me miscast as Malcolm, son of the slain king, but surely that's a matter of taste. The three horrible witches prophesy in their croaking fashion, an army marches on Macbeth, justice moves to its inevitable victory, and the beautiful words of the old play lose nothing because they're spoken with Scottish brogues. After all, the thing happens in Scotland.—*Rep.*

ROAD HOUSE

Road House has to do with Richard Widmark, a sweet young fellow who happens to be a homicidal maniac by avocation; Cornel Wilde, his oldest friend; Ida Lupino, a girl who can't sing, but makes a living at it; and Celeste Holm, everybody's stooge. Widmark owns a road house—he's a very rich boy, due to his having had a very rich father—

(Continued on page 96)



One Permanent Cost $15...the TONI only $2

Make your first New Year Resolution—a Toni Home Permanent! Yes, decide right now to give yourself a Toni and have lovelier, more natural-looking waves than ever before! But first you'll want to know:

Will TONI work on my hair?

Yes, Toni waves any kind of hair that will take a permanent, including gray, dyed, bleached or baby-fine hair.

Is it easy to do?

Amazingly easy. Instructions in each Toni Kit show you how with simple step by step pictures. It's easy as rolling your hair up on curlers. No wonder more than 2 million women a month use Toni.

Will TONI save me time?

Toni puts half-a-day back in your life. For you give yourself a Toni wave right at home. You are free to do whatever you want while the wave is "taking".

How long will my TONI wave last?

Your Toni wave is guaranteed to last just as long as any $15 beauty shop permanent—or you get back every cent you paid.

How much will I save with TONI?

You save money not just once with Toni—but *every time* you give yourself a lovely Toni wave! For the Toni Kit with plastic curlers costs only $2. You can use the plastic curlers again and again. So, for your second Toni wave, all you need is the Toni Refill Kit. It costs only $1 . . . *yet there's no finer permanent at any price!*

Which twin has the TONI?

Attractive Frances and Bernadette Hanson live in New York City. Frances, the twin on the right, says: "My Toni Wave was soft and natural-looking right from the start." Bernadette says, "We're Toni Twins from now on!"



NOW over ~~1~~ 2 million women a month use Toni


It was a moment for being a woman
for only a woman's weapon
could keep her alive...now!
Gregory Peck
Anne Baxter
Richard Widmark
YELLOW SKY
with
ROBERT ARTHUR · JOHN RUSSELL
HENRY MORGAN · JAMES BARTON · CHARLES KEMPER
20th CENTURY-FOX
Directed by WILLIAM A. WELLMAN
Produced by LAMAR TROTTI
SCREEN PLAY BY LAMAR TROTTI
BASED ON A STORY BY W. R. BURNETT





to the winners!

Dear Champions of 1948:

A roll of drums and a flourish of trumpets!

On the following two pages, we are honored to announce you as the winners of MODERN SCREEN'S 1948 star-popularity poll—the most extensive survey of fan preferences ever conducted by any magazine. You've been voted their favorites by our more than four-and-a-half million readers in every part of the country in every age group. You're entitled to feel pretty proud about it.

Our heartiest congratulations go to you, Lana Turner, for emerging as top star among the ladies. You've done it despite a really savage working-over this year by certain portions of the press. But your constantly gracious attitude toward the fans, your honest, whole-hearted performances in screen roles, and the courageous dignity you've shown under stress have been rewarded by rich dividends of loyalty from friends old and new.

We're also very happy about you, Alan Ladd, for being first among the males. You're another who, in your personal dealings, seems always to achieve a warm, easy friendliness. And while your films this past year have established no cinematic milestones, you've unfailingly projected in them one of the most clean-cut and arresting personalities in screen history—a personality solidly backed by the sincerity and dependable professionalism which from the beginning have marked your work.

To you, Misses Temple, Grable, Bergman and Allyson, and to you, Messrs. Crosby, Power, Gable and Rogers—who have earned the great distinction of crowding your Hollywood colleagues for top popularity—to all of you we join our readers in extending congratulations and best wishes for continuing success in the careers that have given us so much top-notch entertainment, beauty and enlightenment.

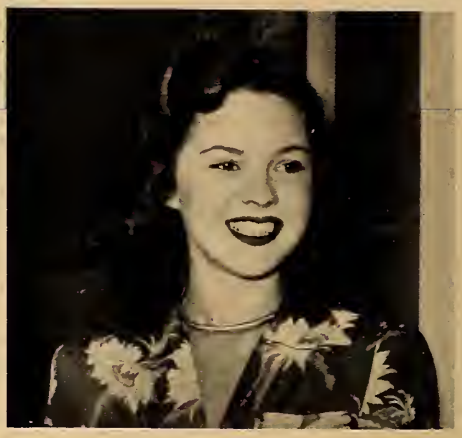
You're the winners. It couldn't have happened to nicer movie stars.

Quadett H. Nichols

EDITOR



to the winners!



2



3



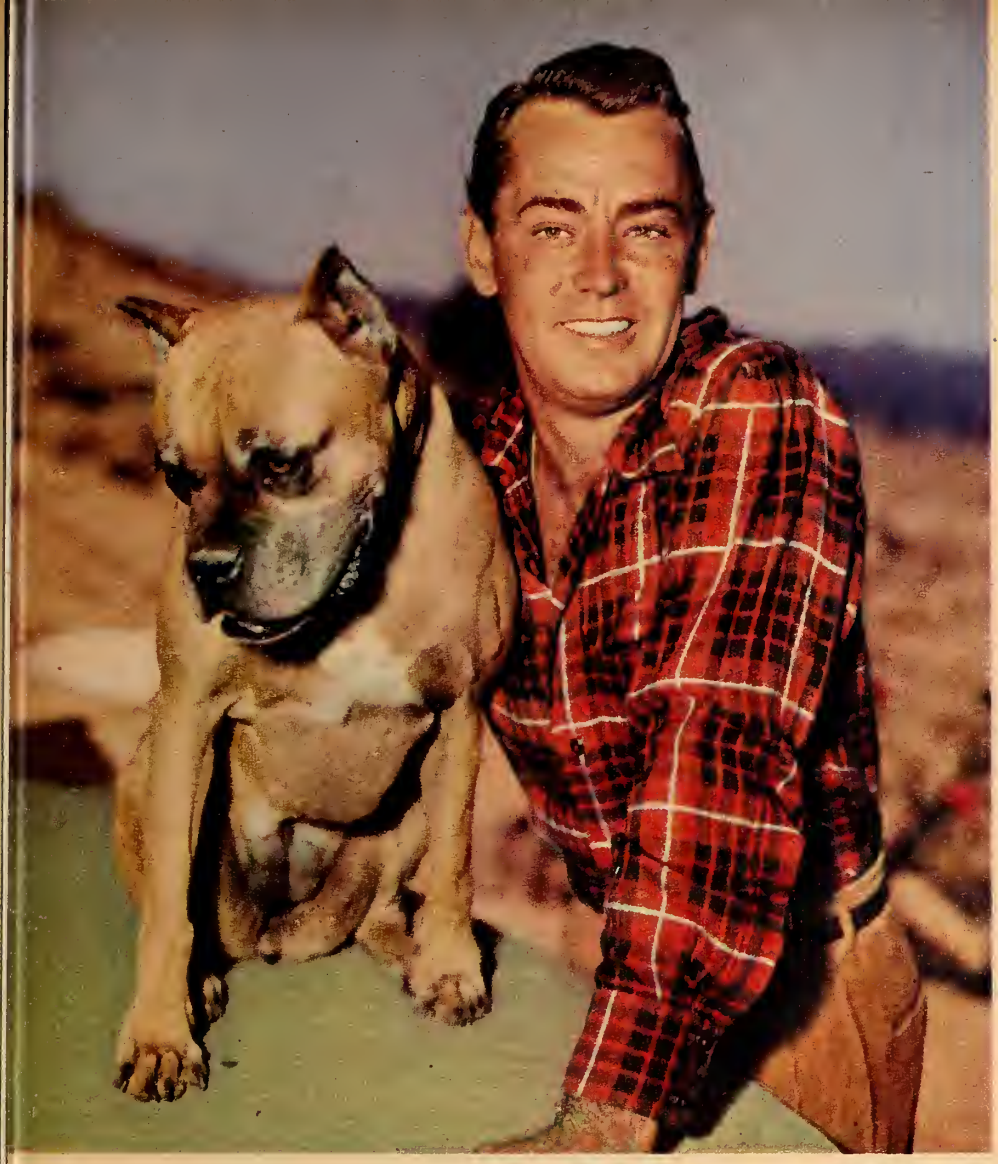
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5

You Voted Lana Turner Top Actress Of 1948 In Modern Screen's Popularity Poll

■ Lana Turner became a household word in 1948. Tons of newsprint were devoted to her engagement and marriage to Bob Topping and their honeymoon abroad—during which she drew violent attacks when the press decided she was behaving too independently. But you voters stuck by Lana, the friendly person, the sincere actress. . . . You voted Shirley Temple second only to Lana. Certainly the birth of Linda Susan endeared Shirley to us more than ever—if that's possible! . . . Betty Grable, who came in third, made little news—she just kept on being the one-and-only wonderful Betty. . . . Ingrid Bergman, No. 4 on your list, remained "the first lady of Hollywood"—a simple, beautiful personality, still touched with mystery. . . . June Allyson, in placing fifth, continued to demonstrate the strong attraction of her sparkling qualities of freshness and youth.





2



3



4



5

You Voted Alan Ladd Top Actor Of 1948 In Modern Screen's Popularity Poll

■ MODERN SCREEN readers first made us Ladd-conscious back in 1942. We've been featuring four Ladd stories a year, or better, ever since—by popular demand. And now you've voted Alan your top male favorite in 1948. . . . As for Crosby, the guy must have no enemies. Yep, everybody loves the character, and it's no surprise to find you've voted him into the No. 2 slot. . . . Neither are we startled to see Tyrone Power only a few votes behind the Groaner. There's a movie idol as is a movie idol—handsome, suave, but perennially boyish. . . . That Gable man, whom you voted fourth, had only one film in 1948, and it wasn't *too* sensational. But to you and you—and us—he's still Mr. Hollywood. . . . Maybe your fifth choice, Roy Rogers, deserves a citation for proving that a cowboy can marry the girl and still keep his fans. But he's Roy—and she's Dale!



PEOPLE BELIEVE ALMOST ANYTHING ABOUT HOLLYWOOD. FOLLOWING ARE TEN MOST CHERISHED FABLES:

1. All stars are rich as Croesus and spend their millions like sailors on a spree.

2. All Hollywood parties are sin-soaked orgies.

3. Stars guzzle whiskey and sniff dope for breakfast, lunch and dinner.

4. Studios arrange all star romances.

5. You have to be the boss's girl friend to get ahead.

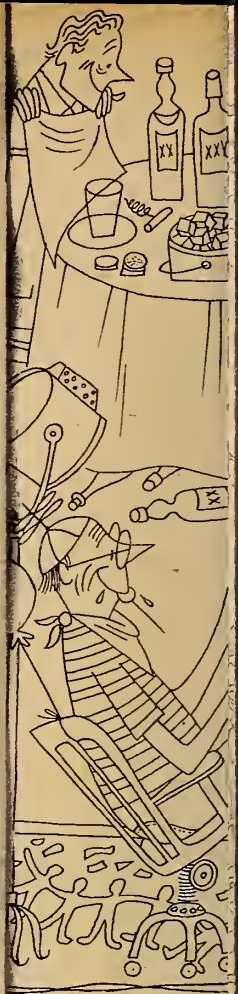
6. You have to play lots of politics to stay on top.

7. All producers have I.Q.'s two grades below a moron.

8. All child stars are spoiled brats.

9. Stars change wives and husbands every hour on the hour.

10. All stars hate Hollywood like poison and are dying to shake its stardust from their feet.



the ten great myths of hollywood

by hedda hopper

There isn't
a Hollywood fable
Hedda Hopper doesn't know.
Now this astute reporter
takes up her pen
to explode ten of the most
frequently circulated myths . . .



■ "Hollywood must be such an awfully weird place," the lady quivered. "Imagine Shirley Temple and that Mickey Rooney posing as child prodigies when everyone knows they're really midgets."

I put on my most confidential expression. "And my dear," I stage-whispered, "think of Clark Gable and those artificial ears!" I could see her vibrate like a harp.

That was some years ago, of course, at a party back East, and I'm ashamed of myself now for kicking along a gag with a gullible gal, but she had it coming to her. Yet today, when you'd think people would know better, I still hear just such crazy convictions about Hollywood and its stars wherever I go, told to me with strictly straight faces and sincere belief.

Well, let's go to work and turn up some facts about these fictions. The first puffed-up myth I'd like to explode is the one that says Hollywood stars live like Roman emperors gone money-mad.

Pooh—and pooh again! I can show you palaces and estates on Long Island, Grosse Pointe or even staid old Philadelphia's Main Line that outshine anything you can find around Bel-Air or Beverly Hills. The difference is, you don't see their pictures every time a printing press rolls.

Maybe you'll be shocked to know that a good half of Hollywood's gold-plated guys and gals figuratively hock the family silver along about February of each year so they can pay their income tax. Then they spend the next 12 months catching up and paying back! How come —with salaries in the four figures and all that? Well, the way it works out, if you make $5000 a week, around $800 of it stays in your pants pocket or alligator purse. That's scarcely enough to live like the Nizam of Hyderabad.

Hollywood's lords and ladies aren't dining on humming birds' wings off gold plate or having attendants holding their trains *these* days. Servant staffs have dwindled almost to the vanishing point; rare is the star who has over two. The Bob Taylors, Irene Dunne, Claudette Colbert and Joan Crawford get along with couples where there used to be at least four well-paid hired hands. Paulette Goddard recently sold her house, and now lives in an apartment with one maid. (At least one paid helper is a Hollywood necessity—someone has to be on hand to handle telephone calls, housework, babies or what ails you when a picture's shooting.)

Now what about those fine feathers? Well, Hollywood's stars are on display every minute. A legend of grandness surrounds them, and who puts it there? You and you. What's more, you want it there. That's why I say to every young star I meet, "Learn how to dress. Dress well, expensively. It's the best. (*Continued on page 62*)



At 18, she was lovely. But 20 years and four daughters can do things to a woman—they've made Joan Bennett more beautiful, more glamorous than ever!

BY ARTHUR L. CHARLES

Mother was never like this

■ It happened at the wedding reception. Joan Bennett's oldest daughter, Diana, had just been married to a tall blond lad named John Hardy Anderson, and both families stood grouped in the garden, chatting.

One of the late-comers to the reception, a non-professional who couldn't tell Greer Garson from Betty Grable, was a little shocked by the proceedings. Cuddling close to her escort, she whispered, "Of course I must be wrong—but the bride looks very much pregnant to me!"

The escort smiled. "Mmm, hmm," he said. "Only that's not the bride. That girl you're staring at is the bride's *mother!*"

A month later Joan Bennett gave birth to her fourth daughter and thus became the only active actress in Hollywood with four children of her own.

Shelley Wanger was born on July 4th, 1948, and immediately following her earthly arrival, the movie colony's feline contingent began clawing away at her mother's career.

"It's amazing!" I heard one old witch explain to a friend at Romanoff's. "It really is. I always thought Joan Bennett was a smart little cookie. I thought she'd have the baby on the q. t.—you know, maybe in Santa Barbara or some place like that. But no! Right here in Hollywood. And *four* children! I mean she's supposed to be a glamorous screen siren—and what man wants to see a screen siren with four daughters? And another thing—marrying her daughter off in public like that. Doesn't she realize she can get to be a grandmother that way?" (*Continued on page 93*)



The star of *Blank Wall,* at 38, is the only active movie siren with four daughters. Oldest, Diana, expects *her* baby in March.

Joan, holding baby Shelley, with Stephanie, five, and Melissa, 14.



by alida valli

■ I was shivering and barely awake when my mother came into the room. That winter in Rome you didn't need to get out of bed in the morning to get cold; you were cold all night. You awoke cold, even if it were Christmas Day. I heard my mother calling.

"Il Giorno de Natale, Alida," she was saying. "Or have you forgotten?"

I hadn't forgotten. Nor was I forgetting something else that wasn't so pleasant to think about. It was on my mind as I slipped from under the blankets into my clothes, with no freezing seconds lost in between, you may be sure.

Christmas of 1944. There was no fuel for heating. There was enough electricity to operate a small electric heater for a few hours—no more. There was almost no food. You either had it saved up, grew something of your own, or else stood endlessly in long lines with your silly ration card in your hand; silly because even the few ounces of edibles it entitled you to were rarely to be had. There was no business, no factories running, no work to be done. There were just houses in which people lingered and starved, and in the streets German military—the angry and fearful German military. They had excellent reason for feeling nervous. This was the winter after Italy had officially surrendered and gone over to the Allied cause. (*Continued on page 82*)

Mother and I were alone in the cold room, remembering the sounds of other Italian Christmases . . . and then came the dreaded pounding on the door.

the christmas I'll never forget



Always, she'd dreamed
of a home of her own. So when the
dream came true at last,
Ann Blyth couldn't wait another
minute. She invited the
whole gang over for a rollicking
house-warming party!

the gang's all here!

by reba and bonnie churchill



Jone Powell ond Lon McCollister get Ann Blyth's house-worming porty storted with a be-ribboned gift. The house is o five-minute drive from the studio, which ollows Ann 10 extro minutes of sleep in the morning.



The bubble gum came in six colors, but Jonet Leigh hod trouble with even one kind. Success wos brief, for Donny Scholl come olong ond burst it on her foce, sending her off to repoir domoges.

■ It was Ann Blyth on the telephone.

"The paint isn't quite dry on the walls and the movers are just bringing in my new piano—but you're invited to a house-warming party tonight . . . Yes, tonight—right away! I can't wait."

No more apartments for Ann! No more thumping on the walls when the dog got playful. It was eight rooms of beautiful space and all hers—and the first house she'd ever lived in. Her impatience to get going was really understandable.

By 7 p.m. the hostess and house were ready. A fire glowed in the living-room and gay balloons (filled with helium) hugged the ceiling. The aroma of roast turkey drifted in from the kitchen.

Outside, tacked over the door, was a sign bidding all "WELCOME to Casa de Ann." And standing beneath it were we. We being Jane Powell, Elizabeth Taylor, Lon McCallister, Arthur Loew and ourselves. A step behind us were Mel Torme and Susan Perry.

Lon gave the doorbell his familiar ring—two longs and a short.

The door of the Spanish stucco swung open. There was a confusion of "Greetings, Señorita!" . . . "Buenas tardes!" . . . and some "Hi, Ann's!" from the less bi-lingual.

Janie and Liz didn't bother taking off their jackets. They just had to see the house first.

Ann wore the grin of a proud owner as she conducted the tour of inspection. "There's cross ventilation here . . . and pegged hardwood floors there . . . and unit heat . . . and linen closets . . . and a music room . . . and . . ."

"It's a shame," Art Loew dead-panned. "A beautiful spot like this and no yard!"

"Ah, so you want the fifty-cent tour," Ann smiled. We followed her to the patio, which overlooks the large backyard. It's a typical California setting. The grounds are dotted with flowers and fruit trees. There's a barbecue grill and plenty of space for that "hoped for" swimming pool. The garage is extra large. It houses the deep freeze as well as many of Ann's film stills.

Our invasion of the backyard proved to be a mistake. Ann has a dog named Chad. He's a huge Afghan whose ancestors guarded the pyramids in Egypt. To Chad, Ann's the pyramids. When his barking subsided, we could hear laughter coming from the house.

It was late-comers—Douglas Dick, Gloria Jean, Danny Scholl, Janet Leigh and Dick Moore. They'd let themselves in and were happily munching on dill pickles and celery stalks. (*Continued on next page*)

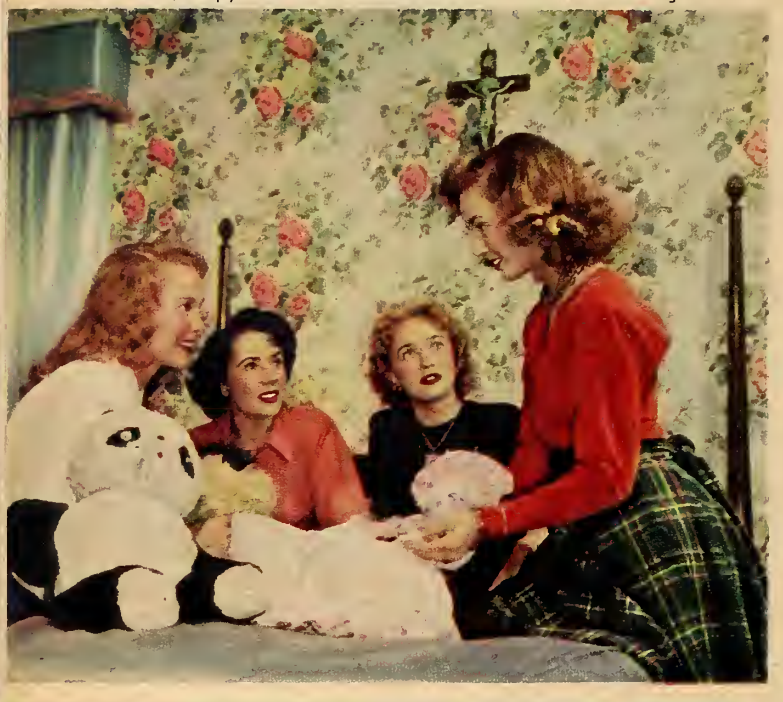


A highlight of the evening was a game called "Let's pin the balloons on Lan," with Liz Taylor, Scott Brady and Dick Moore the chief participants. Afterwards, Liz took a ribbing about her beau, Lieut. Glenn Davis.



Mel Torme coaxes Jane, Scott, Susan Perry, Bonnie and Lon to record their housewarming sentiments for posterity. Lon's were quite lyrical: "It's grand, Ann," "It's zonie, Janie," etc.

Upstoirs, Ann shows Jonet, Liz and Jonie her doll collection, storted when she wos three. The bedroom is the one Ann's dreomed of for yeors—except for o bed-conopy, which had to be discorded becouse the ceiling's too low!





Jonie, Lon ond Doug give the spinet o whirl, while Danny Scholl, Janet Leigh, Liz Toylor, Ann ond Art Loew egg them on. Loter, to prove her sang in *Mr. Peabody* wosn't dubbed, Ann song the eerie mermoid woil.

(*Continued from preceding page*) "Hey, where did you get those?" demanded Susan Perry.

"Snitched them from the table," they confessed.

"Never mind, Susan—you can chomp on this," suggested Ann.

"This" turned out to be Edgar Bergen's new bubble gum, which comes in six colors and makes king-sized bubbles. Gloria Jean immediately chose a licorice piece which she saw fit to pep up with occasional nibbles on her pickle.

Lon and Doug Dick were busy christening Ann's new spinet piano, so Janie Powell took a piece for herself and for each of the boys. She selected red, yellow and green—and made rainbow bubbles, which she promptly began snapping in Lon's ear.

This was more than Janet Leigh could accomplish. At first she simply couldn't blow bubbles. And when she did manage to puff out a baby-sized one, Danny Scholl burst it on her face. With a series of sputtering threats, she departed for Ann's bedroom to repair the damage.

Ann's bedroom is papered in a riotous rambling-rose print which enlivens the mahogany period furniture. The four-poster bed has a pale-blue satin spread, skirted with stiff white organdy. On it is displayed part of her doll collection, which Ann started when she was three. In one corner of the room is a specially lighted makeup mirror, which is dandy for applying cosmetics—or repairing bubble gum casualties. Sooner or later every girl had an opportunity to try it out.

When Gloria Jean came in, she sighed, "Ann, your room is beautiful! Did an interior decorator help you?"

"No," said Ann, "but I've always dreamed of a room like this. When I was off the screen with my back injury, I used to lie in bed planning where everything would go." It was during this period of convalescence that Ann took up sewing and made many of the doilies and cushions that now decorate the room.

"The only thing lacking," confided Ann, "is a canopy over my bed. I bought one all right—and then discovered the ceiling was too low for it. It's currently beautifying the garage."

Ann's discourse was interrupted by Scott Brady's loud off-stage whisper from the living room: "Well, men, since the girls have deserted us, guess we'll all have double portions of everything."

We ran in to join 'em! (*Continued on page 85*)

Bannie, Susan, Mel, Reba, Liz, Lan and Jane help Ann make the faad disappear. Belaw: the kids squat camfartably an the rug—all except Dick Maare, whase dinner's being threatened by a runaway ballaan.

Ta ga with the raast turkey, there were bawls af steaming spaghetti, hat patata salad, caakies and apple cider. Far same af Ann's special party recipes, see MODERN SCREEN's new Fan Fare column an page 91.



What are the real reasons behind Bob Walker's bewildering behavior? One of Hollywood's foremost reporters cuts through the headlines to tell you what they are. . . .

Robert Walker: TRAGIC FIGURE

■ "Cut your lawn for fifty cents, sir?" The little eight-year-old boy was very appealing. The owner of the big house—one of the biggest in Ogden, Utah—smiled down as he hurried out to his car. "Sure, son, if you want to," he said.

So the ambitious little boy spent all that Saturday morning in mighty toil, shoving the heavy mower back and forth, back and forth across the big lawn. And then—

"He never paid me," said Robert Walker just the other day, with as much bitterness as if the incident had happened yesterday instead of 21 years ago. "I'll never forgive him," he added in dead earnest.

Sensitive, suspicious, filled with unforgotten heartache, Robert Walker seems to be going through life with the self-indulgent conviction that every man and woman is his active or potential enemy. Some of his friends think it all began in just such little incidents in his childhood as that busy house-owner's forgetting to pay him the fifty cents. Others explain it by the oft-advanced theory that he has never recovered from the shock of his divorce from Jennifer Jones.

In any event, his friends were given fresh cause for sorrow a few weeks ago when the unpredictable young man made headlines—and news photos—by being arrested and fined in Los Angeles (*Continued on page 84*)



Bob as he appeared in a Los Angeles police station, when he was booked on charges of being "drunk, noisy, loud and boisterous."

by sheilah graham



■ People have parties at the Mocambo on the slightest provocation. People such as Judy Garland and Cary Grant and Clark Gable and Joan Crawford. Sometimes these affairs are so big our walls bulge—and sometimes we have four or five such jumbo gatherings in the room at once. But often the party will be strictly a table for two. Maybe this kind is the most interesting.

The Mocambo, in case you don't know, is a Hollywood night club on Sunset Boulevard. The name comes from a little *cantina* in Vera Cruz. The decor we dreamed up by ourselves. The room is a splash of bright colors. One whole wall is a glassed-in bird cage in which some 200 parakeets, macaws, rice birds and love birds flit back and forth. We've had people say, "Good grief, the wallpaper's moving!" But most of our guests are used to the tropical birds by now.

Some people say until you've been partied at the Mocambo you haven't arrived. I don't know about that. But if you're on the way up, and if you're a nice person we'll be partying for you sooner or later.

The romantic parties are the most fun. I'm getting so I can detect the approach of wedding bells—usually before the anxious swain has phrased the question. When Tony Martin started courting Cyd Charisse, he would call us to make sure we had table flowers of the right color for a little party he was



by charlie morrison

proprietor of the famous Mocambo

Dreams for two,
and cocktails, dinners
that say goodbye—
these are the Mocambo affairs,
these are the
evenings that should
never end . . .



Mocombo-goer Peter Lowford stops for cigorettes (above) on his woy in for o goy evening (left). Burt Loncaster and his wife Normo (below) rarely step out but do so here.



kodachromes by bert parry

giving Cyd. Right away I marked Cyd and Tony down as altar prospects.

Beautiful Jane Greer was a certainty for a gold band when Ed Lasker first saw her in Mocambo and started dating her there three times a week. You could tell by the smile on Ed's face. Anyone at Mocambo could see that Marie McDonald and Harry Karl were slated for domestic partnership. But some people laughed when I told them my perennial bachelor friend, Mike Romanoff, was soon to move off the singles list. Well, just the other day he married Gloria Lister and confirmed what I'd been saying. And it was clear after Mocambo date number three that Eleanor Parker was going to say yes when Bert

the **mocambo** affairs



Parties at the Macambo are given far any and na reason. This ane was in Jae Pasternak's hanor the night he left an a Hanalulu vacatian. Jimmy Durante bids Jae a fand farewell far the camera.



Erral Flynn's tiffs have accasionally put the Mocamba an the frant page. Owner Marrisan daesn't like this kind af notoriety, but he likes Errol and Nara Flynn. Here, he escarts them ta their car.



There can be twa ar twa hundred at a Mocambo affair—they all get the same svelte service. Shirley and Jahn Agar usually sit home by the fire, but even they can't escape the lure af this night club.



One of Charlie's favarite and best-dressed guests is Clark Gable (here with Nancy "Slim" Hawkes). Clark usually thraws big parties —an easy and gala way of paying off his many social obligations.



Van Heflin and his wife usually rough it in slacks and sweaters, but they dress up far the Macamba. Family couples like the Heflins come ta Charlie's place often. Here, they're with the Marrisans.



Before his marriage to Lita Baron (abave), Rory Calhaun was high an Morrison's list of unattached men. As saan as he started asking far special flower arrangements, Morrisan knew it meant romance.

(*Continued from page 41*) Friedlob got up enough steam.

Our largest headaches in the party line happen once a year. On schedule.

That's on Academy Award night.

About a week before, the trouble starts. Some big studio executive gets Albert, our *mâitre d'hôtel,* on the phone. "We can't miss winning the Award, Albert," he says. "I want to give Mary the biggest and nicest party she's ever had."

"Certainly, sir," Albert replies. "Will do."

What he doesn't, and can't, tell him is that just a few minutes before he had approximately the same conversation with a man from another studio, and the name was Betty. Yesterday it was someone from still another studio ordering festivities for a girl called Dorothy.

What do we do? Besides going quietly nuts, I mean. We'll go ahead and stage parties for everybody. Thank heavens, we've never met a movie personality (*Continued on page 95*)

Diana Lynn and Bob Neal were a steady Macambo duo before her engagement to architect John Lindsay. Here she and Bob await their table (below).







Bachelor Jimmy often dates the recently divorced Gloria MacLean.

why jimmy stewart won't marry



■ The way Jimmy Stewart is becoming more and more the confirmed, self-possessed bachelor seems a little sad to many of his friends.

The girls who are escorted by Jimmy nowadays find him interesting, humorous (in his own dry, hesitant way) and attentive (his gaze never strays away from his partner to see who might be coming in the door, or to scan the people at other tables, nor does he table-hop). He is even quite willing to talk about marriage—but he likes to talk about it impersonally.

His preference is for girls who can take to the subject in the same spirit. Sooner or later that is made pretty clear to any girl who indicates to Jimmy that she has specific ideas on the matter.

When the outside world—in the form, say, of a columnist or magazine writer—tries to pry romantically, Jimmy turns the questions aside expertly or pokes fun at them cleverly. Nobody can banter better than Jimmy. Just now the queries seem mainly to concern Gloria Hatrick MacLean, recently divorced from the wealthy Ned MacLean. Does he plan to marry her?

"She hasn't asked me yet," he comes back blithely.

Or someone will want to know how it feels to be going out with a girl like Gloria MacLean (*Continued on page 78*)

Do shadows
stand between Jimmy
and marriage . . .
shadows of a small town
boyhood . . . of a
secret love that knows
no ending
and no fulfillment?

BY JACK WADE





Margaret Sullavan,
married three times,
is the girl Jimmy met at
Princeton eighteen years
ago and never forgot.



Myrna Dell (upper left)
and Anita Colby (above) keep
Jimmy busy, but he
hasn't proposed
to either.



Before she
married Jack Briggs,
Ginger Rogers was frequently
seen with Jimmy—
as were so many others.



It was predicted that
Olivia De Havilland would
marry Jimmy—whom she colled
"super-shy." But Olivia is
now Mrs. Marcus Goodrich.

Luck? Ability?

They often help.

But there's something

else to getting

what you want—

this secret power that

makes things so . . .

this SECRET POWER

by Greer Garson

■ One day, two years ago, I was playing a scene for *Desire Me* on a shelf of ragged rocks that reached out into the Pacific Ocean. The coast at Big Sur in California is wild and fierce with high, sheer cliffs and the surf comes in like a cavalry charge to shatter and retreat in roaring confusion out to sea.

I didn't see the huge comber until it was too late. The next thing I knew the sky blotted out with a roar and I rolled over the flinty edges toward the edge of our precarious picture stage.

I don't remember being frightened. But I certainly do remember hugging those sharp rocks with all my might even though they cut and bruised. Suddenly, painful as it was, that jagged ledge was the most precious thing in the universe. I was on the brink when strong arms caught and pulled me back.

After I got out of the hospital some days later, I celebrated my rescue with a little party at a cottage I have at Pebble Beach, nearby. Over steak, chips and beer, we talked of my narrow squeak. The Big Sur fisherman who had grabbed me in the nick of time to save my life was there, of course, and I remember saying to him: "How do you suppose I ever managed to stay on that ledge long enough to be rescued?"

"Miss Garson," he smiled, "I guess it was because you just wanted to like the devil!"

So many times in my life I've asked myself: Why does what happens to you happen? So many times I've had no better answer than that which the fisherman gave me. Anything that happens—especially a narrow escape from drowning—you can explain in thousands of ways. Providence, of course; luck, if you will; the intricate meshing of time and conditions. In my case, the width in feet and inches of the rocky ledge, the spent wave, a fisherman's strong arms.

But there's always something else, too: Wanting.

Every day I get letters from people anxious to achieve something—such as a Hollywood career. "Miss Garson," they ask me, "how can I become a star?" I can't answer their questions. I don't know the answers. If I did, I'd broadcast to the world the magic words. But all I know about getting anywhere you want is that there are three very essential things: wanting, trying—and getting the opportunity, the breaks. None works alone without the others. Wanting is basic. Trying is up to you. And the breaks—I do know this—they always happen.

One evening some years ago, I was having dinner (*Continued on page 86*)



and baby makes three



June and Dick rifting? Plainly preposterous.

"Congratulations!" said a voice on the phone, "you're a mother." "Dick," gasped June, "our baby's here!"—And the family had begun.

BY CYNTHIA MILLER



Home from *Little Women* set, June hangs out part of her baby's laundry.



Six months old, Allyson (she's there on the bathinette) has a tooth about ready to show and delights her folks with gurgles.

■ Outside the nursery door June stopped and squeezed her hands together until the knuckles turned white. She'd rushed home like a crazy girl the minute that dragging day at the studio ended. The phone on Lot 2 had rung between every take, it seemed, with Dick at the other end saying, exasperatingly, "Hello, Honey? She's not here yet."

"Keep calling! Don't forget! Tell me, tell me the minute it happens! . . ." And then, finally, Dick's excited burst: "She's here and she's wonderful! Hurry home, hurry!"

And now she was home and this was the moment, the time she'd see that baby at last. June Allyson felt suddenly all gone and tiny and little-girlish, weak and scared as a rabbit. Beside her, Dick grasped her waist with one hand and clamped a handkerchief over his face with the other. She'd always thought they'd do this together—bend over their adopted baby for the very first time. But now Dick had her cold—the one she'd been in bed with when the terrific news had come that the baby was on the way—and Dick didn't dare step a foot in the nursery where the seven-weeks-old baby lay. "I'll be out here, Honey. You go on in with Olie."

June turned to Miss Olsen, the nurse. "Do you mind?" she said. "I'd like to go in alone. I'm afraid of what I'll do. I don't know what I'll say, or how I'll act. I might cry . . ."

Olie smiled and waved June in to her greatest, most important entrance.

A half hour later, or maybe more, Miss Olsen had to knock discreetly. "Mrs. Powell—I think perhaps it's time the baby . . ."

"I'm coming," replied June—but it was another half hour before she backed out, away from that awesome bundle in the pink and blue basket, the amazing, incredible bud of life she'd tip-toed up to and stared at with her own little-girl mouth open and her head tilted sidewise, adoringly. Then she'd whispered, "Jo— (*Continued on page 88*)

by sara sothern taylor

This is such
a wonderful time
for Elizabeth,
standing on the brink
of womanhood . . .
a time for pearls and
perfumes and parties—
and some very
embarrassing moments!

she's a big girl now!



Controst the Elizabeth of *Little Women* with the somewhot less glomorous photogroph, next poge, token in '46.

Mrs. Taylor has okoyed Liz' beou, Lt. Glenn Dovis, who is with the Army in Korea. Liz waits for the doy he'll return.





This heart-warming portrait of Elizabeth Taylor on the threshold of maturity is made especially timely by the current reports of her "romance" with Lieutenant Glenn Davis, the ex-West Pointer of football fame. With good-humored understanding and delightful frankness, her mother—as only she could—here gives the answers to that and to other questions concerning Elizabeth.—THE EDITORS

■ One noon Elizabeth and I went to the studio commissary for lunch. Elizabeth was wearing pedal-pushers, because slacks or pedal-pushers are the easiest thing to climb into mornings, when you're in a hurry. But that day we were under the eyes of experts. Walter Plunkett, who made the lovely period costumes for *Little Women,* was sitting with Helen Rose, designer of those sensationally beautiful clothes in *Date With Judy.* As we passed their table, Mr. Plunkett waylaid me.

"Mrs. Taylor—I hope you'll understand what I'm about to say, and if you don't—just skip it. But Helen and I have decided that Elizabeth isn't the type for pedal-pushers."

"I wish you'd tell *her* that," I answered.

So they did.

"Oh, I can take a hint," said Elizabeth. "You mean I'm a little too plump." (*Continued on page 74*)



"Enchantment"

SEVEN-YEAR-OLD GIGI PERREAU AS SHE APPEARS IN ENCHANTMENT. HER AMAZING PERFORMANCE IS A MAJOR ASSET OF THIS FINE FILM.



■ If Samuel Goldwyn's *Enchantment* had no other claim to distinction, it would still be a notable motion picture because of the brief appearance, early in the story, of an actress named Gigi Perreau. Gigi Perreau is seven years old. Her performance is only one of the many charms of *Enchantment,* but it is safe to assume that what numerous movie-goers will recall most vividly in this unforgettable film is the performance of this astonishingly competent little actress.

Gigi Perreau appears in *Enchantment* for not much more than a dozen minutes. During this short period, something very curious happens on the screen. With no more than a few lines of dialogue to assist her, the young lady out-performs some extremely talented adult co-workers. Further, she establishes the mood of the picture—a mood so fragile that it could have been smashed by any lax moment of acting or direction.

Despite her tender years, Gigi is already a veteran, having appeared in 17 movies since her debut, at two, as Eve Curie as a child in *Madame Curie*. *Enchantment* may well make her a star.

Enchantment, made from Rumer Godden's novel, "Take Three Tenses," is the sort of love story that could have been hopelessly mawkish if handled without good taste. As it happens, *Enchantment* has been



done superbly. This beautiful production shows everywhere loving care in its making. Irving Reis's direction is top-drawer. John Patrick's script is practically flawless. The photography is remarkable. And, besides that of the aforementioned Miss Perreau, there are excellent performances by all concerned—especially by David Niven, who here achieves new stature, and by Jayne Meadows, who turns in one of the most frighteningly vivid portrayals of a vindictive woman in screen history.

Enchantment, to sum up, is one of the most memorable motion pictures of recent years. On these pages, MODERN SCREEN tells the story in pictures.



1. Told largely in flashbacks, *Enchantment* opens as Sir Roland Dane reluctantly takes into his wartime London home his American grand-niece, Grizel Dane (Evelyn Keyes), an ambulance driver. She wins his affection.



2. She reminds him of Lark. . . . He recalls that night in his childhood when he, his brother Pelham and his sister Selina met Lark (Gigi Perreau), the orphan his widowed father had adopted. Only Selina resented her. . . .



3. Grizel is completely unaware of all that has happened in the old house. Driving her ambulance, she meets wounded Canadian RAF officer Pax Masterson (Farley Granger). They are immediately attracted to each other.



4. Soon Pox comes to the house. Grizel is surprised to find thot Pox knows for more obout the house thon she—his ount used to tell him all obout it when he was o smoll boy. Her nome, he soys, wos Lork. . . .



5. Yeors betore, as the children in the house grew up, the resentment of Selino for Lark deepened. By the time Lark wos a lovely yaung womon (Tereso Wright), Selino (Joyne Meodaws) was bitterly jeolous.



8. Two yeors loter, Rollo returned—and reolized he wos desperotely in love with Lork. Selling his horse to get funds, he visited o pown-broker (Melville Coaper) and chase o neckloce for Lork to weor to a boll.



9. At the ball, a gay and splendid offoir, Rallo wondered sodly to whom Lork's heart belanged os he watched her doncing with the Morchese—wha hod been urging her to morry him ond live in Itoly.



12. Lork, upset, went upstoirs, leoving Rolla and Selino hotly discussing love vs. career. Rollo, deciding ta resign, rushed off ta do so. Selina then went ta Lark ond lied to her that Rolla had left—for Afghanistan.



13. Lork, ot first refusing to believe this, woited oll night. Then, leoving o letter, she departed to occept the Morchese. Rollo wos crushed on his return. Pelham turned an Selino for the evil she hod done. . . .



6. When Roland—or Rollo, os he was called—came home on leove as a young officer, he was struck by the beouty into which Lark had grown. Selina, realizing this, kept them apart as much as she could.



7. After Rollo left to rejoin his regiment, Lark began to be paid great attention by Pelham (Philip Friend—left) and the Marchese del Loudi (Shepperd Strudwick). Lark clearly seemed to fovor the Marchese.



10. Eventually, late in the evening, Rollo succeeded in getting Lork alone—and learned his fear thot she hod already committed herself to another wos groundless. Together, they went back to the house.



11. Before the fire, Rollo and Lark declared their love. But Selino entered to announce that, to further Rollo's career, she had used influence to get him ordered immediately to Afghanistan for five years.



14. Now Selina and Pelham and Lark are dead. Grizel, declaring she prefers her independence, has sent Pax oway. But Rollo—now Sir Roland—urges her to go after him, not to repeat unhappiness.



15. So Grizel sets forth to find Pax as an air-raid begins. Finolly, as bombs crash about, they meet on a bridge. Sir Roland is killed—but Grizel and Pax will agoin fill the house with wormth ond love.

He got what he wanted

The neighbors marveled
at the quiet, the dog loafed
on the lawn, even the
trees seemed to put off
growing. And Larry Parks
waited for word
of failure—or success.

BY LOUIS POLLOCK



His studio battle over, Larry's ready to do *Jolson Sings Again* under his new five-year Columbia contract. Right: At home with wife Betty Garrett.





■ It was a quiet and not particularly happy home for more than a year. There was an attitude around it that the neighbors detected—an attitude of waiting for something to happen . . . that somehow didn't happen.

The young couple in it came and left quietly, greeting those they met the same way. The big red dog mooned around the yard, occasionally yowling as if he remembered when days were brighter around there and wished they would hurry and return.

There were bald patches in the front lawn and the grass in the back wouldn't catch. Even a small new fig tree wouldn't take hold. Even the dog appeared to get disgusted with it—one morning he dug it up altogether and there wasn't a word out of his master when he came to drag it away to the rubbish heap.

But then, suddenly something happened. A group of men sat down at a studio desk in the city not far away and put their signatures on a sheet of paper. That did it. You could tell the difference right away . . . in all things.

The holes in the lawn got an intensive going over and began disappearing forthwith. Whatever the defiant grass in the back needed to make it dig in with its roots was applied in generous manner . . . a spread of green became apparent. Inside, in the master bedroom, there was set up a new Hollywood bed—a fourth wedding anniversary present from the young wife and husband to themselves. In the clothes closets were hung three new suits for him and a whole armful of additional wardrobe for her. On her vanity was placed that bottle of perfume that she'd asked for *last* Christmas and . . . well, he'd almost fainted at the price *last* Christmas when things looked black as far ahead as he could see.

Yes, it was now a home busting out all over with good fortune.

But that's only a part of what's going on in and around this little Hollywood house which stands at the beginning of one of the Santa Monica Mountain canyons and is lived in by Larry Parks and his wife, Betty Garrett; by their Irish Setter, "Mister"; and by an average of two cats (there are actually three cats (*Continued on page 80*)

he wants home life. "Some girls can handle careers, too," he says. "But not Gloria." Above, John with Julie, 8 (by first wife, Anne Shirley), and Kathy, 2.

she wants to resume the career that began so brilliantly with *Two Girls and a Sailor* (below). Remembering her mother's struggles, she fears insecurity.



And now it's goodbye again
for Clo and John Payne, these two who
belong together, these two
who are ever battling the strange
forces that keep them apart . . .

parting is such sorrow

by florabel muir

■ Often when a guy and a gal fall madly in love and are obsessed with an overwhelming urge to become Mr. and Mrs. with as little delay as possible, they are oblivious to fundamental differences that, like hidden mines, are waiting to explode along their matrimonial road.

This seems to be what happened to John Payne and Gloria De Haven.

Twice after explosions they managed to pick themselves up and go back into each other's arms swearing to love forever. But the third time it happened, the blow-up came with such devastating force that they haven't to date been able to get over the shock.

I have talked to both of them and each has tried desperately to rationalize the emotions that brought them together and then tore them apart. I always feel pity for a man and wife who are trying to explain why they can't go on living together when their reasons are made up of little intangible things they really can't understand themselves, much less explain to the world.

How can you explain a scornful glance, a tilting of the head, a stony silence? But these are the things that so often add up to a broken marriage.

"I think I shall always love and respect John," Gloria told me over a lunch table at the Strip's swank Players. "And I'm sure he is the best friend I'll ever have—if I needed advice or anything I'd call on him. But we just can't stay married on the terms that existed before. I tried it long enough to be convinced that it won't work."

As she talked, I couldn't help thinking that she is still just (*Continued on page 94*)





perpetual

■ Tony Martin and Cyd Charisse behave like a couple of honeymooners. They are.

Fact is, their marriage has been one long series of honeymoons. The first one occurred, naturally enough, right after their wedding last May. They spent it in Monterey, California, and it lasted all of three days, for Cyd was called back to M-G-M to do her "Blue Room" number in *Words and Music.* In June, they flew to London. There they combined business with honeymooning while Tony was making the biggest hit ever scored by a singer at the Palladium, renowned variety theater. (They kept the guy on the stage two hours the opening night. Before he left London, one hears, they tried to give him Australia, but Tony had no place to keep it.)

Next, the Martins popped over for a bit of honeymooning in Germany, where they entertained the troops. After that they went to Paris for ten days. Felt they needed a honeymoon.

Then back to the U. S. via the *Queen Mary*—for, said they to themselves, what better place is there than a luxury liner for having a honeymoon?

Well, there's Las Vegas, the stylish Nevada resort. So there they journeyed following Tony's carolling stint at Slapsie Maxie's, famed Los Angeles eatery and rumpus room.

During their three-week Las Vegas sojourn, they stayed at the gold-plated Flamingo Hotel, where Tony nightly exercised his baritone fascinations on the clientele. (For further details on this colorful chapter, see the pictures to your right.)

But all good things must come to an end and, far too soon, their honeymoon in Las Vegas was over. So bidding reluctant farewell to beautiful Las Vegas, Pearl of the West, they rode off into the sunset . . . Come to think of it, it must have been the sun*rise*, since they were headed for Detroit—and a glorious honeymoon. (Tony, you see, was singing at the Fox Theater there.)

By this time, people were saying they were in love. The suspicion was confirmed when, a short time later, they showed up in Boston on their honeymoon.



After breakfasting each morning in the Flomingo dining-room, Tony and Cyd spent lazy hours in the sun, saving the evenings for window shopping and wandering through colorful Las Vegas streets.



Although no one could call them newly-weds after seven months of marriage, Cyd and Tony still engoged in long hond-holding sessions. She has an importont role in Metro's *Words and Music.*

emotion

It's a lovely life
if you can manage it, and
Tony Martin and
Cyd Charisse do—
a life together in
which fun goes on . . .
and on . . . in one
honeymoon after another.



Cyd and Tony took advantage of Tony's three-week singing engagement at the Flamingo to keep up their tans. They combined another honeymoon with this job—as they did when entertaining overseas.



Tony, who can break 90 (if he's lucky), tried to give Cyd a few helpful hints. He helped her into the sand-trap—and here, with the niblick's aid, he's trying to help her out. She lost nine balls.



Cyd dragged Tony into a voice-recording booth and disrespectfully suggested he needed practice. He made a few discs to send to her folks after she consented to record a couple of duets with him.



Tony did two shows nightly and scheduled his more throbbing ballads for the midnight show. Most special requests came from the ladies—but the men also kept the willing Martin working overtime.

THE TEN GREAT MYTHS OF HOLLYWOOD

(*Continued from page 29*)

investment you can make at the start."

It costs money to have Adrian or Howard Greer or Irene dress you but I'll never admit it's extravagant—not for a Hollywood star. You'll never catch canny Claudette Colbert or foxy Joan Fontaine meeting the people without the newest, latest or most expensive. Or Joan or Connie Bennett, Greer Garson, Roz Russell, Marlene Dietrich or Paulette Goddard. Paulette has a gorgeous diamond necklace which must have earned back the thousands it cost by now in building up the Goddard legend. Everyone I know is always drooling to know just where Paulette will hang her elegant sparkler next—around her neck, over her shoulder, circling her waist or in her hair! But you'll never miss Paulette in a crowd.

Yep, we're professional show-offs out here, let's face it. But that's not reckless extravagance; it's good business. You've got to live up to your illusion if you're a star. That's what's expected. Extravagance? Hollywood can't afford it!

Now there's another favorite fable I'd like to see bite the dust. It's this: "All Hollywood parties are bacchanalian orgies, riotous carnivals of wine, women and song." Ha! Hollywood parties are something I know a thing or two about—I trot around to them practically every day. And I'll let you in on a letdown: In 20 years I've never been to one orgy.

parties with a purpose . . .

Today, any Hollywood party of any size is a party with a purpose. Either someone wants to entertain a visiting potentate and impress all his Hollywood pals, or something is being launched—like a picture, or a new star—something where the big party check can bring returns either in prestige, publicity or good old box-office silver. Guests go to see and be seen. Contacts make Hollywood hum, just as they do an airplane motor.

Now I ask you—what star in her right mind is going to get squiffed and fall on her pretty face when the eyes of Opportunity are upon her? I know a girl who, not so long ago, hocked everything she had to invest in a gorgeous Adrian evening gown for a very special party like that. She gambled on meeting a certain producer there, dazzling him and getting a contract—and her gamble paid off. That party was her Big Chance—was she going to dull her wits for it? Hardly.

Maria Montez couldn't have been more undiscovered and unknown when she first came to Hollywood, a little girl from Central America with screen ambitions. Maria dressed to kill and went to every party she was invited to. People saw the ravishing creature and buzzed, "Who is that lovely girl?" Maria knew producers would get ideas from those gasps. They did—and she won her Universal contract strictly by being seen around.

Even if you're set and settled in the Hollywood heavens, is it reasonable to think you're going to risk a career and all that goes with it for a brief Roman holiday? Big parties are spotlighted parades, complete with inquiring reporters and frank flash bulbs—and publicity can be bad, and bad publicity fatal. Waiters glide around seeing all and telling most of it. Old smoldering enmities lie waiting for a foot to slip. Uh-uh—you couldn't ask for more decorum than you'll find at a grand Hollywood affair. Well, what about the small ones, where the hair comes tumbling down—or does it?

I like small Hollywood parties best myself. You have a chance to talk, laugh and have some fun. But if I were a fly on the wall spying I'm afraid I'd fall off at last from dozing in disappointed boredom—that is, if I expected to see sensational goings-on.

The wild goings-on, nine times out of ten, boil down to this: After cocktails and dinner, the men disappear to play poker and the women sit around and make like magpies. Those two Hollywood Babbitt habits have fizzled more than one affair that was planned to be grand.

I've never seen Errol Flynn with his Irish so white hot as the night he threw a party in the patio around his big swimming pool. Errol was crazy about swimming then and he'd collected a host of professional swimmers and divers to put on a show for his guests. But when they came out to perform the guests wouldn't look. They were too busy jabbering and dishing the dirt among themselves. I admired Errol that night more than I ever had before or since, because he turned his back to his rude guests and stuck with his snubbed entertainers. But he was icy with anger and he never gave another party.

Embarrassments, guests out of line, a tiddly guy or girl, flirtations and fights—sure they take place at Hollywood parties, and at parties all over the land. Doesn't that happen in Iuka, Illinois, too?

If you're looking for champagne baths and scantied houris in my home town, you'll have to look closer than I can and there's nothing wrong with my eyes. If you hear of a good Hollywood orgy going on, will you let me know? I'd like to see one myself.

Part of that lingering, old-fashioned "Horrible Hollywood" pipe dream brings up another cluster of cockeyed convictions that get a boost with banner headlines ever so often. First—that stars are jaded and dissipated; they drink too much, play around too much, puff "reefers" like cookstoves and so sensationally forth.

Hollywood has always been a set-up for scandal. I could write a book (and maybe I will) about the stream of shocking headlines datelined "Hollywood," since the first studio opened its doors. Recently the Robert Mitchum marijuana incident has fanned the flames anew and there are "I told you so's" in all the smug sections of the world. The purple spectrum of the spotlight tints the whole town, unfairly.

you'll go
overboard for
esther williams
on the
february cover of
modern screen
on sale
january 7

Sure, we have some drunks, some playboys, some irresponsible boys and girls here—but not for long. Fact is, they've got a better chance to last out a boozy existence anywhere but Hollywood. It costs too much here. The cardinal sin of Hollywood is holding up production, and that's what you do sooner or later if you're really nursing a bottle. Faces and figures easily fade and puff out of shape.

The myth-buster is this: Hollywood is not a hard-drinking community. Actors shun drinks during the day like poison; they get sleepy. And they seldom drink after dinner for the dread fear of a hangover on the long set day. Hostesses consider soft drinks, tea and coffee as essential hospitality items instead of liquor—if they're having successful, busy movie-makers in.

Now comes up the subject of romance and love life—and when were they ever Hollywood monopolies? But anyway, let's plant a few ghosts. Number one: Studios dictate the love lives of their stars.

Boy, how they wish they could! Did they order Greer Garson to marry Richard Ney or Esther Williams to be Ben Gage's loving wife? Nope, they frowned on those, as did Darryl Zanuck, quite fiercely, when his fresh girl star, Jeanne Crain, defied him and mama, too, to team up with her true love, Paul Brinkman. Warners didn't burst with pleased pride when their prestige star, Bette Davis, wed struggling painter William Grant Sherry, nor was Harry Cohn at Columbia jumping with joy to see the Mad Genius, Orson Welles, romp off with his meal ticket, Rita. But love laughs at locksmiths—and iron clad picture contracts too. Not that the studios don't try.

judy's double . . .

I remember when Judy Garland was going with Dave Rose, her first husband, head over heels in love and planning to marry him. M-G-M didn't approve of that, either. (It's hard for any studio to watch a man step in and wean away an important young star. She has someone else to listen to then, besides her bosses.) Well, one night my telephone rang and it was a publicity man from Metro. He had some hot news for me: Judy Garland was at such and such a place that night dining and dancing with So-and-So—and it wasn't Dave Rose.

"Interesting," I said, "if true."

"But it *is* true. They're there."

"Then Judy must be twins," I sighed, "because she's sitting right here at my dinner table holding hands with a guy named Dave Rose."

Now, there's no myth whatever to the fact that studios plant publicity romances. You bet they do—always have and always will. And for a sound reason. I don't care how handsome a boy or how beautiful a girl starlet is, the photographers will pass them so fast they'll get pneumonia from the breeze unless the name means something. That is, unless a popular star is hooked alongside. Nobody was too excited about skater Sonja Henie, in a screen-star way, until she and Ty Power went stepping out to the night spots. It was a deliberate studio-inspired romance, and it helped launch a Number One box-office champion. M-G-M helped prove Van Johnson's appeal for the gals by framing his dates for a long time. Recently Peter Lawford had the time of his young life beauing famous stars here and there—and it didn't hurt his romantic appeal either.

You don't have to look farther than the nearest column (maybe my own) to see hand-holding for headlines. It's an old Hollywood custom and it works.

I'm as cynical as the next reporter, believe me, but since Hollywood's my beat, I happen to know that a lot of the spicy rules of the game in this particular dog-fight for fame aren't rules—they're exceptions. Take the age-old myth that a girl has to be a producer's sweetie if she wants to get anywhere. I ran into that one 'way back when I was on Broadway; it's a hoary old chestnut they tag on all theatrical and movie people.

I know a talented producer who fell madly in love with and married a young dancer. He had a rush of belated romance to his usually intelligent head; through his rose-colored love he saw great ability in her. He starred her in a picture, and he usually turned out nothing but distinguished films. The only flop worse than this one was the flop of his lady love: she was awful. They're still married, but she's not in pictures.

I don't mean to imply that having a producer for a boy friend is the kiss of death for a star. Hardly. I just mean that it has nothing to do with solid success on the screen. Lizabeth Scott got her first break through Producer Hal Wallis, but Lizabeth had good looks that would have got her there anyway, and she's loaded with ambition and drive. Jennifer Jones is about to marry her boss, David Selznick, but he didn't make her a star—Darryl Zanuck did. Do you think Joan Bennett needed career insurance when she married Walter Wanger, or Joan Fontaine when she wed Bill Dozier, her producer-spouse? Don't be absurd. Do you think Roz Russell was hunting more and better picture parts by marrying Fred Brisson, her manager? Don't be silly.

You win acting fame and fortune in Hollywood because you have the spark, the ambition, the ability—and since the town began, producers have helped unearth that, develop it, exploit it—that's their business. You don't ever get to the top or stick there by making goo-goo eyes.

another myth exploded . . .

A first mythical cousin of that florid Hollywood fiction is that stars must "play politics." Well—who doesn't play politics? You play politics if you work in the dime store, belong to the Parent-Teachers Association or the Ladies' Bridge Club. Playing politics is just another phrase for spreading your personality around, making friends, getting somewhere with people like yourself. I play politics every day; so, I'll bet, do you. The Hollywood implication is that stars have to court favors and knuckle under, wallow feverishly in a hotbed of intrigue to keep on the screen. Bosh!

The answer to that bogey is easy: you don't if you're big enough. Ingrid Bergman has had nothing but the best parts, best directors, best cameramen, best everything since she first set foot in Hollywood. She wouldn't know how to campaign if she had to. Jean Arthur has always done as she pleased, even to staying off the screen and going to college smack in the middle of her career. She isn't glamorous, she isn't social, in fact, she's down right anti at times. I had to fight my way through frightened Paramount press agents to reach her dressing room and interview her when she made *A Foreign Affair*. People give Jean a wide berth and vice versa. Yet every studio in town is hunting a script for her after that picture. Why? She's good.

Betty Grable doesn't toss and turn worrying about her popularity graph in the directors' room at Twentieth-Fox these days because she's the gal who pays the dividends. But Betty trotted obediently to the Paramount gallery for several straight years and did nothing but what they told her; to wit, strip to a one-piece bathing suit and pose for leg art. If you're just starting out, you have to conform to the pattern. Every youngster who has come up unknown through the Hollywood mill has done what the rest did, what they were told to do: fashions, leg art, ad endorsements, publicity dates, "queens" of this and that corny festival and what not. It's the ordeal of Hollywood's knighthood.

I talked to an anxious girl on her 18th birthday once a few years ago. I met her at the late Evalyn Walsh McLean's house. Sir Charles Mendl introduced us saying, "Hedda, this young lady's going to be a screen star."

The girl gave me a level look, "What do you think?" she said.

"I think 'Yes'—if you can act," I said. She said she could handle that, she was sure, but what worried her was all the Hollywood monkey-business she'd heard about. "I'm not going to pose in any bathing suit," she told me. "I'm not going to do a lot of things like that. I'm kind of stubborn." I noted the firm lower lip.

"Work hard and tend to your knitting," was the best brief advice I could give her.

Well, she still hasn't posed in a bathing suit and she's still around and doing very nicely. Her name's Lauren Bacall.

It's so easy to make out the producers, the bosses of Hollywood, heavies—because stars are the heros in the limelight and there's a natural tug-of-war between them. But I'm pretty bored myself with the persistent picture of all producers as illiterate dumbells with I.Q.'s of minus zero.

Fact is, the big bosses of the movies today are the people who made Hollywood what it is, made jobs for the stars, built a mammoth industry from scratch and took a big gamble that bankers wouldn't take. In my book they deserve their winnings. Look at the Warner brothers. It took real vision—and guts—to pioneer the talking picture and revolutionize the industry that they had been leaders in building up from scratch. And again, the Warners were far ahead of their time when, two years before Hitler plunged the world into war, they made *Confessions of a Nazi Spy*. That, too, was an example of clear-eyed intelligence and—in view of the then-still-asleep state of the Union—courage.

It used to be a popular pastime to guffaw at Sam Goldwyn's twisted figures of speech (no one enjoys seeing them printed more than Sam himself) but Sam has fought stubbornly for the highest type of pictures since he first stacked his shrewd judgment against long odds. He makes only one picture a year, but if it doesn't win an Academy Award, it's generally a candidate. And if it's not right the first time, he'll toss it all in the cutting can and start over and over until it is right. Halfway through *The Bishop's Wife*, Sam wasn't satisfied. He changed writers and directors and started over. It cost him $900,000 but he made himself a picture. That, say I, is being dumb like a fox.

Is it a moronic sign when Louis B. Mayer makes the highest salary of any one in the high-salaried U.S.A. for heaven knows how many years? Okay, so it's only money—but money is a vast power and, by and large, Hollywood's producers have no apologies to make about how they've used it. Louis B. is a philanthropist and prime mover in many charities and civic campaigns. So are the Warners, each of whom put away a $5,000,000 trust fund when they struck it rich with talking pictures.

Far from being dumb and provincial, Jack Warner, Darryl Zanuck, Louis B. Mayer, Sam Goldwyn, Henry Ginsberg, Howard Hughes and dozens more like them are cosmopolites who get around and know a darned sight more than the box-office returns on their movies. Do you think Archbishop Spellman, General Mark Clark and General Hap Arnold, who, like many other prominent world figures, are close friends of Louis B. Mayer, Darryl Zanuck and Jack Warner respectively, would waste their time on nitwits? Take it from me, the dumb, bumbling Hollywood producer is an extinct vaudeville character. Forget him.

There are a couple more spooks I'd like to banish with a quick uppercut in passing. One, that all kid stars are spoiled brats and precocious pains in the neck. This notion is almost too silly to deny.

What any kid is you can trace right to his parents, anywhere. For example, the greatest child star of all, Shirley Temple,

(*Continued on page 73*)



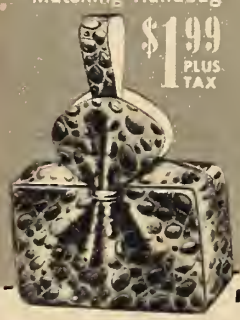
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fashion resolutions for 1949

CONNIE BARTEL, FASHION EDITOR

■ Who can tear the last crumbled page off the calendar, without making vows for the crisp new one coming up? Certainly not MODERN SCREEN's Fashion Department! Here we are chock-full of resolutions for the new year—and most of them are about you!

Our chief resolve is to stretch your fashion dollar farther than ever. As you know, we've *always* been a champion of high style at low prices. But now, with the high-cost-of-living taking bigger and bigger bites out of your budget for just plain necessities, how are you going to afford the pretties that every girl needs for her morale? Good question! For 1949, we resolve to help you find the answer.

So we begin the new year with a group of winter cottons with tremendous appeal and tiny pricetags. Did you know winter cottons are absolutely *it* in the fashion world? They are. Of course, everyone has always doted on cottons for summer. Then there is the annual mid-winter fuss about cottons for the swanky resorts. On top of that, more and more girls have got into the habit of snapping up cottons in winter, and hoarding them for vacations much later.

Now the fashion designers have suddenly decided to relax and enjoy it. Since everyone is so crazy about cottons so much of the time, they've decided to design them for all year round. The new winter versions are intended to be worn under your coat—and of course they're always cute and fresh at home. We've picked five for you, beginning on page 66.

jane greer gets set for auld lang syne

■ Jane Greer, who is currently starring in RKO's *Station West*, swishes around putting the finishing touches on her New Year's Eve decorations—wearing a dreamboat of a housecoat.

It's yellow printed cotton with a ruffled yoke edged in black, a deep hem flounce, and the world's tiniest bustle in back (you can see back view on page 71). And it zips to fit.

It's the kind of glamorous get-up you'd love to have unexpected guests catch you in—and the kind of Christmas gift your best friend would love to get!

Comes also in blue or red. Sizes 12-20. By Lazy Day, $5.95.

For where to buy see page 71.


modern
screen
fashions



movie date

Winter cottons are the big news—cottons to wear under your coat! The one leaving New York's swanky Park Avenue Theater is one-piece with checked top, black skirt, gold buttons and belt. You can also have it in red. Sizes 9-15. By Monte Carlo Fashions. $2.98. For where to buy see page 71



cottons

Waiting for tickets to Laurence Olivier's *Hamlet,* a one-piece winter cotton with weskit front and ruffled hem. In Dan River's Starspun plaid. Red and grey or blue and brown. Sizes 9-15. By Jean Leslie. $5.95. For where to buy see page 71



date at home cottons

above: A fellow appreciates being invited to sit around your living room once in a while—especially when you look your prettiest in a bright at-home frock! This button-to-the-hem sweetheart is Sanforized cotton in silky tones of green, grey, navy or brown with contrasting trim. Sizes 14-20; also 40-42. By Rose Lee Frocks. $3.98.

right: Never underestimate the power of the sweet and feminine look—it works! He's obviously taken with this crisp striped cotton with gay red border, curved neckline and cap sleeves. And see how date-ish it looks with jewelry! Red, blue or green border. The stripes are multicolored. Sizes 9-15. By Junior Clique. $6.98.

For where to buy, see page 71





Sophisticated cotton

How to look like a fashion model: make sure your shoulders are round and sloping—and that your collar stands high to frame your pearls! The dress is grey Sanforized chambray with stripes in your choice of green, yellow, raspberry or cocoa. Sizes 12-20. By Kay Whitney. About $8.95.

For where to buy, see page 71.

WHERE YOU CAN BUY MODERN SCREEN FASHIONS

(Prices on merchandise may vary throughout country)



Back view of housecoat worn by Jane Greer (page 65)

Printed housecoat with deep hem flounce worn by Jane Greer (page 65)

Brooklyn, N. Y.—*Abraham & Straus,* 420 Fulton St., Downstairs

Columbus, Ohio—*F. & R. Lazarus & Co.,* High & Town Sts., Front St. Level.

Checked top one-piece dress with black skirt (page 66)

New York, N. Y.—*Hearn's,* 5th Ave. & 14th St., 2nd Fl.

Plaid dress with ruffled hem (page 67)

Columbus, Ohio—*F. & R. Lazarus & Co.,* High & Town Sts., Front St. Level

Minneapolis, Minn.—*L. S. Donaldson Co.,* 601 Nicollet Ave., Downstairs

Button-to-the-hem dress with contrast trim (page 68)

Hartford, Conn.—*G. Fox & Co.,* 960 Main St.

New York, N. Y.—*Macy's,* Herald Square, 2nd Fl.

Striped dress with curved neckline, cap sleeves (page 69)

Buffalo, N. Y.—*J. N. Adam Co.,* 383 Main St.

New York, N. Y.—*Stern's,* 41 W. 42nd St., 3rd Fl.

Washington, D. C.—*Woodward & Lothrop,* 10th & G Sts., 2nd Fl., N. Bldg.

Grey striped chambray dress with high standing collar, sloping shoulders (page 70)

Boston, Mass.—*Filene's,* Washington St., 6th Fl.

Dallas, Tex.—*Green's,* 1616 Elm St., 7th Fl.

Des Moines, Ia.—*Younkers,* 701 Walnut St., 1st Fl.

St. Louis, Mo.—*Famous-Barr Co.,* Locust, Olive & 6th Sts., 5th Fl.

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a modern screen fashion

THE TEN GREAT MYTHS OF HOLLYWOOD

(Continued from page 63)

had the guidance of parents with good taste, good sense and a determination not to let Shirley's fame spoil her precious child years. Shirley was always, and still is, a joy to be around. Her kiddie rival, Jane Withers, had the same normal, loving care. Both have grown into fine young women, happily married not for their glamor or riches but for their love. Both are new mothers of darling baby girls. And look at Elizabeth Taylor and Peggy Ann Garner and Lois Butler and Roddy McDowall and Margaret O'Brien. All of them nice, balanced youngsters. And there are dozens more.

Another spook I'd like to lay is the old Hollywood divorce indictment: that all stars shed their husbands and wives with the seasons. Well, for every divorce-happy star you can find a Bob Hope, a Bing Crosby, or a Jeanette MacDonald who's never told it to the judge. As with so many other things in Hollywood, divorces just make more noise when they happen out here.

one more murder . . .

I've got one last made-in-Hollywood myth to murder—one nourished, oddly enough, by my star friends who no more mean what they say than the man in the moon. That is: all Hollywood stars hate Hollywood and pine to get the heck out—like back to the Broadway boards. Nuts!

Some years ago I made a bet with a dark young man burning with zeal for the legitimate drama. He'd just come to Hollywood and John Garfield told me, "In six months I'm going back and do a play."

"Want to bet?" I challenged. He said yes, so we shook. I won.

John didn't go back for more than six years, he didn't depart our shores until he was well padded with Hollywood money, security and fame. I've heard Joan Crawford, Bette Davis, Doug Fairbanks, Bob Montgomery and Ray Milland all sigh for "the real thing"—but a sigh is just a sigh.

The simple truth is that since the world began there has never been such a paradise for actors as Hollywood, and the smart ones know it.

Let's admit it—the living's easy in Hollywood, with a way of life a stage actor never dares dream about—Palm Springs, Carmel, Sun Valley, leisure between pictures for recreation and the outdoors—most of all a real home.

The first Lady of the Theater, Ethel Barrymore, moved out to Hollywood a while back. I don't know how many years of top trouping Ethel has behind her but plenty—years of trunk living, train catching, making the show go on in the glorious but grinding tradition.

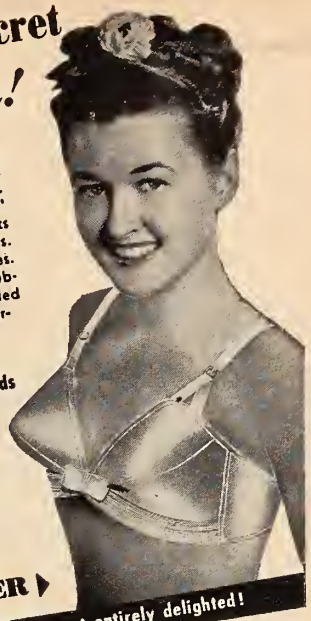
I saw her not long ago and she said she was here in Hollywood this time for keeps. "I never knew what life offered an actor out here before," she marvelled. "I have my home, my family, my friends, my leisure and still my work . . ." The great Barrymore on her quick trips before never really believed such a thing was possible. But Hollywood makes it so.

Yes, there are plenty of mighty myths about this storied town called Hollywood. But when you look sharp they pop, go "Pouf!" and drift away in an unsubstantial mist. What you see, I'm afraid, when all the hip-hooray and ballyhoo is gone, is a town not too dazzlingly different from your own.

THE END



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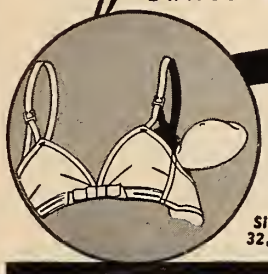
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SHE'S A BIG GIRL NOW

(*Continued from page 51*)

"Well, you *do* have to be pretty streamlined—"

"Mr. Plunkett, don't you *know* that ladies have hips?"

"Miss Taylor, don't you *know* that ladies with hips don't wear pedal-pushers?"

She thought that one over, and laughed. "You've just done me the most wonderful favor, Mr. Plunkett. Now Mommy'll have to buy me an entirely new wardrobe."

Yes, Elizabeth's a big girl now—16-going-on-17—and oh, what a difference one year can make! At 15, she was dazzled by the glory of lipstick, so that I had to go tagging her with a tissue: "Blot it down a little, Elizabeth." Suddenly, of her own sweet will, the rainbow reds vanished. Now it's pale pink lipstick and nail polish to match the ribbon round her hair. At 15, she craved black formals and off-the-shoulder blouses. Which didn't bother me especially. People would say: "Don't let Elizabeth change." Then they'd see her in one of these little Mexican numbers, and sigh: "There she goes."

not so different . . .

Being little different from any other high-school girl in any other town, she was going nowhere except through the same phase. As she pointed out accurately enough: "*Everyone* was wearing them long before I was allowed to." Now she doesn't even like them any more. Her taste has grown so much more conservative this past year, that I now let her choose her own clothes. Oh, of course I go along, because she likes to have me. It's fun. But she invariably picks the kind of thing I'd pick for her myself. She's passed through the spectacular period, and likes simple clothes. The cry used to be: "I want to look older." At 17, she's content to look her age.

I'm not saying she doesn't have her lapses—who of us ever grew up overnight? But the lapses don't really bother me either. If you want the truth, I find them rather consoling, since they're all that's left of the little Elizabeth.

Take Elizabeth and jewelry. She loves to bedeck herself in pearls and earrings. Or wait—with my fingers crossed, I'll change that to the past tense. I think Elizabeth's been cured the hard way. In any case, it was the hard way for me. Never will I forget that night at the Players Club. Once a year they have Ladies' Night. As my husband's a member we'd taken a table for 12, and told Elizabeth and her brother Howard they could each invite a date. My mistake was in leaving home before she was dressed, but as hostess I had to be early.

She was planning to wear what she calls her *Young Bess* dress—that's the part of all parts she wants to play, and the dress reminded her of the period—gray, with gold rope 'round the neck, and a little bustle. It had come home from the cleaners with the bustle awry, and I left Elizabeth frantically trying to fix it, and her hair not done yet.

Our guests arrived. Howard arrived with his date. We waited and waited and waited, till finally someone said: "There's Elizabeth!" I looked up—and gasped. There was Elizabeth indeed! Hair piled on top of her head, plus two false braids that she'd worn in a picture, and false bangs that all but grazed her brows. Not only that. Ropes of pearls twined through the braids, more ropes dangling from her neck, and earrings that dripped pearls. Somewhere in all this welter, a couple of orchids. Her date, Tommy Breen, had brought her two. She was wearing both.

First I wanted to cry, then laugh, then I felt sick all over lest somebody else should laugh and hurt her, which I couldn't have borne—she was obviously feeling so gracious and elegant—so unconscious of anything wrong. Then—Mack Sennett couldn't have timed it better—came the crowning touch. As she walked up to greet our guests, one side of her bustle slowly deflated. I'll never stop being grateful to those people. They must have been suffocating with laughter—I was myself, along with other emotions—yet there wasn't a sign from anybody, bless them, that Elizabeth didn't look the way she felt.

Next day I tackled it. "Honey, do you know you were very overdressed last night?"

She couldn't have been more astonished. "D'you really think so?"

"Well, stop and remember all the things you had on. Just the gold rope on your dress and plain button earrings and maybe one orchid would have been lovely. But all that false hair and those ropes of pearls! It wasn't very good taste."

We talked it over, and she saw my point. The pearls are less in evidence than they were, and I don't mind telling the story now, because she tells it herself and laughs about it. You can always talk things over with Elizabeth. She'll never go sulky or rebellious on you. Oh, she'll protest at times and try to get round you—I wouldn't give two cents for the girl who didn't—but when you explain, she listens. And when mother and daughter can discuss things reasonably, it's a wonderful protection.

Only I think you have to build for such a relationship—it doesn't happen by chance. My mother and I were very close, and I made up my mind, if I had a little girl of my own, that I'd try to be just as close to her—not a prying closeness but an understanding one. As a child, for example, Elizabeth adored pets and wanted a lot of them all over the house. From one viewpoint, they might have been considered a nuisance. Instead of taking that view, I enjoyed the pets with her. It's a question of putting yourself in their shoes. Make a great gulf, and naturally they're going to be on the other side.

Not that I don't believe in discipline. There's got to be a certain amount of it in the early days, so they'll know you won't take any back-talk. Apart from that, I've always shown my children the same courtesy I expect from them. I've never grabbed Elizabeth, nor corrected her in front of others. I've tried never to harm her dignity as an individual. If anyone comes to me with a complaint, I don't prejudge. "I've heard so-and-so's side of the story, Elizabeth, now give me yours"—and I do my best to be fair to both sides.

I don't mean to set myself up as a child psychologist—only to indicate that I feel my daughter trusts me. What pleases me beyond measure is that she tells me all the things a lot of girls tell their girl friends—about boys and dates and what happened at the party down to the smallest detail. She loves to gab, and of course I love to listen. I do *not* sit up for her. A vision of Mother-watching-the-clock never helped a girl's evening. But she comes in and wakes me, because tomorrow's not soon enough to get that load of excitement off her chest.

When she's working, she goes out only on Saturday night. Even when she's not, I don't like her to be out late two or three nights running. That you have to govern for her health's sake. But I'm not inflexible. When Glenn Davis was in town, Elizabeth met him through Doris and Hubie Kerns, who work at M-G-M. He spent a day with us down at Malibu. One afternoon came this phone call. Could Elizabeth attend the exhibition game as Glenn's guest? Well, she was working next day, but *I couldn't* say no, I couldn't do that to Elizabeth. She went with the Kerns and sat in Glenn's box, and when she got home that night, her eyes were like stars.

so proud . . .

I'd told her to be in by 12:30, and it was one o'clock, but there again I'm willing to listen to reason. It seemed that practically every time Glenn walked out on the field, he made a touchdown, and after the game people went crazy, crowding around him, so that he couldn't get within 10 feet of Elizabeth.

"I felt so proud," she said softly. "You know what I wanted to do? I wanted to shout, 'I'm with Davis, I'm with Davis!' "

When he finally did get through and took her arm, nobody recognized Elizabeth. But one of the boys yelled, "When you pick a girl, Glenn, you pick a beaut!"

There's a night Elizabeth will remember all her life. In my book, it was worth the loss of a few hours' sleep.

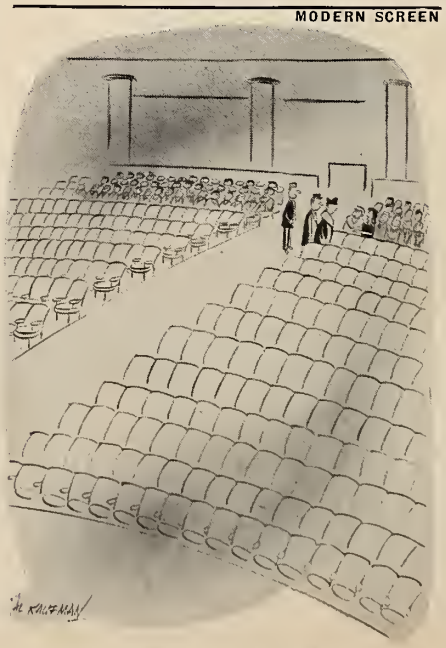
I know that Elizabeth likes Glenn more than any boy she has ever known, and as a matter of fact, we all do. We could not possibly like or approve him more. She is wearing his gold football, and is so proud of it that she has not taken it off since Glenn fastened it around her neck on a little gold chain just before he left for Korea.

The other day Elizabeth was showing it to a columnist on the set, and he said, "When I was your age it was considered really serious when a girl wore a boy's football!" "It was?" said Elizabeth, with a twinkle in her eye. "Well, times haven't changed much, have they?"

Now Elizabeth won't make dates with any boys until she has told them about Glenn and the football. I have never seen her so happy—really happy—and she is living for the day when he will return from his assignment with the Army.

Elizabeth has always kept her friends—she still goes out with the kids she knew at school—likes the feeling of old days and

(*Continued on page 76*)



"He's o former bus driver, keeps putting everybody in the reor."

new faces



BETTY GARRETT *is Larry Parks' better half but she got to be famous before anyone ever heard of him. A legitimate stage actress, she made her debut with Orson Welles' Mercury Theater. She was born in St. Joseph, Mo., in 1917 and met Larry at the Actors Lab. in Hollywood. They were married in 1944 and both like to collect all kinds of real and fake cats. You'll see her in* Take Me Out to the Ballgame.



DONALD BUKA *heard that Lunt and Fontanne were going to appear in Pittsburgh and sent them a note asking if he could come and read for them. Not only did they like him, but he was immediately offered a job. Later on, Donald made his screen debut with Bette Davis in* Watch on the Rhine *and has been active in radio, too. Cleveland-born (in 1921), Donald is 5' 10" and has brown hair and eyes. Besides* Street With No Name. *he's in* Vendetta. *He's a bachelor.*



RON RANDELL *whom you saw in* The Mating of Millie, *hails from Sydney, Australia. He decided on an acting career early in his youth, when he noticed miners tossing pouches of gold at some actors in a stage show. He made his legitimate stage debut in 1938. Later, Ron appeared in* My Sister Eileen *and* Voice of the Turtle. *He's now under contract to Columbia. Ron has brown hair and eyes, weighs 165 pounds, stands 5 feet 10. He is unmarried.*



JOANNE DRU'S *theatrical career actually started when she was three years old! Joanne used to entertain the townfolk of Logan, West Virginia, from the ticket booth of the local theater while her parents enjoyed the show. Now, at 25, Joanne is married to Dick Haymes and is the mother of three children, Skipper, 7; Pidgeon, 4, and baby Barbara, or "Nugget." Although Joanne had been in retirement since her marriage to Dick she has been very actively studying dramatics. In July of 1945 Howard Hawks recognized a coming star and put her under contract. After intensive training Hawks loaned her to Bing Crosby for* Abie's Irish Rose. *You'll see her in United Artists'* Red River.

Before your daughter marries... should you tell her *These Intimate Physical Facts?*



BY ALL MEANS! And here is scientific up-to-date information *You Can Trust*—

The time to speak frankly to your daughter is *before* she marries. She should be fully informed on how important vaginal douching two or three times a week often is to feminine cleanliness, her health, marriage happiness, to combat odor, and always after menstrual periods.

And she should be made to realize that no other type liquid antiseptic-germicide tested for the douche is SO POWERFUL yet SO SAFE to tissues as modern ZONITE!

Warns Girls Against Weak or Dangerous Products

How unfortunate is the young woman who, through ignorant advice of friends, uses such 'kitchen makeshifts' as vinegar, salt or soda. These are NOT germicides in the douche! They *never* can give the great germicidal and deodorizing action of ZONITE.

Won't you please realize how *very important* it is to use a germicide definitely *intended* for vaginal douching—one powerfully germicidal yet one safe to tissues as ZONITE has proved to be for years.

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(*Continued from page 74*)
old companionships. Once she met a new boy she liked, and I suggested she ask him to one of our Malibu parties.

"No, I'd rather invite someone I know. It's so much easier to be with people you know well."

One rule remains the same. She doesn't go out with boys unless we know them. We ask her new friends to dinner, and they seem to enjoy the feeling of being part of the family. If the boys can't get Elizabeth on the phone, they'll tell me what they want to ask her. By that time you're all friends, and everything's on a good basis. The advantages seem to me obvious. To mention just one, you can always explain to the boys that Elizabeth has to be in by a certain hour. If they understand—and they do, when you're friends—they'll accept the responsibility, which saves Elizabeth the embarrassment of asking every few minutes like a little girl: "What time is it? I have to go home."

Elizabeth doesn't go to night clubs. A favorite evening with the young folks is dinner at the Scandia and dancing at the Cocoanut Grove, which caters to teenagers. There's no cover charge, there's a soft-drink bar, the music is always good, and it doesn't cost the boys a small fortune.

mob scene . . .

On Sundays the crowd collects at Malibu. In fact, they start collecting Saturday night. Elizabeth and a girl friend take over Daddy's room, which has twin beds, and he comes in with me. I never know how many there'll be, and I don't care. One morning I woke to find five pairs of feet sticking out of sleeping bags on the porch under my balcony. Howard had two boys in his room, two more were on the big couch in the living room, and another snoozed peacefully in the back seat of our Buick. Only when there's a gang like that for breakfast, I announce to the boys that they'll have dishes to wash, and send the girls upstairs to make the beds. By trial and error, I've discovered it's best to separate them at their labors. Fewer dishes get broken, and they spend less time clipping tea towels at each other.

All day they're in and out of the water, riding these rubber lifeboats and eating hot dogs on the stand for lunch. By 6:30 a buffet supper's on the table, then it's charades and guessing games for the rest of the evening. I've often been asked: "But don't the youngsters want to get off by themselves to play records and dance?" Apparently not. They have other evenings for dancing, and our Sunday parties seem to suit them down to the ground. Maybe it's because we've always done things as a family, never excluded the children from our adult parties, never thrown up a barrier. They enjoy our friends, feel a sense of comradeship with them, call them by their first names—none of this aunt and uncle business. From the way we act, there's no apparent difference in age. And if you could see the hilarity that goes on, you'd agree it would sound pretty pointless to cut in and ask: "Wouldn't you kids rather be doing something else?"

I hesitate to plunge into print on the subject of my daughter's looks. It smacks of the indelicate. But another question that's put to me constantly is whether Elizabeth realizes how pretty she is. So let me answer it now once and for all.

I can best begin by telling you what happened when a magazine man came to interview her. "I think you're the most beautiful girl in the world," he said without more ado. "How does it feel?"

She was utterly taken aback. Flushed to the roots of her hair, turned to me with a kind of helpless little look, and finally came out with: "People say that to everyone."

"Now, wait a minute. When you look in the mirror, you must see what we all see."

"All I see," said Elizabeth, "is another face to put lipstick on." And that was the last word he could get out of her till he changed the subject.

I'm sure she's as conscious of her appearance as any personable girl—neither more nor less. But in some remote way she feels it has nothing to do with herself, and direct compliments upset her.

Recently she said to me: "Mother, you know when it'll be wonderful? When I get good parts, and they say I was good in the parts, not just how pretty I was. If you feel you've done a job well, then you've sort of earned the praise and it means something. But I didn't make my face."

(Editor's Note: While I was reading this, Van Heflin dropped by the office and we got to talking about Elizabeth Taylor. A dreamy look came in his eyes. "Elizabeth," he said softly, "has the face of an angel, and a figure that's—well, it's just out of this world.")

On two counts, our big Elizabeth hasn't changed. She's still untidy. She still takes her clothes off and tosses them on a chair. Fifteen thousand times I've said: "Hang them up, Elizabeth," and she hangs them up like a lamb, but not till she's told. I used to tack notes on the door to remind her—till the door got so full of holes it looked wormeaten. Her room's never in order except for half an hour after the maid's straightened it. Ever since she was born, I've been telling her, but it still doesn't seem to occur to Elizabeth to tidy her room. Under other conditions, I'd be more insistent. But with everything else she has to do, I *can't* keep on nagging—life would be unbearable.

Besides, it's a pet theory of mine that most girls need a certain amount of time just to do nothing. When Elizabeth comes home from the studio, I'd so like her to get her makeup off right away. She'd rather stretch out on the bed and relax. After working all day, of course, you just want to let go. I'd rather stretch out on the bed myself, so I make allowances for Elizabeth.

And she's still a dreamer—time still slips away from her. I remember discussing this a year or so ago in Modern Screen, and getting suggestions from several mothers who'd gone through the same thing with their own daughters. I'd like to thank them for their kindness in writing, and tell them regretfully that so far nothing has worked. The day could be 40 hours long, and it still wouldn't be long enough for Elizabeth. Never have I known her to be on time for a date. One Sunday a boy was to pick her up at 2:30 to go to a party. At 2:30 she was still on the beach in her bathing suit. I'd grown tired of reminding her, and decided to let matters take their course.

When her date arrived, I caught a glimpse of Elizabeth scooting up the backstairs. Maybe, I thought, this can be an object lesson. "I wish you'd be very firm with her," I said to the boy, "and let her know you don't like her being late."

"Okay," he said with a smile, "I sure will"

"In about 15 minutes or so, call up and tell her you're in a hurry."

I allowed 20 minutes, and went back to the living room. He was reading a book.

"Are you being firm?"

He grinned." What do *you* think?"

can't stay mad . . .

The trouble is, it's hard to stay cross with Elizabeth. She's always so sorry—so sincerely sorry. "I just don't know what *happens* to the time," she'll say. Or she'll come down kidding and clowning, and that's the end of it. Even as a child, she was a natural comedian. You'd go to punish her, and she'd do something to make you laugh, and you'd wind up not punishing her. If we scolded her brother, she'd pull the same stunt. Those two stick together like peas in a pod. If I'm ever annoyed with either, they'll alibi and make excuses for each other. I may be right all the way through, but in Elizabeth's eyes Howard is always right. And as far as he's concerned, she can do no wrong. Basically, this pleases me, however irksome I may find it at the moment.

But here's a final confession and a flat inconsistency, and heaven help me if my daughter reads it. In spite of all my plaints, I hope she can keep her dream world yet for a while. The day will come soon enough when she'll *have* to be big enough to read a clock. But right now, this is such a lovely time for Elizabeth. The End

sweet and hot

by leonard feather

**Highly Recommended
*Recommended
No Stars: Average

FROM THE MOVIES

KISSING BANDIT—What's Wrong With Me; Love is Where You Find It: *Kothryn Grayson (MGM). Senorito; If I Steal a Kiss: *Johnnie Johnston (MGM). Siesto: Jack Fina (MGM).

Maybe it's more than a coincidence that Johnnie Johnston and Mrs. J. (Kathryn Grayson), both MGM Records stars, have both recorded songs from Kathryn's new picture. They didn't cut any together, however. Best side is *Senorita,* on which Johnnie might well be singing to his spouse.

NIGHT HAS A THOUSAND EYES—Title Song: *Eddie Heywood (Victor).

SO DEAR TO MY HEART—Title song: *Peggy Lee (Capitol); Dinah Shore (Columbia); Freddy Martin (Victor). It's Whatcha Do with Whatcha Got: Pied Pipers (Capitol); *Gene Krupa (Columbia); Freddy Martin (Victor).

WHEN MY BABY SMILES AT ME—What Did I Do: Harry James (Columbia).

POPULAR

PEARL BAILEY—*Say It Simple (Columbia).

FRANKIE CARLE—*Roses In Rhythm Album (Columbia).

FRANK SINATRA—**Album of Christmas Songs (Columbia).

Aided by the Ken Lane singers, Frankie makes this the best of a flood of Christmas releases.

JAZZ

COUNT BASIE—*Just a Minute (Victor).

BLUE RHYTHM BAND—Blue Rhythm Bebop (MGM).

Good solos by Charlie Shavers' trumpet and Lucky Thompson's tenor sax, but the arrangement's not authentic bebop.

DUKE ELLINGTON—*Suddenly It Jumped (Victor).

WOODY HERMAN—**Four Brothers (Columbia) Sensational solos by four sax stars and a terrific, swinging bop arrangement. One of the year's greatest jazz sides.

RED NORVO—*Bop! (Capitol).

Yes, Red's another swing veteran who's come out for the New Look in jazz. This all-star group features some of the finest and most neglected bop stars in Hollywood. Why doesn't some smart movie producer forget those all-star bands and feature a few cheaper, musically outstanding outfit like this?

your letters...

WILDE OVER POWER

Dear Editor: In your November article, "Why Stars Fight Their Bosses," Hedda Hopper states that Cornel Wilde has surpassed Tyrone Power in popularity. Since when? In the latest official box-office poll, the nation's exhibitors named Power ahead of Wilde. Why not keep the facts straight?

Janis Eltin; Chicago, Ill.

(There are various box-office and popularity polls, Janis, no one of which is "official" in any sense. Miss Hopper's statement was based on fan mail received at the studio—which is but one of many criteria which might have been applied. In MS's own poll, Wilde ranks ahead of Power among readers 20 years of age and younger, but behind him in appeal to all other age groups. For Power's cumulative 1948 rating, see pages 24-25—Ed.)

SORRY, WRONG STATE

Dear Editor: Ouch!! Just finished reading "Guy Madison in Person" in the October issue, in which you state that "Guy put in a hurry call to Deer Lake, New Jersey." Deer Lake is in Pennsylvania, about twenty-five miles above Reading.

Mary Fisher, Orwigsburg, Pa.

(Why the "Ouch," Mary? This hurts us more than it does you—Ed.)

MORE ABOUT LIZ'S AGE

Dear Editor: I would like to answer the question which appeared in the Your Letters column for October: "Why doesn't Elizabeth Taylor act her age?" Since we are all individuals, all of us don't necessarily grow up or mature at the same time. Some girls mature much earlier than others. I think Liz looks older than her 17 years and also acts older—but maybe she just grew up faster. You can't expect her to act 13.

Bette Ann Lyons, Yeardon, Pa.

(See Mrs. Sara Sothern Taylor's story about Liz' approaching womanhood on page 50 of this issue—Ed.)

PRAISE FOR REBA AND BONNIE

Dear Editor: The best article in your October issue in my opinion is "Let's Have a Hayride" by Reba and Bonnie Churchill. That kind of reading matter is so good for our growing youth—clean and wholesome. Let's have more of the same.

Frances Williams, First Methodist Church of Hollywood

(An attitude supported by 29 others who wrote in this month—Ed.)

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Other recently released Dell Books



Enchanted Oasis by Faith Baldwin

Lovely Cynthia Stoddard has been brought up in strait-laced fashion, and the gay and carefree life of Palm Springs was almost more than she could cope with. When she meets Slim Ramsay her problems become even more agonizing—and more delightful. No. 255

The Upstart by Edison Marshall



All his life, young Dick Fingers, a foundling, has wondered who he really is. Though the leader of a gang of ruffians, he longs to be a gentleman. So he joins a company of strolling actors where he meets sweet Penny with the pagan heart and Annie, who doesn't pretend to polite morals. No. 233



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The movie version of the famous play by Patrick Hamilton, starring James Stewart, and directed by Alfred Hitchcock, is drawing raves from critics and audiences alike. Now here it is in book form—and only 25 cents! This is a sensational story of suspense that mounts to a crashing climax. Don't miss it! No. 262

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WHY JIMMY STEWART WON'T MARRY

(*Continued from page 44*)

and a girl like Anita Colby, at the same time. He'll extend a forefinger as if about to impart a valuable tip. "Fine," he'll say. "Just fine."

With amiable yet distant pleasantries of this kind (so reminiscent of the sort of roles he plays), Jimmy wanders away impressing everybody with the fact that he is a happy man who wants for nothing—everybody, that is, except those who know him best. They don't believe it. They think that Jimmy as a lone bachelor always was, and still is, just a performance—a performance that could be ended by the right girl. The question they now ask themselves, rather worriedly, is—has Jimmy stopped looking?

plain talk . . .

There is Hank Fonda, acknowledged to be one of Jimmy's best friends. One of the last parties Hank attended on the Coast, before going East to star in *Mr. Roberts* on Broadway, was at Anatole Litvak's home at Malibu. The talk turned to Jimmy, and Hank made himself plain.

"There's a guy I'd like to see get married, who *should* get married," Hank said. "I hate to think of him sitting in his little house looking at the telephone and wondering whom to call, what to do—when all the time he belongs in his own home with his own wife."

One can even get a better authority than Hank—Jimmy himself. There have been times in his life when he has talked very unlike a bachelor—at least, unlike a willing one. It's never been told in print before, but what are believed to be his most honest and revealing words on the subject were spoken one night aboard the *Queen Elizabeth* when he was on his way home from his three-years' service in Europe.

With seven other homebound, war-weary soldiers, he was playing cards and all were discussing what they planned to do with their lives, now about to be handed back to them by the Army. For most of the eight, there were wives and families waiting. A few of the others had plans for marriage—with either a girl known or a girl yet to be met. It went on like that, each man laying himself bare, until Jimmy, too, found himself talking—quietly, seriously, as he had never talked before.

He told the men that he knew happiness for him could have its beginning only with a woman to love, but that he faced an inability to make a choice. You go out with a great many girls in Hollywood but when you start looking at each as a prospective wife something happens. It was being a star, a public figure that stood in the way somehow . . . somehow that was it.

"Sometimes," Jimmy had gone on, "you get periods out in Hollywood when you are terribly discouraged. You think it would be best to give it all up and go back home. Go back, and buy the folks a better house, maybe build one for yourself on a lot of acres and lead the sort of life that was yours to start with. Maybe a girl will turn up who belongs to that life. Maybe not. That's what you think. But you never do anything about it. . . ."

When Jimmy stopped it was in some confusion—as if he couldn't think of a proper way to finish. But he had made himself very clear. It was obvious to the soldiers sitting around the card table that this lanky officer whom fame had touched, and who was so boyish despite a scratching of grey to his hair about the temples, was lonely—and facing the prospect of that loneliness continuing.

From his words, a few of those present had the impression that the shadow of a woman stood between him and his happiness—a woman he loved but had never been able to attain. The rest sensed something else. They got this from what they thought to be a quality of uncertainty. It seemed to weaken his voice whenever he tried to describe his reactions to those girls, many of them stars, whose names had been coupled with his. It was almost as if he'd never quite know what to make of them—when to believe them, when not. Was there something in this that might be Jimmy's main stumbling block?

Whatever the whole truth may be, his friends feel that this much he has made plain—his failure to find the sort of happiness he has admitted seeking is a problem to him. And thus their glumness over his strengthening espousal of bachelorhood. They cannot help wondering if it isn't a sign that Jimmy has given up hope of solving it.

As a matter of fact, when one considers his activities since his return to Hollywood, one begins to wonder if Jimmy's really been trying to solve it. His post-war romances have followed the pattern of his pre-war romances: attachments leading to gossip-columns mention, but no further. Where before there was a Ginger Rogers, a Betty Furness, Simone Simon, Virginia Bruce, Eleanor Powell or Sonja Henie (plus various society girls usually introduced as "Miss Brown" or "Miss Smith"), there is now a Myrna Dell, an Anita Colby or Gloria MacLean (plus more "Browns" and "Smiths" of course). Once more he is everybody's Romeo—and nobody's.



that's hollywood!

A movie director accompanied by his wife, sat at a table in the Brown Derby, admiring a young actress at a nearby table.

"Look how modestly she's dressed," he commented. "She doesn't even wear a trace of makeup."

"Some women," his wife sneered, "will go to any extreme to attract attention."

Irving Hoffman in
The Hollywood Reporter

Does the thought or memory of a certain woman stand between Jimmy and the others he meets? If so, a backward look at his life reveals one whom he met nearly 18 years ago and for whom, ever since, he has had a strong attachment—although her heart has three times gone to other men.

They first looked at each other at Princeton, which his father and grandfather had attended before him. A play came to town, *The Artist and the Lady,* and Jimmy, not an actor but a member of the university's theater group because of his accordion-playing hobby, saw the play and was later introduced to the "Lady," a blonde girl who had grey eyes and a husky-edged voice.

Can it be that he still hasn't got over that first meeting with Margaret Sullavan?

He is often asked that question—sometimes by girls he takes out who have heard the story and are intrigued by it. He always laughs as if tickled by the foolishness of the idea. Yet, marriage with Margaret is an idea he certainly entertained; and, from the viewpoint of what that meeting meant to his life, he *hasn't* got over it. The truth is that if he hadn't met Margaret Sullavan he would have been, instead of an actor, an architect. Architecture was on Jimmy's mind when their paths crossed, but that was not Margaret's world. Jimmy dropped architecture. Jimmy went where Margaret was—into the theater.

It was never announced then that they were in love, or even just that Jimmy was in love with her. But they were a close duo, and later part of as close a trio, in summer theater, when Hank Fonda joined them. During those days on Cape Cod when the three rehearsed their parts on the beach afternoons and performed nightly in the playhouse that jutted out from shore on creaking piles, there were many who conjectured romance between Jimmy and Margaret. But when she married she married Hank, not Jimmy.

Success came to Margaret and Hank before it came to Jimmy—but so did divorce. And these two were both in Hollywood when Margaret gave Jimmy's career its greatest impetus by inducing Universal to let him star with her in *Next Time We Love.* Tests had to be made of Jimmy first, of course, but Margaret took no chances: she played opposite him in the tests herself.

If anyone wants to know how Jimmy felt about Margaret (or "Peg," as he calls her) in those days (and wonders why he laughs at questions recalling this romance), a short conversation he had with one of his sisters who was visiting him then is enlightening.

"Why don't you marry Margaret Sullavan?" she asked. "You're always talking about her."

Jimmy's reply was, "I would if I could."

They made more pictures together. Over at M-G-M everybody remembers Jimmy's excellent spirits when, in 1938, he heard that his "Peg" had been signed to play opposite him in *Shopworn Angel.* On the set at that time it was taken for granted that Jimmy's world held two interests, Margaret Sullavan and his career—in that order. And thoughts of marriage, and of marrying Margaret, had by no means left him. That Christmas he went home for a visit and his father asked how he was getting along.

a little lonesome . . .

"All right," replied Jimmy, "but life is getting a little lonesome for me. A man shouldn't live alone. It isn't natural. I think I'd better get married."

That was also the year he told the world, via a MODERN SCREEN interview, that he thought the ideal girl should have blond hair, grey eyes and be not too tall. In case that description weren't recognizable he added "like Margaret Sullavan." And, as if that didn't tie it down, he continued on to say that he wanted "another Margaret Sullavan."

It would have had to have been "another Margaret Sullavan." The original one was hardly available to him except as a subject for his romantic discussions and interviews. She was busy acquiring a second husband—and then a third. Her second one was Willie

Wyler, the director. Her third was Leland Hayward, the latter not only a close friend of Jimmy's, but his agent as well.

Yet, all through the period of these marriages, and in between, Jimmy was ever near his "Peg" if only as a figure in the background—and his devotion to her today is still undiminished. When she was last in Hollywood he paid faithful attendance, felt impelled to phone her often, occasionally even while he was out with another girl!

So it may well be that Jimmy cannot see beyond Margaret Sullavan, even if there can be no Margaret Sullavan in his life. He once said, only a few years after coming to Hollywood, that he is the sort of guy who really takes a spill when he falls in love. He went on: "When I'm crazy enough to ask a girl to marry me she's going to be more important to me than anything else in the world. What she says will be law."

But back in 1938 he said something else that is regarded as even more significant by those who remember his shipboard confession that he had difficulty making a romantic choice. He frankly admitted that the first rush of girls, after his success was established in Hollywood, scared him. Everyone remembers that Jimmy was long considered a shy fellow. Olivia DeHavilland, when members of her family were freely predicting she and Jimmy would marry, gave as her opinion that he was "super-shy." Can this be the real key?

It is along the line of what a number of girls who have gone with Jimmy are said to think. That they have talked and puzzled over him for years is hardly news. And the sum of their thinking is perhaps best boiled down by one girl, a beauty whom the columnists have had altar-bound with Jimmy dozens of times, but who is intelligent enough to know much better herself.

search abandoned? . . .

"Take his whole story," she has pointed out. "A shy boy from a small town overnight finds himself the center of a group of girls more glamorous than he had ever thought existed. Nothing in his life has ever prepared him for all this adulation. Now, everybody knows that Jimmy's outstanding traits are honesty and dislike of sham. This honesty tells him that he is still the same boy he was yesterday so he knows it isn't *that* fellow they are clamoring for; it's the new one. But he cannot sham, so he cannot pretend to himself that he is anything else but himself—a boy, he sometimes feels, they wouldn't turn around twice to look at. Unconsciously, maybe, he's been looking for a girl who would—and hasn't found her. Maybe he has decided he never will. If that is so—well, it's kind of a tragedy, because he does want her."

Has Jimmy so decided?

This would account not only for his bachelorhood, but also for the ever more pronounced air of detachment that characterizes his personality now, a personality remarkably close to the Jimmy Stewart he is on the screen—a philosophical sort of fellow, slightly bemused and always a little remote from what is going on about him.

When you look at this fellow, it is difficult to see the other one—the boy who talked about girls and marriage when he first came to Hollywood, who loved the home he was raised in and was home-conscious for his own future way of living. It is difficult to see that boy, but there are some who claim they can, that Jimmy hasn't been able to submerge him completely—that doing this is going to be a tougher job than Jimmy realizes. THE END

The screen story of You Gotta Stay Happy, *Jimmy Stewart's latest picture, is to be found in the January issue of* SCREEN STORIES.

Love-quiz ... For Married Women Only



WHY IS HER HUSBAND SO CRUELLY INDIFFERENT?

A. **Jim adored her when they married. But now—so soon—he almost ignores her. Unfortunately, this wife is not even aware of her one fault which has caused his love to cool.**

Q. What is that one fault she is unaware of?

A. **Failure to practice sound feminine hygiene with a scientifically correct preparation for vaginal douching, such as "Lysol" in proper solution.**

Q. Aren't soap, soda, or salt just as effective?

A. **Absolutely not. Because they cannot compare with "Lysol" in germ killing power. Though gentle to delicate membranes, "Lysol" is powerful in the presence of mucus. Destroys the source of objectionable odors . . . kills germs on contact.**

Q. Do doctors recommend "Lysol"?

A. **Many doctors advise patients to douche regularly with "Lysol" brand disinfectant just to insure daintiness alone . . . and to use it as often as they need it. No greasy aftereffect.**

KEEP DESIRABLE, by douching regularly with "Lysol." Remember—*no other product for feminine hygiene is more reliable than "Lysol". . . no other product is more effective! No wonder three times more women use "Lysol" than all other liquid products combined!*

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HE GOT WHAT HE WANTED

(*Continued from page 57*)

but one is always sure to be off on a wandering trip somewhere). There are great plans under way, plans to make up for the misery of that 14-month period which began when Larry and his studio, Columbia Pictures, disagreed on the proper course for his career, and he took the decisive step of calling a halt to it altogether.

It was a tough decision to make. It meant he was sending himself into enforced idleness at a time when his star had begun to soar. It meant he had to stand for criticism from others and, even worse than this, be the victim of his own fears. Was he strong enough to take the outside blows and had he inner courage enough to overcome his own doubts?

The answer is yes, to both questions—and it's official now with the settlement of his contract in an agreement which provides that he will make one picture a year for five years for Columbia but is otherwise his own master.

exciting victory . . .

That's an exciting victory and it's no wonder that right after all papers were signed Larry went straight home to Betty and announced, "From here on it's action for us. This house will be hopping."

"You mean we might go to New York and do a stage show together?" she asked.

"Yes, we might."

"And you are going to start your own independent picture company?"

"It's started. We're looking for a script."

"And," Betty wanted to know, "how about your habit of jumping on your motorcycle and going off riding up the hills all alone? Are you going to keep that up?"

"No," said Larry. And she sighed with relief—but too soon. The next moment Larry was adding, "I'm going to get you a motorcycle and you can ride *with* me."

One of the reasons Larry isn't giving up his motorcycle is that he credits it with helping to bring about a happy ending to his troubles. When he didn't like the three pictures he was cast in after *The Jolson Story* and his refusal to do any more became a court matter, the judgment finally handed down was a kind of stalemate. He could work for himself—but not in pictures and not for any other studio. Trying to figure out a solution, Larry went riding on his wheel one Sunday morning and hit for the top of a hill overlooking Hollywood. There, standing high above the town which had given him a great start—and then tripped him—his mind went over the possibilities before him. When he started back down he knew what he wanted to do. A few weeks later he was on his way East to engage in summer theater.

The play, *A Free Hand*, by Norman Panama and Mel Frank ("Kind of fits the situation, that title, doesn't it?" he smiles), taught Larry a lot. But more important, he thinks, is what it taught his studio: Larry Parks could make a living without pictures—and what's more was prepared to, from then on, rather than do roles he didn't like.

The nature of Larry's sudden film success was such that there was a tendency to overlook his background of training in the legitimate theater field. When the famous Group Theatre was turning out some of the most successful actors and playwrights in the entertainment field today, Larry Parks was very much in the center of its activities. For that matter, his wife, Betty, was a contemporary of his at the time in the New York show world even though they didn't know each other at the time. Betty trained with the Neighborhood Playhouse in New York and took dancing under Martha Graham. You can even credit Larry with a dancing background acquired in a group taught by Anna Sokolow, a disciple of Martha Graham.

"And because a lot of people still think I am an overnight wonder," suggested Larry, when he was talking about this phase of his troubles, "it might be noted that in seven years after coming to Hollywood I played in more than 30 pictures. And if anyone wonders why I got a little impatient, why I'm a bit finicky about my roles—well, in some of those 30 pictures there were animals with whom I would gladly have exchanged parts. Their roles were better and longer."

Perhaps because of Larry's demonstration of independence, or maybe because the whole country has been asking for a sequel to *The Jolson Story* and the studio is more than willing to grant its wish, a more amicable mood began to be noted in the dispute. It resulted in the recent agreement—and now Larry acts again, starting with *Jolson Sings Again*.

But that's an awfully short way of dismissing one of the most tense and emotional periods in Larry's life. He thinks he lived five years during the four-hour meeting it took the lawyers for both sides to get together—four hours which he spent at home alone waiting for his attorney and personal representative, Lou Mandel, to phone him from the studio where the settlement wrangling was going on. "When he finally phoned me from the studio and I knew everything was okay, I felt like a life-termer getting an unexpected pardon," says Larry.

That night Larry and Betty celebrated by buying four bottles of champagne and riding out to the beach home of their closest friends, Lloyd and Dotty Bridges, just north of Malibu. Larry felt so good that though the others complained the water felt cold when they went night swimming, he declares it seemed actually balmy to him.

None of the other people who live in the canyon where the Parks' home is located needed to be told thereafter that Larry's troubles were over and that he was back at work rehearsing for *Jolson Sings Again*. They all have to pass the house on their way to work or market, and all day long Jolson records were being played to help Larry with his difficult synchronization performances which he had to perfect before he could go before the cameras. It wasn't a matter of a half dozen songs, but 18 numbers in which he had to look and act as if he were doing the singing.

"So, with the constant repetition of the songs, it's a pretty safe bet that in no other part of the world is so much Jolson music heard as in our canyon," he comments. "When the wind is right the music floats right up to the top of the hill and the houses up there get mammy songs with their views."

But the neighbors are tickled that Larry is back in harness. He has received their congratulations along with letters from all parts of the country—and one notable letter from out of the country. That letter was from Mexico, was written in Spanish and was signed just "Manuel." It took Larry some time to remember Manuel, but he did. He'd met him, a ten-year-old Mexican farm boy, on a studio publicity trip to Rosarita Beach down below Tijuana two years ago. Manuel had a little piglet whom he called Consuelo under his arms. As Larry and Betty were talking to Manuel, Consuelo wriggled free suddenly and scampered away. Everybody joined in the chase but it was Larry who caught her. He dropped down on his knees and put everything he had into a fervent Al Jolson gesture of appeal. It was too much for Consuleo and she came racing back to jump into his outstretched arms.

"Manuel kissed his little piglet on the forehead and then he kissed Larry," remembers Betty.

"With the price of pork today, it was a wonder that Manuel even gave me a thought," says Larry.

When Larry completes his role in *Jolson Sings Again*, he plans to go right into a picture to be made by his own company. It's just being formed and it's known as Louis Mandel Productions, Inc., with Betty, Mandel and himself as controlling officers. Following this, if a suitable musical comedy can be found, he and Betty would like to open with it on Broadway. After that comes a little idea that Betty has been nursing for some time: that the two of them work up a routine which they can present on a combination vacation and professional tour abroad. When this is set, the world is going to hear Larry Parks singing with Larry Parks' own voice.

hush-hush voice . . .

What kind of a voice is it? Larry won't say. But Betty knows and as far as she is concerned she'd rather listen to him than she would even to . . . you know who. (Please, Mr. Jolson, you're supposed to appreciate Betty's wifely loyalty!) Both agree there is a bit of a problem involved and that the first time Larry sings, as Larry alone sings, it's going to be a ticklish moment.

"But we'll make it," thinks Betty.

"She has confidence," says Larry. "She has so much confidence that she started shopping for all the things we needed even before the settlement was signed."

"I was certain about it," she replied.

"See?" asked Larry. "That's the only difference between us. I thought that maybe I was out of pictures for good—but she knew I wasn't. We don't have the same kind of thoughts, but we're together on the general idea of things."

One of the things they're together on the general idea of is—children.

They think they should have some. They would like those columnists who occasionally hint they're having quarrels and partings to know that that's how things are with Larry Parks and Betty Garrett.

THE END

I SAW IT HAPPEN



When I was on vacation, my little brother John went into a drug store one day and got us some cokes. When I'd finished I called John to take back the bottles. He was standing near the door of the store as I called, "John, be a darl and come here." Imagine my surprise when John Garfield stepped up.

Irene Fish
Plainview, Texas

bow meets curl

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By Carol Corter,
Beauty Editor



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Corol Corter, Beouty Editor
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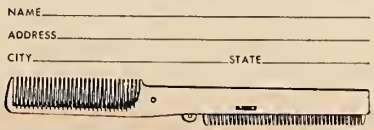
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THE CHRISTMAS I'LL NEVER FORGET

(*Continued from page 32*)

But the Americans were still only at Salerno and Anzio; the Germans held everything else.

The Nazis had been our "friends" up to this time. Now they were against us. It was hard to tell the difference. There was a saying in Rome then that if you had a Nazi friend you didn't need any enemies, and if you had a Nazi enemy you could find friends anywhere in the world.

Soon after getting up I was in the kitchen with mother having my Christmas breakfast. It was a simple meal. It was coffee, black coffee, and just that. Yet we were lucky. There were thousands in Rome that Christmas morning who had not even that. And we would have a lunch and a dinner. It would be potatoes from our own garden for lunch—boiled potatoes. For dinner we planned to use a last ounce or two of flour and make a sort of potato pancake. And with this, an extra dish—sardines!

As I drank my coffee I tried to dispel from my thoughts an unpleasant prospect that lay before me. It had been fortunate for me that I had chosen the ground floor apartment when I moved into the building several years before. The fact that a garden plot of pretty flowers went with that apartment was what had determined my choice. I didn't suspect then that soon I would be practically self-imprisoned in the apartment and that I would be forced to dig out every last pretty bloom in my garden and put in vegetables instead. That is what happened when the movie studios in Rome were closed and all operations shifted to the north of Italy, principally in Venice. I didn't go north. I voluntarily left the business because of the fear that I would be "asked" to make propaganda pictures by the Germans. And on this Christmas morning I knew the danger of this had not been circumvented by my leaving. I would be asked anyway; asked first, and then forced. This is what was worrying me—this and my plan to overcome the difficulty.

For three months after I left the studio I was alone in the apartment, never even showing my nose outdoors. I didn't want to be seen. I wanted the name of Alida Valli to be forgotten, so that no German film head would think of me. Once in a while friends would drop in, but not often. It was possible to go about, but it was difficult and dangerous. There were curfews which were always changing without notice so that you weren't sure whether you could be out until ten at night or whether you should have gone "in" at dusk. And, regardless of curfew, you were apt to be stopped and questioned anytime by the patrols. And if in any way you indicated that you were an Allied sympathizer, any fate from being detained overnight to never being heard from again could be yours!

desperate trading . . .

The friends came to talk, but mostly to bring, get, or exchange food. I had my potatoes, a few other vegetables as they came in season, and I had sardines and a little coffee which I had saved from my more plentiful times. Others would occasionally procure flour from which "pasta" or spaghetti dishes could be made, and, most rarely, a bit of sausage. These are what we would send back and forth to each other, in a desperate effort to get a little substance in our lives.

All this time I was a girl sitting all alone in a six room apartment, fighting against loneliness and melancholy. Those first months were awful. I read everything I had on my book shelf and then I read and re-read the shelf all over again. Not long ago in Hollywood I met a man who used to be a writer for Italian pictures and who, during the war years in Rome, had given me a script to read just before he was called into the army. We were delighted to see each other again, and soon, like all writers, he thought of his story. Had I ever read it? What did I think of it?

Before I could answer he clapped his hand against his forehead and called himself a fool. "What a stupid thing I am asking!" he said. "How could you possibly remember that script? It is four years since I gave it to you and what haven't we all been through since then!"

I laughed. "Not only do I remember it," I replied, "I think I could recite it for you, word by word."

"Impossible!" he cried. "In the theater only Shakespeare is ever memorized and I know I am not that good. Or am I?"

"You were to me," I answered. And then I told him how many times I had gone over his picture play, not only reading it, but speaking the lines of all the characters, just to pretend that they were there with me and that I wasn't so horribly, horribly alone.

This was the way I lived before my mother miraculously made the trip from our home town of Milan and came to me just a few months before Christmas; reading and re-reading; peering out from behind my blinds at someone walking in the street and fervently hoping, with him or her, that no German motorcycle and side car would careen around the corner to let a soldier jump out and start a long, interminable questioning; turning on my little radio to the merest murmur when the B.B.C. broadcast was due to come on (I shall never forget the deep, table-pounding noise that was its opening signal theme and the English tones of the announcer saying, "This is the Voice of London calling."); or else sitting at my back window watching my garden of vegetables, which meant life itself to me, against being stolen.

So you can imagine that my mother's company had meant a great deal to me. And as poor as our existence had been the past few months, we were together at least. But now, on this Christmas Day, I faced something that gave me a sickness at the very idea of it. This night I would have to leave the apartment, leave my mother and go into hiding in a friend's house.

There were two reasons why we had decided on this move. First of all, I was in danger. Just a few days before word had come to me that another group of film players were about to be "invited" north and there was strong likelihood that my name was on the list. If I refused to go, if I refused to cooperate after they forced me to go, my life wouldn't be worth much. Secondly, my mother and I were both in danger of starvation. We didn't have to make an inventory of our larder to know that the stored potatoes would last only a few days more, there were just a few tins of sardines left, and nothing more than an ounce or two of coffee. It might be possible, if I were out of the house, for mother to live a week or ten days more, and by that time, with the aid of my friends, I was sure I could send her more food.

christmas spirit . . .

And we had selected this Christmas Day as the best day on which to leave because, with more people on the street than usual, there was less chance of my being stopped and discovered. We counted, too, on a general spirit of Christmas in the air to make the soldiers more lenient in their questioning in the event I was hailed by a patrol.

So this is what was in the minds of my mother and myself as we finished breakfast and looked ahead to a day, that, ordinarily, would stretch long and dull—but this morning was different. Because we both dreaded the coming of night when we would have to part, without knowing when we would see each other again, we became conscious of the fact that time seemed to be just speeding along. And in order not to be left behind with things on our mind and heart not yet said, we found ourselves talking faster than usual.

Mother had planned to brave a visit to Christmas church services; now she changed her mind, was afraid to leave me alone. It would not be unlike the Germans to do their summoning on Christmas.

The afternoon before we had done some washing (we laundered and dried right in the apartment) and now mother expressed concern because the clothes were still wet and therefore I would not be able to pack them. She wouldn't believe me at first

star hunt

Can you recognize a star anywhere? In the paragraphs below we've hidden the names of quite a few. See how many you can find. Then turn to page 87.

★ It was March. A crisp wind blowing north by west cut across the waters of the lake and then across the fields. Soon the rains came. It was a good day to garner dreams, especially if you were young and your heart was full of hope.

Mary relaxed on a sofa by the window and toyed with a few tufts of brown hair that curled over her right ear. She watched the little brooks made by the rain run to the shore and eddy against the tide, and as she watched, she dreamt. She dreamt what almost any girl might dream on a rainy afternoon. She dreamt that some day a great power, some king, perhaps, would grant her every wish. Like Cinderella, she pictured herself at a ball in the main hall of a wonderful palace. Soon, a handsome knight discovered her, and approaching, placed a garland of flowers around her neck. Then he asked her to dance.

There was nothing meek about him, and his voice had a deeply resonant and mature tone which thrilled her deeply as he revealed how much he loved her, and how he'd had to hunt high and low to find her. As he spoke he put a gold band set with a stone of great price on her finger, and the next thing she knew he was leading her through a lane in the royal parks to what, as far as she could judge, appeared to be a temple—where they were married.

Mary sighed and stared out of the window. The downpour continued. The land was becoming a marsh. You would have needed a raft to have been able to get about in that weather, she reflected. She wondered if her father would be able to start the Ford when the rain stopped, or if he was in for the usual peck of trouble. Well, he would have to make the best of it, she decided, and returned to her dreams.

when I told her I had decided to take nothing with me, not even a toothbrush, for fear that if I were stopped and questioned, such articles would indicate that I was running away.

"I can send for some things later on," I told her. "It is just that I must not be caught carrying them *myself*."

"But if the Germans come here and ask for you?" she wanted to know.

"Tell them that I have gone north to grandmother's in Milan."

"But they will search there for you," she pointed out.

"Grandmother will say that I *was* there but left to come back to Rome. I will get word to her," I replied.

"So the Germans will return here looking for you. What then?"

"Then . . ." I began, putting my arm around my mother, ". . . then, *mama mia*, you will outdo your daughter in acting. You will cry and say that I must have disappeared. Maybe you will even accuse them of having spirited me away."

"Oh, it should be the other way. You are the actress," she complained—but joined me in my laugh.

We talked on about what might happen, and about the future generally, right through the morning and were still talking after lunch when a knock came on the door. I started forward to open it but mother caught my wrist and motioned it would be best if she went. I nodded. As I walked back to my room I noticed it was a little after two o'clock and there was something about this that seemed odd . . . though I couldn't make out why at the moment. A moment later I heard the front door open and heard something that made me start—something no Italian ever heard during the war without cringing—the thick, guttural sounds the Germans make when they try to speak our language.

I couldn't understand what was being said but got a sense of fright from the pitch of mother's voice. Then there were heavy footsteps . . . through the living room . . . into the kitchen . . . then, after more talk, back down the hall. The front door closed, leaving only the sound of my mother's quick returning steps to me. When I stepped out she was raising her hands in a gesture of thankfulness.

"It was the radio patrol," she said. "And see what time it is!"

Then I knew why I had felt odd when I looked at the clock. Each day at two in the afternoon we faithfully turned on the B.B.C. broadcast from London. But the Germans had monitors who went through apartment houses at such times eavesdropping at doors to discover those who might be listening to it. These men who came to our apartment had heard mother and I talking and had become suspicious. Had our radio been warm—a sign that we had had it on but had turned it off when they knocked—we might have been in serious trouble. And for months we had never failed to have it on at this time! But only today, because we were so busy discussing my leaving, we had forgotten about it!

small consolation . . .

One spent little time cooking in Rome those days because there was really nothing to the meals—the one "consolation" the women of Italy had during the war, and for which they were *not* grateful. But for the remainder of this afternoon mother spent most of her time in the kitchen. Even though there was precious little there to prepare, it was Christmas and in her eyes had come the same holiday cooking gleam of yore. I felt sorry for her; I felt she could meet with nothing but frustration in our kitchen!

We had one more visitor at dusk, this time a friend, an elderly neighbor who had gone to church service at St. Peter's and wanted to tell us about it. Usually I used to find her garrulous, but this evening I listened to her every word, and her story was so complete that it was almost as if I had ventured out and attended St. Peter's myself.

When I had let her out I watched through the window as she crossed the street to her home. Turning away, my eyes fell on a pedestal on which we kept an urn with flowery decorations—greenery and red berries—worked into its sides. It was missing. I called the fact to mother who had gone back to the kitchen but she made some reassuring reply that seemed to indicate she knew about it. I forgot about the urn and went to my room for a nap to fortify my nerves against my flight later.

Mother awakened me an hour or so later and told me to hurry and bathe as dinner was ready—"Christmas dinner," she said—and she had just poured a kettle of hot water into the tub. With some cold water added there was hardly two inches of water altogether yet you may be sure I appreciated every splash of it. I dressed quickly and went to the dining room. I took one look at the table before vision dimmed because of the tears that rushed up into my eyes. I groped my way to mother and held on to her. . . .

mother comes through . . .

Somehow or other she *had* made a Christmas dinner. There was no tree, but in the center of the table stood the missing urn, its red berries and coiling greenery gleaming from a vigorous shining. Around it lay a circle of small but vivid garnet roses with long, stiff stems. The potato pancakes were on a platter but what made me catch my breath was something in a little dish next to them—something that looked, and later tasted, like jelly! And then there were not only so many sardines that I knew mother had extravagantly opened *two* tins, but there was also a platter, on which was a smaller platter, on which was an even smaller dish, in which I could see white, steaming macaroni!

Before we sat down I pinned one of the roses in mother's hair and she placed one in mine. We ate happily, taking our time with each dish, and with mother even falling into her old habit of "stuffing" me at meal times. I used to object to this as do all young girls—but this time I said nothing, of course. I knew she was making sure that I did not have to leave on an empty stomach, perhaps feeling faint and not up to my trip.

For once there were really some dishes to wash in that apartment after a meal. Mother had made up for lack of food with as many platters and plates as she could get on the table. There were so many that we told each other the very act of washing them sold you on the idea that you had had a big meal. We worked slowly but eventually we were finished. It was quite dark outside. It was time for me to go.

I had put on a coat and was ready to leave when mother asked me to wait a moment. She went to my bedroom. A minute later she came out with something rolled up in shelf paper. She handed it to me.

"But I told you I'm not taking anything, mother," I told her. "What is it?"

"At least you must take a nightgown," she said, looking troubled. "At least that."

I could only nod. We kissed and pressed our farewell and then I was out in the street. I would have ten blocks to walk to get to the apartment of my friends. I started out. From somewhere, faintly, came the thin snaps of revolver shots being fired . . . from even beyond that I could hear church bells tolling . . . marking the closing hours of Christmas in Rome, 1944 . . . and the beginning for me—of what?

THE END

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ROBERT WALKER: TRAGIC FIGURE

(*Continued from page 39*)

on charges of being drunk and disorderly.

This is what happened: Motorcycle police chased Walker's car, being driven furiously down the wrong side of Pico Boulevard, for three blocks before they forced it to the side of the road. In the car with him was 22-year-old actress Pat Dane, Tommy Dorsey's former wife. She was at the wheel. She gave her real name, Thelma Patricia Byrnes, and pleaded guilty.

At the station, said the dispatch, Walker became belligerent and tried to fight five officers while being booked as "drunk, noisy, loud and boisterous." He told of meeting his companion at a party, after which they'd stopped at a bar and "had a few drinks."

"Why, I've been drunk for 25 years," Walker was quoted as telling the police. "This lady isn't drunk, though. Don't pick on her. I'm to blame."

Thus was achieved a new climax in the personal difficulties of Robert Walker—difficulties which seemed to have reached their peak last August when he separated from Barbara Ford after six weeks of marriage.

Whatever it is that has caused an intelligent, talented and attractive young man to become such a tragic figure, his friends (with, it must be said, rather shaken faith) are still hoping that some miracle will transform him into a well-balanced, uncomplicated person.

For a little while, it appeared that young Barbara Ford possessed the magic key. She and Bob had known each other only five or six weeks before they were married, but in that brief interval Bob seemed a changed man. He looked and sounded as he had in his early days in Hollywood, before his marriage with Jennifer Jones exploded in his bewildered face. He was keeping regular hours. He was eager to work. He even talked to the press—and for publication!

The date for the wedding was set, the plans all made. The ceremony was to take place aboard John Ford's yacht. (And, by the way, I don't believe that Mr. Ford disapproved the marriage, as reported. I think he liked Bob and wanted him for a son-in-law.) Then suddenly, on one of his unpredictable impulses, Bob said to Barbara, "Let's not wait! Let's get married—now!" And two hours later, without Mr. Ford in attendance, the wedding took place.

marry in haste . . .

There were many reasons why Bob and Barbara should never have rushed into marriage that way. They had known each other so very briefly, and even a few more weeks of learning to know each other better might have made a tremendous difference. Bob was scheduled to start a picture, which made impossible the long and leisurely honeymoon they had planned. The house he had bought was not yet furnished. Barbara, who has always been very close to her father, had naturally wanted him to be at the wedding.

But Bob and Barbara, on a romantic impulse, went right ahead. So two strangers, in an atmosphere of haste and strain, found themselves man and wife.

Who was to blame for the tragic marital fiasco? Most people say Bob. I'm not so sure.

Of course it was cruel and wrong when he brusquely ordered his young wife to leave him after three unhappy weeks. I'm not condoning that—it was a terrible thing on the face of it. But remember that he is a man who has been babied by women all his life— a man who always says, in effect, "No one understands me."

Barbara, a fine girl, was very inexperienced. She's never been much around men, except the men in her family. She just didn't know how to handle her very difficult and emotionally unstable husband. And as he was disappointed in her, she was disillusioned with him. I'm told that Walker didn't leave his room for four days following the honeymoonless wedding.

Bob's sometimes-adolescent behavior is supposed to stem from a heart-hangover he carries for Jennifer Jones. Every time he gets in a jam—which is often—someone explains it by saying he's still in love with Jennifer. (At the time of his arrest, the Associated Press reported, he asked that someone call her.) Even the time when he "disappeared," we heard "He's carrying a torch for Jennifer," from the people who always seem to know.

Walker laughs now—a little bitterly—when you mention that time when he ran away from it all. He was in the middle of a movie. One morning, instead of going to the studio, he got in his car and drove to Santa Barbara. Radio news reports at once announced his disappearance, and expressed the fear that Bob was dashing off somewhere to kill himself! "I just went to see some friends," Bob told the studio heads—when he decided to return. "Try telling us in advance next time," they suggested coldly.

MODERN SCREEN



"Listen dear—yes, this is where we came in."

But that's the way it always is with Walker; he hates to tell. He has never yet told the story of what went wrong with his marriage to Miss Jones. And Jennifer is just as non-communicative.

Before they came to Hollywood, they were happy in the apartment in New York with their two boys. Bob was doing all right with his career, bringing home something like a thousand dollars a week from his radio soap-opera jobs. Between times they worked together in stock, and life looked pretty successful after their early struggles to make good on the stage, and in Hollywood, where Jennifer had worked in Westerns as Phyllis Isley.

(I've heard that Bob and his wife were very poor at one time, starving on a bench in Central Park, etc. That isn't true. Bob is closely related to millionaire Floyd Odlum, and his family has always been prosperous.)

I rather believe that if Bob had remained in New York with Jennifer, perhaps the early kinks in his character might have straightened out in time. But who can say? In any event, Jennifer came to Hollywood ahead of Bob to star in *Song of Bernadette*. A few weeks later, Bob was called by Dore Schary for a test in *Bataan*. Richard Widmark was also tested for the part. Bob won. I wonder what would have happened to Bob and Jennifer if Widmark had won the part instead?

For a while in Hollywood, Jennifer denied she was married. It wasn't her fault, but it hammered the first crack into her marriage. She was playing the role of Bernadette, a virgin who had visions, and a married woman with two children would sound like wrong casting. Bob agreed to keep up his part of the pretence, but he winced every time his wife was referred to as a single girl. No man wants to be a secret husband and father.

truth will out . . .

The marriage and family slipped out in an interview Jennifer gave me during the making of *Bernadette*. She begged me not to mention it. I didn't—until others did. Bob also let the truth slip out to another interviewer in an unguarded moment. The story was printed. "What an ideal situation," everyone cooed. "She's a big success. He's a big success. Their marriage is a big success. They have two lovely children. Who could ask for anything more?"

Jennifer could and did. At about the time of the release of *Bernadette* she separated from Bob.

To understand Bob's behavior at this time, you have to realize that the strongest of all his strong dislikes is the press. Before he signed with Metro, Bob had it written into his contract that he does not have to give any interview unless he wishes. He can't understand why anyone would want to know about what he does when he is not making movies. I've seen him walk away in the middle of a columnist's question.

Well, there was no walking away from the furor of his broken marriage with Jennifer Jones. Every day reporters called him for details and photographers ambushed him for pictures.

He holds the press partly responsible for the actual divorce. "We were trying to work things out," Bob has said sadly. "But I couldn't read a paper without finding something that widened the gulf between us." So he went further into his shell, became more aloof, more suspicious of motives.

Between the Jennifer and Barbara marriages, Bob had a couple of near weddings—with Florence Pritchett and Lee Marshall, the divorced wife of Herbert Marshall. Florence was even talking of getting a job in Hollywood—to be near Bob, I presumed at the time. He always insisted that he and Florence—and he and Lee—were friends only.

To me it seemed to be the unfortunate case of an unhappy man who wanted to be in love and to marry—and who was desperately yearning for a firm foundation for his very shaky personal house.

I once overheard him reply to a woman acquaintance who had asked him, "What do you really want in life, Bob?"

"I want to remarry," he said sincerely and seriously. "I want a nice girl who

knows movies, but not necessarily an actress."

Bob really does need understanding. For all his strange, impulsive behavior he is essentially a family man. He adores his two boys and I know no one in Hollywood who is better to his parents. Bob moved into his studio dressing room when his mother and father visited him recently, so they could have complete freedom in his house.

He teaches his kids to hunt and fish. They go on terrific rabbit hunts, from which they come home with a lot of imaginary adventures and no rabbits. He reads stories to them by the hour. All the unhappiness leaves his face and voice when he talks of his plans for the boys. He was going to take them to South America, just before he met his second wife. He will probably take them now in the spring. He rented a house at Malibu last year because he wanted to teach the youngsters to swim. He bought his present ranch next to the late Will Rogers' home, so the boys could have their own horses. He is trying, and quite sincerely, to give his children the security and emotional stability he misses in his own life.

Two years ago Walker suddenly announced to Metro that he was quitting motion pictures. This was immediately following the great praise given him for his performance in the *Sea of Grass*.

"I'm just tired of pictures," he explained. "No more movies for me. I'm going to New York to rest." He wound up with his family in Utah. He said he would stay there for the rest of his life.

In a week he came back to Hollywood.

Bob's marital crack-up with Barbara gave him, naturally, a great emotional shock. For a time thereafter he was in the hospital as a result of not eating or sleeping. "How about drinking?" I asked. He was not drinking, either—at that time.

Shortly before his recent arrest, he had said that he was eager to get down to hard work again and get going with his career. I do know that his acting means a lot to him and that he always gives honest performances. But Hollywood is currently, whether deservedly or not, very much on the defensive against charges of loose living. Though M-G-M has given him "one more chance," it does seem probable that, unless he undergoes a radical and convincing change, Bob Walker's screen days are numbered.

And yet—if only somehow Bob can get over his deep-seated belief that every man's hand is against him! If only he can believe that the human race, on the whole, can be pretty nice! If only he can forget the past and find a way of fitting himself inside the everyday pattern of human relationships! Then, perhaps, there will come a day when Robert Walker will no longer be on the outside looking in—at other people's happiness.

And, still hoping for that day to come, there are a lot more people than you think, Bob. THE END

THE GANG'S ALL HERE

(*Continued from page 36*)

The Tobins, Ann's Uncle Pat and Aunt Sissy, were just placing the turkey on the table. It was surrounded by steaming platters of spaghetti, bowls of hot potato salad, slaw, tomato rings, tiny whole beets, and a punch bowl of apple cider with sprigs of mint and diced peaches floating on top.

Everyone lined up around the table, Army fashion, while Ann donned a chef's cap and apron and doled out heaping platefuls. Jane, Lon and Liz were the first in line. Then they planted themselves on the living-room floor, taking over the piano bench as a table. Dick Moore and Doug Dick favored a half-reclining position on the rug. They propped their heads against the divan and balanced their plates on their knees. (This comfort was quickly abandoned when they discovered that the tufted gray rug was transferring itself to their blue serge suits.)

Everyone sat around stuffing and chattering away. Danny and Janet took turns explaining how they had lost Ann's address and spent 45 minutes telephoning all their friends to get it. "And all the time we were just a block from the house," they wailed.

The ice-cream cake was a masterpiece. It was a replica of Ann's house—complete to tiny welcome mat and picket fence.

By the time we had tamped this into ourselves, we were starting to come apart at the seams.

Scott (where does he get that energy?) Brady was the first to revive.

He tried to interest us in group singing.

No response.

"Well, how about a game of darts?"

All groaned at the mere mention of physical exercise.

Soon Scott found a better use for the darts. He slipped up behind Mel Torme and deftly popped the balloon Mel was holding by its string.

Hearing the pop, Mel jumped up.

Scott immediately thrust the microphone of Ann's home recorder into Mel's hand. "Thank you, Mr. Torme!" said Scott. "We appreciate your volunteering."

So Mr. Torme sang a song. He sang several songs. Then he turned the mike over to those three cut-ups, Doug, Danny and Dick.

Making like news commentators, they gave out with last-minute news flashes from around the world, concluding with a special salute to Korea—which just happens to be where Liz Taylor's "very good friend," Lieut. Glenn Davis, is stationed. Liz blushed.

Most of us recorded housewarming sentiments. Those who didn't sing, signed Ann's guest book. Susan Perry composed a sonnet (honest!), Art Loew drew a mermaid, and Lon McCallister waxed lyrical. He wrote a page of things like—"It's been grand, Ann . . . it's been ickie, Dickie . . . it's been zanie, Janie . . ."—and would have gone on for pages, but Ann managed to lure him away. She did so by singing that slightly eerie, slightly bewitching mermaid wail from *Mr. Peabody and the Mermaid*.

Ann then announced that she couldn't wait any longer: she was going to open her housewarming presents.

The bumper crop of gifts ran the gamut from the peculiar to the practical. MODERN SCREEN presented her with a philodendron totem-pole plant. Ann was amazed that the greenery fitted so perfectly into her living-room alcove. (Little did she know we'd spent half a day measuring plants to find the precise one.)

Ann lined the gift cards along the mantel, while Susan and Gloria gathered up the wrappings and put them in the fireplace.

The rest of us propped marshmallows on forks and waited for them to turn golden brown.

The fire was "just right" for toasting marshmallows. In fact, the entire housewarming had been "just right." THE END



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THIS SECRET POWER

(*Continued from page 46*)

alone at the Women's University Club in London. A chic, smart-looking woman came up to my table. "I'm Sylvia Thompson," she said. She was a famous novelist. I had read her books and enjoyed them and I said so.

"I've just written my first play," she told me, "and it's being produced. I've been watching you all evening. Have you ever thought of acting? You're ideal for the girl's part. Could we have coffee together in the library and talk it over?"

If I had tried, I couldn't have picked a more implausible setting for such a welcome overture. By no stretch of the imagination could you connect the sedate Women's University Club with anything theatrical. The University Appointments Bureau, located in the club, helped to place college graduates and, reluctantly facing the fact that it was desirable to eat, I was seeking a teachership somewhere, perhaps a librarian's job at a university. I didn't really want those jobs. I wanted a chance to act. But illness had nipped my budding stage career rather disastrously and apparently there wasn't a second chance for me. Stage producers around London had been pretty convincing about that—and recently. In fact, under the table my feet still ached from pounding pavements and climbing office stairs.

dream come true . . .

Yet— "Would you read the part for me and Laurence Olivier, who'll direct and play the lead?" I heard Sylvia Thompson saying. She was offering me exactly what I'd been thinking longingly about over my dinner as she came up.

Of course I read the part—and I got it! I spent my last shillings for lodgings near the theater where I started rehearsals immediately. Before that play ended, I was rehearsing for another, and then another. I played eight shows in a row for my first success as an actress. Why did it come about? And in such an incredible place in such a fantastic out-of-the-blue way? Because, I'm convinced, I wanted it to.

I know you get whatever you want in this life if you want it badly enough, Now, far be it from me to turn into Greer Garson, Girls' Guide and Friendly Philosopher at this late date. Those are roles I've never played and I don't fancy myself the type. But only a wooden Indian could fail to notice what's been demonstrated to me so many times through some fairly high—and fairly low—spots of fortune.

Looking back, I think I always wanted to be an actress, because I dramatized desperately everything that happened to me, everything I thought about and heard and read. I had to. I had little real drama in my childhood. I was an only child and a lonely one. My father died when I was four months old, and unfortunately, he didn't believe in life insurance. My mother raised me with one loving hand and with the other managed the few properties he left to keep us going. I was often alone and on top of that practically always cursed with some juvenile pip or other, which meant I spent most of my play days in bed.

Parties weren't for me, because every time I started off to one, it seemed, I got bronchitis. And at school, just as I'd finally work my way on to the hockey squad or the fencing team, a doctor would listen, shake his head and say, "No—bad for your heart." I grew up swathed in mufflers, I carried pills and lozenges wherever I went. I suppose I could have fitted right into a page of Freud on juvenile frustrations if I hadn't lost myself in reading and study, diverting my restlessness to cramming my head.

As a result I was a top scholar—no prodigy, thank goodness, but precocious. The education I wanted so badly I earned throughout my school days with prizes and scholarships. At 14 I tutored young gentlemen for their entrance exams to Oxford and Cambridge.

I'm not tooting my own horn as a Girl Brain—just showing how really much of an introvert I was because of my shut-in life. And I longed to break out of it, to do something exciting for a change, something glamorous, something to throw me in contact with thousands of people, the people I was starved for. That's why I'm sure I always wanted to be an actress.

Not that I knew it exactly at the time. All I really knew then was that I wanted desperately to be something special. I felt a bit on the spot about that. I was not just the only daughter of the family but, in a sense, the son as well. Two wonderful grandfathers doted on me. I'm named after them both. Grandfather Garson was a Scottish elder of the kirk, the very soul of integrity and kindness, a wonderful man who taught me my letters when I was only two. Grandfather Greer was Irish, a prop of the Presbyterian church, the factor of a huge estate in County Down who knew all about animals and growing things and imparted the love of them to me as a child.

I worshipped them both and felt I had to live up to them, and to my mother, widowed so early and alone. She had left Queens College in Belfast to take one of the first civil service appointments ever opened to women; she was one of the first women magistrates in England, starting on a brilliant career herself. Then she'd fallen in love with my father and when he died there she was saddled with the care of me. Often it was nip and tuck, but she always managed to give me what I needed. I felt an especial debt to her to make something of myself, to make myself worthy of her.

I wonder how many of us would hunt and struggle for some sort of success if it weren't to make the people who love us proud?

I don't regret the heartaches and discouragements I suffered (and so many have had so many more than I!) trying to break out and get what I wanted. After college I was off to a fortunate acting start with the lead in a Shaw play on tour. The salary was minute and the part physically rugged, but I knew that if I made good I'd have a contract with the Birmingham Repertory at the end of the tour. Well, acting through the provinces in drafty theaters, pretty soon my old bronchitis acted up. I came out of it with a throat red, swollen and dangerous. The doctor took one look and ordered me to rest and then have my tonsils out. I had to be replaced at the Repertory, my contract went glimmering.

mountain of woe . . .

I'd counted heavily on that contract. Now, instead, I had a mountain of medical expense, more of my girlhood sickbed frustrations, a block in my ambitions a mile high. On top of that, my back started acting up. When I was at Grenoble University in France, I'd spanked the water the wrong way once in a dive and come up with some damaged vertebrae which have plagued me off and on ever since. My anxieties and disappointment didn't make me feel any better.

After my operation, I recuperated at Brighton, England's Atlantic City. It was out of season and deserted. There's nothing more dismal than any beach resort in winter, especially Brighton. The rows of gray, weatherbeaten shacks, the even grayer sea, the cold wind, the loneliness. Nobody was ever lower in luck, funds and spirit than I was.

One day I decided to brave the cold spray for a stroll down the sea walk. I even considered spending money recklessly for a cup of tea to buck up my spirits. I was dressed in black, I remember, wearing no makeup, walking with a cane and bent over like Grandmother Grump. No one in his right mind would ever have tagged me an actress—pardon—ex-*beginning* actress. Yet in that dreary setting and mood I received reassurance, encouragement, even inspiration—in the most outlandish possible way.

The swinging sign over her shabby little booth said "Madame Stella—Fortunes Told By Tea Leaves, Cards, Crystal Ball and Modern Miraculous Methods—One-Half Crown." I had one, a precious one, and why I popped right in with it extravagantly I'll never know. Who knows why we do all the things we do?

Madame Stella's booth smelled of onion and so did she. She came to me through a tent flap, wiping off the crumbs of her lunch from her shrewd lips. She was a big, frowsy, shapeless woman, but she had common sense and a certain mother wit shining out of her dark eyes. She took my palm.

She picked out a year when I'd been ill as a child and told me what it was. She described accurately my home, my schooling, my maidenly milestones. She won my interest so that when she said, "I see you in public life, I see large crowds around you listening," my hand trembled on the velveteen cover of her tiny card table.

"Music—no," she said. "Speech—that's it—acting. I see success, a happy, successful career and life. . . ."

She talked on, saying words I needed to hear, telling me to arise, Phoenix-like, from my own ashes of despair. There were the



critic's corner

WHAT PAPER DO YOU READ?

Danny Kaye's admirers, than whom there are none more intense, are likely to strain their eyes looking for their boy in *A Song Is Born.* For the Danny who ambles through this picture is but a shade of the scintillant comedian whom the screen fans have come to love. Indeed, he is something of a specter amid a hodge-podge of animated acts. And, to make it thoroughly depressing, he doesn't sing one song.

Bosley Crowther
The New York Times

Danny Kaye, now bouncing back and forth between Hollywood and London, also bounces forth this week in a lively comedy called *A Song Is Born.* . . . This is a film tailored for the Kaye talents just as, back in the days when the title was *A Ball Of Fire,* the same story and the same role were as carefully arranged for Gary Cooper.

Eileen Creelman
The New York Sun

star hunt solution

Well, how did you make out? There were 40 hidden names on page 82. If you got them all—you're terrific. If you found 30—you're good. Less than 25—you're no movie fan!

March	Brooks	Tone
Crisp	Shore	Hunt
North	Eddy	Stone
West	Power	Price
Waters	King	Lane
Lake	Grant	Parks
Fields	Ball	Judge
Rains	Main	Temple
Day	Hall	Marsh
Garner	Knight	Raft
Young	Garland	Ford
Hope	Meek	Peck
Tufts	Mature	Best
Brown		

other usual things, too—heart lines, dark men in my life and what not. I don't know about the dark men, but everything else came true and, the funny part was, I was sure it would come true even as I listened. All, that is, except one part which seemed fantastic to me then. "I see you crossing deep waters," predicted Madame Stella, "to America, for fame and success." I had no thought of America then at all. My eyes were on London. Somehow after this strange palm-reading, which my reason told me was sheer nonsense, I felt much better and I packed up and left Brighton for the city. Soon after, there was the amazing good luck with Sylvia Thompson and the part in her play, the eight plays that followed and my first real start.

Now, I'm not psychic at all. Tables don't tap for me and Ouija boards sit sullen and dormant. I don't think there was anything supernatural about Madame Stella's divinings. I just think she read my mind—and what I wanted was so ever-present at the front of my mind. And because I wanted it so badly, of course I got it, bad back, sore throat and damp spirits notwithstanding.

The last play on my lucky London stage run was one called *Old Music* at the St. James. I had finished the show one night and gone to my dressing room when Jimmy, the stagedoor guard, knocked at my door. He was hopping with excitement and the news that Louis B. Mayer would like to see me. "From 'Ollywood," exulted Jimmy. "Big gintlemen from 'Ollywood. Wot luck—eh?"

Mr. Mayer was on the tag end of a London stay. By rights of his schedule, he should already have departed, but for a business delay. He would never have gone to see *Old Music* but for a misunderstanding. The title led him to believe it was full of old Viennese music, Strauss waltzes and things, which he loves. Actually, there wasn't a tune in the whole show; it was straight drama. Five minutes after I came on the stage, he asked, "Who is that girl?" and he got this reply from two M-G-M London men, "Oh, she's a girl who isn't interested in pictures." It was true. I'd had picture advances and turned them down. But Mr. Mayer insisted on meeting me and inviting me to join his party after the theater at the Savoy Grill.

It wasn't an evening you'd expect great things from. I was tired and, frankly, more interested in my pillow than any Hollywood producer. I was dressed in a red sport jacket and my hair was frightfully mussed by the wig I'd taken off. All the executives' wives were splendid in dinner gowns and I felt out of place. When Mr. Mayer asked if I'd like to sign a contract and go to Hollywood, I said, "I don't think so. I'm lucky here. I'm not for pictures."

My whole attitude was negative when he persisted. I said I'd have to take a test, of course, and he said, "Oh, don't bother." But I insisted and the test was awful. I said "No" and kept saying it—but a week later I gave in and agreed to a contract over the long distance telephone with Mr. Mayer who'd gone on to Paris. Why? Well, I liked Mr. Mayer and told myself he was the first person I felt I could trust a career to. But I already had a career in London and I didn't know another soul in Hollywood; I'd never seen the place. I think I said "Yes" basically because I'd wanted to go to Hollywood for a long time, whether I really knew it or not. Madame Stella had dug that out of my subconscious three years before. I also think that because I wanted it, all the intricate hit-and-near-miss events that brought it about happened. Call it fate, luck, opportunity—I believe the wish is back of it all or it doesn't happen.

My first year in Hollywood was one long, nightmarish wish for a job to play. I did nothing. The only pictures I made were X-Rays. My leading men were doctors, dozens of them. I had consultations and conferences involving, not scripts and characters, but ominous projects like operations, harnesses, plaster casts and such. You see, my old back injury kicked up on me the minute I arrived and put everything else, practically, out of whack. If I wasn't being jabbed by a needle I was being tapped, tested and explored by all sorts of surgical contrivances.

The physical pain wasn't half as bad, though, as the disappointment of my now burning desire to make a movie. I'm not keyed to leisure. That was the longest idle spell I'd had in my life—15 months. Complexes, inhibitions and frustrations piled up on me like smothering pillows. (I was also going slowly broke!)

Everyone was awfully nice—people are always nicer when you're down, I've found, than when you're on top—but obviously my studio couldn't keep me hanging around idle and useless forever. I no longer added up as a prospect for pictures, but for a wheelchair. I went into the hospital for an exploratory operation—just to see what major remodelling I needed. The day after they carted me home, weak and wobbly, my agent arrived with flowers and bad news.

"The studio wants to settle your contract," he said. "I'm sorry."

row, row—to your boat . . .

Suddenly I knew what I had to do. When you can't wait for your ship to come in, you've got to row out to it. "Don't worry a bit about it," I heard myself telling Mike Levee. "I'll take charge of this tomorrow."

I don't know how I wiggled out of my wheelchair next day, but I fixed myself up and got down to the studio, packing my scrapbook under my arm. All of my best friends at M-G-M were away, Louis B. Mayer was in Europe. The only one I knew even slightly was Edward Mannix, studio production head. I marched into his office, like any green, stagestruck girl. Imagine, hoping to influence a veteran Hollywood executive with a scrapbook! Especially when you're up to be fired! But I knew what I wanted. I wanted my chance.

Although it was half-past seven o'clock and I'm sure Mr. Mannix was dying for his dinner, he listened to my sales talk and actually inspected my scrapbook of London stage triumphs from beginning to end. And I left with the assurance that I wouldn't be dropped, that I'd have my chance. And soon I did. Soon I travelled back to London to make *Goodbye Mr. Chips.*

And here is something for what it's worth: The results of my "exploratory operation" were added up shortly before I

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left to make *Chips*. The verdict: a serious spinal operation, one that would keep me in bed for months, perhaps a year. I couldn't consider it because I didn't have the money. Three weeks later, I was back at work and happy—and not a touch of a pain anywhere. People said I never looked better than I did in *Goodbye, Mister Chips*. That was after the most agonizing, sick and bedridden year in my life! But I was back at work, you see, and I was happy—and work is a great cure for a great many things. (I haven't had that operation yet. But today I can swim, ride, play tennis, climb a rope—even stand on my head.) And I've been pretty busy ever since.

I was happy, busy and well throughout *Mrs. Miniver, Random Harvest, Madame Curie, Mrs. Parkington* and *Valley of Decision*. I was nominated three times for Academy Awards and won my "Oscar." I recouped my shaky finances and realized many of my deep personal desires, like giving my mother a home such as she would have had if my father had lived. I've made wonderful friends. I've been in and out of love. I've lived and I've developed as a person.

Is that the live-happily-ever-after end to my tale? No, not quite!

A couple of years ago, along with the whole Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio, I wanted something too much. Clark Gable, our friend and home-lot hero, was back from the wars and everybody wanted to make his first return picture a bang-up hit. I played opposite Clark. Maybe we all tried too hard. *Adventure* wasn't good at all.

That was strike one, to mix a metaphor. Then a friend of mine sent me an Enoch Arden story I thought particularly good and timely for those post-war days. But it wasn't made until two years later, very much out of date, and censorship robbed it of what punch was left. I loved doing it (although that's when I almost drowned at Bib Sur) but *Desire Me* was a sad mistake. No alibis, though. Just strike two. I steeled my red head for the blows and they came, the cracks by the columnists and critics. I was a setup.

It was all very salutary and, I'm sure, exactly what I needed. I even had some

MODERN SCREEN



"Go to the movies? Where d'ya think I've been for the last 3 hours."

fun out of it with a friend of mine, Deborah Kerr, just over from London herself to make a movie career. It was good for a titillating gossip hint in one column that "Deborah Kerr is being groomed at Metro to take Greer Garson's place as First Lady" —something of the sort. We had a lot of fun out of it, Deborah and I. I think I invited her over once for arsenic sandwiches.

But seriously, there are compensations even to setbacks. A good healthy check-up on yourself, for one thing. And expression of loyalty from the people who like you.

I've always loved the letters I get from fans. They come from all over, even from natives in New Zealand. One little package, without a name, arrived when the brickbats were flying thickest. It said simply, "To the finest actress I know and the most lovable person." That did me no end of good, that thought, absurd though it was. So did the note from some tiny town that read, "Don't worry, Greer, I am writing a Western for you that's sure to bring you back."

Well, it wasn't a Western I wanted (thanks, pal, just the same) after my Humpty-Dumpty. I wanted a rip-snorting comedy to play. No more "first lady" parts. No more queens; the queen's crown had slipped slightly. Besides, I've always been dying to clown on the screen. Well—I got it: *Julia Misbehaves*.

I've never had so much fun making a picture. In it, among other perils, I'm sunk in a leaky boat, rolled in a mud bath in a swamp, chased by a bear and—this makes me pretty proud—tossed about like a beanbag by a troupe of acrobats. I hope audiences like *Julia* as much as I do—and I think they will. M-G-M calls it "The New Look on Garson" and nobody's kidding. One good picture and I'm happy as a lark again!

I've always fancied a little song Irene Dunne sang a few years ago in *Love Affair*. I hum it every now and then to myself, and I hope that pleases Leo McCarey, who wrote it, because I know he'd rather write songs than direct pictures although they don't make him nearly so rich or famous.

It was called "Wishing," and the lines I liked went—

So if you wish long enough, wish strong enough,
You'll come to know
That wishing will make it so . . .

It's not that easy or simple, of course. There's a whole lot more to getting what you want out of life. But that's a good thing to start with and never let go of. I'm convinced, too, it's what makes the good things happen. At least, that's how they've happened to me. THE END

(Editor's Note: Greer Garson has been prominently mentioned in the news of late with Bud Fogelson, the Texas oil millionaire. For information about this, read what Louella Parsons has to say on page 8.)

AND BABY MAKES THREE

(Continued from page 49)

Jo," using the name of the old-fashioned girl she'd been playing that day on the set in *Little Women*.

Because somehow there was something old-fashioned and wistful about her feelings as she watched, lying under the pink coverlet, what she herself had been long ago, what now was hers to love and raise and mould and care for.

June closed the door softly and then leaned in Dick's arms. "Oh," she said. Just "Oh."

"Want to send her back?" grinned Dick.

June didn't answer; she didn't hear. "Oh, darling," she said, "she smiled right at me!"

That's when Olie had to grin, too.

"I'm afraid that was gas," she said.

"She smiled," repeated June stubbornly, "she smiled at me."

Miss Allyson Powell has climbed considerably up the ladder of babyhood since the day Dick and June first gazed in awe at their adopted baby daughter. She was only seven weeks on this earth then and now she's pushing six months. From seven insignificant pounds she'd padded herself in rosy bumps and folds to a solid 16. She downs her pablum, orange juice, strained fruits and vegetables like a big girl; she coos and "talks," rolls over, kicks and crawls—and her smiles are not necessarily inspired by burps. In short, Allyson is a strictly advanced baby, take it from Dick and June.

But neither Dick nor June will ever forget the happy, hectic time when Allyson made her three-point, hurry-up landing on their Hollywood home.

Ever since she can remember June had wanted a baby. Always she has overflowed with warmth and affection, enough to cover her own family, her husband, and the children they both wanted so much. When two years of married life passed and there still wasn't a promise of a baby to hold in her arms, Dick and June decided not to wait any longer. Over a year ago they put in their request for an infant—boy or girl—at an Eastern adoption home. They said nothing about it to anyone. They knew the waiting list was miles long, that their blessed event was months away. They knew it took time to investigate carefully their fitness and responsibility as parents, to find just the right baby to fit their own backyard and blood-ties and even the way they looked. June sighed and resigned herself to wait forever if necessary.

Then one night the telephone rang. June had one of those miserable, stuffy colds. She'd worked late on the set of *Little Women* and she intended to go back and keep working next day without telling anyone she felt so punk, because it was so lonely and dismal sticking in your empty room with the sniffles while Dick was away all day running around on business to get off on his personal-appearance tour.

So she answered the phone a little groggily and when she heard, "Hello, Mrs. Powell? . . . Well, hello, Mother!" she just didn't get it at all.

"You bust have the wrog dumber," croaked June, before she heard the long distance voice go on—

"Congratulations, Mrs. Powell. Your baby's here, your little daughter's here."

And then it registered. She wobbled in her chair and felt her temperature shoot up to at least 103. June managed to squeak, "Oh, how wonderful—wonderful" and then she dazedly passed over the receiver to Dick, gasping "Our baby!"

Eight days they had to get things ready. Only eight days, and every day crammed with things to do to the rim of the clock. Dick winding up *Station West* and packing his bag for the East and his *Pitfall* appearances. June, deep in her toughest *Little Women* scenes and battling a flu bug, too. Tack and Teru, their Japanese couple, newly gone to Japan to work again for

(Continued on page 90)

the fans

MODERN SCREEN FAN CLUB ASSOCIATION



SHIRLEY FROHLICH
director

GLORIA LAMPERT
associate

Fan Club Clinic: "Dear MSFCA: Here's my answer to the question, 'Are fan clubs rackets?' A fan club can be a powerful organization for good; it can be just a waste of time (if it hasn't any activities and if members spend their time just dreaming about their star) or sometimes it can be a selfish racket. (There are some prexies who make a business of fan clubs. They write their stars for pictures, autographs, etc., and then sell them. Do you wonder studios object to clubs!) Anyway, whether the club is a worthwhile organization, waste of time, or outright racket depends entirely on the members. (signed) Marie Dotteresse, Perry's Rambling Roses." (Editor's Note: Thanks, Marie, for summing up the problem and for pointing out what we've always believed: that a good club depends on ACTIVE members!

Remember the question that came up a few months back? What to do when you've sent your journals to your exchange member regularly and you've received only that first journal in exchange? Nelda Clough of the Charles Korvin club has an easy solution: When two club prexies agree to exchange memberships, they simply have a friendly understanding beforehand that it's to be on a journal-for-journal basis. In other words, you are not obliged to send any new journal, until you receive one in return.

News of the clubs: Eva Shapiro, new prexy of the Bob Mitchum Club, tells us that everybody's anxious to support the club and Bob . . . Want to join the Ella Raines Club at reduced rates? The first hundred fans to apply to prexy Robert Breslin, 1933 East 18 Street, Brooklyn 29, N. Y., will be accepted at 75 cents per year . . . Betty Jane Engler says we neglected her club for Macdonald Carey when we plugged new clubs. Okay, Betty Jane, and have you heard of the new ones for Art Mooney, Dorothy Shae, Herbie Fields, Stewart Granger, Ralph Lewis and Richard Walsh? Write MSFCA for name and address of prexies . . . Addie Gushin announces that due to the pressure of personal affairs, she's forced to give up her club for John Tyers. Also, she has a perfectly good "Speed-O-Print" mimeograph for sale. For further info, write Addie at 61 Milford Ave., Newark 8, N. J. . . . Clemon N. Poor, Jr., prexy of the Frank Latimore Club, would like to buy clippings about Frank. If you have any, write to Clem at 3105 Avenue N, Lubbock, Texas . . . Hermina Levitt was campaigning for members for her Stuart Foster Club in her high school when the school paper editors heard about it and invited her to be "interviewed" for the paper . . . Vinnie Lubrano interviewed her star, Vic Damone, on station WNYC, N. Y.

June Allyson Club (Lois Carnahan) is selling snaps for a cause. All money taken in from the snap sale will be used to sponsor foreign members in the club . . . Janet Miller offers free membership in her Alan Ladd Club to anyone bringing in two new members. And a half-price membership to the first five girls named Sue who write her at 1310 St. Johns Pl., Brooklyn, N. Y. . . . Dick Contino Clubs are sending out an urgent call to all members to trek to Washington, D. C., for the finals in Horace Heidt's great talent contest—and, of course, support Dick for that grand prize of $5,000 and a career in music. The night: December 12. The place: Uline Arena, 3rd and M Streets, N.E., Wash., D. C. . . . The first member from any State (except Illinois) who writes to Marceline Sonenberg, 1548 N. Honore Street, Chicago 22, Ill., will receive a year's free membership in her Lloyd Bridges Club . . . Pat Seminetz, prexy of the Janis Paige Club, spent a day on the One *Sunday Afternoon* set and had a wonderful time . . . If you have any of those scenic view post card folders you don't want anymore, why not send them on to Beverly Hackett, Morris Memorial Hospital, Milton, W. Virginia. Bev, a member of the Club Friendship, has been in an iron lung for two years. She makes a hobby of collecting picture post cards. She'd especially like some foreign ones.

Special offer to fans: If you plan a visit to New York and would like to see a broadcast especially designed for movie fans, we recommend MODERN SCREEN's own show, Movie Matinee. It's a fascinating movie quiz, and you'll have a chance to win beautiful prizes, too! The show goes on Monday to Friday, 1 to 1:30. Write MSFCA, P. O. Box 125, Murray Hill Station, New York 16, N. Y., for tickets. Be sure to state how many tickets you'll require.

8TH SEMI-ANNUAL MSFCA TROPHY CUP CONTEST (5TH LAP)

If we do say so ourselves, prizes are something we do have! Colorful HELENA RUBINSTEIN Four Cast lipstick sets to suit your own individual hair coloring. EBERHARD FABER Pen and Pencil sets that come in a variety of shades and write so-o-o smoothly. Subscriptions galore to all Dell publications, like *Front Page Detective, Radio Album, Screen Album* and *Screen Stories*. TANGEE TRIP-KITS, packed with Tangee cosmetics and especially for club artists. If you don't know how to qualify for these prizes, drop us a note. We'll tell all!

This Is My Best: (100 points) "Freedom Train," Shirley Walsh, Golden Comets. "What Price Prejudice," Leona Rosenthal, Mason Manuscript. "Lest We Forget Too Soon," Diane Rye, Alan Ladd (Gerry Kee). "The Step," Catherine Moylan, Danny Scholl journal. "A Sunday with Bing," Jean Maher, Bingites. "Warmer Valley," Ginnie Martin, Sinatra Times. **Best Journals:** (500 points) League 1. None qualified. League 2. (tied) Golden Comet, (MacDonald-Farrington), James Stewart journal. League 3. (tied) Joseph Cotten, Stewart Granger journals. Best Editors: (250 points) League 1. Margaret and Joy Nicholin, Nelson Eddy Golden Notes. League 2. Marionne Oppenheim, Bette Davis. League 3. Ginger Bagnall, The Whistler (Jack Berch). Best Covers (250 points) League 1. Gene Autry journal. League 2. (tied) Alan Ladd (Kee) journal, Musical Notes. League 3. (tied) Dick Haymes journal and Joseph Cotten journal. **Best Artist:** (150 points) Clover Hutchings, Gene Autry journal. **Worthwhile Activities:** (250 points) League 1. No entries. League 2. MacDonald (Farrington; donated $120 to World Church Service). League 2. Jimmy Stewart Club (sent 200 books to hospitals). League 3. Alan Ladd (Bain; gave dance to aid the blind). **Membership Increases:** (100 points) League 1. No entries. League 2. Mel Torme Club. League 3. June Allyson Club. **Best Correspondents:** (50 points) League 1. None qualified. League 2. Marion Hesse, Ginger Rogers Club. League 3. Ginger Bagnall, Jack Berch Club. **Condid Camera Contest:** (100 points to first prize winner, 50 points to others.) Sarah Ann Kennedy, Bingites. Helen Pollex, Rise Stevens, Kay MacGowan, Pierre Aumont. Betty Baker, Dennis Morgan. Maude Summerfield, Sinatra of Staten Island. Gladys Halbach, Joan Crawford Club.

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(*Continued from page 88*)

General MacArthur and not a servant in the house. Nothing in the house to take care of a baby and their baby already with reservations on the Chief coming West with a nurse from the Home. Eight days.

Eight sacks . . . eight shirts . . . eight pads . . . eight sheets . . . eight diapers—no . . . migosh . . . *eighty* diapers! June sat bolt upright in bed at night and counted not sheep but sheets, nipples, evenflow bottles, cotton wrappers, blankets, booties . . . Heavens! Baby-oil, bottle warmers—a crazy, anxious rhyme raced in her head: "a bassinette, a bathinette . . . to keep her dry, to make her wet." . . . Eight days!

Well, there *were* enough spare minutes to get things done, of course. And there were friends: "I know everything to get and I'll get everything—leave it to me," said Bunny Green, June's close friend who has three kids of her own. "I've the perfect nurse and I've already told her you'll be needing her," assured Paul Granard, their decorator friend. "Name's Miss Olsen and she's a jewel and she's been calling me every week asking about this baby, so stop worrying."

common affliction . . .

Still, worry warts blossomed all over June because, for one thing, she's June Allyson and a perfectionist; and, for another, because that's been a common affliction of new mothers since the world began. On the hour, she'd come up with a new horrifying thought. Once, Miss Olsen lodged the bathinette strategically under a cabinet. June shot an anxious look at the door swinging out overhead. "Oh," she objected, "we can't put it *there*. Why, every time she sits up and the door opens it'll bump the baby's head!"

Olie sighed. These new mothers. "Mrs. Powell," she explained, "babies don't sit up at seven weeks."

Germs June had never considered. Billions of them suddenly loomed like menacing monsters with fangs, snapping viciously at the nursery from all angles. June mopped everything in sight with antiseptic solution until the new paint threatened to fade away She chased Dick away with his runny nose and fretted about the lingering microbes of her own vanished sniffles. "Babies," soothed Olie understandingly, "are immune to practically everything for six long months." June didn't believe it.

She hoped she'd be cured of the ghastly awfuls when the baby arrived and the suspense was over, the terrific suspense. What if the Chief had a wreck? What if the change of climate proved too sudden for a new-born babe?

But somehow these disasters failed to materialize. Somehow the third member of the Powell family arrived safe, sound, and beautiful.

And quickly June adjusted herself to her new real-life role, the role that comes and comes right by instinct to every girl, whether she realizes it or not. Olie had the baby under perfect care control from the time June pressed a goodbye peck on her downy top and flew to the studio; but when she flew home in the evening she could spend every spare moment taking over, doing and learning. And there was plenty to do and learn:

Licking the awkward business of getting diaper ends to meet over a fat little tummy, for instance, and poking the safety pins through securely without stabbing her fingers. Rolling Little Jo toward her gently so she wouldn't get scared with that natural baby fear of falling. Hoisting her up and patting her back to "burp" her, slipping shirts on and off without reaping a protesting cry. Rotating her round and round so the little head wouldn't flatten out and grow lopsided. Oiling, powdering, Q-tipping, dropping oleopercomorphum. Squeezing nipples that stuck . . . straining, sterilizing, making formula . . . changing . . . changing . . . changing . . .

June went through a stack of diapers like a farmhand through a stack of wheat. One touch and "We've got to change her, Olie!" One pull at the nipple . . . almost . . .and up she cuddled that saucy doll on her shoulder.

"Mrs. Powell," sighed Olie, "you know I believe you're burp-happy—and I think I understand why." She smiled. "As for changes—well—it's been my experience that no matter how often you put on a new diaper—babies are always wet!" She'd have to cough discreetly then and suggest, "I think maybe we'd better put her back in her crib now." But it was so hard to give Little Jo up. "I know you're right," June admitted,"but I just hate to let her go."



HOW TIME FLIES!

■ Cary Grant said, when asked if a guy should and could be absolutely truthful with a gal: "I think people make too much fuss about being on the level and straight-from-the-shoulder and all that. I mean, as soon as love enters the picture, so many are apt to take themselves sternly by the ear and say, 'Now, this here is serious! This is love!' And they lean over backwards about confessing all past romantic experiences and expect the other party to do the same, instead of acting as one would with a good friend —being kind of casual and easy and not burdening the friend with heavy confidences to weigh down his loyalty and liking and not seeking too deeply into the friend's confidence. . . . I don't think that a man can be brutally frank to a woman Not to most women, anyway. I don't hold with spinning up a tissue of lies to whisper into a shell-like ear, but I do feel that a little sugar-coating is not only nice but necessary. Heck, I shouldn't want a girl to be too grimly frank with me. Why shouldn't I respect her feelings —her vanity, if you like—to an equal degree?"—*From a 1938 issue of Modern Screen*

Three thousand miles away, back in Washington, D. C., Dick just had to keep in on the act, too. On the hour, practically, at the studio and at home, she got telephone calls loaded with Papa P's expert advice and counsel and when the operator couldn't find June she got wires. One midnight the phone jingled beside her bed and a weary Western Union voice inquired,

"Is this Mrs. Powell? I have an important telegram for you from Washington. Shall I read it?"

June felt her heart pound. "Yes," she gasped, "go ahead."

"DARLING," the voice read, "HOLD THE BOTTLE UP STRAIGHT WHEN YOU FEED HER SO SHE WON'T SWALLOW AIR. LOVE DICK. That is all. Good night."

"G-good night," sighed June.

Then there was the matter of a name. If she was ever prone to underestimate the power of a papa, June knows better by now. They'd talked over the baby's name for a year, of course, thumbed through and pondered every possible combination, male and female, because they didn't care which sex came along first. June's favorite was "Leslie"—boy or girl; and Dick's—well, he couldn't see anything wrong with June's last tag. "Allyson," for a first one, boy or girl either.

But after Little Jo's arrival. Dick said he thought "Leslie" was wonderful if June *really* liked it. And June said, well, if Richard honestly *wanted* "Allyson" . . . so they called her "Leslie Allyson Powell." Official. But it was very strange—when Dick got out of town his wires and letters and first month's "birthday" greeting all came addressed to "Miss Allyson Powell"—no Leslie. "MISS ALLYSON POWELL—KISS YOUR MAMA GOOD NIGHT FOR ME." "MISS ALLYSON POWELL—DID YOU BLOW OUT THE CANDLE ON YOUR CAKE? I'LL BE HOME SOON TO HELP." Miss Allyson Powell. "Leslie," like all unused appendages, withered and dropped away. By the time Dick got back to Hollywood, even June was calling her "Allyson."

Now there's a christening coming up, with Dick and June's good friends, the Justin Darts, slated for godparents, and there's a new expression on Little Jo every day to bring a thrill. There are new silken curls to stroke, there are significant gurgles and gasps that can—with vivid imagination —be interpreted as "Da-Da" and "Ma-Ma" and a tiny white wedge in a pink gum that says a tooth will be popping through any day. There are the streams of beautiful baby presents—that were too lovely and fragile to use on a tiny mite—that now can be taken out of sachet-fragrant drawers. Pink organdie dresses with embroidered rosebuds, satin bonnets, capes and sacks with ribbons and fine laces, baby dress-up duds that a six-monther can handle without too much chance of spoiling forever.

It's even time now to let Little Jo slam a rattle around, squeeze a woolly lamb and wonder what that funny little yellow thing is her mama dangles before her now and then with a big grin. (It's a little gold pottie that Dick's secretary sent).

temper, temper . . .

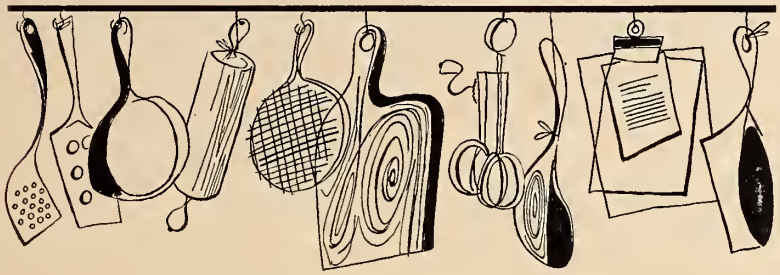
The only thorn in June Allyson's rosy family picture at this point is the distressing fact—she admits it—that Miss Allyson Powell makes quite a noisy fuss over her cereal and hates apple sauce like poison—also (June will confess under the greatest strain) there's a sign of a temper; she holds her breath at times until she turns royal purple and when she lets go at last—Wow! —it's enough to raise the dead. But by now June is broken in to even that, and a squawk, a hiccup, or a burp when Allyson is peacefully resting in her lap leaves her as nonchalant as a cigarette ad. In fact, if June sighs at such times, it's for more of the same: three more, to be explicit, another girl; two boys. Yep, that's the quota. (And she wouldn't be surprised if the stork got busy soon. It seems to happen that way when you start a family deliberatelv.)

There are for June a million moments impossible to measure in a cup of joy as Little Jo turns from a precious problem into a more precious little personality, one which will bear the mark of June's heart and mind as long as she lives.

There are dreams and plans and sacred little thoughts As Dick tells June and Little Jo every now and then—"There's a great future in being a baby!" THE END

The screen story of Words and Music, *in which June Allyson in featured, appears in the January issue of that most entertaining periodical,* SCREEN STORIES.

fan fare



With this issue MODERN SCREEN introduces a new department which we hope you like. In it you'll find tips on home-making and recipes of your favorite stars. Below are the recipes Ann Blyth used when she gave her housewarming party. (page 34)

neapolitan spaghetti

- ½ cup solod oil
- 2 onions, thinly sliced
- 3 cloves gorlic, moshed or finely minced
- 1 chopped green pepper
- 1½ pounds ground beef
- 4 cups conned tomotoes, pureed
- 1 con Itolion tomoto poste
- 2¼ teospoons solt
- ¼ teospoon pepper
- ⅛ teospoon bosil
- 2 teaspoons sugor
- 1½ pounds spoghetti
- Groted Pormeson cheese

■ Brown onions, garlic and green pepper in oil, add meat and brown slowly. Heat tomato mixture in deep kettle, add meat mixture and seasonings. Simmer 2½ to 3 hours. Boil spaghetti in one gallon or more salted water 9 to 15 minutes, until tender. Drain and serve with sauce. Pass grated Parmesan cheese at table. *Serves 6.*

hot potato salad

- 3 pounds smoll pototoes
- 8 strips bocon, cut in ½ inch pieces
- ⅔ cup reol moyonnoise
- 6 toblespoons vinegor
- ⅔ cup diced celery
- 6 toblespoons chopped scollions
- 2 toblespoons chopped pimiento
- 2 teospoons solt
- ¼ teaspoon pepper
- 1 teospoon dry mustard
- ½ teospoon sugor
- Solod greens
- 1 tomoto, cut in wedges
- Porsley

■ Scrub potatoes and cook until tender; peel and dice while hot. Sauté bacon until crisp and light brown; drain. Combine real mayonnaise, vinegar, celery, scallions, pimiento and seasonings; heat for two minutes over a low flame. Add to potatoes and bacon, mixing carefully so potato pieces are not broken. Arrange in salad bowl lined with salad greens. Garnish with wedges of tomato and parsley. *Serves 6.*

chocolate pinwheels

- 2 cups sifted coke flour
- 1 teospoon double-acting boking powder
- ½ teospoon solt
- ½ cup butter or other shortening
- ⅔ cup sugor
- 1 egg, unbeoten
- 1 toblespoon milk
- 1 squore unsweetened chocolote, melted

■ Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt, and sift again. Cream shortening, add sugar gradually, and cream together until light and fluffy. Add egg and milk and beat well. Add flour, a small amount at a time, mixing well after each addition. Divide dough in two parts. To one part, add chocolate and blend. If necessary, chill until firm enough to roll. Roll each half on floured waxed paper into rectangular sheet, ⅛ inch thick. Turn plain sheet over chocolate sheet; remove waxed paper. Roll as for jelly roll. Chill overnight, or until firm enough to slice. Cut in ⅛-inch slices. Bake on ungreased baking sheet in moderate oven (375°F.) 10 minutes, or until done. *Makes about 5 dozen pinwheels.*

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THE TRUTH ABOUT JAMES MASON

(Continued from page 16)

the United States since King George III.

His enemies—and he has many—declare that Mason is a cold, spoiled, calculating fellow whose withering opinions are carefully designed to make good reading and rewarding publicity.

On the other hand, his numerous friends, who are closer to the subject, know him as a kind, modest, and unpretentious guy. They say he happens to be equipped with a wonderful sense of humor which often makes it irresistible for him to kid the public by issuing statements and performing gestures in keeping with the haughty, sardonic character of his screen roles. And that screen character, they further aver, is wildly at variance with his true one.

Whatever his true and inner nature, his public utterances seldom fail to make intriguing reading. Here, for example, is Mason on bobby-soxers: "They are vile, loathsome, wretched barbarians. They are ill-bred, badly-mannered, and, for the most part, morons." (But he is continually writing warm, entertaining letters to the members of his own huge fan club.)

Here is Mason on Hollywood before he ever visited the place: "In Hollywood the only reading material they consume willingly is a local newspaper called the Hollywood Reporter. Like all residents of small towns, they are tremendously impressed by its flattering references to themselves and exult in its edgy comments about their friends." (But in Hollywood he has completely won everyone, from top producers to messenger girls.)

And here is Mason on American movies: "Most of the motion pictures here are made for half-wits and certainly not for intelligent people."

credit where credit is due . . .

(But he told Louella Parsons: "I think England has been very unfair to American pictures. I actually got in very wrong in England because I said that Hollywood was to be thanked for having made the first good pictures.")

After these various critiques—and they're relatively mild for the 39-year-old Englishman—many imagined that when Mason arrived in Hollywood last summer, he would be avoided like the plague.

Instead, dozens of film producers rushed to him with fabulous offers. Mason, in fact, was deluged with so many scripts and profit-sharing deals that one radio commentator was moved to remark, "You'd think the man was another Betty Grable!"

In any event, Mason surprised the film colony by agreeing to do the second lead in *Caught*, a motion picture starring Robert Ryan. In this film Mason plays a country doctor. He was told that he ought to cut his too-long tresses for the part since American country doctors don't ordinarily go around looking like Broadway saxophonists. Mason replied simply: "My interpretation of this doctor is that he is so poor that he cannot afford a haircut, and that's how I shall play him."

The director, an easy-going Viennese named Max Opuls, did not argue with the shining star, because (1) the detail was too trivial to argue about and (2) he knew full well that, long-haired or short-haired, Mason would attract to the box office hundreds of thousands of women—women hoping to see the tall, broad-faced Englishman inflict punishment upon other members of their sex.

This is the basis of Mason's startling popularity. The more brazenly he criticizes movie-goers off-screen, the more attracted they are to him. The more intensely he beats heroines on-screen, the more he arouses the ardor of the lady customers. This is especially true of British women, one of whom recently explained Mason's magnetism in these wistful words: "There is something in every woman that cries out to be tamed, to be mastered, to be dominated. It's this something that makes us like to see a mean, powerful man in brutal action. On the screen James Mason is that man."

Apparently there's much truth in this analysis, because Mason's fan mail tripled after the release of such films as *The Man in Grey*, in which he sadistically beat Margaret Lockwood with a riding crop, and *The Seventh Veil*, in which he savagely caned Ann Todd, who played the part of a concert pianist.

Every time Mason acts the brute in a film (he has actually done so in only four of his 36 pictures), he wins new fans and his wife gets snowed under with hundreds of letters from anxious women who want to know "if your husband beats you at home and if so, how do you stand it?"

As a matter of fact, so many movie-goers have inquired about the possibility of Mason's being a sadist in private life that a few years ago he sat down and wrote an article entitled, "Yes, I Beat My Wife!"

"Since our marriage," he wrote, tongue-in-cheek, "she has complained of a torn scalp, scars on the shoulder and arms, a fractured hip and several minor displacements of the spinal column."

Much to Mason's amused astonishment, hundreds of his fans believed he was telling the truth, and vowed to stand by him through thick and thin.

The truth, of course, is that Mason is very much in love with his currently pregnant wife, Pamela, daughter of British banker Isadore Ostrer, and the only kind of beatings he metes out to anybody are of the verbal kind. He has one of the most forthright tongues in the world and its constant exercise has frequently earned him the active dislike of many persons in the motion picture industry.

Outside the industry, however, his frank statements have earned him reams of invaluable publicity he would never have obtained if he had acted the ordinary polite and charming visiting English actor.

For example, a few months ago Mason was in Boston with his wife, whose fifth novel, "Lady Dispossessed," had just been published. Mrs. Mason was seated in a book store autographing copies of her work. Now it so happened that most of the customers had come to see her husband, and it was *his* autograph they wanted, not hers. Whereupon Mason promptly denounced these film fans as "ill-bred idiots," and Mrs. Mason later explained to a reporter that she thought most of the bobby-soxers followed James around because consciously or subconsciously they wanted him to make passes at them. Naturally, the whole incident made superb newspaper copy—which, no doubt, the Masons read with hearty laughter.

When Mason isn't making good copy by voicing his opinions, he sits down and puts them on paper. He's an excellent writer with a sharp, biting, incisive pen. It occasionally leads him into a lot of hot water.

In 1945, for instance, he wrote an article for a British magazine in which he stated: "I find precious little glamor in British pictures"—a remark which quickly brewed a violent storm. The British producers were on the verge of suggesting that all Mason films be banned, and a union of film employees known as the Association of Cine Technicians declared that the statement smacked of treason.

Thereupon Mason decided to stop making pictures in Great Britain. He wrote Arthur Rank, president of the A.C.T., and notified him that "I have just written to my manager, Mr. Al Parker, instructing him to discontinue negotiations for future engagements in British pictures on my behalf. . . . I have made this decision as a protest against intimidation. . . ."

change of heart . . .

This letter announcing his intention to quit British pictures, was written by Mason in 1945. A year later he made *Odd Man Out* in England with director Carol Reed.

In short, much of what Mason puts in print and what he says in public must be taken with the proverbial grain of salt.

He says and does what he likes regardless of any seeming inconsistencies. For example, when he was in England he wrote for a British magazine a piece entitled "Why I Am Going to Hollywood."

Having arrived in New York, he wrote an article for an American magazine entitled "Why I Don't Want to Go to Hollywood." (This prompted one wit—who could have been, but wasn't, James Mason—to ask why British and American magazine editors didn't get together and economize by having Mason write one article, to be called "Why I Do and Don't Want to Go to Hollywood.")

The background of the matter is that when Mason wrote "Why I Don't Want to Go to Hollywood," such a trip would have done him no good. At the time he was embroiled in court litigation with a producer named David Rose, and the court had enjoined him from starring in any American pictures. But as soon as the courts declared him a free agent, he seemed to see things in a strange new light. He and his wife took the first train westward. They rented a palatial house with a swimming pool in Beverly Hills. James accepted $100,000 from Enterprise Studios to play in *Caught*.

In England this action was looked upon as hypocritical. When Mason was there he had said countless times that he never



"Miss, would you kindly let your hair down?"

relished the idea of having his pictures shown in the U.S. and used as a commercial product to bring badly-needed dollars to Britain. "I feel," he once wrote, "that in the minds of our great traders I enjoy the same status as a range of worsteds or a brand of synthetic flour. And I feel that in this status I am being used for commercial aggrandizement. I don't like it."

When British film fans objected to his quitting England, pointing out that he would be used far more for commercial aggrandizement in the U.S. than he had ever been at home, Mason, never at a loss for words, came up with this one: "If an Englishman leaves England and goes to another country and builds a bridge or a dam or some monumental structure or work of art, he is lauded, his work is respected and everybody is proud of him. The same thing should apply to an actor or actress. I think that acting, stage and screen, should be international and not bound by any barriers, except perhaps language." This from a man who years earlier had said with great passion, "I have a strong faith in the future of the British film industry and wish to devote myself to it."

Mason is glib, shrewd, intellectual, and he has a statement to fit every occasion. What is more important, however, is that he has both the financial security and the strength of character to make his statements flatly, plainly and without fear of any occupational reprisal.

As a proof of his warm nature, his friends like to point to the well-known fact that Mason for years has been a major philanthropic institution for stray cats on both sides of the Atlantic.

His enemies report that one of these cats was recently interviewed and was asked how he liked having Mason as his master. The cat thought for a moment and then smiled. "We don't look upon James as a master," he explained. "We like to think of him as one of us." THE END

MOTHER WAS NEVER LIKE THIS

(Continued from page 31)

When the conversation was reported to Joan the following day, she laughed. "Gentlemen used to prefer blondes," she quipped, "but Marlene Dietrich and I are out to prove that they really prefer grandmothers."

Dietrich has already proved her point in *A Foreign Affair*. Joan Bennett isn't a grandmother as yet, but is scheduled to become one in March.

In a community where the preservation of youth is a fetish, Joan Bennett's frank approach to life and nature is a refreshing rarity. Unlike sister Constance, for example, Joan will tell you her age at the drop of a hat. "I'm 38," she says flatly. "I'm married to a producer named Walter Wanger. He's my third husband. Shelley is my fourth child, and—please don't faint—I'd like to have a fifth."

In short, you can see that this Joan Bennett is a truly prodigious person. You can also see that she's an honest, candid, witty, intelligent woman.

However, what you cannot see at any quick glance, is what this fourth childbirth, and her own way of life, have done to her. She is now more beautiful, more desirable than ever before. Here is a woman with no inner conflicts, no neuroses, no past that cries out to be hidden, no denials of nature, truth, or the sweep of time. She has become a mature woman on very intimate terms with her environment. She understands, for example, the workings of the histrionic masculine mind, which is why actors find her just about utterly irresistible, in a mental sort of way. Michael Redgrave, the very talented Englishman who starred opposite her in *The Secret Beyond the Door*, told director Fritz Lang, "One day after I met Joan Bennett, she had me turning the pockets of my soul inside out."

Of her experience with women, we need say little. She has guided her daughters through childhood, adolescence, and in one case, at least, into adulthood. She can read the average female mind as easily as other people read the top line of an optometrist's chart. And she's just as attractive to women as to men.

As for her experience with men, that too, has been rich, diverse, rewarding and—to coin a phrase—the secret of her success both in films and real life.

That experience began when she was 15. Her parents, Richard and Adrienne Bennett, both well-known in the theatrical world, sent her to L'Ermitage, a boarding school on the outskirts of Paris. Aboard the *Homeric* en route to Europe, Joan met a handsome, 26-year-old charmer named John Marion Fox. He came from Seattle, he had plenty of money, he was known as an "angel" (a financial backer of plays), and Joan, being young and impressionable, fell for him like—well, a ton of bricks.

A year later, when she was 16—despite her mother's admonition, "Joan, never marry a man to reform him!"—she married John Fox in London. The couple returned to the States. The marriage endured two years and provided Joan with one daughter and the undeniable evidence that mama—Joan's mama, that is—had been right.

In need of money, Joan then decided to go on the stage with her famous father, Richard Bennett. The two of them starred in *Jarnegan*, and the father taught the girl many of the theatrical tricks it had taken him a lifetime to learn.

On the strength of that theatrical know-how and the potential box-office pull of her beauty, Joan was brought to Hollywood. Here, she made her cinema debut opposite Ronald Colman in *Bulldog Drummond*. To put it mildly, she wasn't too good. But she knew what was wrong.

"I was self-conscious in front of a camera," she says, "and I was also unsure of myself and relatively inexperienced. But I practised posture, and posture gave me poise, and poise, I discovered, was something that men like in women."

Certainly it was something that Gene Markey, the producer-writer, liked. He married its owner. With Markey, Joan had another daughter, Melinda, and also came to the realization that the most fatal error any wife can make is to fail to grow—to lag culturally behind her husband.

When Joan Bennett married Walter Wanger in 1940, it was her third trip to the altar, she was 30 years old, and she had evolved a philosophy of life born of her own experience, a philosophy in which the following basic tenets were implanted: (1) there is more to any man than his looks; (2) the primary purpose of women on earth is to reproduce; (3) happiness and youth are states of mind; (4) in order to have a successful marriage, a woman must grow with her husband and children; and (5) if an actress must choose between career and home, home always should come first.

The Wanger-Bennett entente has resulted in two daughters, Stephanie (1943) and Shelley (1948). Joan regards childbearing as not at all the incredibly difficult feat most actresses make it out to be. When Wanger, following Shelley's birth, asked Joan what she wanted for a present, she blew him a little feather of a smile, held up the red-faced infant in her arms, and said, "Thank you, darling, but you've already given me a present—the baby."

When a fan wrote Joan recently and said, "I admire you so much for having a baby in your old age," the actress wrote back: "Thank you so much, but I'm not really that old. I'm only sixty-three."

That readiness to trade punch-line for punch-line is what in part has made Joan Bennett such a successful mother. "My daughters," she says, "have developed a sort of alertness and selflessness in me. I'm so busy trying to understand them and their problems and the new words they bring home that I don't have time to worry about growing old. I've got to keep pace with them."

Joan has also got to keep pace with her husband, a man of very broad interests—which is one reason why, a few years ago, she managed to budget enough time to write a book entitled, "How To Be Attractive." It sold fairly well and her publisher, Alfred Knopf, wanted her to do a sequel.

Instead of that, however, she decided to form a production company with Wanger and director Fritz Lang. It's called Diana Productions, and this company produced *The Secret Beyond the Door*.

At the moment, having moved one daughter out of the house and another daughter in, having just remodeled and repainted the nursery, Joan is just about ready to resume her screen career. (Her current film, *Hollow Triumph*, was completed before she took time out to have Shelley.) Now she's scheduled to appear in *Blank Wall*, and she hopes that it will give her career a new impetus.

If it doesn't, she won't wail. Over the years she's achieved peace of mind, youth in that peace of mind, and a calm detachment about her screen work. "A career," she says, "is a very nice thing. Only you can't run your hand through its hair."

And Joan Bennett's hand has an awful lot of hair to run through: There's Diana's, Melinda's, Stephanie's, Shelley's—and of course, Walter Wanger's, which isn't nearly as luxuriant as it was when he was a freshman at Dartmouth, but is still pretty satisfactory to Joan. THE END

Earl's Pearls

■ One of this year's most naïve statements came from Yvonne De Carlo, who said to a British newspaperman: "I'm tired of being pursued by men. What on earth are they after?"

■ Orson Welles (quite a while back): "When you're down and out, something always turns up—especially the noses of your friends."

Chuck Barnett: "A wolf believes in life, liberty and the happiness of pursuit."

—Earl Wilson

PARTING IS SUCH SORROW

(*Continued from page 59*)

a child although she is the mother of two children—Kathleen, two, and Thomas, born a few months ago.

I was remembering her background. Born practically in a theater trunk, she has show business in her blood. Her father, Carter De Haven, and her mother were in the theatrical big time for years.

Gloria doesn't talk much about her father but she'll launch into a paean of praise over her mother at the drop of a hat.

"My mother was a big star," she told me once. "She could have gone lots farther on the stage but she quit to have children. And what did it get her? She was left behind with her babies while my father went on to hear the applause and listen to the flattery of the world. It turned his head and our family was broken up. Mother had to struggle along to get food and clothing for us. This wouldn't have happened to her if she had stuck to her own career."

haunting memory . . .

And this memory could very well be the key to the whole trouble between Gloria and John. In those weeks and months when she was being just a wife and having her babies, was she haunted by the thought that what happened to her mother could very well happen to her?

When she and John were married in the Christmas holiday week of 1944, she was so infatuated that she thought she'd never want anything else but his love.

"She told me when we were married that she didn't care any more about a career," John said. "Being older and more experienced than she, I should have realized that she didn't know what she was promising. I was amused at first when she began to talk about growing old and getting out of things. Then I discovered that this fantastic fear was a reality to her. Five weeks after our first baby was born she began to talk about going back to work. This came as a great shock to me because I thought she ought to be so happy with the new baby and our pleasant home life.

"I'm not stubbornly set against the idea of a married couple having separate film careers. Some women can manage it. But I didn't think Gloria could.

"Picture work is very hard. You have to be up early to get your makeup on and be on the set in time for the day's shooting. Then at night you're so tired you don't want to do anything but go home and to bed. Married couples see very little of each other when either is working. Both are nervous and irritable from the strain. They're apt to snap at each other without much cause. I wanted to avoid this in my home."

But staying home was worse for Gloria than all the hard work called for in making a picture. She saw herself standing still while the kids who started at M-G-M when she did were climbing up the ladder to fame and fortune. She saw her good friend June Allyson, with whom she had worked in *Two Girls And A Sailor* when they were both beginning to get a foothold, being starred. It is understandable that June's success especially would affect Gloria, since in that picture it was little Miss De Haven who had been considered by the studio bosses as having the greater starring promise.

"I told John I had show business in my blood," Gloria exclaimed. "He said that was just silly, that there wasn't any such thing. He thinks that all this talk about the background and tradition of the theater is just so much conversation.

"Well, I can understand his attitude. He was brought up in a wonderful home in Roanoke, Virginia, and got into show business by accident. He can talk for hours about his old Virginia home with crisp waffles and white turkey meat for breakfast and a huge kitchen where there's always a spicy ham or turkey or something else cooking. But he doesn't have any memories of catching a train in the early morning or sitting up at a counter getting coffee and doughnuts while the gang around you are reading their notices written by the theatrical critics."

John, who is related to the Payne who wrote "Home Sweet Home," is a lad who sets great store by having a well-ordered house and a cozy fireside to sit around. Acting to him is a serious business, but only the means to something much more important: earning a nice living so he can enjoy his home life. When he was growing up, his mother thought he would write music like his illustrious ancestor, but instead he decided he wanted to be a journalist and took a journalism course at Columbia University. Then he switched back to music, studied at the Juilliard School, and sang on the radio for a while.

One summer, just to pass the time away, he did some work in a straw hat theater in Connecticut. This brought him to the attention of Hollywood and he settled down here to a job that has turned out to be exceedingly profitable for him.

He is a very logical young man who does nothing he can't map out by reason. (Except falling in love—he married two actresses.) Gloria is just the opposite. It's difficult for her to apply logic to anything her emotions prompt her to do. She loves the world of make-believe and can lose herself in it completely. Not so John. He can always stand back and look at himself as an actor. He is strictly a realist. It is this tendency to cut through to what he believes to be the truth that has earned him the reputation of being hard to get along with.

But on the set of *El Paso*, at the famous Iverson ranch where so many outdoor pictures are made, I found that the gang working in the film with him felt unanimously that he was strictly "regular." Gabby Hayes, the old-time horse opera character actor, told me he'd never worked with a nicer guy.

Gloria began her married life when she was 18 with very little idea of what it was all about. She was like a little girl playing house. Household budgets, managing servants, ordering food was all a game. She didn't know much about handling finances and had never written a check until she signed her name Gloria Payne. I saw her making out a check one day for $25. She wrote it $25,000. This was very cute at first, but it must have resulted in a few family squabbles by the time their first rift occurred in September, 1946. That was when she checked in at the Beverly-Wilshire Hotel with their nine-months-old baby and John stayed put in their home. With most couples it is the wife who stays in the home and the husband who goes to a hotel—but as I told you before, John loves his home, Gloria only wanted to escape it.

She told me at the time that she simply had to get away and think things over. "I'm not even considering a divorce or anything. But the adult thing to do is to separate until we can straighten out our disagreements. John and I are in love, but we don't see eye-to-eye."

But it wasn't long until they were back seeing eye-to-eye again. Things went along smoothly as far as the world knew until last spring, when it happened all over again. This time John moved out and took an apartment. It wasn't so easy for Gloria to move because there were two babies by that time, little Thomas having been born just four months before.

Gloria said they'd been having all kinds of arguments and attributed it all to the fact that John had made three pictures without a rest between and that he was tired and upset. He was working on *Larceny* for Universal-International and Gloria said that when he finished the picture they would "have time to sit down and talk it out."

John told reporters: "We've had a series of arguments and Gloria is distraught and nervous. I've been working steadily and rather than attempt a discussion now in an upset frame of mind we decided on a temporary separation. Later we will be able to talk rationally—and we hope then to arrive at a beneficial conclusion."

When he finished the picture, he went East to play in *The Voice of The Turtle* at Princeton, N. J., with Joan Caulfield, who was with him in *Larceny*. Later, Gloria joined him in New York, where they had their rational talks. And after six weeks of separation, they were back together with seemingly a smooth path. There was gossip then that Miss Caulfield had something to do with their separation, but Gloria said this "definitely was not true."

I arranged an interview with them late in August to write about their reconciliation and had a luncheon date at their home where I was to see how happy they were. But on the morning of the day we had our date, John telephoned and said the luncheon was off because Gloria and he had rifted again—"and this time it looks as if it's for keeps."

really for keeps? . . .

Will it really be for keeps? Gloria has filed for a divorce charging mental cruelty. But it will be a year before she is legally free and she is hoping that before that time she and John can resume their marriage on a new basis. She told me she doesn't want a divorce—that if there is any way in the world that she can persuade John that they can have a happy home life the while she furthers her career as an actress, she is going to do it. She recently signed a new long-term contract with M-G-M and, even should the divorce go through, she'll still have that year before the decree is final in which to prove to John that she can coordinate the jobs of being a mother of two babies and working in pictures. She might also be able to demonstrate to him that she could include in her design for living a contented husband.

John is staying in the house and Gloria has taken an apartment. However, the place is community property, and if the divorce does take place, it will have to be sold so that each can get half the money. But John thinks he will keep the place and pay Gloria the cash. She is not asking for alimony but wants reasonable support for the babies. At this writing, their attorneys are huddling over what is "reasonable."

In the meantime, John is going places with Shelley Winters and having lots of laughs. Gloria has been going out with Cy Howard, producer of the radio show, "My Friend Irma." But it's my belief that up to now, neither Gloria nor John is seriously interested in anyone else.

It's my belief that they are still very much in love and, having successfully surmounted their marital difficulties twice before, might do it again. THE END

THE MOCAMBO AFFAIRS

(*Continued from page 43*)

who isn't a good sport. The loser is always there with congratulations, darling, and the winner says shucks, she didn't *deserve* the Oscar and it should have gone to the loser. Sportsmanship rules the roost at Mocambo. And I say that with all sincerity.

For instance, at the last Academy Award night we had parties scheduled for both Loretta Young and Rosalind Russell. It's no secret that Roz was an odds-on favorite to win, and didn't. Loretta's party was well under way when Roz showed up in the room. Loretta ran up to her competitor, embraced her and was embraced right back by Roz.

That's when I like my job.

But there's another kind of Mocambo affair, the very thought of which turns my gray hair white. That's when we make Page One. Mocambo's big star in this department has been a grand guy named Errol Flynn. Errol, in case you didn't know it, is strictly a clam-juice, soda-pop or milk boy in our place. When I want to make a hospitable gesture and send him over something with the compliments of the house, it has to be one of those three.

But Errol was never one to shun a fight. A couple of years back, he was getting pretty sore over the way he thought he was being needled by columnist Jimmy Fidler. And quite a few people thought the columnist was taking too many swipes at the picture industry. So Errol, with three clam-juices under his belt, decided to defend the industry.

It all happened kind of quickly. Almost before I knew it, Errol had walked over to Fidler's table and the then-Mrs. Fidler had sprung hot-eyed to the defense of her embattled mate by imbedding a fork in Brother Flynn's ear. I felt terrible about the whole affair. Later, of course, the boys made up. But at the time we made a big splash on Page One. With pictures!

wags have their day . . .

What made it even worse was that for months I was subjected to endless gags. Georgie Jessel would call up: "Do I have to wear boxing gloves when I come to your place, or do you furnish them?"

Bob Hope said to me: "Sorry I haven't been around. I left my fork in Detroit and I feel absolutely defenseless without it."

So what happens? A few months later, Errol is back in the place. His ear is nicely healed. He's feeling at peace with the world. Some girl—I don't recall her name and I haven't heard of her since—has ordered a coddled egg. She sees Errol and decides to take something out on him. Don't ask me what. Maybe she had a neglected childhood and blamed it on Flynn. He didn't even know her. In any case, the next thing Errol knows an attractive girl is standing beside him.

"Mr. Flynn?" she asks.

"Yes, ma'am," replies the gallant Errol.

"Mr. *Errol* Flynn?" the girl pursues.

Errol smiles. "The very same."

"Thank you," says she.

And lets him have a coddled egg smack on top of the noggin.

There we went again. Another Mocambo affair. Page One. And the gags started again. Errol's friend Bruce Cabot called to say wittily: "Just heard about Junior and the egg. I calls that egg on ham, hey-what, Charlie?"

By now I've gotten so that I can smell a tiff a hundred yards away. Prince David Mdivani—whose claim of royal princehood derives from the same country of Georgia which is the birthplace of a man named Stalin—and Prince Mike Romanoff, whose claim to royalty carries more weight around town, were in Mocambo one night. At separate tables, of course—but I was nervous.

Sure enough, there came the moment when Prince David was moved to stroll over to Prince Mike to express his doubts about Michael's princely lineage. Prince Mike argued haughtily that the other had no right to a title. The elegant repartee got brisker. I caught Prince David just as he had seized Prince Mike by the royal scruff. There was enough scuffling to make the papers—with pictures. (I must say that Mike, even though he is a competitor of mine, behaved with regal grace.)

Prince David was involved in another Mocambo scuffle one evening with Bert Friedlob. (This was before Bert won Eleanor Parker.) But it was scarcely a main event—just a little brush between hot-blooded gentlemen.

Another battler has been Lawrence Tierney. Twice now he has felt called upon to assert his virility by fisticuffing on our gay premises.

I love to give parties myself—usually for old friends of mine like Walter Winchell, Ty Power, Harry Karl and Bert Friedlob.

The business office likes to hear that Sonja Henie is giving one, too. Sonja we're very fond of. She is very fond of throwing parties and her parties are always terrific. Another party-lover is that good friend of Senator Brewster's, our own Johnny Meyer, publicity director for Howard Hughes. Bill Cagney, who produces pictures with his brother James, is another joy to the back-room accountants. His parties aren't big like Sonja Henie's, but there are more of them, bless his heart.

All I could say was that Ty was taking off in an airplane for distant parts and a farewell party was being held.

To my way of thinking, anything and everything should be an excuse for a party. Especially in Mocambo, of course. I like to have my bachelor friends like Cesar Romero, Cary Grant, Jimmy Stewart and Clark Gable pay all their social obligations at one fell swoop at the Mo. They invite all the lovely people who've been having them to dinner and house parties. I like people to give parties when an option is lifted, a story is bought, or a contract signed. I've even tried to persuade people that the time for a Mocambo affair is when an option *isn't* taken up.

There are some people especially whose appearance I always look for eagerly. Out in Hollywood we have some people who let the sun get in their eyes and dress sloppily. But when our best-dressed ladies come into Mocambo, life, as the radio program says, can be beautiful. Greer Garson is one of these, right at the top of the list. (Don't fret, girls—there's lots of room on top and just to show you how fair I'm going to be, I'm going to leave out my lovely wife Mary, who'd qualify easily on anybody else's list.)

Greer likes to dress when she comes to Mocambo and she does it superbly. Joan Crawford, who gets to be on anybody's best-dressed list almost automatically, can make a designer famous by wearing one of his creations when she makes an entrance. She's doing that nowadays for a new hat-man named Jamie Ballard, just as she did it once for Rex, to mention one. If she keeps coming into the place with enough Ballard lids, the man should be right up there with Rex and the rest of them in no time.

fashion show . . .

Sonja Henie makes the place look like a fashion salon the minute she steps in. Rita Hayworth—now there's a girl who *really* belongs on the Mocambo best-dressed list. I have to include Ava Gardner, Gene Tierney, Diana Lynn, and Noreen Nash. And Janet Thomas, Dorothy Jameson and Myrna Loy. Not all my people are picture people, but some of them go on the list too: Lorena Danker, the smart advertising executive; Pat Smart, socialite; Bettye Avery; Arlene Dahl; Felicia Vanderbilt, and Mrs. Louis Hayward all give the Mocambo the well-dressed look I like it to have.

When it comes to the men, I think Ty Power runs off with top honors. A well-dressed man, plain and conservative. As runners-up after him, I'd place Cary Grant, Clark Gable, Ronald Colman, Pat De Cicco, Peter Lawford, Bruce Cabot and Greg Bautzer.

Unattached girls make me think, of course, of unattached men. We have a number of these. I wish we had more. They're good for business. And those we do have have a knack of finding and bringing in really beautiful girls. And never the same girl twice. What, never? Well, as the man answered in the song, hardly ever.

Otto Preminger, the director; Fefe Ferry, and top-flight agent Charles Feldman lead my unattached-man list. They play the field—and what a nice field to play in! Running right along with them foot-loose and fancy-free, are Peter Lawford and Mickey Rooney.

The minute any one of them decides to narrow the field down, I'll know it. That's when they'll start calling Albert for advice on what kind of orchids or wine to have on the table.

The pleasant thing, however, is that the Mocambo affairs don't cease just because people get married. It's like this: We lose the newlyweds for a while—naturally. But they soon return.

Some people come to Mocambo three and four times a week, every week. We call them the Mocambo regulars. They're what I like about it most. They're the nicest people in town.

THE END



"This picture didn't seem nearly so interesting the last time I saw it."

near the Canadian border, and Cornel runs it for him. (Celeste is the cashier.) Cornel, having been born poor, is a practical soul. He hates it when Widmark hires entertainers at exorbitant salaries because Widmark happens to like their legs. Which is where Ida comes in. Widmark hires her in Chicago, and when she arrives at the road house, Cornel tries to hustle her off again. "He always gets tired of his women after a while anyway," he explains more or less crudely. "Go back to Chicago." Ida gives him a smash in the face for his advice, and then proceeds to show him a thing or two. She's such a terrific draw at the road house that business booms, and Widmark is eating canaries for breakfast. This time, he's really in love. But Ida has her cap set for Cornel, and there's nothing left for Widmark but to frame Cornel on a robbery charge, and have him sentenced to from two to ten years in jail. This accomplished, he gets the judge to put Cornel on probation in his (Richard's) custody. Very clever. One false move, and Cornel goes to jail for the full ten years. Now Richard has Cornel where he wants him. He can taunt him, ride him, enrage him, and Cornel can't do anything about it. Cornel and Ida are pretty upset, because up until Richard was crossed, he seemed to be a lovely person. Any lingering illusion they ever cherished about him is speedily dispelled when he forces them—and Celeste—to go to his cabin in the woods for a few days of hunting. As soon as it becomes apparent that what he intends to hunt is *them,* there's a fracas. Widmark dies, nodding toward Ida. "I told you she was different," he mutters. It's a surprising speech, considering the fact that he'd just tried to bean the girl with a 90-pound boulder. The acting is nice in this picture, and everybody gets an even break except, as we said before, Miss Holm—who has to stand around stopping bullets, and being hopelessly in love with Cornel. They're a couple of thankless tasks, but she does them fine.—*20th-Fox.*

THE DECISION OF CHRISTOPHER BLAKE

Why a twelve-year-old child with an offensively precocious vocabulary and an earnest desire to blow up the house (he manufactures atom bombs in his spare time) should be considered as heart-rending as everyone in this picture considers Christopher Blake (Ted Donaldson) I haven't even begun to understand. Because of him, his parents (Alexis Smith and Robert Douglas), who seem completely and painfully bored with one another, are made to feel like cads for having harbored the thought of divorce. It isn't as though they haven't assured little Christopher that they love him passionately (more than he seems to warrant, from the wretched way he behaves). He's convinced that neither of them wants him, and that after the divorce, he'll be just so much flotsam. Being overly dramatic, he goes off into long, painful dreams. (*Lady in the Dark* plus *Walter Mitty*) where he 1) is a famous director-actor-producer who causes Mr. and Mrs. Blake to reconcile for the sake of their wonderful boy, 2) goes to call on the woman he thinks his father loves, and asks her to lay off, 3) forces the President of the United States to forbid the Blakes to divorce. All of which gets him nowhere. His parents smother him with birthday presents, beg him to smile, and still he gives them a fishy eye. Right up until the very divorce proceedings, where he's called on to choose between them. Then watch the clever trick he pulls! And sure enough, there's the sweetest reconciliation you ever saw. Until Pop falls in love again, I guess. Admittedly, there's nothing amusing about children of divorce. They're a real and heart-rending problem. But not in this picture. Sure, you can make people weep if you show 'em a courtroom scene where a mother and a father who have once loved one another stand wrenching themselves out of a marriage, while their stricken child looks on. But the emotion generated by *Christopher Blake* is so far from honest it makes you tired.—*Warners.*

also showing . . .

AN INNOCENT AFFAIR (U. A.)—Fred MacMurray and Madeleine Carroll up to their old and expert tricks in a triflin' but funny comedy. Buddy Rogers makes you hope his return to the screen is permanent and Rita Johnson and the rest are fine too.

APARTMENT FOR PEGGY (20th-Fox)—Ex-G.I. Bill Holden goes to college. He and his wife, Jeanne Crain, find a place to live in the house of an old professor, Edmund Gwynn. The prof. has been contemplating suicide, but now he's got something to live for. A superb comedy-drama that will both entertain you vastly and stimulate your pretty head.

A SONG IS BORN (Goldwyn-RKO)—Danny Kaye is a professor who falls in with a group of jazz musicians, including Benny Goodman, Louis Armstrong and Tommy Dorsey. Danny does no specialties but you'll have a fine time at this even though you're not a hepcat.

CRY OF THE CITY (20th-Fox) — Another crime thriller, with Victor Mature as a cop pitted against criminal Richard Conte. Shelley Winters makes much of a small part. Very good of its melodramatic type.

GOOD SAM (RKO) — Gary Cooper as a guy who's too good for his own good and Ann Sheridan as his long-suffering wife do their darnedest to make this Leo McCarey number successful, but it's a bit dullish.

JULIA MISBEHAVES (MGM)—Greer Garson is turned into a slapstick comedienne with highly satisfactory results in this fine riot. Walter Pidgeon, Elizabeth Taylor, Peter Lawford and Cesar Romero aid and abet.

JUNE BRIDE (Warners)—Bette Davis will make you happy in this bright comedy. She's a magazine editor who, with assistant Robert Montgomery and the rest of her staff, moves in on an Indiana family to get an article. Very funny stuff.

KISS THE BLOOD OFF MY HANDS (Univ.)—Burt Lancaster, a murderous young drifter in post-war London, gets involved in lurid doings and involves a nice girl, Joan Fontaine, in them too. Brilliantly directed and performed, but one of the most shocking films in a long time.

LUCK OF THE IRISH (20th-Fox) —Newspaperman Tyrone Power meets a leprechaun, Cecil Kellaway, and a colleen, Anne Baxter, on a trip to Ireland. After he returns to the U. S., they show up and battle to win him away from his fiancée, Jayne Meadows. Less expertly done, this whimsy could have been embarrassing. But it turns out to be a honey.

MISS TATLOCK'S MILLIONS (Para.)—Barry Fitzgerald, for complicated reasons, hires John Lund to impersonate a half-wit heir to millions. Hilarious developments develop. This comedy's got everything, including Wanda Hendrix and Monty Woolley.

MY DEAR SECRETARY (U.A.)—A typical bedroom farce in which novelist Kirk Douglas falls for secretary Laraine Day, who'll have none of his wild doings. Rudy Vallee and Keenan Wynn help give it many funny moments.

NO MINOR VICES (Ent.-MGM)—Dana Andrews, a nice but overbearing doctor, urges painter Louis Jourdan to paint Lilli Palmer, Dana's wife. They fall in love, of course. Sophisticated comedy with some charming touches.

ONE TOUCH OF VENUS (Univ.-Int.)—A statue of Venus comes to life and has vast influence in the lives of Robert Walker, Eve Arden, Dick Haymes and some others. Ava Gardner as the goddess is happy casting. Lots of laughs.

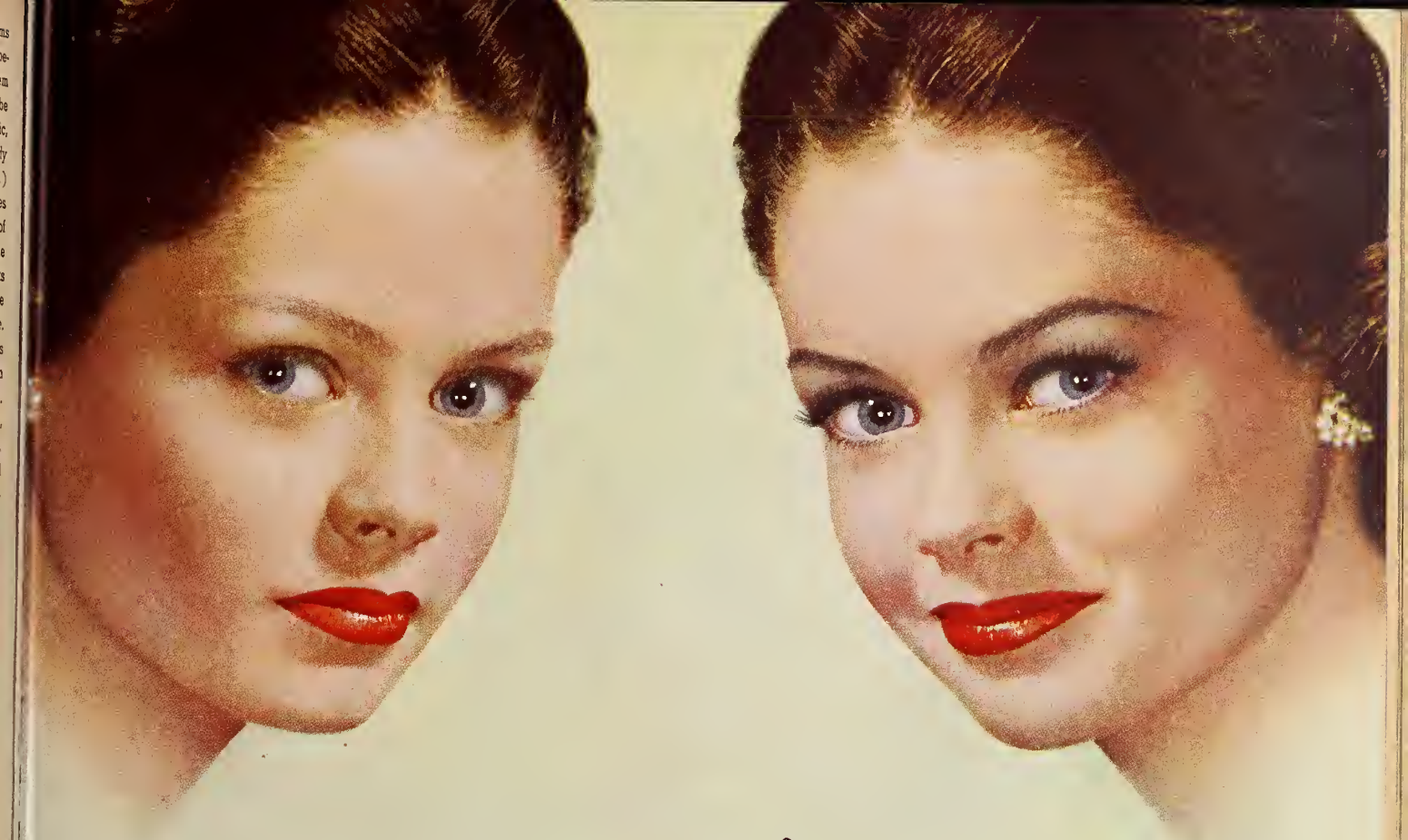
RACHEL AND THE STRANGER (RKO) — Loretta Young is a bondwoman—meaning slave—in the Old West to Bill Holden, who has married her but treats her strictly as a servant until Bob Mitchum wanders along and she goes for his pleasant ways. Then the Indians attack. Good movie.

SEALED VERDICT (Para.) — U. S. Army officer Ray Milland, after prosecuting and winning case against a notorious Nazi general, begins to suspect there was something fishy about the evidence. He uncovers curious things as he digs deeper. An involved but absorbing drama.

STATION WEST (RKO) — Dick Powell is an Army secret service man on the untamed frontier in this hard-hitting Western. Plenty of fights, chases and suspense. Excellent.

THE LOVES OF CARMEN (Col.)—Rita Hayworth is properly emotional as the famous gypsy, Glenn Ford and Victor Jory likewise heave their chests and all is most entertaining in this Technicolor display of good, clean passion.

THE THREE MUSKETEERS (MGM)—Metro has shot the works on this fine old adventure classic of 18th-Century France. Mammoth sets, Technicolor, roaring action, Gene Kelly, Lana Turner, June Allyson, Van Heflin, Vincent Price and 900 unidentified horses—what do you want, blood? There's lots of that, too.



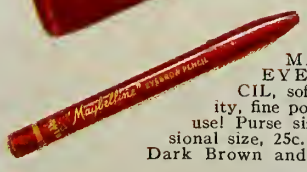
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Oh, Brother!"—Bob Crosby Unmasks Bing! page 30

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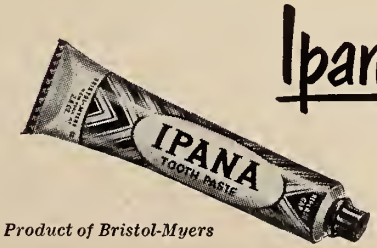
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FEBRUARY, 1949

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the friendly magazine

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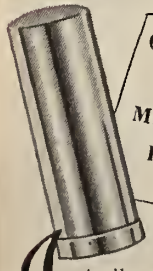
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To our Readers

IF BOB CROSBY had known what he was getting into that first day he might have used his zweibach ration to buy back the birth certificate. Being alive was problem enough; being a kid brother was almost too much. First time he fell into the swimming hole it was Bing who pushed him. First time he snored it was big brother who cured him with a blow on the head. Bing had a twelve year advantage which he carefully preserved. It still hasn't got away from him. For further proof of this read "Oh, Brother!" on page 30. Bob wrote it with a smile—and a snicker. You see, Bing may have the lettuce and the golf score—but Bob has a daughter. And how many Crosbys can make that statement?

BOB HOPE, who is at least a friend of the clan, can make that statement twice. Linda and Nora are his girls' names. Along with Tony and Kelly they make up the Hope brood. They all laugh at his jokes and sometimes they help write the script. For this devotion the two older kids get a dollar a week. The babies can't count so they settle for love. There's plenty to go around in the Hope house—as you will discover if you turn to page 48 of this issue.

MAYBE WE OUGHT to call this our Valentine edition. . . . We're a pretty calloused crew, but once in a while something turns our stony hearts to water. Something, this month, is Hedda Hopper's story, "Three Loves That Thrilled the World." Remember the Gable-Lombard romance? Its sudden, tragic ending never blotted out the memory of their life together. . . . You've been reading about Shirley Temple in M. S. ever since she was knee-high. Now, on page 28, you can shed a tear with us for the little girl who grew up so soon—but so beautifully—and met John Agar. . . . Then there's Betty Grable and Harry James. They don't say very much about their marriage—but Hedda does. It's solid. It's terrific. It's . . . well, see for yourself. . . .

TALKING ABOUT LOVE—and who isn't? One of our editors has fallen. For three years she directed the fan club department with single-hearted devotion. For an equal number of years she graced MODERN SCREEN with her talented and lovely presence. Now, Shirley Frohlich, Associate Editor, is leaving us to marry a lawyer from Detroit. Daily commuters from that point to New York are practically unheard of—which is why Shirley is buying a one-way ticket. At any rate, she is Mr. Downes' (the charmer's) gain. We, on the other hand, were robbed, and can only sigh *au revoir*—with many tears and more best wishes. . . .


Obey that Impulse!!!!!
Tie one on with Ty and Gene... two charming people
in a wonderful, wonderful picture!
TYRONE POWER
GENE TIERNEY
"That Wonderful URGE"
20th CENTURY-FOX
with
REGINALD GARDINER · ARLEEN WHELAN · LUCILE WATSON · GENE LOCKHART · LLOYD GOUGH
PORTER HALL · RICHARD GAINES · TAYLOR HOLMES · CHILL WILLS
Directed by ROBERT B. SINCLAIR · Produced by FRED KOHLMAR · Screen Play by Jay Dratler · From a Story by William R. Lipman and Frederick Stephani



Danny Kaye's take-off on Kay Thompson, with Jack Benny, Jack Carson, Van Johnson and George Burns as the Williams Brothers, was such a sensation at the Press Photographers' Ball last month, it was repeated at the Friar's Club Annual Dinner.



Shirley Temple and John Agar were among those present at the Kay Thompson-Williams Bros. opening at the Beverly Wilshire's Mayfair Room—a gala eve for all.



The lady herself—Kay Thompson—arrives at a party in her honor, with Jack Benny, Ben Gage and Esther Williams. The shindig, given by Arnold Kirkeby at his show-place in Bel-Air, was attended by 300, who sat down to orchid-laden table.



Peter Lawford squired a new girl, Molly Dunn, to the Kirkeby party, one of big events of the season. Host's home was designed by the man who built Hoover Dam!



Rory Colhoun ond his new wife, Lita Baron, cought Kay's routine, too. The act, called the most novel and funniest in years, originated in Hollywood a year ago, created a major stir. Recently, it's been on a nation-wide tour.



Among other guests at the party for Kay and her Williams boys were Mike Romanoff, Iris Bynum, Clark Gable and Cesor Romero. Iris is now No. 1 on Gable's date list. The two were the most photographed couple there..

LOUELLA PARSONS' Good news

It's been a month of jivin' jitters, if you ask me!

Some of the Hollywood antics have been amusing—some sad—some sensational. But if you believe in horoscopes, you must believe that the "sign" of utter confusion has been reigning over our town lately. To give you a rough idea:

Dan Dailey, usually a most sensible young man, gets his feelings hurt because his studio will not give him permission to appear in the Friar's Frolic show—and ups and disappears for three days. Even his wife did not know where he was.

I might never have received the "tip" that he was pouting it out in Texas if it hadn't been that a cook in a Seligman, Arizona, all-night restaurant, was a movie fan and a reader of my column.

He called me long-distance to tell me that he had been talking with Dan, who had stopped for a cup of coffee in his nitery.

"It was Dailey, all right," said William Osdeck—that's my pal's name. He was sure off Hollywood! When I told him I was a disappointed baritone with movie ambitions, he said: 'You're far better off where you are, in a restaurant washing dishes. Acting is a thankless job.'"

If his "mysterious disappearance" had not worried his wife so much, I would really have to look on Dan's antics as highly amusing. Just another case of an actor getting "tired of it all" and thinking he is abused. Well, it happens to the best of 'em. This boy comes from a long line of troupers and you couldn't drive him out of this business with a crowbar.

But all's well that ends well, and Dan's little delinquency ended with him right back where he belongs—hoofing and emoting in *You're My Everything* on the 20th Century-Fox lot.

Advertisement

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Don't be Half-safe!



by
VALDA SHERMAN

At the first blush af wamanhaad many mysterious changes take place in your body. For instance, the apocrine glands under your arms begin to secrete daily a type of perspiration you have never known before. This is closely related to physical development and causes an unpleasant odor on both your person and your clothes.

There is nathing "wrang" with you. It's just another sign you are now a woman, not a girl . . . so now you *must* keep yourself safe with a truly effective underarm deodorant.

Twa dangers—Underarm odor is a real handicap at this romantic age, and the new cream deodorant Arrid is made especially to overcome this very difficulty. It kills this odor on contact in 2 seconds, then by antiseptic action prevents the formation of all odor for 48 hours and keeps you shower-bath fresh. It also stops perspiration and so protects against a second danger—perspiration stains. Since physical exertion, embarrassment and emotion can now cause your apocrine glands to fairly gush perspiration, a dance, a date, an embarrassing remark may easily make you perspire and offend, or ruin a dress.

All deadarants are not alike—so remember—no other deodorant tested stops perspiration and odor so completely yet so safely as new Arrid. Its safety has been proved by doctors. That's why girls your age buy more Arrid than any other age group. In fact, more men and women everywhere use Arrid than any other deodorant. It's antiseptic, used by 117,000 nurses.

Intimate pratectian is needed—so protect yourself with this snowy, stainless cream that smooths on and disappears. This new Arrid, with the amazing new ingredient Creamogen, will not crystallize or dry out in the jar. The American Laundering Institute has awarded Arrid its Approval Seal—harmless to fabrics. Arrid is safe for the skin—non-irritating—can be used right after shaving.

Dan't be half-safe. During this "age of romance" don't let perspiration problems spoil your fun. Don't be half-safe—be Arrid-safe! Use Arrid to be sure. Get Arrid now at your favorite drug counter—only 39¢ plus tax.



Judy Garland and her sister Jimmie were talking over old times, when snapped at the studio. She'll be starred with Gene Kelly, Frank Sinatra and Betty Garrett in *Lovely To Look At,* remake of *Roberta.*

LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD NEWS

The second surprise of the month was when one of his old girl friends actually gave Clark Gable the cold shoulder and the go-by. I never thought I'd live to see the day.

The daring blonde who iced a shoulder in the direction of "The King" is Virginia Grey, once a big moment in Gable's romantic life. Perhaps she grew tired of being referred to as "the girl Gable always goes back to"—because here is what happened:

Clark saw Virginia getting out of her car before a store in the Valley and rushed up to shake hands. The lady looked right through him!

But Gable apparently is not taking it too much to heart. The lady in his life at present is Iris Bynum. They have been doing the night clubs together and she is a fun girl who makes him laugh.

Virginia, I might add, has also found another romance. She is being seen everywhere with Richard Quine, ex-husband of Susan Peters—and they appear very happy in one another's company.

* * *

Robert Walker continues to be the sad story of the Hollywood month. I have criticised him in the past for his remarks about the press, for the break-up of his marriage to lovely little Barbara Ford, and for not pulling himself together.

But, with many others, I am now beginning to know that Walker is a sick boy—not one to be railed against. There was nothing funny in his arrest on a "drunk-and-disorderly" charge while in the company of Pat Dane.

The things he said—the flippant attitude he assumed—should be forgotten because he was not himself. He *is* not himself.

I happen to know his studio is going to give him every opportunity to snap out of the nervous state he is in. Right now he is undergoing the "rest" treatment. But official patience is being sorely tried—and before anyone else can help him, Walker must make up his mind to help himself.

* * *

The final screwy situation is the marital status of the Errol Flynns.

I just talked with Nora and she tells me: "I love Errol very much—I'm still madly in love with him. But he has been ill and seemed to want to be by himself. It got to the point where life under the same roof became difficult for us. But when he comes back from his European trip—who knows? Everything may be all right again."

Meanwhile, Errol kept saying right up to the time of his departure he wanted Nora to go to Europe with him—wanted her to come home—and even sent her a key to their house just in case she had lost hers. But in spite of these interesting high-jinxes he certainly doesn't look to me like a man carrying a torch. Anyway, it doesn't show on him.

Nora is easily one of the best-looking gals in town and is having a fine time at parties dancing with most of the eligible bachelors with the gaiety of a deb with a full date-book.

At the Kay Thompson opening at the Beverly Wilshire (more about that gala shindig anon) she was a sensation in her pale blue, backless evening gown, with her fair skin and red hair.

Peter Lawford danced every dance he could get with her when other smitten gents weren't cutting in.

* * *

Now for that brilliant "first night" of the incomparable Kay Thompson and the four Williams Brothers. This act would "draw" in a wigwam—but believe me that swanky new Mayfair Room at the Beverly Wilshire is no tent!

I wish the people who claim the movie



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"My Own True Love"

A Paramount Picture Starring

PHYLLIS CALVERT

and

MELVYN DOUGLAS

with

WANDA HENDRIX · PHILIP FRIEND

BINNIE BARNES

Produced by VAL LEWTON

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Screenplay by Theodore Strauss and Josef Mischel

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Do post-war morals allow this titian-haired beauty to accept a man's kisses while her lips still quiver with those of his only son?



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"Tonight I saw my best friend in the arms of my brother, the woman to whom my father has given his love!"



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June Allyson and Dick Powell step out regularly these days, and finally squelched separatian rumors by being seen everywhere together. Dick is a praboble co-stor for Claudette Colbert in *Love Is Big Business.*



Roy Rogers, with Bill Boyd and Gobby Hoyes, organized gigantic Western shaw which was held November 28th at Olympic Auditorium. Proceeds will establish museum for relics of greatest movie cowboys.

LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD NEWS

stars are dodging night spots could have seen the turn-out for Kay. Such stay-at-homes as the Ronald Colmans and the Fred Astaires were at ringside seats and apparently having the times of their lives.

When the above-mentioned Nora Eddington Flynn whirled by, Ronnie Colman leaned over to me and whispered, "Who is that perfectly beautiful girl?" Just goes to show you —not all movie people know each other.

A duet attracting attention were Merle Oberon and Greg Bautzer—but don't get too excited about that. Both Merle and Greg were the guests of the Jennings Langs and I still say the head girl in his life is Joan Crawford. She was not there because her doctor has ordered her to rest after she suffered a spell of nervous exhaustion.

Clark Gable with his current heart, Iris Bynum, was laughing and laughing at the witty things she said to him. That girl certainly knows how to keep a date amused—that's one way to get 'em, girls.

The Jack Bennys, Gracie Allen and George Burns, The Charles Vidors, Claudette Colbert and Dr. Pressman, the Bill Goetzes and the Van Johnsons were all at one big table—a field day for the photogs.

Oh, just about everybody was there. L. B. Mayer visited friends at different tables and I also saw the Dick Powells, the Johnny Greens, Ann Miller, Spike Jones, Shirley Temple with John Agar and the Rod Camerons.

Ginger Rogers looked "orfully" pretty in a black-and-white print—a really beautiful dress. And there was a time when people used to say Ginger didn't know how to dress! She and Jackie Briggs were with the Arthur Freeds and their table was next to that of Bebe Daniels, Wynn Rocamora, Mervyn Le Roy and yours truly.

* * *

And speaking of Kay Thompson—I could think only of the song "I Dreamt I Dwelt in Marble Halls," when I walked into the lavish, flower-decked home of Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Kirkeby for the party they gave in honor of Kay. This house—which Kirkeby, who is a wealthy hotel magnate, bought from a man named Atkinson—is fabulous. After spending three million dollars on it, Atkinson and his wife separated. It is probably the most luxurious house in America—and I am not excepting the homes of the millionaires in the East.

Three hundred guests were invited for dinner and sat at tables decked with orchids. Gardenia hung trees gave the effect of a movie setting, and not a real party.

Curiously enough, there were very few of

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Mon under blonket ond behind feothers is Bing himself. The Grooner wos nomed Chief Thundervoice by Squomish Tribe in Voncouver.



Pat O'Brien, o guest on MODERN SCREEN's radio show, Movie Motinée, tries o *Boy With Green Hair* wig on the m.c., Red Benson.

the younger set present. I saw Peter Lawford by himself. Clark Gable and Iris Bynum were at a table together, with Anita Colby several miles away at another table. The Jean Hersholts, old friends of the Kirkebys, were early arrivals. Diana Lynn was there with the man of her heart, John Lindsay. She is such a happy girl these days that it's a pleasure to look at her.

I couldn't possibly see all the people who were there, it was such a crowd. But it must have seemed like a Cinderella story come true to Kay Thompson, who started as Judy Garland's coach and friend at M-G-M. Everybody is delighted over Kay's success, as it hasn't changed her one bit.

It was very funny when Kay got up to sing at her opening—we all thought it was Danny Kaye. He had given such a good imitation of her at the Photographers Ball.

* * *

I rounded up the men this month and asked them what they particularly did *not* like in femme habits and traits—and came up with some interesting tips. (Next month—I'll ask the girls.) But read and heed:

Alan Ladd: "Sue's girl friends who get her on the telephone just as I walk in the door at night and keep yacking for an hour or so."

Guy Madison: "Girls who keep pulling at their skirts—or grabbing at their shoulders, continually pulling up straps. These continual-motion girls give me the jeebies."

Farley Granger: "A date who continually talks about the date she had the night before along the lines of 'I said to him and he said to me.'"

Cesar Romero: "Those 'cute' kids who spray you with a little whiff of their perfume, or borrow your handkerchief when their lipstick smears, or fix your tie. But the worst of all—losing half their makeup on your lapels when dancing."

Burt Lancaster: "Loud and conspicuous laughers. The 'Ha-Ha' guffawers in cafés or drawing rooms make the shivers go down my spine."

Peter Lawford: "The girl you take to a cocktail party—and then never see for the rest of the evening because she's off huddling with her girl pals or trying to promote some other guy." (Pete! Could that happen to you?)

* * *

Judy Garland's mother telephoned to say that all those stories that Judy started as a baby to earn money to carry her family along are ridiculous. Judy's father was a prosperous theater-owner in Grand Rapids and she told me that whenever Judy did appear in vaudeville as a child, it was in one of her father's theaters.

"I get so burned up," Mrs. Garland said, "when people say that Judy has had to support the family since she was in her cradle. She had a perfectly normal and happy childhood."

* * *

These bachelors certainly know how to give parties. Cesar Romero decided to "housewarm" the new apartment he has built for himself over the garage of the home he built for his parents, and it was also a welcome to his sister-in-law and his brother, Ed.

The whole town turned out, for Cesar is extremely popular.

I particularly noticed Mrs. Gary Cooper, dressed to the teeth at cocktail time, in an evening gown.

I stopped to talk to Loretta Young and Rosalind Russell—those two gay gals who had been an eyeful at the Photographers Ball when they dressed exactly alike as the Toni Twins. Those two pals may be dignified ladies on the screen, but they sure have their fun in private life. I'm so fond of both of them. I went on to dinner with them, their husbands and Johnny Miles, young Warner actor.

After the party, Claudette Colbert and the Jack Bennys decided they wanted Chinese food, so they went off looking for a chow mein parlor.

Reginald Gardiner, who has been entertaining his 81-year-old mother, brought her to Cesar's fun party. Reggie said that because of the waterfront strike, his mother had to sail back to England after being only a week in Hollywood. At 81, she made the trip on a Dutch freighter which took her over 30 days!

Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon, who have left

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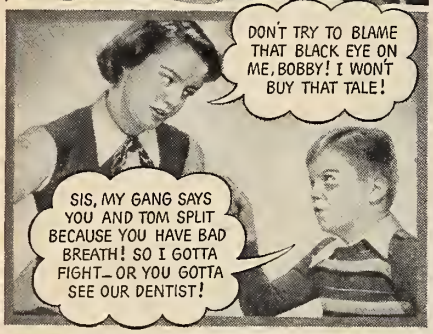
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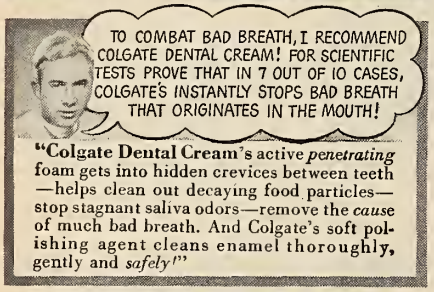
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LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD NEWS



Potricio Kothryn Johnston, born October 7, here mokes her camero debut. Kathryn and Johnnie were reported reconciled ofter he concelled his rood tour ond returned home.

to make their home in England again, were surrounded by a host of friends regretting their departure from Hollywood.

Anne Baxter joined the party late—she's very interested in politics and had been making a speech.

Maybelle Webb came without her son, Clifton, and was soon the center of attraction. I teased her because she passed on to me the news that Mrs. Ed Gardner was expecting a baby. She meant, I am sure, Mrs. Reginald Gardiner.

* * *

Personal Opinions: Paulette Goddard is not exactly my favorite screen personality—but I must say she knows how to make a good impression and get favorable publicity for herself. She created a lot of good-will in Mexico City and shared honors with the President's wife at a recent national charity event. . . . I'm sorry to say I cannot say the same complimentary things about another star—a girl I like very much—who was in Mexico at the same time. All I can say about her trip is, she should have "stood" at home! . . . Whichever way you happen to feel about the Robert Mitchum case, you must give him credit for his behavior recently. He has been very much out of the spotlight, and when he and Mrs. Mitchum do venture out for dinner they sit very inconspicuously in the background. I have noticed that many actors who did not know Mitchum particularly well before his trouble, frequently go up and speak to him and his wife. . . . Judy Garland is rapidly becoming the most popular "guest" on top radio programs. Her personality comes through beautifully—which is not true of all big movie stars. . . . Jennifer Jones and David Selznick will be married in Europe—or I miss my guess. . . . James Mason is definitely trying to "soften up." I believe he is sincerely sorry for the way he popped off about Hollywood before he ever came here. He and his wife have become close friends with the Glenn Fords and I think he would like to meet more people and be invited to interesting parties.

* * *

It may interest Lew Ayres—and you—to know that he was just about head man in my MODERN SCREEN fan mail this month. His performance in *Johnny Belinda* created a lot of interest and many fans are asking about him again.

Yes, I believe that his romance with Jane Wyman is serious. At one time, I think, they may even have been planning marriage when her divorce from Ronnie Reagan is final. However, now I am not so sure they are.

There is a girl who operates an art store in Hollywood who has been a close friend of his for a long time, and it is no secret that they still have dates.

Frankly, I'm not going to try to out-guess Lew on his possible matrimonial plans. He's the strong, like-to-be-alone type who may never marry again.

* * *

First, Deanna Durbin telephoned me the exciting news that she is going to Europe to make a picture for the great Italian director, Alexandrini—and then she dropped by my house to give me more details.

I am so glad to see Deanna looking happy and bubbling and herself again. Let's face it—the last two years have not been good for her. Her career at Universal-International, the studio where she was once queen-bee, hit an unexplainable snag and that can't be laid to "temperament" on her part, either. She's been a good girl for a long time—but sometimes it just happens that the right story can't be found for a star. (Editor's Note: For the story of Deanna's career troubles, see page 38.)

"I feel like the turning point in my bad luck has come," Deanna told me, her eyes sparkling. She looked so chic in a smart black street dress with one of those close-fitting hats with a jeweled buckle.

"Alexandrini is the director who made the wonderful Italian picture *Furia*," Deanna went on, "and I am so excited over making a movie for him. I'll play an American girl studying for opera in Rome, so I won't have to worry too much about speaking the language. Naturally, I understand and speak it a little from studying music."

As for her private life—I think Deanna is no longer undecided. It is my opinion that she will soon sue for divorce from Felix Jackson—probably before she goes away in January.

* * *

That's all for now. See you next month!

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Dee Dee Dillwaad (Jaan Fantaine) persuades Marvin Payne (Jimmy Stewart) and his partner Bullets (Eddie Albert) ta take her fram New Yark ta Califarnia an their carga plane—alang with a chimpanzee.



Yau see, she's fleeing the guy she's just married. In New York, she'd escaped her bridal suite and then had talked Marvin inta letting her spend the night in *his* quarters.



Sa they all set aut far Califarnia an the plane. All kinds af camplica-tians ensue, including a farced landing, a mix-up with an embezzler, the lass af the plane and, natch, the dawning af a fine ramance.

MOVIE REVIEWS

by Christopher Kane

YOU GOTTA STAY HAPPY

You'd know the Saturday Evening Post ran this first, even if nobody told you. It stands right up for home and mother, and it explains that money can't make a body content. Jimmy Stewart, a serious-minded veteran, and his pal, Eddie Albert, a veteran with hardly any mind whatever, have a two-plane airline when we meet them. They carry freight—not passengers—until the day they get stuck with Joan Fontaine. She's a very rich girl who's been talked into marrying a very rich boy (Willard Parker) but whose heart isn't in it. After the ceremony—or at least after she and her new husband reach their hotel room—Joan starts running. She runs into Jimmy's room, he thinks she's in terrible trouble, and lets her stay overnight, and the next day she fast-talks herself into a hitch to California on the Stewart-Albert plane. Nobody knows she's rich, which makes it okay for a manly soul like Jimmy to fall in love with her. Before the trip is over, the plane has several more passengers—all illegal, since a freight plane has no passenger permit—including an obnoxious honey-mooning Southern couple (Marcy McGuire and Arthur Walsh), and a sorrowful embezzler (Porter Hall). In the freight department, there's a chimpanzee, and a dead body. It's a remarkable trip, all right. The plane's forced down in Oklahoma, on the farm of Percy Kilbride, the truth about everyone aboard is made known, the embezzler starts home to give back the money, and Jimmy turns on Joan with loathing. ("A fella wants to support his own wife . . ."). He hates her right up until the day she buys him a Constellation (airplane) and then love conquers all. You could be crude and insist that love won't buy any constellations, but the picture's still pretty cute. Except for that honey-mooning baby-talking young couple. They made me sick.—*Univ.*

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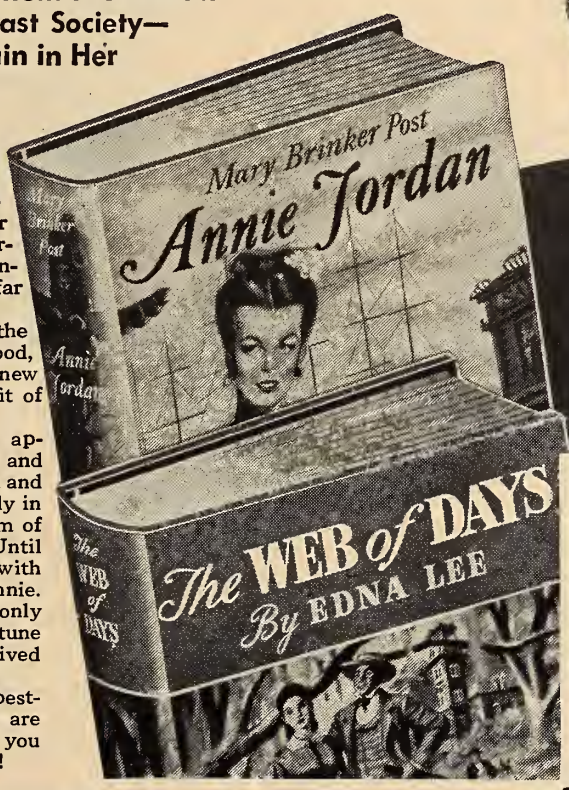
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set the smartest
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Your hair is short and to the point this season. The new brief styles are easy on the eyes easy to set, *yourself*, with DeLong Bob Pins. DeLong Bob Pins, with their new rounded ends, slide in easily, stay in indefinitely. Get DeLong Bob Pins on the famous blue card.

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JOAN OF ARC

In New York City, a whole theatre was re-built to house this movie, and press agents went around claiming it was the event of the century. Maybe it is. At any rate, there aren't two and a half hours of comparable pageantry anywhere this side of Cecil De Mille. The Joan of Arc story, told against beautiful Technicolored backgrounds, played out by a huge cast, and complete with exciting music, is bound to impress you. The story is basically Maxwell Anderson's *Joan of Lorraine*, adapted for the screen. Joan (Ingrid Bergman), a young peasant girl, is told by heavenly voices that God has chosen her for a tremendous task. She is to lead the armies of France to victory, even though England now occupies most of that stricken country, and the prospect of the tide's turning seems remote. Joan is also informed that she must crown the Dauphin (Jose Ferrer) King of France, despite the fact that the playboy-heir to the throne doesn't seem to be the best candidate for such high office. Naturally, Joan runs into trouble with officials, but gradually, people come to believe in her, they speak of an old prediction which tells how France will be saved by a maid from Lorraine, and in the end Joan goes off to lead her soldiers to triumph. As you probably remember, she's eventually betrayed by the very king she's worked to have crowned. He signs a truce with the English, refusing to allow Joan to finish the work she's begun (the work of driving the invaders from French soil) and when she's captured in an enemy ambush, he even refuses to ransom her. A French bishop (Francis Sullivan) in the pay of England, wishing to destroy Joan as a symbol (he knows how the French people idolize her) brings her to trial as a heretic, and she's burned at the stake, in due course. Miss Bergman does well with Joan; you have the feeling that she's very young, and terribly afraid to die, and because of these things her pain, and her faith, are particularly moving. All the acting in the picture is good, and as far as I'm concerned, J. Carrol Naish, John Emery and George Colouris can take extra bows.—*RKO*

WHEN MY BABY SMILES AT ME

Bert Lahr brought the corny old play called *Burlesque* back to Broadway a couple of years ago, and nobody who saw him do it there (or on tour) will ever forget it. He made the baggy-pants, easy-going, hard-drinking character of Skid Johnson his own.

FREE SUBSCRIPTIONS!

We love Ava Gardner twelve months a year, but March is our month to have her on the cover of MODERN SCREEN. We're really more interested in the people *you* love, though, and that's why we're offering a three-month subscription to the lucky first 500 who send back the questionnaire below. Just tell us whom you'd like to see between the covers of MODERN SCREEN, and by golly, we'll try and get 'em for you. Remember, March, April, and May issues, absolutely free!!

QUESTIONNAIRE

What stories and features did you enjoy most in our FEBRUARY issue? WRITE THE NUMBERS 1, 2, and 3 AT THE RIGHT OF YOUR 1st, 2nd, and 3rd CHOICES.

I Got My Man by Diana Lynn . . . ☐
Three Loves That Thrilled the World (Temple-Agar, Gable-Lombard, Grable-James) by Hedda Hopper . . . . . ☐
"Oh, Brother!" (Bing Crosby) by Bob Crosby . . . . . ☐
Problem Child (Esther Williams) . . . . . ☐
Something Not For The Boys (Jean Peters) . . . . . ☐
She Did It Before And She Can Do It Again (Deanna Durbin) . . ☐
The Girl He Can't Forget (Cary Grant) . . . . . ☐
Lucky In Love! (Jeanne Crain) . . ☐
The Woman Nobody Knows (Jennifer Jones) . . . . . ☐
Mexican Escapade (Rita Hayworth) . . . . . ☐
House of the One-Eyed Giraffe (Bob Hope) . . . . . ☐
Sentimental Journey (Ingrid Bergman) . . . . . ☐
Hollywood's Cruelest Hoaxes . . . . ☐
Is It True What They Say About Monty? (Montgomery Clift) . . ☐
Picture Of The Month (The Snake Pit) . . . . . ☐
Louella Parsons' Good News . . . . ☐

Which of the above did you like LEAST? . . . . .

What 3 MALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them, 1, 2, 3, in order of preference . . . . .

What 3 FEMALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them, 1, 2, 3, in order of preference . . . . .

What MALE star do you like least? . . . . .

What FEMALE star do you like least? . . . . .

My name is . . . . .

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City . . . . . Zone . . . . . State . . . . . I am . . . . . years old

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Mod.Sc.—Feb.



To My Favorite Blonde

Oh, lovely Blonde! My voice I raise,
Your *tender, golden* charms to praise.

When I am soiled beyond belief,
Your *perfume* heralds prompt relief.

Beneath your *swift* and *gentle* care,
I shun all washday *wear* and *tear*.

And when with me you've had your way,
I'm cleansed of *'Tattle-Tale-ish'* Gray.

All *substitutes* I now decline,
Dear Blondie, be my Valentine!





GOLDEN BAR OR GOLDEN CHIPS

Fels-Naptha Soap

BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"

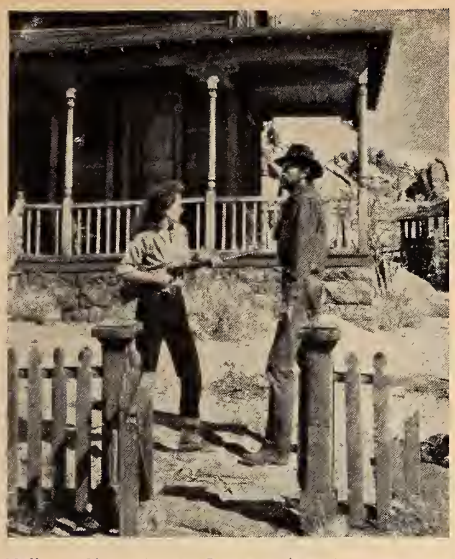


When My Baby Smiles At Me: Burlesque comic Don Dailey needs wife Betty Groble's help.

For this reason, Dan Dailey was handed a particularly tough assignment when Fox cast him as Skid in the movie version of *Burlesque*. Dailey doesn't suffer too much by comparison, and you can't say more than that of any man. Story's about a burlesque comic married to a burlesque queen (in this case, Betty Grable) and working in a traveling burlesque troupe headed by a fellow called Lefty (Jimmy Gleason). The comic's talents are big-time, and when producer Sam Harris offers him a Broadway job, he heads for New York, after promising the little woman he'll lay off the bottle and ignore the blondes. Well, he's strong on resolution, but New York is full of speakeasys and beautiful women, and by the time wifey's free to leave the tank show and come join husband, husband's managed to cut a rug or two. Wife gets mad, and departs to marry a wealthy rancher. Husband starts down the road to ruin. Wife comes back and saves him. It isn't much, yet it manages to be enough. Bert Lahr's disintegrating Skid was a more pathetic figure than Dailey's (Dailey seems a little young and healthy to break your heart over) but on every other count, the movie tops the play. Betty Grable's good as the faithful, grieving wife; June Havoc and Jack Oakie are more than good as a couple of burlesque performers, Richard Arlen plays Betty's wealthy rancher, and there's lots of singing and dancing and Prohibition atmosphere.—*20th-Fox*

YELLOW SKY

Gregory Peck leads a band of men who've been so successfully uprooted by the Civil War they aren't ready to put their guns away, once the North-South struggle is over. Robbery seems easier than working. More exciting, too. The gang (including Richard Widmark, John Russell, Robert Arthur, Charles Kemper, Henry Morgan and Bob Adler—or, rather, "Dude," "Lengthy," "Bull Run," "Walrus," "Half Pint," and "Jed") holds up its first bank, and then heads across the burning Arizona desert. Suicidal, but what else can they do? The U. S. Cavalry is waiting for them if they turn back. Some days



Yellow Sky: Anne Baxter doesn't seem to realize Gregory Peck is really on her side.

later, crazy with thirst, they arrive at the ghost town of Yellow Sky. There's water there. There's also a girl (Anne Baxter) and her old Grandpa (James Barton) in the otherwise empty community. Anne's so hostile the gang figures something interesting's going on, and sure enough, snooping reveals that Anne and Gramps have gold! $100,000 worth! They discovered it, they dug for it, they have it hidden. The gang's all for killing them, and dividing the loot, but Peck makes a deal. They'll split 50-50, half for his boys, half for the rightful owners. The owners' lives to be thrown in as a bonus. The noise begins when Widmark announces to Peck that he and the other fellows don't see any reason for kicking back to Anne and Grampa. Peck holds out for honor (among thieves, at that) and nearly gets himself shot to bits. He battles his whole former entourage, and emerges triumphant, rich, and married to Anne. She makes him go give back the money from the first bank he robbed, and there's the picture, tied up as pretty as you please. It's ever so Western—plenty of drawling, walking bow-legged and shooting from the hip—and Fox thinks it's as terrific as *The Ox-Bow Incident*. Podner, it ain't.—*20th-Fox*

EVERY GIRL SHOULD BE MARRIED

It is the contention of salesgirl Anabel Sims (Betsy Drake) that women have it terrible. Can they go up to a fellow and say, "What big brown eyes you have, what are you doing Saturday night?" No. That's what. No. They have to sit around and wait for some shmoe to ask *them*, and they never get the shmoe they want. Anabel's out to change things. She's got her cap set for Dr. Madison Brown (Cary Grant), a baby specialist, and she chases around to his club, his barber shop, his gymnasium, his office, collecting information about him. What he likes to eat . . . what his favorite flowers are . . . how many girl friends he's had, and why none of them hooked him. . . . Naturally, the doctor becomes aware of Anabel in due time; he can't help himself. He thinks she's an amusing—and irritating—kid, and he tells



I'm a safety-first girl with Mum

Smart girl, not to let lovely snug-fitting wool become a trap for underarm odor. You *stay* nice to be near because *your charm* stays safe with Mum!

Even in winter, there's a heat wave under your arms. Odor can form without any noticeable moisture. And remember—a bath only washes away *past* perspiration, but Mum guards against *future* underarm odor.



Product of Bristol-Myers

Mum safer for charm

Mum safer for skin

Mum safer for clothes

Mum checks perspiration odor, protects your daintiness all day or all evening.

Because Mum contains no harsh or irritating ingredients. Snow-white Mum is gentle—harmless to skin.

No damaging ingredients in Mum to rot or discolor fine fabrics. Economical Mum doesn't dry out in the jar. Quick, easy to use, even after you're dressed.



Every Girl Should Be Married: Cary Grant finally succumbs to tactics of Betsy Drake.

her so. Anabel attempts to make him jealous by pretending that Roger Sanford (Franchot Tone) who owns the department store where she works, wants to marry her. Cary asks why she doesn't leap at the chance, which isn't the exact effect she's working for. Sanford, incidentally, turns out to be a terrible wolf, and he's only too pleased to pretend he loves Anabel, until she clouts him over the head with a shovel, after he gets overfriendly. Anabel gets her man, in the end, though her tactics are purely harrowing, and anybody but kind old Cary Grant would have called the cops on her. Cary's wonderful in this picture—charming's still the word; as for Betsy Drake, she romps through her scenes terribly wide-eyed and eager-voiced, and the characterization of Anabel comes close to caricature. If you think that sort of girl is cute, you'll love Miss Drake; otherwise, she can get on your nerves. Diana Lynn's excellent as Anabel's fellow salesgirl and close friend, and Eddie Albert has a small chore which he works out more than smoothly.—*RKO*

SO DEAR TO MY HEART

So Dear To My Heart is sweet, and simple, and everything that's good. If you've got a quiet hour or so, and you feel like being charmed, here's the ticket. The story's concerned with a small boy named Jimmy Kincaid (Bobby Driscoll) who lives on a farm in Indiana with his grandmother (Beulah Bondi). He longs to own a race horse, but he settles for a tiny black lamb which has been pushed aside by its mother. Jerry brings the lamb up, bottle-feeding it, making a pet of it. Together, the boy and the lamb run in the woods, and when Danny (that's the lamb) gets into trouble (he's always breaking through screen doors), Jerry almost bursts making excuses for him. Jerry wants to earn enough money so he can take Danny to the County Fair, and win a blue ribbon, and he works toward this goal feverishly. Of such small, bright threads the picture is woven. There's a frightening scene where Jerry and his friend Tildy (Luana Patten) wander off into the deep forest, searching for a bee tree; there's a nostalgic scene where Granny and Uncle Hiram (Burl Ives) sing folk songs in front of the fire; there are funny scenes, and tender scenes, and here and there a Walt Disney cartoon sequence. The cartoon sequences are both cunning and very moral, designed to influence children along righteous paths. They feature songs called, "It's Whatcha Do With Whatcha Got," and "Stick-To-It-Ivity," which gives you some idea. Whether you were a country kid or a city kid, you'll enjoy this one.—*RKO*

LET'S LIVE A LITTLE

Robert Cummings, playing a young advertising executive named Duke Crawford, is lousy with troubles. The kind of troubles other guys wish they had. It seems that beautiful women simply can't resist him. Take Michele Bennett (Anna Sten) the beauty-preparations queen. Her creams and salves are worth a million dollars a year to Duke's agency, but she won't sign a contract unless he marries her. As far as Duke's concerned, Michele's charms have grown a trifle faded, but she's still got the power to drive him crazy, so to speak. He begs his boss to be given a job where he can deal with a man. The head of the agency, a kind old character, sends Duke to see a psychiatrist, a Dr. Loring. This doctor's written a book, and Duke's to plan the publicity campaign. Yeah, you guessed it; the doc turns out to be Hedy Lamarr. Now there's double trouble. Dr. Loring's as irresistible to men as Duke is vice versa. He elects to be her patient. She cures him of his complex (he hears bells ringing where there are no bells) by kissing him in the moonlight. Cures him!—she practically electrocutes him. But when he discovers she's just using him as a guinea pig, he decides to marry Michele Bennett. A million dollars is better than none, as the saying goes. Now—will Hedy realize she's in love with Duke in time to stop the wedding? Will Duke sock that Dr. Field (Robert Shayne) who's been chasing Hedy? Will the advertising agency go bankrupt? You'll find out. Over the years, Robert Cummings has developed from an animated stick of wood into a most charming and accomplished actor, Hedy's lovely as ever, and the laughs are numerous.—*Univ.*

THE LUCKY STIFF

It's possible that all murder mysteries are this confused, and I just don't see enough of them. Anyhow, I doff my hat—heck, I doff my whole head—to *The Lucky Stiff*. It had me so mixed up I'm still not sure who done it. Who done what? Why, the four murders. A shady operator named Childers (Charles Meredith), who owns the Casino Club, gets rubbed out first. Then the man that was hired to eliminate Childers, a thug known as Malloy, is shot when he's preparing to tell who hired him—but that's enough of that. There are about six plots running wild here. One concerns a singer, Anna Marie St. Claire (Dorothy Lamour), with whom lawyer John J. Malone (Brian Donlevy) is enchanted. Every night, he goes to the Casino Club where she's appearing, and he sits and moons at her. What he doesn't know is that she's the girl friend of Childers (the first corpse, if you remember) though she really loves Britt (Warner Anderson), Childers' right-hand man. To make everything adorable, Britt loves Mrs. Childers, and she cares for him too. Incidentally, since nobody (but the district attorney and Malone) knows about Malloy (the thug who *really* killed Childers) the general public and all the newspapers believe that Anna Marie went to the electric chair for killing Childers, and every time she appears, people run away screaming about ghosts. Fortunately, the louse who's behind all the murdering, is also behind the "protection racket" in town, and since that's what Malone's out to break up when we first meet him, he kills two birds with one stone. Everything else in the picture's already been killed. The most pleasing feature of *The Lucky Stiff* is Claire Trevor's playing of Malone's faithful secretary. She does a really wonderful job. "Cute," I regret, is the word for it. I wish there were a better one.—*U.A.*

THE KISSING BANDIT

Here's Frank Sinatra as Ricardo, a boy from Boston (that's the United States) who travels all the way to California (that's still a possession of the Spanish crown) in order to join his late father's old partner, Chico. Chico's been having bad times as an inn-

(Continued on page 116)



Let's Live A Little: Robert Cummings gets to be a patient of psychiatrist Hedy Lamarr.



The Kissing Bandit: Frank Sinatra thinks he has to be bold and reckless, but he's shy.

New!
Exciting Discoveries in Skin Care





Woodbury De Luxe Face Creams ...Never before such Beauty for YOU!

Your skin . . . *ravishing!* . . . with these new-formula Woodbury De Luxe Face Creams! Science's newest secrets . . . in six exquisite beauty aids. Incomparable cleaner cleansing! Superb richer softening! Veil-of-flattery finishing creams! Each of unsurpassed quality. Jars come dressed in pink-and-gold elegance, at welcome moderate prices.

Woodbury De Luxe Cold Cream cleanses skin the cleanest ever.

Truly, Penaten is a miracle cleansing aid! Penaten *penetrates*—reaches deeper into pore openings. Quickly seeps through make-up tints. *Amazingly thorough—thoroughly gentle.* Your skin looks *clearer*, because it's *cleaner.* Your first jar will prove, Woodbury De Luxe Cold Cream—with Penaten—truly glorifies your skin!

Woodbury De Luxe Dry Skin Cream smooths skin the softest ever!

Magically, Penaten aids the *penetration* of smoothing emollients. Carries lanolin's rich benefits deeper, softening tiny dry lines. Smooths flaky roughness—on the instant. Skin looks fresher, younger . . . lovely to see!

Introducing PENATEN New Skin Beautifier in

From trial jars 20¢, to luxury jars $1.39 plus tax.

Woodbury De Luxe Liquefying Cleansing Cream—contains Penaten! Particularly effective for cleansing oily or normal skin. Melts instantly. Loosens clinging grime, make-up, surface oil. Night and morning use helps keep skin clearer, younger-looking.

Woodbury De Luxe Vanishing Facial Cream—For Glamorous Make-Up: Greaseless, disappearing. A thin veil makes even oily skin look dewy. For a Beauty Pick-up: Apply lavishly to soften skin particles. Tissue off. Skin looks fresher, younger.

Woodbury De Luxe Powder Base Foundation Cream—Petal-Tinted: Adds glow to any powder shade. Veils dry or normal skin in satin-textured base that holds make-up. Helps hide blemishes. Apply sparingly—smooth over face, throat.

Woodbury De Luxe Complete Beauty All-Purpose Cream—Pink-Tinted: Penaten makes this De Luxe All-Purpose Cream more effective—for complete skin care, day and night. Cleanses deeper. Softens superbly. Provides a clinging make-up base.



Diana Lynn and 30-year-old architect John Lindsay, shortly before their marriage.

by Diana Lynn

I got MY MAN!

I'd been sitting
pretty all my life—with-
out a man. But
after all, what could any
man mean to me?
Mr. Lindsay, I soon discovered,
meant—everything!

Diana Lynn became Mrs. John Lindsay on December 18th. When you read this, she and Johnny will have just returned from their honeymoon in Bermuda.—THE EDITORS.

■ Everything was fine. I had a career, a perfectly swell apartment, and excellent health. I was a very contented girl—and one of the things I wasn't at all interested in was marriage in a vine-covered cottage.

Well, that was last spring. *Now,* much to my surprise, I find myself looking for a house, a church to be married in, and the time to have a final fitting on my wedding gown.

The great change began one warm June evening. Stu and Angie Martin, my date—a casual one—and some other friends were at the Mocambo. After a while, we decided to go to Stu and Angie's to finish the evening.

Enter John Lindsay—whom up to then I'd never met. He'd been working late and, as he'd done many times before, he happened to stop by Stu and Angie's.

Naturally, I thought he was awfully attractive. (Who can blame me?)

Then, two months later—on August 17th, to be exact—Teddy Stauffer, whom I'd met in Mexico, took me to a party at L'Aiglon. I was wearing a plaster cast clear up to here on my arm. I'd broken it while I was at La Jolla appearing in a play. (Had I fractured myself going all-out for my Art? Not exactly—I'd slipped in the bathroom!) It was my first public appearance after the (*Continued on page 85*)



Modess .... *because*

Forget all other Beauty Care

and use Palmolive Soap as Doctors advised for a Brighter, Fresher Skin!



DOCTORS PROVE you, too, may win a Lovelier Skin using Palmolive alone . . . regardless of age . . . skin type . . . or previous beauty care!



For a lovelier complexion—the kind men admire and women envy—stop improper cleansing. Instead follow the Palmolive Plan using Palmolive Soap alone the way 36 doctors advised 1285 women with all types of skin—young, older, dry, oily and normal. These leading skin specialists proved that Palmolive Soap used this way—with nothing else—brought lovelier complexions to 2 out of 3. Yes—lovelier complexions regardless of age, type of skin or previous beauty care. Start today to use Palmolive Soap—nothing but Palmolive Soap—this way:
1. Wash your face with Palmolive Soap.
2. Then, for 60 seconds, massage gently with Palmolive's soft, lovely lather. Rinse! 3. Do this 3 times a day for 14 days. This cleansing massage brings your skin Palmolive's full beautifying effect!



And for Loveliness All Over...

Get Palmolive Bath Size for tub or shower. It's big! Long-lasting! Economical! Gives you Palmolive's proved complexion care *all over!*



An open letter to Bob Mitchum

the case for the people



Dear Robert Mitchum:

Just about the time this issue of MODERN SCREEN will appear, your trial on narcotics charges is scheduled to begin. No matter what the trial's outcome may be, there's one thing about your case that should make you and every American feel mighty proud.

That thing is the great, good heart the American public has once again shown it possesses.

When you were arrested, charged with the possession of marijuana, it seemed to many that your career was hopelessly smashed, no matter how innocent you might eventually be proved to be. Even you, in your first confusion and despair over the damaging appearances, were reported to have said, "This is the bitter end."

But the pessimists and grave-diggers had reckoned without the simple, garden-variety kindness of people everywhere in this good land. You, the studios, the magazines, newspapers and radio stations were swamped with expressions of good-will which said, in effect: "All right, maybe the guy *has* made a personal mistake. We'll see. And if he *is* found guilty, he'll pay the penalty. So why kick a man when he's down? He's still a darned good actor and we still want to see him on the screen."

The greatest glory of the tradition in which America was founded is its tolerant concern with every man and woman as an individual, entitled to fair play and a "break." The expression of that concern in your case, Bob Mitchum, is a clear and valid proof that the national tradition is still tremendously strong and alive.

Maybe Americans are overly sentimental. Maybe it's best to be cold and cynical in a world that so often seems ruled by brutal selfishness and double-dealing. But—maybe not.

This turbulent globe would be in a desperate mess indeed if the American people didn't have their strong streak of "sentimentality." Tyranny would long ago have been firmly in the saddle everywhere.

Sentimentality? There's a far better word for it—a golden word that, in its true, Biblical meaning, is the keynote of all our moral values.

That word is Charity.

Audrey H. Nichols

EDITOR



Shirley could have had her choice of foreign titles, playboys ar millionaires. But all she wanted was love—and faund it in John Agar.



Three loves that thrilled the world

by Hedda Hopper

These are
the love stories of
three Hollywood couples—
the stories of
their deep and
quiet passions
which no earthly thing
could ever mar . . .

■ Once I happened to ask a friend of mine named Irving Berlin, what the secret was for writing hit tunes.

"It's really very simple, Hedda," he smiled. "It's just saying the same old story, 'I love you,' over and over again to new music."

I've always thought you could say pretty much the same thing about the movies. The year-in, year-out fundamental stuff of Hollywood make-believe is love, love, love. And—as where does it not?—the same potent force prevails in movieland's off-screen life. Yes, indeed! There are plenty of times I can think of when "I love you" wasn't just a line in a shooting script.

So, as Valentine's Day approaches, let me tell you what I know about three great loves, all made in Hollywood, that thrilled the world—and still thrill it.

One is the love of a Hollywood king for his queen; another's the story-book romance of a golden-haired movie princess for her prince charming; and the other is just a quiet, deep passion quite as plain as John loves Mary. Among my romantic souvenirs, the love stories of Clark Gable and Carole Lombard, of Shirley Temple and her handsome John Agar, and of Betty Grable and her head man, Harry James, rate just as highly for real romance as do those big league love affairs of Beatrice and Dante, of Heloise and Abelard and—yep—of Wally and Edward.

Shirley Temple has had the world, and particularly Hollywood, at her feet all her life. Even as a mere moppet, Shirley accepted all this adulation and affection heaped on her curly head without losing it—or her heart, either. And that heart was (*Continued on page 111*)



Twa af the mast publicly spatlighted and privately plain peaple in Hallywaad are Betty Grable and Harry James. Betty says simply, "Harry and I cauldn't live withaut each ather naw."



The marriage af Carale Lambard and Clark Gable was perfect till its sudden tragic ending. Gable and the waman he laved were as vital a pair as cauld be faund anywhere.

When I was a kid, he treated me rough. Now I'm a big boy, and he doesn't treat me at all. But strangely enough, I like the guy—even if this does sound like flattery—which it is.

"oh, brother!"

by bob crosby







Bing rehearsing with me and my band—which can't compete with his—his has 37 pieces and four acres of Trotter.









■ I first met Bing Crosby when I was one day old.

At the time, I was the one with the receding hair line. Furthermore, I was asleep at the time, my handsome head on my mother's shoulder, looking for all the world like a blessed event. There has been some question about that in family circles, but Bing was highly interested in me at the time.

Mother says there was a strange light in his eyes when he came into the room. He looked at her intensely and demanded, "What is it?"

"Just what you wanted," Kate Harrigan replied gently, "a boy!"

"Huh!" Bing exclaimed. "It had better be!"

Then he walked out of the room, slamming the door behind him.

The significance of this moment was something that was to dawn on me later. It seems that for 12 long years Bing had been the baby of the family. Only the baby of a family can understand that statement. Now *I* was the patsy—and if I'd known what that meant I might have used my zweibach ration to buy back the birth certificate.

It's not that I have anything against Bing, or vice-versa. It's just that the life of the baby brother in any family most of the time is just plain hell.

We lived in a big brown frame house. The oldest children had their choice of bedrooms. That left Bing with the sleeping porch when there were no more bedrooms. It also stuck him with me. When I could get along without diapers they moved me out to the sleeping porch. I thought that was fine. He thought it was awful.

Weekdays he had to teach me how to tie my shoe laces. Sundays he saw to it that I genuflected properly at Mass. At night when I'd wake up and stagger around in my sleep headed for the bathroom he had to make sure I wasn't going to fall downstairs. Thinking it over, I can hardly blame him for assuming these duties with all the gracious charm of a hungry bear.

He snored. So did I. When I was awake and he was snoring, there was nothing I could do about it. When he was awake and I was snoring I got hit in the head with a pillow. Tiny Tim never had it so bad.

I was too small to be kicked around much, there being 12 years difference in our ages. So I was an ever-present nuisance, spending all of my time trying to get into the act. I was bright, though. I found out soon enough that if I didn't get to the table on time, that gang (*Continued on page 103*)



Problem child

By BULA WILLIAMS

My Esther was like any other girl. "Mommy, the boys didn't dance with me." "The girls don't like me." . . . There was no problem we didn't solve around the kitchen table.



Esther Williams at 13. She still seeks advice from her mother, who helped her so with teen-age problems. Below: With her parents and relatives at a recent birthday party.



Bula Williams says: "My combined life's work, major interest, hobby and profession has been young people's problems." A staff-member of The American Institute of Family Relations as a counsellor and lecturer, she has earned her qualifications through the first-hand experience of raising five children of her own. This modest, down-to-earth account of how, with humor and understanding, she helped her daughter Esther over the rough spots of growing up will, we feel, strike an instant chord with millions of readers.

—The Editors

■ The minute I saw Esther's face I knew something was wrong. A cloud shadowed the usual sunshine of her smile; she was too quiet when she came in the house. Esther was in junior high school then and about 14. She'd just returned from a holiday to the mountains with a crowd of her boy and girl friends.

"Hello, honey," I greeted her. "Have a good time?"

"No, Mommie," she blurted. "I had a miserable time."

I wasn't surprised. Her expression had telegraphed that news. "Well, what's the matter?"

"Oh," said Esther in a hurt and baffled voice "the boys didn't dance with me. And the girls were snippy. Nobody liked me. They left me out in the cold. . . . Mommie, what's the matter with me?"

"Not much," I told her. "But we've got a problem on our hands, haven't we? Let's see what we're going to do about it. . . ."

So many people who see Esther Williams' smiling, sunny face on the screen write me and say, "How lucky you are, Mrs. Williams, to have a girl so obviously happy and well-adjusted. What a blessing to have had no problems with your delightful daughter."

No problems? We had them practically every day in our home, where Esther grew up. Every child is a problem child. (And I had five children.) Life, it's been said, is just one darned thing after another, which is to say just one problem on the heels of the one before. Problems are the fibres of life itself and solving them is living.

Esther's problem at that point was friends—and that's a pretty important problem at 14. She needed help. We sat down at the kitchen table to talk. Our problem was not to be grieved and gloomed over—it was to be solved. And as usual, the minute we delved into (*Continued on page 77*)



something not for the boys

Recipe: Take six gabby
gals and rapidly add food
Warm well before a fire
and beat with pillows.
That's the way
Jean Peters cooks up
a slumber party.

by reba and bonnie churchill



Slumber party was the sudden inspiration af Jean Peters, wha invited ather girls by phane. Kathleen Hughes and Vanessa Brawn farmed chaw-line far wienies and patata salad—but Reba was served first.



Na female party is complete withaut camparing lipstick and nailpolish jabs. Reba and Bannie watched with amazement as Kathy used a new shade an each tae. "Sa I can tell them apart," she averred.



After palishing aff hat dags, gang turned ta hame-made papcarn, marshmallaws and candied apples. (See the simple recipes far all these delectables in aur Fan Fare department an page 94.)



Jean Peters and Colleen Townsend, with her hair in rag curlers, munched on jelly apples and had a long talk (mostly about men).

■ The night was cool. The pajamas flashy. The gossip sparkling. The hostess Jean Peters. Perfect ingredients for a slumber party.

Jean has a sense of humor like an electric shock. It always startles you. Surround her with her girlfriends from 20th Century-Fox, like Betty Lynn, Colleen Townsend, Vanessa Brown and Kathleen Hughes—well, anything can happen and, as the old line has it, usually does.

We had heard rumors. There was that other time Jean had hostessed a pajama party . . .

She was attending Ohio State. It was one of those crisp fall days—just made for football. The leaves were turning burnt-gold and small gusts of wind would bring them shivering down to the sidewalk.

Jean and some of her dorm sisters were coming back to Baker Hall from the game. "This," she declared snapping a dry leaf under her foot, "is the ideal time to huddle before a fire and have a slumber party."

By the time they'd reached the hall, Jean had convinced the others. All except one girl. She *never* joined in on such undignified fun. And certainly couldn't be bothered that night, since she had a date.

Jean sat on the bed watching her get ready. Then an interesting idea suddenly popped into her head. What would happen to that dull, dignified creature if. . . ?

There was no use Jean's just sitting there when she knew she was going to do it anyhow.

The girl was a little late for her date. Two hours in fact. Seems someone had pushed her, fully clothed, into the shower.

But that had been three years, a 20th Century contract, and two pictures ago. Jean, we reminded ourselves, must have changed since then.

However, we hadn't reckoned with Betty, Colleen, Vanessa and Kathy. Although these girls have different backgrounds—one lived in Vienna, (*Continued on next page*)

something not for the boys



Slumber party guests did their own cooking. Colleen blackened marshmallows and Vanessa served up her frankfurters well-done-to-a-crisp.



Girls gathered on living room floor to watch Betty Lynn's fortune-telling exploits. She predicted great careers and stardom for all, after first finding out that Jean already had earned a good role in *12 O'Clock High.*

(*Continued from page 35*) another toured the wartime CBI circuit, while the others came to Hollywood via Broadway or college—they all, we soon learned, share an identical urge. Behind those cherubic faces smolder the sardonic brains of practical jokers.

The evening began quietly enough at Jean's Westwood home. We were all in the den preparing a picnic-fashion snack. Vanessa and Kathy brought in the food from the kitchen. Betty did her utmost to get a blaze going in the fireplace, while Jean spread a tablecloth on the floor.

You'd never find another tablecloth like it. It's strictly a Peters original. "I only like to sew dramatic things," Jean confessed. We noted the red flannel spread edged in leopard skin—and nodded in rather dazed agreement.

Then Jean told us about something else she'd designed—a white brocade evening gown with a train. It was elegant. She wore it to the opening of the Opera. Only trouble was, she hadn't decided to make it until two days before opening night.

"My eyes were so tired from stitching I couldn't even see the singers. I hope they couldn't see me either, because the basting started to unravel after intermission—and not only that, the train of my gown soon resembled the forecourt of Grauman's Chinese—dotted with footprints. That little number certainly wasn't anything to have worn in that mob scene. If I'm going to design things, I do wish I wouldn't always do it on the spur of the moment."

"That's the way I do things too," volunteered Coke Townsend, who by this time was decorating the wienies with cheese and bacon. "I won't sew anything for months, then I'll see an exciting design—and out comes the Singer and some material I've been saving."

By this time Betty triumphantly had the fire crackling and Kathy was filling the plates with potato salad. There was a lazy-Susan revolving tray in the center of the room, just an arm's reach away from everyone, laden with pickles and olives and nuts and marshmallows.

We took turns roasting the hot dogs and popping the popcorn. Vanessa was exiled to the corner when she charcoaled the corn and set the popper on fire. (*Continued on page 74*)

photos by bert parry and bob beerman



This attack took place when Colleen refused to hit the sack. Pillow later burst and buried them all in down.





Time for bed, so girls tripled up on tooth- and hair-brushing chores. Vanessa (soon in *The Fan*) discussed decoration of her new hill-top home, "The Eagle's Peak," with Betty and Kathy, who is making her screen debut in *Road House*.



she did it before and

SHE CAN DO IT AGAIN!

by erskine johnson

■ A thirteen-year-old girl with soft brown hair and blue eyes lifted up her voice and, with confident ease, sang one of the most difficult of operatic arias.

As she finished, the Hollywood celebrities at the old Trocadero rocked the chandeliers with applause. And almost before the echoes had stopped vibrating, a producer had signed the little girl—Deanna Durbin—to a contract with M-G-M.

Six months later they dropped her option. In those six months the girl with the clear, lovely voice appeared in one short subject with a promising youngster named Judy Garland. Then they let her go.

They didn't believe she had a future.

That was 13 years ago. Since then, Deanna Durbin has gained international fame, has twice been married and has become a mother.

With her voice matured into a really glorious instrument of song; with her acting ability developed into wide range and depth; with great physical beauty, charm, and the driving ambition of the true artist, Deanna Durbin should be twice the success she was when she was half her present age.

And yet—Deanna Durbin's screen career is swiftly fading.

It's a crime—and a totally unnecessary crime—that this should have come to pass. And I believe with all my heart that she can come back to the top again, in exactly the way she reached it before.

Let's go back and see just how that crime occurred.

You've heard Deanna sing many times. And each song she sang gave you a thrill. But you couldn't have known the true significance of each of those songs to the girl who sang them. You couldn't have known the story behind them, the happiness, the heartache, the thrill or disappointment shadowing each melody or set of lyrics.

No, you couldn't have known, because Deanna showed to the world only the things she wanted the world to see. Locked inside her were the things that ate her heart out or made it almost burst with joy.

Those are the things (*Continued on page 87*)

what happened to Deanna?

only yesterday...

Newspapers and magazines told of Deanna's fabulous rise to fame, praising her for her one-woman contribution to the success of Universal.

NICE GIRL—"One of the screen's most interesting stories of the year and a picture that's guaranteed to please all."
—Oklahoma City theater manager in Motion Picture Herald, April 1941

IT'S A DATE—"Once again we scored heavily with Deanna, as has been the case with several of her other pictures. All of her pictures are so refreshing, it is difficult for one to fail to enjoy them."
—N. J. theater manager, Motion Picture Herald, Jan. 1941

. . . and later
"Each of Deanna's pictures meant another million in the thirsty tills of old Universal."
—N. Y. Sunday Mirror, Nov. 7, 1943

"Before she was 16 her pictures were solely responsible for pulling a major studio, Universal, out of the 'red' and into the pink of success."
—N. Y. Journal-American, Nov. 3, 1946

"Deanna Durbin, Top Salaried Woman, Draws $310,738."
—headline, N. Y. World Telegram, Jan. 8, 1947

but today...

Theater managers and critics complain about Durbin pictures. They still like Deanna, but protest poor material, weak casting, dullness.

SOMETHING IN THE WIND—"It is one of the dullest, most boring screen plays to come out of Hollywood . . ."
—N. Y. Herald-Tribune, Aug. 1947

". . . Used on midweek to fair business. Miss Durbin has lost much of her popularity, but she still has a great voice."
—California theater manager in Motion Picture Herald, Feb. 1948

". . . We certainly took a beating on this feature . . . Durbin is a dead duck as far as we are concerned."
—Canadian theater manager in Motion Picture Herald, Nov. 1948

UP IN CENTRAL PARK—". . . one of the dullest shows on record . . . Picture is utterly without charm, a stiff and static bore."
—N. Y. Herald-Tribune, May, 1948

". . . they just do not go for Deanna as they did years ago . . ."
—Vermont theater manager Motion Picture Herald, Nov. 1948

She was always blonde and beautiful—that girl of Cary's dreams—she was Virginia; she was Barbara; she was Betty . . . but now she's Betsy, Betsy alone . . .

the girl he can't forget

by sheilah graham



Cary was still an unestablished actor in '32 when he married Virginia Cherrill. Temperamental differences separated them.





At one time, Phyllis Brooks seemed to be Grant's sole interest, but Phyllis invited publicity so Cory stepped out of her life.



Cary had little in common with his ex-wife Barbara Hutton. She hated Hollywood; he loved it. She enjoyed Society; he disliked it. Divorce followed.



Betty Hensel cut short her serious-looking romance with Cory when he seemed to be falling for his leading lady.

■ Cary Grant has been in love with the same girl all his life. She is beautiful, blonde, tall and slender. Not always, but usually her name begins with a B. She is Betsy Drake, Betty Hensel, Barbara Hutton, Phyllis Brooks and Virginia Cherrill.

Sometimes Cary marries this girl he loves. But whether he marries her or not, the history of each romance is always the same: It lasts a long time, it ends in disillusionment—and he never forgets her.

Will his present passion for Betsy Drake be just another repetition of the old pattern, or will she prove the answer to Cary's desperate prayer for a permanent mate?

To play prophet with Cary's very cautious heart, we have to break down Cary the man, Cary the lover, and the women he has loved and why.

To start at the end. Miss Drake, blonde, tall and willowy, is 24 years old. Cary is 44. She is younger than any of his former dream girls. But they have been inseparable almost from the moment when Merle Oberon introduced them to each other on the Queen Elizabeth bound for New York in the summer of 1947. From the beginning, Betsy has known how to handle Cary. She is simple, with no chi-chi about her at all. Her best attribute, as far as Cary is concerned, is that she knows how to be pleasantly discreet to inquiring reporters. Several women have lost Mr. Grant because they thought they had him hooked, and said so.

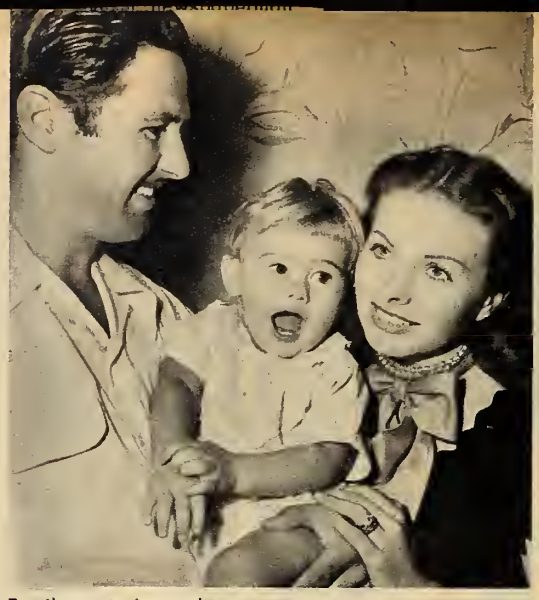
Phyllis Brooks, for example. The blonde beauty, who for many months had seemed to be Cary's main interest, decided to tell a waiting world that she was engaged to him. She was so sure of him, she ordered some lovely antique furniture for the home she believed they would shortly share together. Came the dawn! Cary, embarrassed by the publicity, begged to be excused. And found himself stuck with bills for furniture for the home he now wouldn't need.

Miss Drake, even when she was with Cary in Palm Springs and Germany and London with no other excuse for being there except that she loved Cary, always looked pleasantly blank when asked, "Are you getting married?" All she'd say was "That's something we haven't discussed." Unless she plays her cards wrong at the twelfth hour, it looks very much as if Miss Drake will be the third Mrs. Cary Grant—indeed, she may already have achieved that status by the time you read this story.

The good-hearted Cary is happiest when helping beginners make good in Hollywood. He was positively radiant while boosting beginner Betsy to the top of the Hollywood working world as his co-star in *Every Girl Should Be Married*. In this picture Betsy plays a girl who wages a successful campaign to win Cary for a husband. Her strategy isn't half as clever, and is a thousand times more obvious than what happened in real life. Because in real life, Betsy wasn't even sure she wanted to marry Cary. And for a man of his cautious disposition, where females are concerned, that attitude was the best come-on of all.

This is how Betsy bagged the gentleman who many consider to be the most attractive male (*Continued on page 98*)

Latest and possibly the most permanent of Cary's loves is Betsy Drake. The two have been almost inseparable since their first meeting in '47.



Family portrait on the Brinkmans' third anniversary. Jr.'s almost two; baby's coming.

Lucky in Love!

Three years? It might
have been yesterday . . .
Jeanne and Paul
and the marriage vows . .
Three years?
It might have been forever—
the way their love
goes on . . .

BY MARY McSKIMMING

A year ago in MODERN SCREEN*—in January, 1948—we published "Anniversary Story," by Jeanne Crain. In it, Jeanne looked back on her first two years as Mrs. Paul Brinkman. And now, on the occasion of Jeanne's and Paul's third anniversary, we herewith bring you right up to date on what surely must be one of the happiest marriages ever made in heaven.*—THE EDITORS.

■ They stood together in the crowd before the big, gaily-lighted toyshop window, its seams almost bursting with the activity of its Christmas clowns and gnomes and dancing bears.

She was so pretty, even for Hollywood—and yet she could have been a girl looking in a Christmas window in Sioux City or Duluth or Kokomo. The woolly greatcoat made her look tiny and its warm purple brought out the smouldering lights in her auburn hair, banded with a soft lavender scarf that got lost somewhere in the curls.

He stood close behind her, with one arm protectingly around her shoulder.

"Look, Paul!" she exclaimed, pointing to the big white tree with its thousands of tiny white candles, "The angel on the top—isn't she beautiful?"

"I'll say she is," he (*Continued on page 109*)





saintly role in *Song of Bernadette* made Jennifer a great star, led the public to imagine her as an angelic girl in real life, too.



sultry, fiery half-breed in *Duel in the Sun* was so convincing that the legend of her true personality was given a new twist.



sensitive, warm, delicately-shaded performance in *Portrait of Jennie* (with Joe Cotten) will gain her fresh plaudits—and myths . . .

Hollywood still puzzles over Jennifer Jones. Is she an ice-cream angel, a Madam X, a fragile flower—or someone entirely different, someone nobody knows?

By JACK WADE

The woman nobody knows

■ Not long ago, a friend of Jennifer Jones' dropped in for a visit and thought she missed something somewhere in the house. Pretty soon she knew what. She'd been all through the place and yet hadn't spied the gold "Oscar" Jennifer won for her first starring picture, *The Song of Bernadette*. She asked her where it was.

"I don't know," said Jennifer.

The friend almost keeled over. "You don't know where it *is*?" she repeated in amazement.

"Your greatest trophy? Your most precious possession?"

"No," said Jennifer weakly. "But it must be *some*where around. It'll turn up," she promised.

Before she left, the friend had another request. She asked Jennifer for a picture to take home to her little girl. Again she got a dismayed, apologetic look and a disappointing reply.

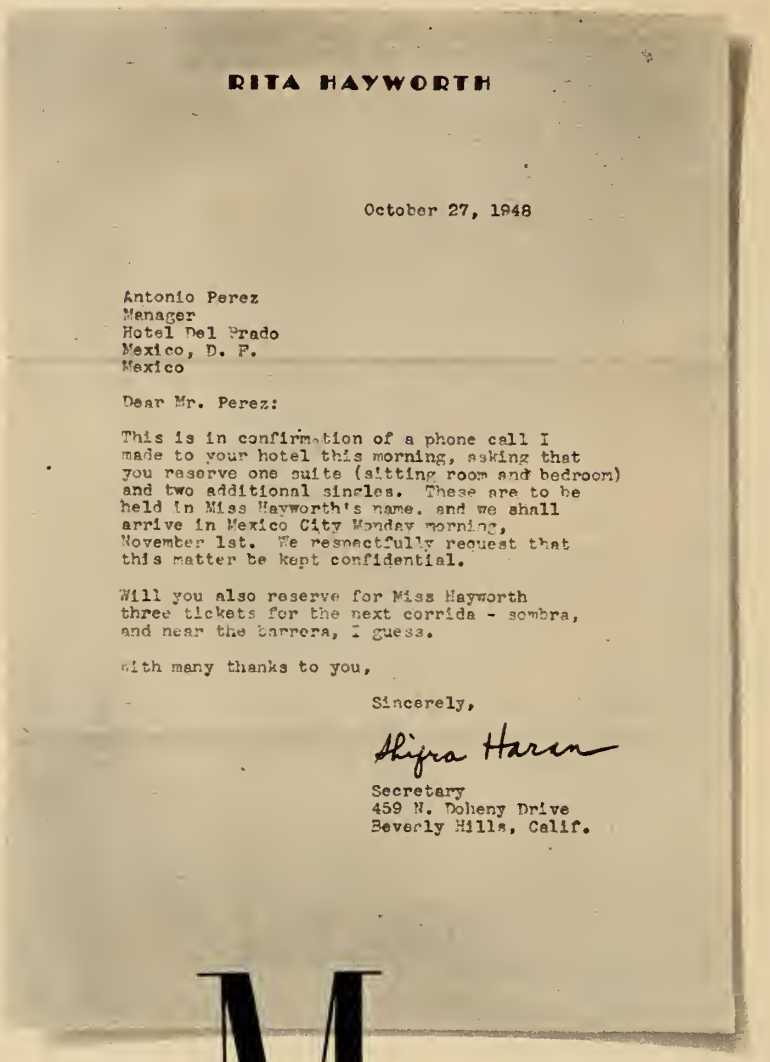
"I—I haven't any," she said. "I'm sorry."

"You mean you're a screen star and you haven't a picture of yourself in the house?"

"No," confessed Jennifer. "But," she brightened, "I'll get you one at the studio." (*Continued on page 82*)



This is the letter that threw Mexican reporters off the trail. While the press waited at the Del Prado, Rito and the Ali Khan checked into onother hotel.



RITA HAYWORTH

October 27, 1948

Antonio Perez
Manager
Hotel Del Prado
Mexico, D. F.
Mexico

Dear Mr. Perez:

This is in confirmation of a phone call I made to your hotel this morning, asking that you reserve one suite (sitting room and bedroom) and two additional singles. These are to be held in Miss Hayworth's name, and we shall arrive in Mexico City Monday morning, November 1st. We respectfully request that this matter be kept confidential.

Will you also reserve for Miss Hayworth three tickets for the next corrida - sombra, and near the barrera, I guess.

With many thanks to you,

Sincerely,

Shifra Haran

Secretary
459 N. Doheny Drive
Beverly Hills, Calif.

Mexican escapade

It was one titanic battle of wits when Rita Hayworth and Prince Ali Khan engaged in that all-out struggle for privacy against the ingenious Mexican press!

BY MAXINE SMITH

The spectacular story of Rita Hayworth and Prince Ali Khan began some months ago in France and was first reported in detail in MODERN SCREEN'S *December, 1948, issue. Continuing its eye-witness reports, MS now adds another chapter covering incidents in Mexico. As this issue went to press, Rita and Ali had junketed briefly to Cuba and were en route to Hollywood—and perhaps to new adventures.*—THE EDITORS.

■ MEXICO CITY—A heavy blue haze and "an air of expectancy" hung over Mexico City's Municipal Airport. It was just before nine on a Monday morning early in November. A horde of reporters and photographers, anxiously licking their pencils and counting their flash bulbs, awaited the arrival of the Pan American World Airways plane from Los Angeles.

A few minutes later the big silver transport dropped through the overhang, disturbing the haze and churning the air of expectancy to a pitch of hysteria as the gentlemen of the press, roaring hoarsely and holding hats, charged toward their quarry.

The rolling stairway was pushed through the mob as the plane snorted to a halt. The door was opened—and Rita Hayworth, looking perfectly exhausted, stepped out. Dozens of camera bulbs flashed . . . and flashed again . . . and again.

But—but where was the chief object of this lens-hunting? Where was Prince Ali Khan, reported to have been coming to Mexico with Rita? Obviously, none of the men near her could be the Prince, son of the world's richest man, the Aga Khan of India. There wasn't a turban in sight as the passengers made their way to the main building to go through the routines of immigration and customs inspection.

The officials, recognizing the celebrated Hollywood superstar, gallantly called her name first, and swiftly put her through the procedures.

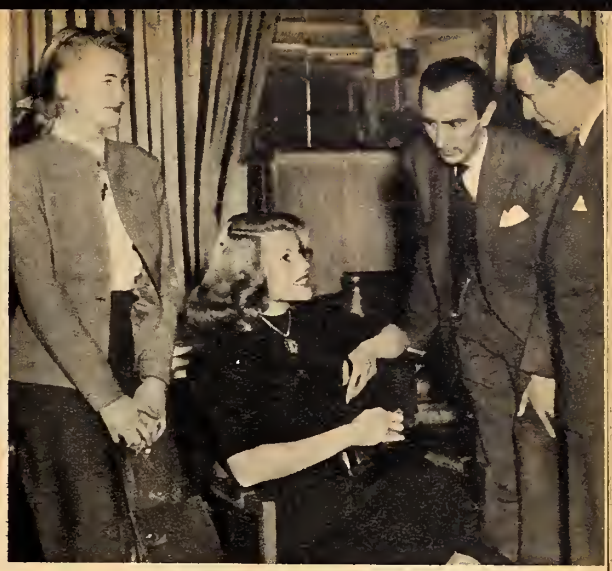
"Ah," thought the press cunningly, "*now* we'll soon know which one is the Prince—surely his name will be called next."

But the crafty fellows were disappointed. As Rita waited outside the large customs enclosure, nervously lighting cigarettes, passenger after passenger entered the barrier—and still the Prince was not called.

Finally Rita, impatient at the delay, beckoned to one of the *officiales* and, in her fluent Spanish, asked a favor. Could a gentleman refuse her? At once Prince Ali Khan was called. The reporters at last got a good, identifying look at the Prince. But it was only a look. For, outside the barrier, they were too far away to ask questions.

Not, as it turned out, that it would have done them any good to have been right at Ali's elbow throughout the inspection. When it was over and Rita and the Prince strode rapidly to their waiting limousine, the reporters, running after them, received nothing but silence. As the pair drove off, the frustrated newsmen had scored a zero.

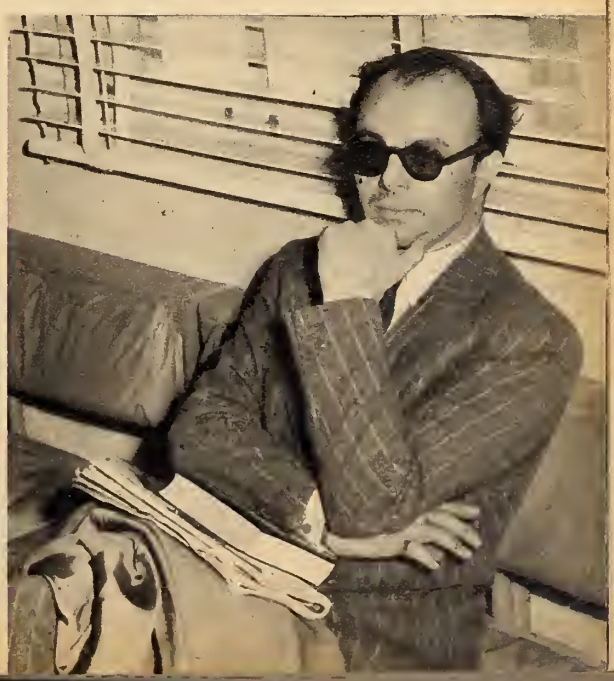
To its bitter fury, the press was destined to wind up with exactly that score. In a titanic battle of wits—and occasionally of more direct weapons—the famous (*Continued on page 95*)



After evading newsmen for days, Rita consented ta a press conference. It was a flap, for Rita showed up withaut Ali Khan, ignored all "personal" questions.



Rita and Ali were phatagraphed separately upon their arrival in Havana fram Mexica City. Throughaut the vacation jaunt, the pair refused ta pase tagether.





House of the



In the living room, lined with book-shelves, the children are allowed to rummage through bound copies of Bob's radio programs. Note tiny tot's chair set up for the evening's television show.



The Hope house abounds in cozy spots, like the combination bar and billiard room. Above, with Dolores as an audience, Bob struggles to beat son Tony. Hope's trophies decorate the walls.

■ The Bob Hope home is a house where children are regarded as all-important. You know this as soon as you enter the driveway. On the high white gates, a sign reads CHILDREN AT PLAY. (Beneath it there's one which says belligerently, DOG AT LARGE. This added thought is not to scare the tradesmen—it's merely to warn them to look carefully so they won't run over the lazy hound who is usually asleep in the very center of the driveway.) And reposing casually on an upstairs window-sill will be, like as not, baby Kelly's one-eyed toy giraffe.

The house is a white brick-and-wood "California Colonial." It nestles in a scene of peace and beauty among giant walnut and pepper trees. Its bow windows gaze across rolling lawns—lawns that are strewn pleasantly with children's painted swings, playpens, and merry-go-round.

And that's the way the house is on the inside, too.

A stately Georgian staircase looks down benignly upon the small boy who is racing a red truck across the gleaming floor. Tony Hope, aged eight, gives the truck a mighty push, and shouts to his sister in the living-room.

"Catch it, Linda! I'm sending you something."

A little girl with silver bands on her teeth, and flying blonde hair, crouches on her knees, and reaches out to catch the truck as it whizzes by. Carefully, she removes a small house plant and sends the truck back across the hall. Dolores Hope puts down her knitting, and watches as her daughter replaces the plant on the coffee table. If she caught her breath when her precious plant went zipping down the hall, Linda would never know. Though Dolores loves her collection of fine china and delicate antiques, there is no "hands off" sign in the Hope home.

Eight years ago, the Hope estate was an abandoned walnut grove. At that time Bob and Dolores lived in a small house in North Hollywood with their baby, Linda. The successful young comedian and his gentle, dark-haired wife often took long walks down the country lanes, bordered with hibiscus and flaming oleanders. As they walked, they planned their future and shared their dreams about (*Continued on page 51*)

one-eyed giraffe

The kids
come first in the
Bob Hopes' fun-filled
home . . . painted swings
and pepper trees
to climb and lots of room
for growing . . .

BY VIOLA MOORE

Tony, Linda, Kelly, Dolores, Nora and Bob in "the naak," favarite family gathering place. Here, same of Dolores' rare china is displayed.





Two-year-old Nora jabs at Daddy's chin, while Bob defends himself with the gag gloves he once used to "fight" Dempsey. Bob's an ideal father.



The star of *The Pale-face* finds built-in shelves and drawers are handy for quick packing jobs.

House of the one-eyed giraffe

(*Continued from page 48*) Linda. A dozen times they walked past the sloping lot with the walnut trees, then one day Dolores said: "Let's go in."

Hand-in-hand, like children entering a secret garden, the Hopes pushed open the creaking wooden gate, and went in. Immediately, they fell in love with the towering trees, and the feeling of peace and seclusion. They wandered all over the three acres, and as they started to leave, Dolores stumbled against an old well, almost hidden by moss and weeds.

"There must have been a house here at one time," she said, excitedly. "Bob—there should be a house here now! What a lovely place to bring up children! So much ground. So many trees to climb." In her mind's eye Dolores could see Linda a few years hence, her blonde hair flying as she clung to the ropes of her swing, and pointed toward the tree-tops with her tiny feet.

The Hopes sat down on the edge of the over-grown well, and began to talk about their future home. Bob took a green twig, and began to scratch a design on the damp earth. "Now, here's where we could put the house. . . ." And Dolores, her cheeks flushed, her Irish blue eyes two torches of excitement, added, "We'll leave that pepper tree right where it is, even if we build the house around it."

They bought the lot and, shortly after, architect Bob Finkelstein got to work and drew up plans for the rambling structure that now houses Mr. and Mrs. Hope and their brood of four. Out of those plans has grown the house you see today.

As you drive up to the house, and park opposite the flower-bordered entrance, the front door is opened by Tony—for this is the maid's day off—and a moment later you're standing by the high-backed settee in the hall, looking directly into the spacious living-room. Sunlight and clear colors are reflected in the hunting-print draperies that frame the bow windows, and are picked up in the Grandma Moses landscape on the opposite wall. You are likely to exclaim with delight over a majolica lamp in tones of blue—and then notice baby Kelly's red celluloid duck peering behind it. As you sit on the deep, print-covered couch, you're likely to rise in nervous haste. (*Continued on page 91*)

photos by bert parry



The Pennsylvania Dutch breakfast raam, a riot of calars, was converted fram a butler's pantry. Cupboard (left) is hand-painted in rich reds and blues. The kids lave to lunch here.



Dining raam walls are green and cream. Hast and hostess chairs give real camfart! When the Hopes dine *en famille* pink and blue high chairs are drawn up far Kelly and Nara.



The backyard is a pleasant place at the clase of day. On the flagstone patia, Bab catches up with the day's events, listening ta each child in turn—ar to all of them at ance!

SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY

by Earl Wilson

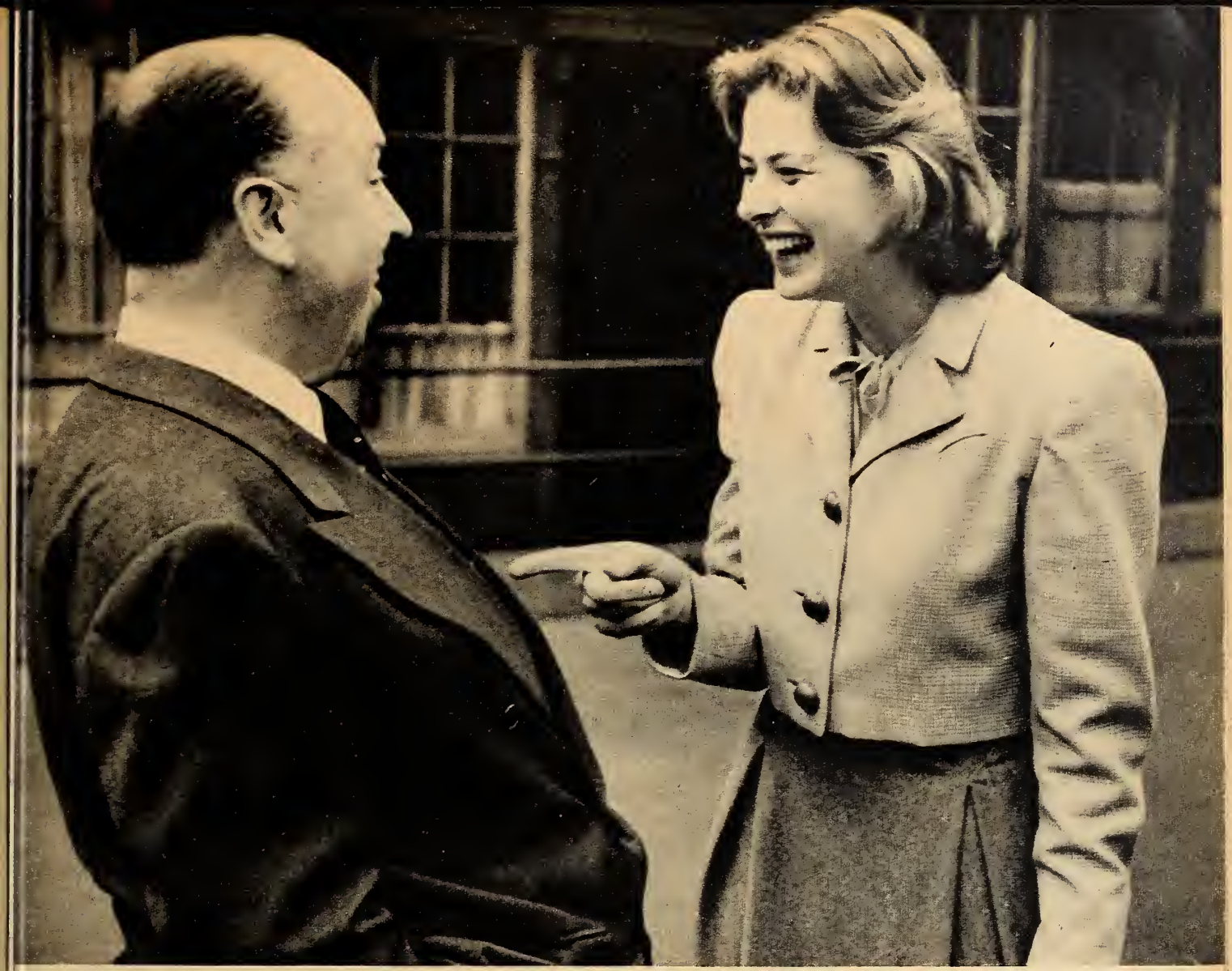
famous New York columnist

They'd stone her in Paris, Ingrid thought; in Sweden, they'd jeer. But this journey that began with fear ended in happy tears.





SCREEN JOAN VISITS THE TOWER OF ROUEN. in Fronce, where the reol Joon wos imprisoned ond from which she wos loter token to her fiery deoth. Ingrid was deeply moved by her visit to this historic shrine. Right: A prison scene from *Joan of Arc,* in which Joan proys for deliveronce from her tormentors.



One of Ingrid's favorite directors is Alfred Hitchcock (above). She went to England to appear in Hitchcock's *Under Capricorn.*

■ Ingrid Bergman has solemnly confessed to me that a few months ago she was shaking in her famous flat-heeled shoes.

"I was scared to death when I went to visit France because they'd written me nasty open letters telling me they didn't want me to play *Joan of Arc,*" the Sweet Swede told me. "And I also was afraid to go back home to Sweden. I hadn't been back for nine years. They were pretty mad at me there for trying to become an American citizen. I read things in the Swedish papers about that and I thought, 'Oh, oh, they're sharpening their knives.' "

It's hard to imagine the tall, red-cheeked, competent Ingrid being trembly about anything. But it became thoroughly believable now as I sat with her in her 36th floor suite at the Hampshire House in New York City. She had the windows open, and the icy blasts of winter came through, chilling me but thrilling her. Yes, Ingrid certainly left me cold; not from her personality, but from her open window.

I had arrived punctually at 11 a.m. to see her. In seven years, I'd interviewed her seven times. Going to this one, I recalled the first, back in 1940, when she had cagily outmaneuvered my photographer who was trying, at my suggestion, to get her to pose for some "leg art."

"No-o-o-o," she had said, charmingly but firmly. "I want my face to be the most important!"

Who could say this hasn't worked? Strong men around my Broadway beat have whispered to me when their Beautiful Wives weren't listening that they believe she has more sex appeal than anybody else on the screen—and without the lifted skirt. (Remember that, girls!)

I remembered an interview in 1944, also, when she told me she roamed the streets and went to theaters in New York unrecognized. Her face wasn't yet well known. Sailors tried to pick her up, just like any other girl.

"Why didn't the French want you to play *Joan of Arc,*" I asked her now.

"I could understand their feelings," she said. "Joan was French and Catholic. I was Swedish and Lutheran. And the movie was to be made in (*Continued on page 105*)

hollywood s



Joon Crowford, mother of four odopted children (here with Christine) wos once the victim of o cruel adoption hoox.



Flowers were tossed into Hedy Lomarr's cor during o war bond tour—bits of gloss were hidden in one bouquet.



When he was o child stor, there were obsurd rumors thot Mickey Rooney was o midget. They said the some of Shirley Temple!

Spreading vicious rumors . . . writing threatening letters . . . even making cowardly personal attacks . . . the hoaxers work relentlessly as they seek to make the stars their victims.

BY CARL SCHROEDER

■ Hedy Lamarr had never had such a day in her life. She was on a war bond tour, and the people in New Jersey had welcomed her like a queen. If ever she appreciated her adopted land it was now as an official car in which she rode pushed slowly through the mob of workers at a war factory, just outside of Trenton, New Jersey.

As the lane of human bodies opened ahead, the car inched its way toward the speaker's platform that had been erected in the factory yard.

"Roll your window down, Hedy," someone shouted.

Automatically, she obeyed the suggestion. Someone tossed in a bouquet of flowers. She smiled and waved. She saw a dark, swarthy man, standing with another huge bouquet of roses. He grinned at her and threw his tribute. It struck Hedy squarely in the face. She winced in pain and in an instant a trickle of blood streamed from a cut near her forehead. With a cry, she covered her face and the man beside her indignantly examined the flowers—red roses in which were tightly wrapped bits of glass and stones.

Moments later, tears in her eyes, she took the microphone before the thousands who had welcomed her. She told what had happened, and an angry murmur swept over the vast audience.

Hedy Lamarr broke a bond selling record that day—the day her career might have been seriously harmed. She wasn't badly hurt physically. But inwardly, she was agonized by the cruel, unexpected event—and she will never again face a huge audience without considerable protection.

What was this thing that happened?

The dictionary describes it as a "hoax—a deception (*Continued on page 57*)

cruelest hoaxes

A favarite pastime of haaxers is inventing wild tales of stars' "disabilities." There are even periadic rumars that Nelson Eddy is gaing blind!



hollywood's **cruelest** hoaxes



Ido Lupino ond her husbond Collier Young norrowly ovoided serious injury one doy os o bullet, fired from on unknown gun, come croshing through their window.



Vic Moture ond his mother were the intended victims of o cronk who wrote thot she wos the mother of Vic's child.



Home of Loretto Young ond husbond Tom Lewis was recently robbed of thousonds of dollors worth of jewelry. The crime wos executed by "servants" of former owners.



While Gene wos in the oir force, Ino Moe Autry wos owokened one day by o caller who swore he hod just identified Gene's body.



Hooxers copitolize on the foct thot rumors spreod like wild-fire. Even Clork Goble's best friend once believed him to be deod, becouse it wos repeoted so often.



Von Johnson wos forced to coll the police when pestered by o youth honging obout the house who insisted thot Von hod sent for him.

for mockery or mischief." And why had it happened? Either to discredit Hedy's efforts or merely for sadistic reasons that only a psychiatrist could explain. The truth was never discovered through investigation because the man could not be found, but there were rumors of talk about "that foreigner who tries to tell us Americans what to do."

In any event, extra precautions were immediately taken thereafter to prevent similar occurrences with other stars.

But no amount of protection will ever keep Hollywood favorites from the cruel scheming of the hoax artist, a vicious breed of human being who strikes without warning. Sometimes he is caught; more often he escapes to perpetrate once again a foul attack.

Consider the mysterious thing that happened to the Gene Autrys. In 1944, Gene was in the service—somewhere in Texas, his wife Ina Mae believed. As it would the wife of any other flier in the service, the sound of a telephone ringing at three in the morning was enough to strike a note of alarm in her heart.

Sleepily, one morning just before dawn, Ina Mae answered the telephone's frightening summons. The head of a Los Angeles news service bureau talked to her in anxious, consoling tone.

"I'm sorry to tell you this, Mrs. Autry," he said, "but we've just had a report that Gene was killed an hour ago in an automobile accident just outside Sedalia, Missouri."

Stunned, Mrs. Autry hung up the phone. In a matter of hours an airplane carried her to the little town. Here she entered a morgue to view the remains.

The man was not Gene Autry!

Imagine, if you can, the horror of the news. Then imagine what sort of human being would bother to perpetrate such a hoax. It was not "just an accident," or the telephoning of an unconfirmed news item by an inexperienced reporter. No, Gene had been definitely identified by a man who swore he knew him personally. Where was he? Who was he? Nobody knew, or knew the purpose of his cruel plot.

In this case there could be no hope of extracting money from the Autrys. After the first hysteria was over, both Gene and his wife agreed that someone who fancied himself an enemy had done this thing. And who could hate the popular movie cowboy?

Well, a number of people.

It might have been such a man as another hoax artist who once encountered Gene in Madison Square Garden. "You fancy cowboy in the white hat!" he sneered. "Why don't you go out and really *ride* a bronc instead of parading around for ten minutes. Huh, I've got a notion to knock that beautiful sombrero off your head—and kick your teeth in."

Gene stood the tirade for a few minutes. Then he knocked the offender down with a hard right hand. The next morning he was served with papers in a lawsuit for $10,000 on an assault and battery charge. Gene won his case, but he had been the victim of another type of hoax artist—the sort who schemes for big money.

There is hardly a star in Hollywood who has not at one time or another been the target for a hoax artist. Most recently, two nationwide news services were called upon to verify a sudden report that Brian Donlevy was dead. Brian had been in the hospital, struck down by the flu. Two telephone calls were made, one purporting to come from the hospital and another from a doctor. Two days later, Donlevy was out of the hospital and back working in a picture, the most serious thing happening to him having been that he had had a tooth knocked out in a movie fight.

The hoaxer who specializes in reporting movie star deaths is perhaps the most malevolent, for his victims are the friends and families of those against whom he strikes. And for some strange reason (*Continued on page 100*)



Crasby would have mare lives than a cat, if hoaxes were true. At least once a year there are reports fram "eye-witnesses" ta his death.



THE SEARCH, a drama of Europe's orphans, introduced Monty to the public, brought extravagant praise from fans and critics.



RED RIVER, with Joanne Dru, was the second of Clift's films to be shown. Howard Hawks, his boss, has since been deluged with requests from other producers to borrow him.



THE HEIRESS, with Olivia de Havilland (not yet released) is Monty's first romantic role. Insiders report he's sensational.

Is it true what they say about

MONTY?

BY CAMERON SHIPP

Montgomery Clift has appeared in only two films—The Search *and* Red River—*but already the fans are calling him the most exciting screen figure since Gregory Peck. At the same time, there have been reports from Hollywood that he's uncooperative and conceited, that he's ruining his career at the outset by being difficult to get along with. Any truth to this? Well, here's a candid portrait of a candid—and highly interesting—personality.*—THE EDITORS.

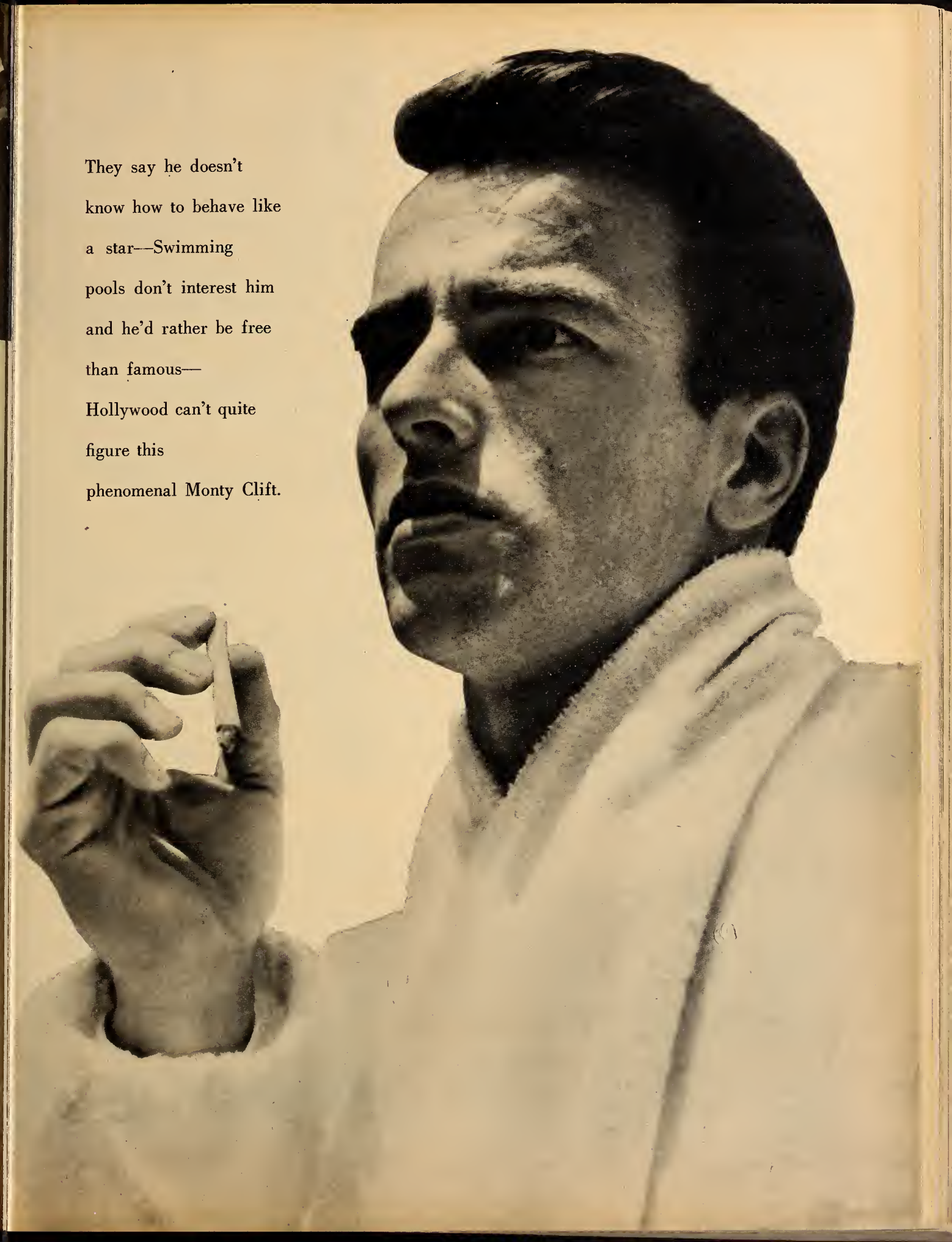
■ The battered alarm clock chattered its sudden signal as jarringly as a riveting machine. The long, dark young man in the Murphy bed jack-knifed to a sitting position, blinked his green eyes, regarded the clock morosely, rubbed his stubble of dark whiskers, turned the clock off, and with enormous will-power put his feet on the floor. It was 6 a.m., an hour at which some thousands of other young wage-earners arose from their Murphies in their one-room apartments; gulped their coffee; kicked at the starters of their eight-year-old, third-hand automobiles, and set off for work.

The young man we have in mind, a fellow named Montgomery Clift, gulped coffee at a drug store; chugged across Hollywood Boulevard, which looks dreary at 6 a.m.; turned North; bumped over to Melrose; parked his car in a gas station; saluted the cop at the gate, and entered Paramount Studio.

There, not many minutes later, he put his arms around Olivia de Havilland and kissed her soundly and expertly, a well-paid chore which inspired a nod of praise from taciturn William Wyler, director of *The Heiress.*

At the end of his day's work, which consisted chiefly of kissing Miss de Havilland many more times in close-ups, long-shots (*Continued on page 107*)

They say he doesn't
know how to behave like
a star—Swimming
pools don't interest him
and he'd rather be free
than famous—
Hollywood can't quite
figure this
phenomenal Monty Clift.



the snake pit



■ *The Snake Pit* is a film of which the motion picture industry may feel proud. It is a great social document that will inevitably lead to reforms in a shameful area of American life; it is highly educational in a field about which the general public knows little; it is technically brilliant; and from beginning to end it is absorbing, dramatic entertainment.

Based on the novel by Mary Jane Ward, *The Snake Pit* tells the story of one woman's experiences in a typical state mental hospital. In so doing, it manages to give a sharp and dreadful picture of the conditions and atmosphere of the entire institution—the many types of mental cases there incarcerated; the techniques used in attempts to cure them; the tragic neglect and incomplete treatments which result from the disgraceful fact that, in the wealthiest nation on earth, there simply aren't enough doctors and nurses in this typical establishment to cope with the terrible overcrowding.

The main character, played with magnificent range and depth by Olivia de Havilland, is Virginia Cunningham, a nervous breakdown case. You follow her progress as she goes part way along the road back to mental health, relapses, goes forward again. Gradually, as her husband (Mark Stevens) tells what he knows of her history and the psychiatrist (Leo Genn) delves deep into her background through the use of hypnotic narcosynthesis and electric shock treatments, you learn the causes of her breakdown. Finally, as these dark and buried reasons are made clear to Virginia herself, she is cured.

Anatole Litvak has directed *The Snake Pit* with masterly judgment and skill and the acting, down to the smallest role, seems flawlessly realistic. Under the leadership of Darryl Zanuck, 20th Century-Fox has produced a courageous and unforgettable work of art.

On these pages, we give you the story in pictures.



LONG AGO, THE INSANE WERE THROWN IN PITS OF SNAKES TO



1. As *The Snake Pit* begins, Virginia Cunningham (Olivia de Havilland) finds herself an inmate in a mental hospital. Bewildered, suspicious and fearful, she can't recall her husband

TRY TO SHOCK THEM INTO SANITY.. VIRGINIA (OLIVIA de HAVILLAND) IN "THE SNAKE PIT" FEELS THAT THIS HAS BEEN DONE TO HER.



2. Psychiatrist Mark Kik (Lea Genn), tells her husbond, Robert Cunningham (Mark Stevens) that her cose history is slight. Sa Robert tells what he con. He relates how he first ,met ond dated her in Chicaga.



3. One day she tled trom him without explonation. Six months later, he re-met her in New York. She wauldn't exploin her disoppearance. They were wed and soon after, on May 12th, she ottempted suicide.

continued an next page



4. After that, Robert brought her to the hospital. . . . Now Dr. Kik uses electric shock treatment on her. This helps, but she recalls little, flares up at mention of May 12th. Robert comes to see her.



5. She recognizes him now. In the dining room, the hospital chief says Virginia should be staff-examined with view to her release in Robert's custody. Dr. Kik objects, is reminded of overcrowding.



7. She blames herself for his death. Kik reassures her, then requests more time to cure her sense of guilt, is refused. She takes a staff examination, during it cracks up violently and bites hospital chief.



8. When she comes out of it days later, she blames Kik for sending her for examination prematurely. But Robert admits to her Kik was overruled at his request. So she tells Kik she now no longer blames him.



10. When he asks her to return the doll to save trouble, she denounces him for behaving like her father in taking the nurse's side. Then she tells him of the doll her mother gave her as a child, which she traded.



11. Her mother insisted she get the doll back and her father sided with her mother. Virginia then wished him ill. He died, she blamed herself. She's relieved when Kik explains he was incurably ill anyhow.

the snake pit



6. Then, under norcasynthesis (use af hypnotic drug), Virginia tells Kik she left Rabert in Chicoga for dote with odmirer Gordan. When he proposed, she felt ill sa he turned cor back, wos killed in crash.



9. Kik tells her thot her reolization thot she wasn't reody far on examination is a gaod sign, hos her sent to Ward One, from which inmates qa home. Here she's accused of steoling o doll, token to Kik.



12. But os a result af o run-in with o nurse, Virginio relapses, is placed with extreme coses. Here she feels camporotively sone. Then, after Kik makes cleor to her whot led to her breakdawn, she's cured.

■ They didn't have to twist Olivia de Havilland's arm to get her to play Virginia in *The Snake Pit.* While the novel was still in galley proofs in May, 1945, director Anatole Litvak read it, excitedly sent it to Olivia, and she immediately decided that Virginia was *the* role for her. "It gives me," she said, "the greatest dramatic opportunity I've ever had."

Scenarists Frank Partos and Millen Brand began work on the script in September, 1946. Their first important step was to build up a detailed case history for the unhappy heroine—the novel presented very little background material on her. When they got through, they had 123 pages. This they took East and had it gone over by three prominent psychiatrists. The doctors carefully checked every phase of it, made a few strengthening suggestions and, when these were incorporated, agreed that the case was completely authentic.

In preparation for their roles, Olivia, Leo Genn—the fine British actor who plays the kindly psychiatrist—and Mark Stevens—who plays Virginia's husband—all made repeated observatory visits to a number of state mental hospitals. (One of these institutions, while modern in every way in so far as buildings and equipment were concerned, had one doctor for every 400 patients.)

When the shooting script was finally done, Olivia described it, with firm enthusiasm if shaky grammar, as being "the most perfect I've ever worked from."

It seems safe to predict that *The Snake Pit* will be a strong contender for 1948 Academy Award honors in every department for which it is eligible. Among these, the most obvious possibility is that Olivia de Havilland will add another Oscar to the one she earned in 1940 for her work in *To Each His Own*—even though she'll be up against some very tough competition supplied by Jane Wyman, Barbara Stanwyck and Irene Dunne.

Olivia, until she came through so deservedly in 1940, had just barely missed an Oscar twice before—in the supporting role of Melanie in *Gone With the Wind* (1938) when Hattie McDaniel, in the same picture, beat her out; and as the star of *Hold Back the Dawn* (1940), when her sister, Joan Fontaine, triumphed in *Suspicion.*

During the filming of *The Snake Pit,* rumors sprang up that Olivia and her husband, novelist Marcus Goodrich, were on the verge of divorce. Neighbors reported hearing terrible screams coming from the Goodrich establishment. The screaming, however, was in no wise connected with the domestic relationship, which has from the beginning been lovingly serene. It was just Olivia rehearsing for the narcosynthesis sequence in the film.

But it's understandable that the neighbors thought Olivia was in earnest. You should hear her in the picture. THE END

upside down . . . and downright good



KARO* Syrup makes these breakfast, lunch and dinner treats downright good. KARO glorifies their appetizing appearance . . . emphasizes their delicious flavor.

KARO, Blue Label, blends superbly with fruits and spices . . . gives the Upside Down Cake and Cinnamon Rolls a delicious glaze. KARO, Red Label, points up the delicate flavor of the Orange Rolls. To convenient "ready mixes", or your own recipes for quick breads and rolls, KARO adds extra nourishment.

the KARO Kid

PRUNE-APRICOT UPSIDE DOWN CAKE



Combine first three ingredients of Cinnamon Roll recipe in 9x9x2½-inch pon ond arronge 20 each drained, stewed prune and opricot holves. Use 1 pockoge prepored coke mix occording to pockage directions; pour over syrup-fruit mixture. Boke in moderote oven (375° F.) 45 to 50 minutes. Let cool in pon about 2 minutes; then invert on serving plote. Serve worm, plain or with whipped creom.

*KARO is a registered trade-mark of Corn Products Refining Co., New York, N.Y. © C.P.R.Co., 1949

CINNAMON ROLLS

½ cup KARO Syrup, Blue Lobel
2 toblespoons melted butter or morgorine
¼ cup brown sugor, firmly packed
1 pockage hot yeost roll mix
2 toblespoons melted butter or margarine
2 tablespoons sugar
2 teaspoons cinnamon

Cambine first three ingredients in lorge skillet. Prepore hot yeost roll mix according to package directions. When dough hos risen, roll into rectongle ⅛ inch thick. Spreod with mixture of melted butter, sugor and cinnomon. Roll os for jelly roll; cut into 12 slices. Ploce, cut side up, on top of syrup mixture. Cover and let rise until double in bulk. Boke in moderote oven (375°F.) obout 35 to 40 minutes. Invert pan immediotely. Serve hot.





ORANGE ROLLS

Combine ½ cup KARO Syrup, Red Lobel, ¼ cup sugor ond 2 toblespoons butter ar morgarine; divide equolly into 12 greosed muffin or cup-cake pons. Mix together lightly ⅔ cup milk and 3 cups prepared biscuit mix; roll into rectangle ⅛ inch thick. Spread with filling made with 2 toblespoons eoch melted butter, and sugor, and 2 teospoons grated oronge rind. Roll os far jelly roll; cut into 12 slices. Ploce each slice, cut side up, in muffin or cup-cake pans. Boke in moderate oven (375° F.) obout 30 to 35 minutes. Remove from pons immediately. Serve hot.

KARO is available in 1½, 5 & 10 lb. sizes.

accessories add plus to fashion

connie bartel, fashion editor

■ It's not only what you wear—it's what you wear with it. That's our theme for this issue. Our accent is on accessories, the plusses that add up to a successful costume.

Take a good look at any best-dressed girl you know—especially a girl who looks like a million on a budget—and you'll find she gets her effects with the *etceteras* of fashion—jewelry, bags, belts, gloves, scarves.

Look hard at a girl in a glamorous get-up, and she may turn out to be wearing nothing more elaborate than a simple sweater and skirt—or the plainest of basic dresses . . . *plus*. The knockout effect comes from the right accessories, used in the right way.

To illustrate, on the opposite page Janet Leigh wears a sweater and skirt, *plus*—and see what happens! On page 66 we give jewelry top billing; on page 68 we add belts and gloves to blouses and skirts.

And on page 70 we introduce a really fabulous accessory—fancy stockings which will turn any dress into a gala production.

janet leigh adds pearls to red, white and blue

■ Janet Leigh, whom we can't wait to see as "Meg" in MGM's forthcoming "Little Women," shows what can be done with a sweater and skirt—plus accessories.

To her blue and white sweater and plain blue skirt—she adds the new crinkled baroque pearls, delicate pearl bracelets, a pearl-handled umbrella, and a bright red belt. Result—drama.

The cotton knit sweater comes also with kelly, red, brown or green stripes; also in pink with brown stripes, maize with grey stripes. Sweater by Alberic—$2.98.

At Abraham & Straus, Brooklyn
Woodward & Lothrop, Washington
Nancy's, Hollywood

Jewelry by Coro; belt by Criterion
Umbrella from Uncle Sam's Umbrella Shop, N. Y. C.

Other store information, page 73.

modern screen fashions



tops, plus!





■ Take it from three who know—nothing stretches your wardrobe like a collection of tops and skirts—plus accessories! Especially when the accessories include the very newest in jewelry—as shown here. Please take a second look at these bracelets, necklaces and pins; they're all trend-setters, they're all being worn by every fashion model and fashion editor in New York this very minute!

blouse: New idea! Collar-and-tie blouse in washable crepe. The blouse is green; the red tie runs under the collar and can be removed if you switch to a scarf. Also red, brown, black. By Vicki Lynn. $3.98.

plus: *Double-eagle pin with rhinestones; gold-tipped bobby pin for the hair; a jeweled locket bracelet which opens to show pictures of your three favorite people. (The kangaroo pocket skirt in gabardine is by Junior Miss of Calif. $7.95.)*

sweater: Striped cotton boucle in navy and white. Also green, grey, red, brown stripes, others. By Alberic. $3.98.

plus: *Pearls that go the oyster one better—they're crinkled. Baroque pearl necklace; bracelet of baroque pearls strung on fine gold chain; pearl heart bar-pins; pearl drop earrings.*

shirt: Cuffed cardigan in knitted cotton, in dreamy shades of pistachio green, almond, brown, berry red, others. By Garland. $4.98.

plus: *The newest in necklaces—pearls and colored beads spaced by tiny gold beads; wide leather cummerbund to give the new high-waisted Empire look.*

JEWELRY BY CORO.
GLOVES BY ARIS.
CUMMERBUND BY CRITERION.
GOLD BOBBY PIN BY BEN HUR.



■ *The plus:* scatter pins and fresh white gloves. *The blouse:* a real find in washable printed rayon. Gold, green, brown, grey. By Cornibert. $2.98 *The skirt:* smart narrow gabardine with high-rise waistband. Green, red, pink, aqua, grey, black, brown, navy, gold, beige, winter white. By Jr. Miss of California. $7.95

For where to buy, see page 73.

blouses and



skirts -plus!

■ *The plus:* leather belt and gloves, fob pin, nifty crooked handle umbrella.

The blouse: combed cotton with flat turtle neck. Lots of colors. By Shepherd. $1.98

The skirt: buttoned to hem, side pocket, in rayon Dundee suiting. Rose, blue, brown, navy or black. By Koret of California. $5.95

For where to buy, see page 73.



1. Crowns on your onkles. Stockings by Bryan. About $4.95 ot Bonwit Teller, N. Y. Andrew Geller Shoes

Now you can have

jewels on your ankles, lace on your toes

2. Loce instep ond clock by McCollum. About $3.50 ot Bonwit Teller, N. Y. Shoes by Evins



3. Initiols to your order. Stockings by Bryon. About $3.75. Bonwit Teller, N.Y



Strictly in the what-will-they-think-of-next department—here are jeweled stockings, of all things!

A designer named Ellen Troy—a red headed Viennese with a very ooh-la-la accent, decided one day that if you wear jewels on the ears, fingers, wrists and around the neck—why slight the feet? • So she set to work hand painting, embroidering and eventually sprinkling rhinestones on stockings—and now look!

If you have champagne taste—there are stockings with a champagne glass—plus rhinestone bubbles! Getting married? There are stockings with wedding bells. Or if you're musical—how about nylons with a painted scale and rhinestone notes? Also among the fantasies—crowns (photo 1), four leaf clovers, rosebuds, hearts, and even a chatelaine watch! You can also have your own initials (photo 3)—or your college flag . . . to be made up to your individual order. All of these designs are patented, the stockings themselves are nylon—and yes, of course you can wash them.

As for lace, the McCallum people have come up with a glamorous design that covers your instep and extends in a long graceful clock (photo 2)—and Gotham offers an elegant lace medallion, studded with jet (photo 4).

Naturally, these stockings are not intended to be worn with your tweed suit. But when you're dressing for a big night—and your mood is pure abandon—these are for you!

4. Lace insert studded with jet beads. By Gotham. About $15, Gotham Shops.





MARION HUTTON, STARRING IN THE UNITED ARTISTS' FILM "LOVE HAPPY"

MARION HUTTON
Taught me a Love Lesson

I never used to be popular...

'Til one lucky night I turned a page and read: "'Men are romantics at heart', says Marion Hutton. 'They like a girl to be so-o feminine . . . to have the softest, pampered-looking hands.' Marion advises: 'Use Jergens Lotion on your hands—I do.'"

Right then, I started using Jergens too!





Not long after I started going out! First with Paul, then Cy, now I've got several beaux. Men really *do* choose the girl with the softest, loveliest hands!

See how much softer your hands can be with today's richer Jergens Lotion! Because it's a liquid, Jergens quickly furnishes the softening moisture thirsty skin needs. Yet never leaves that sticky feeling. Still only 10¢ to $1.00 plus tax.

Hollywood Stars Use Jergens Lotion 7 to 1 Over Any Other Hand Care



Now Yours— Jergens Beauty Kit!

Contains generous samples of Jergens Lotion, Powder, Face Cream and Dryad Deodorant. Send 10¢ to cover handling and postage to The Andrew Jergens Co., Box 6, Dept. 50A, Cincinnati 14, Ohio.
Sorry, offer good in U.S.A. only, expires Dec. 31, 1949.

if you wear a HALF SIZE

■ Here's a date dress with three tiers to throw soft flattery toward your face—and make your skirt look very slim by contrast. Sizes 14½ to 20½. In grey, navy, powder blue, rose or aqua romaine crepe. By Rite-Fit. About $8. Carson, Pirie Scott, Chicago. Other stores on page 73.



WHERE YOU CAN BUY MODERN SCREEN FASHIONS

(Prices may vary throughout country)

Striped sweater worn by Janet Leigh in the full-color photograph (page 65)

Brooklyn, N. Y.—*Abraham & Straus,* 420 Fulton St., Sweaters, 3rd fl.

Hollywood, Calif.—*Nancy's,* 6366 Hollywood Blvd.

Washington, D. C.—*Woodward & Lothrop,* 10th & G Sts., Sportswear, 3rd fl., Main Bldg.

Collar-and-tie blouse (page 66)

Baltimore, Md.—*The May Co.,* Howard & Lexington Sts., Downstairs

Brooklyn, N. Y.—*Loeser's,* 484 Fulton St., Blouse Dept., Downstairs

Chicago, Ill.—*Carson, Pirie Scott & Co.,* State, Madison and Monroe Sts., East Rm. Sportswear, Downstairs

Kangaroo pocket skirt (page 66)

Atlanta, Ga.—*Franklin Simon,* 640 Peachtree St., NE.

Buffalo, N. Y.—*The William Hengerer Co.,* 465 Main St., 4th fl.

New York, N. Y.—*Franklin Simon,* 5th Ave. & 37th St., Jr. Assembly Shop, 6th fl.

Striped cotton boucle sweater (page 66)

New York, N. Y.—*Stern's,* 41 West 42nd St., Jr. Sportswear Dept., 3rd fl.

Syracuse, N. Y.—*The Addis Co.,* 449 S. Salina St., Neckwear Dept., Main fl.

Cuffed knitted cardigan shirt (page 67)

Los Angeles, Calif.—*Broadway Dept. Store,* Broadway & 4th Sts., "Nine Seventeen Shop," 4th fl.

New York, N. Y.—*Oppenheim Collins,* 33 W. 34th St., Main fl.

Philadelphia, Pa.—*Strawbridge & Clothier,* Market & 8th Sts., Misses Separates, 3rd fl.

Printed rayon blouse (page 68)

Boston, Mass.—*The Gilchrist Co.,* 417 Washington St., Blouses, Street fl.

Chicago, Ill.—*Carson, Pirie Scott & Co.,* State, Madison & Monroe Sts., East Rm. Sportswear, Downstairs

New York, N. Y.—*Macy's,* Herald Square, Blouses, Main fl.

Narrow skirt with hip pockets (page 68)

Buffalo, N. Y.—*The William Hengerer Co.,* 465 Main St., 4th fl.

Louisville, Ky.—*H. P. Selman Co.,* 4th & Walnut Sts., 2nd fl.

New York, N. Y.—*Franklin Simon,* 5th Ave. & 37th St., Jr. Assembly Shop, 6th fl.

Cotton turtle neck sweater (page 69)

New York, N. Y.—*Arnold Constable,* 5th Ave. & 40th St., Main fl.

Pittsburgh, Pa.—*Frank & Seder,* 5th Ave. & Smithfield St., 2nd fl.

Button-to-hem skirt (page 69)

New York, N. Y.—*Saks-34th,* 34th St. & Broadway, Sports Dept., 3rd fl.

San Francisco, Calif.—*Macy's San Francisco,* Stockton & O'Farrell Sts., 2nd fl.

Washington, D. C.—*The Hecht Co.,* 7th & F Sts., Sport Shop, 3rd fl.

Half size, tiered bodice dress (page 72)

Boston, Mass.—*Conrad & Co.,* 19 Winter St., Dress Dept., Downstairs

Chicago, Ill.—*Carson, Pirie Scott & Co.,* State, Madison & Monroe Sts., East Rm., Downstairs

New York, N. Y.—*Wanamaker's,* Broadway & 9th St.

San Francisco, Calif.—*Macy's San Francisco,* Stockton & O'Farrell Sts., 2nd fl.

HOW TO ORDER MODERN SCREEN FASHIONS

1. Buy in person from stores listed.
2. Order by mail from stores listed.
3. Write Connie Bartel, MODERN SCREEN, Box 125, Murray Hill Station, New York 16, N. Y., for store in your vicinity.



LOOK FOR GENUINE Stardust SLIPS, UNDIES, GIRDLES, GARTER BELTS, BRAS & BLOUSES



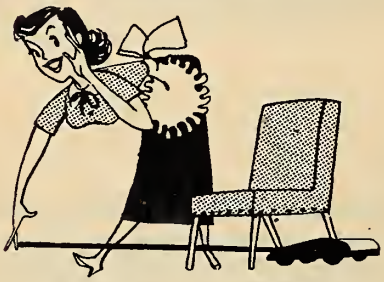


Just Whistle...



When your young buckaroo upsets the ashstand on your freshly cleaned rug . . . don't scream. Run for your new Bissell Sweeper . . .

And whistle! Bissell Carpet Sweepers now have "Bisco-matic"* Brush Action for the easiest clean-ups ever!



You don't have to press down at *all*. This miracle brush adjusts itself automatically to every rug nap, thick or thin . . .

Even cleans under low furniture, with the handle held *flat!* Save your vacuum for periodic cleaning . . . use a new "Bisco-matic" Bissell® for quick everyday clean-ups. It pays!



Illustrated: The "Vanity" at $8.45. Other models from $6.45. All with "Bisco-matic" Brush Action, easy "Flip-O" Empty, and "Sta-up" Handle.

Bissell Sweepers

The Bissell Carpet Sweeper Co.
Grand Rapids 2, Michigan

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. Bissell's patented full spring controlled brush

SOMETHING NOT FOR THE BOYS

(*Continued from page 36*)

There was also French pastry decorating the board. Everyone was looking forward to it. When it was passed, however, it wasn't touched.

For riding on a wave of whipped cream and grated chocolate atop an éclair was a large green fly. Every time a girl glanced longingly at the pastry, the fly would check her appetite.

When Jean was ready for dessert, however, she picked up the aforementioned éclair and deftly removed the insect—a novelty-store fly on a six-inch pin.

This action was the signal for things to start happening. From here on the evening was filled with surprises. There was cold cream smeared on door knobs, vanity drawers put in upside-down, and goldfish paddling in the bath tub.

crystal-gazing . . .

During the party's saner moments, Betty Lynn decided to tell everyone's fortune.

Crystal-gazing was a familiar routine for Betty. She had done it, just for fun, when she lived at Rehearsal Hall in New York. This is where girls who work on the stage, or aspire to, live.

"All I did was to tell one girl's fortune," sighed Betty, "then how the news spread. 'I'd always end my predicting with—'You'll be sent to Hollywood and have such a terrific screen test that they'll give you a contract immediately'."

"I wish you'd told me that," spoke up Kathleen Hughes. "You'd have saved me some awful worry." Kathy is the newest starlet to be added to the 20th Century roster. Her uncle is F. Hugh Herbert who wrote *Sitting Pretty*.

"I'll never forget the morning of my test," Kathy went on. "I had a cold with the usual horrible accompaniments—red nose and bleary eyes. I'd always been told that the camera exaggerated any defects in your appearance, so I shuddered. Besides, I was hoarse as a crow."

Somehow she made it to the studio. The makeup department got her ready for the test. She didn't look so bad after all. Then she went to the test sound stage.

"There wasn't a soul in sight. I was a half-hour early. So for 30 minutes I paced back and forth like an expectant father. When I did step in front of the cameras, an amazing thing happened. My knees stopped knocking and my laryngitis vanished."

So Kathy was given a role immediately —in *Road House*. Then her face landed on the cutting-room floor except for one short scene. But her part in *Mother Is a Freshman* doesn't suffer the same fate.

When you have a gathering of girls in one place—we were all in the living room —how can the conversation possibly stay off the subject of—Men?

After dissecting every available bachelor in Hollywood, from Dean Stockwell to Monty Woolley, Jean showed us a book a gay friend had sent her. The title was: "How to Pick a Mate."

Every girl wanted to read it, at the same time, and for the same reason. (During the fleeting seconds *we* saw it, we learned that San Diego, Calif., was the best place to find a husband.) Then the book was snatched from one pair of eager hands to another. Colleen hurled it, football fashion, to Jean. She ran for the bedroom, and the girls pursued. Someone threw a pillow. One pillow led to another. Before long the room was filled with flying feathers and loud squeals. Then followed utter exhaustion.

Everyone would have loved to have collapsed on the bed. But there were seven of us and only two twin beds.

Betty Lynn helped solve the problem by taking a blanket and curling up in a corner.

"I don't mind at all," she said. "I can remember times overseas when a bed like this would have been heaven."

Betty toured the China-Burma-India circuit for seven months. She and a guitarist were designated by the Army as a special unit. They'd go to the out-of-the-way stations usually overlooked.

"Tell us about your most exciting experience over there," we asked her.

"I guess that was during the siege on Mandalay," Betty answered. "We were supposed to entertain 40 soldiers who were stationed near the front. The monsoon was on and the roads were like swamps. We'd been bumping along in our jeep for hours and still no sight of the camp."

They were lost. They stopped the jeep when they spied some natives crossing a little footbridge.

One of them came over. He was wearing GI shoes. He was a member of an OSS outfit and informed them they were behind enemy lines.

If they'd gone two miles farther down that road they'd have driven into an encampment of 350 Jap soldiers.

"When I discovered how close we were to being captured, every freckle faded from my face. I think we broke some kind of a speed record getting out of there."

With Betty bunked on the floor, there was still the matter of fitting six girls in two twin beds. We drew straws.

Vanessa and we drew the short ones. So it was the deck for us.

No sooner had everyone settled down for the night than there came a cry from Colleen: "I'm hungry!"

"Well, just get un-hungry," said Jean. "We've already emptied the icebox!"

"Aren't there any tasty tidbits in your vanity drawer?" kidded Coke.

miss peters' prank . . .

This turned out to be an allusion to another Peters' prank. There was a "no cooking in your room" ruling at Ohio State. But one night Jean and her roommate managed to smuggle in a hotplate, pickles and four marinated herring.

Just as they were devouring a feast fit for a king, there was a knock on the door. The pickles and hotplate went into the bottom vanity drawer with several sweaters hastily thrown on top for reasons of security. The herring were put on the window sill.

The door was opened. Room inspected. Window raised. But the herring weren't discovered—since as the supervisor pushed open the window, they slipped off the sill into the front yard.

We kept talking and laughing into the wee small hours. The last thing we remembered was Colleen telling about working in a malt shop. Something about giving friends extra scoops of ice cream . . . putting it on the cuff . . . being fired . . .

Soon everything became quiet. You could hear the water dripping in the kitchen. We sleepily wondered what Jean would say in the morning when she found that the night before someone had filled the sink with hot water and then had added six packages of gelatin?

Who'd do a thing like that? Guess our halos are getting rusty. THE END

new faces



PATRICIA NEAL *was discovered by Eugene O'Neill while auditioning for a part in his play,* Moon for the Misbegotten. *She didn't get the part, but six months later she read for Lillian Hellman and was cast for the Broadway production of* Another Part of the Forest. *Pat was born in Kentucky, January 20, 1926, and started taking dramatic lessons when she was 12. She made her debut in* John Loves Mary *with Ronald Reagan for Warners and is now at work in* The Fountainhead. *Pat's 5′ 8″ tall and has hazel eyes and blonde hair.*



VANESSA BROWN, *in addition to being a short story writer, and a senior at U. C. L. A. is also a full-fledged actress. She was born in Vienna, March 24, 1928, and made her acting debut in Paris, dubbing in the voice of a little girl in* Prisoner of Shark Island. *In Chicago with the* Watch on the Rhine *company, Vanessa was invited to become a quiz kid, and remained one for 2 years. 20th Century-Fox signed her to a contract and she's appeared in* Margie, The Late George Apley, *and will soon be in* The Fan. *She's got chestnut hair and blue eyes, and collects stamps.*



TERRY MOORE *had a friend who thought she'd be good in movies, and sent Terry's picture to a casting magazine. (She was eleven at the time.) Her photo was published and that was the beginning of both her radio and movie careers. Terry was born in Los Angeles, January 7, 1929, went to Glendale High School and took part in such radio shows as* Dr. Christian *and* A Date With Judy. *She played Ingrid Bergman as a girl in* Gaslight, *and* Return of October *is her first grown-up role. Terry is 5′ 2″ tall, and has blue eyes and blonde hair.*



GORDON MACRAE *came to Hollywood via radio and light opera stock company. He made his professional debut at the age of 12 on the radio, and later spent several years on the stage, a few seasons in summer stock, and made countless recordings. He was born in N. J., March 12, 1921, and discovered in the NBC studios in New York by Horace Heidt. He's married to Sheila Stephens and they have three children. Gordon's 5′ 11″ tall and weighs 175 lbs. You'll be seeing him soon in Warner's* Silver Lining.

...dream girl, dream girl... Beautiful Lustre-Creme Girl
...hair that gleams and glistens...from a Lustre-Creme shampoo



Tonight!..Show him how much lovelier your hair can look...after a

Lustre-Creme Shampoo

NOT A SOAP! NOT A LIQUID!
BUT KAY DAUMIT'S RICH LATHERING
CREAM SHAMPOO WITH LANOLIN

for Soft, Shimmering
Glamorous Hair



No other shampoo gives you the same magical secret-blend lather plus kindly LANOLIN . . . for *true* hair beauty.

Tonight he can SEE new sheen in your hair, FEEL its caressable softness, THRILL to its glorious natural beauty. Yes, *tonight*, if you use Lustre-Creme Shampoo today!

Only Lustre-Creme has Kay Daumit's magic blend of secret ingredients *plus* gentle lanolin. This glamorizing shampoo lathers in hardest water. Leaves hair fragrantly clean, shining, free of loose dandruff and so soft, so manageable!

Famous hairdressers use and recommend it for shimmering beauty in all "hair-dos" and permanents. Beauty-wise women made it America's favorite cream shampoo. Try Lustre-Creme! The man in your life—*and you*—will love the loveliness results in your hair.

4-oz. jar $1; smaller jars and tubes, 49¢ and 25¢.

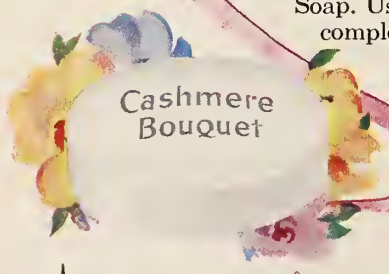
Kay Daumit, Inc., 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois



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You're doubly desirable, fragrantly appealing . . . with this lingering fragrance men love!

Would you capture the top spot in his heart? The road to romance may well begin . . . with your daily bath with Cashmere Bouquet Soap! For its haunting, bewitching fragrance is *the fragrance men love*—it comes only from a secret wedding of rare perfumes far more costly than you would expect to find in any soap. Popular girls for 80 years have followed *this* simple, successful routine. Bathe every day with Cashmere Bouquet Soap. Use it for your complexion, too!



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Adorns your skin with the fragrance men love

your letters...

FOR THE DEFENSE

Dear Editor: With Hollywood's moral reputation at its lowest ebb and with the recent scandals and tragedies blazing across the front pages of the nation's newspapers, now is the time for Hollywood to begin defending itself. . . . And who can do more toward this end than the movie magazines? Let's see more features on the worthwhile Hollywood personalities!

Ann McCullough, Victoria, Texas.

(Feeling it can da no less ta earn its readers' respect, MODERN SCREEN *shaws Hollywaad's peaple and situations as they* are—*not as anyone might wish they were. This makes mare significant a recent survey of our own 1948 issues. The survey indicated that of all stars covered, anly abaut one in 37 was involved in anything "scandalaus." Of course, since scandals are always news and ordinary respectability often isn't, the actual prepanderance af "warthwhile" stars is even greater.—Ed.)*

WE'VE GOT IT!

Dear Editor: Movie magazines always have the same people, with new clothes and different stories about them. How about more newcomers?

F. Freeburg, Niagara Falls, N. Y.

(The New Faces calumn—see page 75—is naw a regular department, and newcamers are featured more prominently as saon as readers indicate interest in them. This month, far example, MODERN SCREEN *introduces Montgamery Clift on pages 58-59 in respanse ta truly great demand.—Ed.)*

DOUBLE LIFE

Dear Editor: In your December issue, you said that Michael North got his first role in *The Unsuspected*. Previously, he had made several films under the name of Ted North.

William Lappin, Montreal, Can.

FASHION NOTE FROM PORTUGAL

Dear Editor: I must confess that Tyrone Power's statement on Portuguese bathing suits in the September MS is not at all exaggerated. The other day a girl came to the beach in a modern bathing suit, but was forced to leave because although the suit was one-piece, it had no skirt!

Ditta Walfrum, Porta, Portugal

(Ditta refers ta Linda Christian's story abaut their preparations far a vacatian in Partugal. Ty warned her: "Our regular bathing suits will never do. Men have to wear suits with attached taps, and women must wear one-piece suits with short skirts." Linda telegraphed her mother in Mexico and, by return mail, received a black woolen suit with lace trimmings and hip-pockets, Paris fashion, 1924!—Ed.)

PROBLEM CHILD

(*Continued from page 33*)

and analyzed it, Esther was fascinated. It was like a game, a challenge. It was interesting.

We pinned it down together. She knew boys liked her, but not in a boy-girl way. And she wasn't interested in boys as the opposite sex. They were no mystery to her. She'd played with her older brother, David, and his pals around the house all her life. Esther was a tomboy and an athlete herself. She wasn't boy-struck. Romantic notions were late in dawning. She didn't stand in the hall corners at school flirting and giggling. She didn't use feminine wiles, dress up, try to be pretty. In fact, she didn't give a hoot how she looked. Out popped a clue right there.

"Janet says she's not going to be friends with me any longer," Esther confided.

"Why not?"

"She says I look too sloppy."

Another followed: A "truth" session at her school girls' club had produced similar critical brickbats. We talked as two girls, not necessarily mother and daughter, and light began to dawn: *Esther's boy problem was a problem only because of the girls' attitudes.* They were boy-crazy well ahead of her and they didn't want to go around with a girl who wasn't attractive to boys. Esther was excited at the discovery, not depressed.

"Let's see what we can do to fix that," I suggested.

It wasn't so difficult. A look in the mirror at the unbrushed hair, wrinkled skirt and scuffed shoes that Tomboy Williams had never given a thought to—and she knew the solution. Esther saw to it that from then on she was neat as a pin, trim and attractive.

full steam ahead . . .

The shock to the girl who always loved everyone and thought everyone loved her was spur enough to action. Her popularity zoomed; she went everywhere, she was elected to everything. She soon was buzzing about in a dozen school activities—the Tri-Y, the Knights and Ladies. She was vice-president of the student body (the first girl elected, by the way). She turned into a new person to meet the new phase of her developing girlhood. In fact, she became so popular that another problem popped up. Pretty soon Esther was disciplined for talking in the halls to the crowds around her. They put her in a room by herself—and that day half the school moved in with her!

If you're going to be of any help to your children, or to anyone, you have to gain their confidence. That recalls a funny story which might show how free Esther felt about talking things over with us.

She informed one of her beaus one night, "You know, I tell my mother everything that happens to me." He jerked back in horror. "You tell her *everything?*"

"Yep," repeated Esther, "everything."

"Golly," gasped the boy friend, driving her quickly home. I'm afraid that scared him away, because he didn't come around much after that!

Actually, there were few startling confessions Esther had to make to me. I have never worried about her in my life, not even when she had emotional troubles—though most of the time we didn't let problems progress to the trouble stage. Most parents face, sooner or later, the petting problem, for instance.

And I'll have to tell a story on her here, about the first time she let a boy kiss her—although it wasn't exactly a time: it was more like a campaign. Esther worked out

Dorothy Hart's smile wins six offers from Hollywood!





Dorothy Hart, Universal-International Starlet, blazed onto the Hollywood scene as the winner of a country-wide beauty contest. Then she spurned the prize—a movie contract—to become a cover girl.

After Dorothy's winning smile appeared on the covers of eight leading magazines in rapid succession, the movies beckoned again. This time Dorothy couldn't say "no" to all six tempting offers she received. She is on the threshold of stardom now . . . and taking care to keep the sparkle in her famous smile. "It's a Pepsodent Smile," Dorothy says, "I know from experience, Pepsodent brightens my teeth best!"

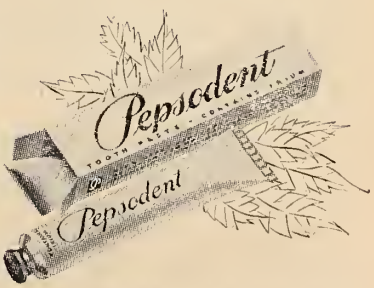
← *Scene from Dorothy Hart's latest picture,* **THE COUNTESS OF MONTE CRISTO,** *a Universal-International Release.*

The smile that wins is the Pepsodent Smile!

Dorothy Hart knows it. And people all over America agree—the smile that wins is the Pepsodent Smile! Pepsodent removes the film that makes teeth look dull—uncovers new brightness in smiles!

Wins 3 to 1 over any other tooth paste

Families from coast to coast compared delicious New Pepsodent with the tooth paste they were using. By an average of 3 to 1, they said Pepsodent tastes better, makes breath cleaner and teeth brighter than any other tooth paste they tried. *For the safety of your smile use Pepsodent twice a day—see your dentist twice a year!*



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No Stars: Average

FROM THE MOVIES

A SONG IS BORN—"Giants of Jazz" album** (Capitol).
This colossal collection includes the Benny Goodman bop version of "Stealing Apples" which we two-starred here a cauple of months back. The other sides are "Muskrat Ramble" by Mel Powell and an all-star Dixieland group; "Redskin Rhumba" by Charlie Barnet's band; "Daddy-O" by the Paige Cavanaugh Trio with Jeri Sullivan, singing it just the way she voice-doubled for Virginia Mayo on the saund track of the picture; and finally, a double-sided all star jam session on "A Song Was Born," similar to the scene in the film, with the Golden Gate Quartet, Jeri Sullivan, the Brazilians, Messrs. Gaodman, Barnet, Powell, T. Dorsey and Lauis Armstrong. It's the best musical album ever issued in connection with a movie—and as if that weren't enough reasan to buy it, all royalties go ta the Damon Runyon Fund. Don't miss it!

KISSING BANDIT—"Señorita" by Frank Sinatra* (Columbia), Jack Smith (Capitol), Dennis Day (Victor). "If I Steal a Kiss" by Andy Russell* (Capitol), Frank Sinatra (Columbia), Vaughn Monroe (Victar). "What's Wrong With Me" by Vaughn Monroe (Victar), Patti Page* (Mercury). "Siesta" by the Sportsmen (Capitol).

LUXURY LINER—"Can Maracas" by Jose Morand* (Victor).

ONE SUNDAY AFTERNOON—"Girls Were Made to Take Care of Boys" by Jo Staffard and Gordon MacRae* (Capital).

PALEFACE—Still mare "Buttons and Bows," by Bob Hope* (Capitol), Evelyn Knight* (Decca), the Dinning Sisters (Capitol).

REACHING FOR THE STARS — "The Morning Glory Road" by Ray McKinley* (Victor), Jahn Laurenz (Mercury).

SO DEAR TO MY HEART—"Lavender Blue (Dilly Dilly)" by Vera Lynn (London), Sammy Kaye (Victor). "It's Whatcha Do With Whatcha Got" by Johnnie Johnston* (MGM).

JAZZ (HOT AND COOL!)

LOUIS ARMSTRONG — "Please Stop Playing Thase Blues"** (Victor).

DIZZY GILLESPIE—"Algo Bueno" (Victor), "I Can't Get Started"* (reissue on Columbia).

BENNY GOODMAN—"Varsity Drag"* (Capitol).

STAN HASSELGARD—"I'll Never Be The Same"* (Capitol)

WOODY HERMAN — "Basie's Basement"* (Coral).

CHUBBY JACKSON — "Lemon Drap"** (Rainbaw).

GENE KRUPA—"How High The Moon" (Columbia).

DODO MARMAROSA — "Trade Winds" (*alias* "You Ga To My Head")** (Dial).

CHARLIE PARKER—"Embraceable You"* (Dial), "Barbados"* (Savoy).

ED SAFRANSKI—"Turmoil"* (Atlantic).

CHARLIE VENTURA—"I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles"* (National).
It's a field-month for jazz! Almost all the above are worth a spin, with Doda's superb piano work a high spat. Nice "bap-vocal-with-horns" ideas on the Jackson and Ventura sides. Ben Webster plays tenor sax with Woody Herman. The Safranski item features seven men out of the Stan Kentan band.

her first defense scheme all by herself, but Mother got daily bulletins.

This boy had taken her to a school dance and at our door said he wanted to kiss her good-night.

Esther stalled. "Why?" she asked.

"For heaven's sake!" exclaimed her escort, "what do you mean—'why?'"

"I don't know why you want to, that's all."

"I don't either. . . . Gosh—I just do."

"Wouldn't it be awfully silly," reasoned Esther, "to do something you don't know why you want to do?"

The boy was pretty baffled at that, but he made another date anyway and, of course, tried again. This time Esther's delaying tactics expanded the idea that had worked before. She told him, "Think it over for a week—and if you can tell me one good reason why I should let you kiss me, why, I will."

He was back again with a reason that boiled down to, "I'd like to."

"Not good enough," Esther decided.

Esther finally gave in—she knew it was inevitable—the week after that. But by then I'm not sure the ardent suitor thought a good-night peck was worth all the long-distance debate.

Still, I knew a problem had come up in Esther's life, one of the most important ones, in fact, that an adolescent girl faces: To pet or not to pet? If I do, will the boys like me better, or worse? If I don't, will they call me a "lemon," will they stop asking me out, will I be unpopular?

At teen-age time, both girls and boys are pressed with a hundred haunting fears. At that trying time of a youngster's life, the herd instinct is very strong. There's a desperate desire to do as the rest of the age group is doing. There's a great longing to be accepted by your contemporaries. If you know you're with the crowd, you're confident and happy. But the age-group's verdict is what counts. I decided to get it on the petting problem.

One afternoon, Esther, her brother David, and four or five schoolmates flocked into our house for an after-school snack. It was always open house at our house, and where there's an easy welcome, there will always be young people. They came out in the kitchen and I found a chance in the conversation to ask, "Tell me, does a girl have to pet to get dates? I'm curious, and you boys know. Give me the low-down."

"No," they scoffed, "not if she has what it takes."

"What's that?" I wanted to know.

"You've got to look attractive and you've got to be fun," answered a boy. The others nodded. "Sure, those are the girls we like best."

I said, "Do they have to be the prettiest girls?" The boys answered, "No, but they have to look right—their hair has to be neat and their clothes clean and in style, but not too fancy."

There was Esther's—and her girl friends' —answer, straight from the horse's mouth, where it convinced. After that, Esther and the girls at her school studied the petting problem, talked it over among themselves, knowing where they stood. They even started making rules, rather than risk getting themselves involved in what they recognized as a serious problem. Five minutes parked in a car was the limit when they came home from a date. It was Esther's idea too, to start the boys thinking and talking on interesting subjects. "Tell me about clouds," she'd ask her date on the way home, "what do you know about them?" If the boy didn't have wise masculine information handy, he'd study up so he could next time—and he loved it. Esther knew and so did her girl friends soon that being an audience is supremely flattering to the other sex—and it kept their minds on safe grounds for the girls.

I've always believed in thinking *with* your children instead of against them, if you wish to help. A parent who is a dictator is a very poor parent. It's a parent's role to say: "I'm a friend. I've lived longer than you. Now, here is everything I've learned. Please use it." But never, "Do it because I say so," or "because it's best for you." That's a sure way to force them to do just the opposite. Forbidden fruits have been the sweetest since Adam and Eve and always will be.

We always followed rules of frank discussion and reason in our house. We never had a taboo. Taboos are "thou shalt nots," and that's negative, and nothing good comes of that.

Because of this, alcohol was never a problem in our home. Dad kept a bottle of whiskey in the kitchen cupboard and every Williams child knew where it was. If they wanted to taste it, they could. If they did, they didn't like it and that was that. But there was no mystery. The first time Esther was offered a flask by a wild youngster at a dance I'm afraid he was terribly let down by her reaction. "Daddy has some at home if I want it," she told him.

All our children look back on our simple little home as the greatest home in the world. They were all practically grown before they considered that there existed finer, wealthier, more comfortable homes. And when they did, they didn't like them half so well as their own.

simple rules . . .

Why? Because their home was their business, their project, their responsibility. They were "in on the act" as Jimmy Durante says, and every minute. They weren't just kids eating and sleeping there, being bossed around and dying to get away. Our place was always a welcome-matted clubhouse for the Williams kids and their friends. The big front room was always available for parties, fun, games, events. The only rules about it were (1) See if somebody else has plans to use it first and (2) Clean it up when the fun's over. (I was never the type to be a slave for my children—I don't approve of it!)

The kitchen was where our family gathered. It had a long table which was the family dining spot and council table, too. I think every home should have a table like that—especially when I think of the family problems that were taken up, analyzed, and solved enthusiastically around it, with every member tossing in his two cents' worth. Democracy, like so many things, begins at home. Everyone in our house was an active member of the ways and means and the rules committee, too.

I saw *I Remember Mama* with Esther recently. Halfway through that humorously touching picture she squeezed my arm excitedly. "Why, Mommie," she said, "that's us—that was our family!" And it was. And Esther remembers it as warmly and humanly as the author who wrote that play. All of us do.

There was the time, for instance, when June wanted a class sweater. It cost four dollars. To some families that was the same as forty cents; to us it was more like 40 dollars. But all the other girls had them. We discussed it at the table, all of us. We decided that June would feel out of things if she didn't have one too. She should buy one—but how? The idea spread from Esther, and was vigorously seconded by the other children: we'll each give up something we want and that will pay for the sweater. They thought: We can sacrifice; our time will come later. Right now it's very important to June.

Another time David joined the Boy Scouts when things were going hard fi-

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nancially with our family. The night he joined, Esther, aged ten, piped up at the dinner table, "Give David the biggest piece of meat. He needs strength for all those hikes and things he'll be taking."

We were not exactly poverty-stricken when Esther was a girl, but we did have to make every penny count. Dad and I raised a family of five children on what many families spend on one. Esther has told before now how, once when times were very lean, I fed our family on a sack of beans for almost a month. That was extreme. Most times we managed enough nourishing, well-balanced food—and the same ample helpings of psychologically important fare. If that meant a neat blouse and skirt to look like the other school girls, Dad and I found a way to get it (and the length must be to one-eighth of an inch what they were wearing!). If our kids hadn't come up with a self-sacrifice idea to make June's class sweater possible, I'd have found a way to get it because it was a psychological necessity.

But I wouldn't have worried my mind a minute if it had been a grand new evening dress she pined for, or a closet full of fancy skirts or shoes.

still satisfied . . .

Until she had graduated from high school Esther never suspected that other girls had better clothes or a better home than she had. When it dawned on her that others did, she wouldn't have traded if she could. And she still wouldn't, in spite of the expensive set-ups she sees all around her as a screen star.

Dad and I still live in the modest little house where Esther was born and raised. When Ben Gage, now Esther's husband, first took her out she brought him right here, saying, "You'd better meet my family and see what you think of us." While I chatted with Ben, Esther fell asleep on the sofa. That's how secure, unruffled and completely at home she felt.

I never saw Esther resent a "made-over" dress, and for a long time those were about the only dresses she had. On the contrary, each hand-me-down was a terrific thrill and a challenging problem. I had three girls to clothe and also, luckily, a good friend who came by with a box of her clothes every now and then. To Esther such occasions were like Christmas. Instead of being furious at the second-hand idea—as some girls are—Esther was as excited as if the packet was a band-box with a Fifth Avenue label. Her happy reaction was, "Now, what can we do with this one? . . . Oh, I know!" and off the whole household would be in a whirl of alterations. She gets the same glee today out of passing on her own clothes to her nieces, Bula, 14, and Judy, 11.

The most important thing of all, I believe, is to give children the conviction that a beneficent, loving Power is always around to protect them, love and guide them; that they can turn to Him any time for their needs. When you live by that secure faith it's pretty hard not to face life with courage, cheer and happiness.

Esther grew up with this feeling: "In me is a connection with every good thing. There is no limit to what I can do if I draw on this Power within me." Her simple little prayer of faith was the well-known one that goes, "God is my help in every need, God does my every hunger feed." Her favorite hymn was "God Will Take Care of You," which most children sing in Sunday School. She believed then and still does every word of the comforting lines,

When one Joy He takes,
He puts another in its place
So we may always see
The smiling of His face. . . .

That doesn't mean that all is sugar and spice and everything nice. But that faith does assure a constructive, happy, relaxed and undefeated approach to every problem, and as I said, problems are the warp and woof of life.

When Esther won the national freestyle swimming championship, she relied on that faith and incidentally, I had a chance to face another problem with her, although she was 3,000 miles away. I knew it was a major event in her life. I knew there was the danger of tenseness, of tying up, of letting a scare psychology ride in on the importance of the big moment in her lifelong ambitions. And I knew, from Esther's home training, what would free her for her best effort.

I wrote her a long letter which she read the night before the final race, lying in her cot, sleepless. Most of it was just a chatty letter from home, telling her family news, sending our love, wishing we were there to back her up as always. But also I repeated the simple, direct faith she had known since childhood, and later she told me she read and re-read those lines before she dozed off to wake up confident and strong, drawing on that Power she believes in to force her through to victory.

I had written simply, "You don't have to win if you don't want to. But if you do you can, if you draw on the Power within you. . . . And remember that God will be with success as well as with failure. . . ."

Sometimes I feel that I'm not much use to my own children any more. Particularly do I feel that I don't know Esther's movie world, that I'm out of touch with her problems. I tell myself the help I am to Esther Williams is what I gave her when she was a little girl.

Then the front door bursts open as it did the other afternoon and there's that same little girl, maybe a few years older, with a slight cloud dimming the sunshine. "Mommie, I've got a problem. . . . Such-and-such has happened, such-and-such is wrong. . . ."

"That's too bad, honey. But is it *really* so bad? Now, let's see what we can do about it. . . ."

We're sitting at the kitchen table before we know it, the same kitchen table that's served so well all these years. And the years are rolled back and I'm meeting a problem with Esther, and watching her leave at last, happy and radiant again.

Then I realize that once a mother, you're a mother for keeps. It's a lifetime job, a privileged, important one. And to me it's the happiest job in the world. THE END

I SAW IT HAPPEN



Recently, while shopping in one of the New York stores, I came across a collection of smart suits. I didn't have much time, but I wanted to buy one. A woman standing nearby asked if she might help me select a suit. I was very grateful. While helping me, the woman spoke casually and humorously and I thought I'd never enjoyed shopping more. The suit was finally chosen and my charming helper left. Later, while walking in the street I passed a theater and saw a very familiar face on the billboard. Suddenly I realized that my shopping assistant had been none other than Marsha Hunt!

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THE WOMAN NOBODY KNOWS

(*Continued from page 44*)

A star who's worked with Jennifer Jones in most of her best movies shakes his head in wonder every now and then. "I can't understand how you ever decided to be an actress," he tells her. "You haven't any more ego than an Easter bunny!" Another calls her "the most un-Hollywood star in Hollywood." "Either that," sighs this friend, "or she's the stingiest one with her talent—she won't put on an act for a minute, away from the camera!"

Jennifer Jones has been around Hollywood seven years but she can't get acclimatized to the Hollywood treatment—to glamor, fuss and fanfares. Partly it's because she's painfully shy, partly it's because she's been cautiously alert ever since she hit Hollywood's golden shores not to succumb to the tinseled fripperies—and partly it's because she's constitutionally inclined to sell herself short.

jones legend . . .

When Jennifer recently finished *Rough Sketch* at Columbia, she found herself, to her great surprise, a darling of the first "foreign"—or non-Selznick—camera crew she'd worked with for a long time. For their part, they were a little amazed at Miss Jones, whom they'd suspected of being on the grand side, temperamental and even "difficult." You see, they'd tumbled for the Unapproachable Jones legend. And then they found themselves being hailed by their first names and joked with, by a gal who seemed ready to handle any situation that came up, like a pretty good sport. So when the last scene was shot, it was pretty clear to Larry Germain, her hairdresser—who takes care of many set situations for Jennifer—that the star was going to be asked to autograph a lot of pictures. He hinted this to Jennifer, knowing that she wouldn't have even a snapshot around anywhere.

"Maybe you're right," she admitted. "Maybe you'd better have the studio send some over. Six ought to be plenty."

"Six won't last six minutes," he said.

"But only two people have asked me," said J. Jones innocently. Larry brought over four dozen just the same. They all went in a couple of hours—as he knew they would.

The biggest fright-object in Jennifer Jones' life is the canvas star-chair with JENNIFER JONES stenciled pretentiously on the back—a type of caste mark which most screen stars dearly love. Long ago Jennifer's crews have noted that the minute they slide it up politely where she's standing, she finds an excuse to get the heck out of that vicinity. . . . The elaborate movie-star dressing cottage she inherited on the Selznick lot is musty most of the time from disuse; her trailer on the set, like those of other actors, is what she uses. . . . She hustles a 1941 Ford to and from studio—and to show how much fancy autos mean in her life, the speedometer, after seven years, reads 19,000 miles. . . . She gives chewing gum a pearly beating. . . . She's a slave to radio disc jockeys. . . . She never has any money in her purse and her dream project—of all things—is to pack-back into the high Sierras with her boys, guideless, on a campfire-and-sleeping-bag safari.

All these scattered but true items seem as out of place tacked onto the generally accepted picture of Jennifer Jones, as spangles on a nun. All are completely out of keeping with the elegant portrait of Jennifer which Hollywood has cherished ever since she played the virgin of Lourdes in *Bernadette*. Nothing—not even the red-hot role she played in *Duel in the Sun*—seems warm enough to melt away the solid idea that Miss Jennifer Jones in person is some kind of a cross between an ice-cream angel and a mystery Madame X.

And nothing could be crazier.

That such 'way-off-base ideas exist about Jennifer is, of course, largely her own fault—because of the way she looks, and the way she acts. The first she can't help, and since she's smart, probably wouldn't anyway. As for the second—well, she gets tongue-tied talking about herself, so she doesn't. "Nothing happens to me, I'm horribly uninteresting—what can I say?" she tosses in anguish at studio press agents approaching with a reporter in tow. So she's regarded as an odd body, and more myths bob up about her brunette head than balloons at a county fair—which are always a pleasure to pop.

For one thing, because of her super-feminine façade, Jennifer Jones impresses most people who don't know her, as a soft, sweet, gardenia petal of a girl. An anxious, elderly admirer wrote her recently advising iron-pills. "You look anemic, my dear," she cautioned, "and you must keep strong to stand your strenuous career." Jennifer's about as anemic as a Kansas City top sirloin.

In practically every picture she's made lately, she's had to handle a job husky enough to strain the sinews of a serial queen. She dug a tunnel with pick and shovel for days in *Rough Sketch*, and got rolled around by a tidal wave near Boston for *Portrait of Jennie*. Before that, she climbed a flinty Arizona cliff in *Duel in the Sun*, scorning knee pads, the standard protection for softies. (Even cowboy stars use 'em all the time.) She reaped a mess of cuts and scratches all over her body from tip to toe in that adventure, but didn't lay off an hour from her work, although the rocky mesa location was not designed for the lah-de-dah Hollywood lady she's supposed to be.

On the screen, Jennifer seems somewhat small and delicate. Actually, she's tall and lean. She's five-seven in her stocking feet and tips the scales at 118. This makes her a slender, streamlined vision in a bathing suit—which, incidentally, she never wears for publicity stills, but strictly for getting through the water, swiftly and often. She walks fast, with a getalong like a determined deer. She eats like a hungry horse—and anything, but mostly meat, potatoes and greens. She drinks milk like a prize baby, never touches coffee, puffs cigarettes only when the script says to, takes a drink on only particularly festive occasions. She doesn't bother herself with any health regime, diet, or massage to keep her figure because—surprise again—she has a terrific talent for sports, especially horseback riding and tennis. Jennifer has been taking tennis lessons ever since she hit Hollywood years back and by now she's a potential whiz.

portrait of jennie . . .

There are so many easy mistakes to make about the girl nobody seems to know, that the only way to add Jennifer Jones up is to break her down. Out of the little pieces you get a portrait of Jennifer that you never dreamed existed.

Mrs. Phyllis Isley Walker prefers her professional name, Jennifer Jones, in both public and private life and her favorite nickname is what she usually gets—"Jennie." Only recently she learned exactly what it means. On the *Rough Sketch* set, on the final day, John Garfield presented a lady burro to Director John Huston for his San Fernando Valley ranch. He explained to John that it was really a two-for-one present because the donkey was definitely headed for a blessed event.

"What's her name?" asked Huston.

"'Jennie,' I guess," replied Garfield. "That's what they always call these critters when they're expecting."

To Jenny Jones, who was listening, that was news and a little disconcerting.

"From now on," she stated emphatically, but with a twinkle in her eye, "everybody around here calls me *'Jennifer'*—with a capital 'J'!"

The house in Brentwood where Jennifer lives with her two boys, Michael and Bobby, is a medium-sized, French-style place with an ocean view which she bought just before she went East to make *Portrait of Jennie*. Until then, she'd camped in apartments but never thought them fit to raise her kids in. The whole upstairs of her new place is turned over to the boys who, being only 11 months apart, look like twins—although Mike, seven, the younger, is taller than his eight-year-old big brother, Bob. Kermit, their nurse, takes care of their goings-on and Jennifer has developed what she calls "a deaf ear" in their direction. She can read,

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2. Apply Noxzema as a soothing protective powder base to hold make-up.

3. EVENING—Repeat morning cleansing with Noxzema. Dry face gently.

4. Massage Noxzema lightly into your face. Pat on extra Noxzema over blemishes, if you have any.

Try this 4-step routine yourself. You'll be delighted with the results.



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Mrs. Lee Smith says, "I do my own housework. You know what that does to your hands. I've never found anything better for chapped hands than Noxzema. Now I use it as both a complexion and hand cream."

Try Noxzema and see why over 25,000,000 jars are sold yearly. Now on sale at all drug and cosmetic counters—only 40¢, 60¢ and $1.00 plus tax.

study her lines, entertain guests, paint, or take a nap, unruffled and undisturbed, even if they're chopping the rafters in two. Some people swear she hasn't a nerve in her body.

Jennifer is very much of a home girl. When she does doll up and go dancing it's practically always to those castles of gourd-and-off-beat rhythm, Mocambo and Ciro's—she loves to rhumba. But she's strictly a Saturday-night girl—so all other evenings are devoted to her home, her friends and her kids, or her relations, who visit her frequently from Dallas. Everyone is in on the act, whatever it may be.

Last Hallowe'en, Jennifer threw a spook party for the boys at home which she planned, organized and ran, herself! Seventeen friends of Mike's and Bobby's showed up in weird costume. (The boys go to military school and are popular young extroverts with packs of pals.) As anyone knows, keeping 17 young packages of dynamite in a Hallowe'en mood from tearing a joint to pieces is quite a job. Jennifer handled it smoothly, organizing the apple-bobbing, donkey-tail pinning and such juvenile goings-on with the easy impartiality of a gridiron referee, so that every one had a good time and comparatively few vases were shattered or rugs wrecked. That night Joe, her houseman, dolled up as a ghoul and met the kids at the door; Veada, her personal maid, pinch-hit as a gypsy fortune-teller done up in Romany rags; and Jenny's dad, who was visiting, tended the soft-cider bar.

When Jennifer entertains her own friends, it's always with small dinner parties, followed by such prosaic parlor sports as "The Game" (charades), ask-me-another quiz sessions, and scattered chatter. Among her intimates are Lenore Cotten, Anita Colby and Valli, Selznick's new Italian star. Jennifer's favorite at-home perch is the corner of one of her big divans with her feet curled up under her. She loves to hug fireplaces, of which there are three in her house.

Jennifer doesn't use makeup of any kind, except lipstick, even in pictures. Her hair's its own honest dark brown, naturally wavy and currently clipped to the shortest bob in Hollywood, the longest strands being exactly one inch and a half. She hates hats, but looks best in berets. Perhaps her big brown eyes and her white pluperfect teeth are the most striking features when you meet her face to face. Her long hands come next. She wears no rings—her only jewelry pets are earrings. She can't resist buying perfume and has hundreds of tiny flaçons all over her room.

Jennifer's personal tidiness, however, hasn't cramped her easy-going style on the set. There's no touch-me-not air around her. She wallowed for days in wet clay for some graveyard digging scenes in *Rough Sketch* and in one where she strikes a buried coffin with her shovel, the minute she hit it, it flopped open and a greenish decomposed hand (sponge rubber) bounced out. The props had rigged it to scare her. She screamed obligingly, so the next take a grisly skull shot out at her. At that point Jennifer decided it was time to get even with some cut-ups of her own. So she placed black plaster on her teeth—and when John Huston wanted a particularly sweet smile, she let him have the toothless-hag variety.

When Jennifer laughs, she laughs clear from the soles of her feet and her face turns red. When she's angry, she just trembles and keeps her lips buttoned—but that's rare, for normally she's extremely good-natured. Her boss, David Selznick, has never had a temperamental tizzy from her all the time she's been his star. Whatever he picks out in the script department she knows is right and she likes it. How her aloof reputation ever got started is a mystery, too, because her sets are always open and the only times she ducks out from the gang are to eat her lunch (which she brings from home) and to take a short nap.

Her one working weakness—besides telephonitis—is the fact that clocks and calendars mean nothing in her life. She loves to sleep late, and she's unpunctual. The only time she's ever been known to be anywhere exactly on the dot was during the war when she signed up for Nurses' Aid under her own real name (she worked 12 months before anyone in Hollywood found out) and had to travel 12 miles crosstown to the General Hospital four days a week.

Matter of fact, Jennifer is restless as a sparrow and has to keep busy at something all day long. The wardrobe, hairdressing and makeup departments at Selznick's have tried in vain for years to make her sit still like a good girl. Any sound stage portrait of Jennifer Jones would be meaningless without a needlepoint frame and a radio set, both of which she uses to occupy her ears and her fingers from the minute she parks her Ford in the morning until she climbs in to drive home. She whips needlepoint stitches between scenes, and often in them. At home she has chair backs, stool covers, picture frames and all sorts of things she's stitched herself.

As for the radio, Jennifer is tuned in from dawn to dusk. She packs along a portable on locations and has a plug-in for her dressing room. As much as she loves to listen to a radio, though, she can't act for it. A mike strikes terror to her heart and she's been on the air only twice. Both times were pure torture. When she gets worked up about anything—a radio program, an acting job or a personal appearance—she sprouts a saddle of sweat beads across her nose.

distress signal . . .

That private distress signal is prone also to pop out on Jennifer when she sees herself on the screen, because she's hypercritical about her own acting and fiercely bent on improving it. Jennifer took her "straw hat" La Jolla stage job last summer terribly seriously, studied and rehearsed hard at home with everything she had and put it over neatly. It was her first footlights appearance. Her first curtain call, holding hands with the cast and hearing real applause volley her way, was, she admitted, as great a thrill as winning her Oscar. The old Broadway stage hangover from her student days hasn't left Jenny as yet; in fact, after her next three pictures are made—*Madame Bovary* at MGM, and two films in England, *Gone To Earth* and *Tess of the d'Urbervilles*—she has definite plans to do a Broadway play.

Meanwhile, myths will doubtless keep piling merrily up in Hollywood about Jennifer Jones, because, like Old Man River, the lady "don't say nothin' . . . she just keeps rolling along." It's always an irresistible temptation in a curious community like Hollywood to make anything from a plaster saint to a devil's handmaiden out of any character who keeps a close mouth and minds her own business. Maybe by now you've gathered that Jennifer Jones fits somewhere comfortably in between.

If any doubt exists about that—last year when Jenny was back in Boston daring death and disfiguration on those rugged lighthouse rocks, she rested nightly in one of Beantown's most elegant inns.

One midnight she sat up with a start and stared into the darkness with a terrified expression that wasn't acting. Something was making a horrible sound in her room. Jennie snatched her robe, ripped open the door and tore in panic down the hall to where Dorothy Whalen, her stand-in, slept.

"Dottie," she cried, pounding the door frantically, "let me in! Quick—let me in!"

Dorothy wasn't sure whether the men from Mars had landed or the hotel was on fire, but she leaped out and swung open the door. The pale vision of Jennifer Jones in cold terror confronted her.

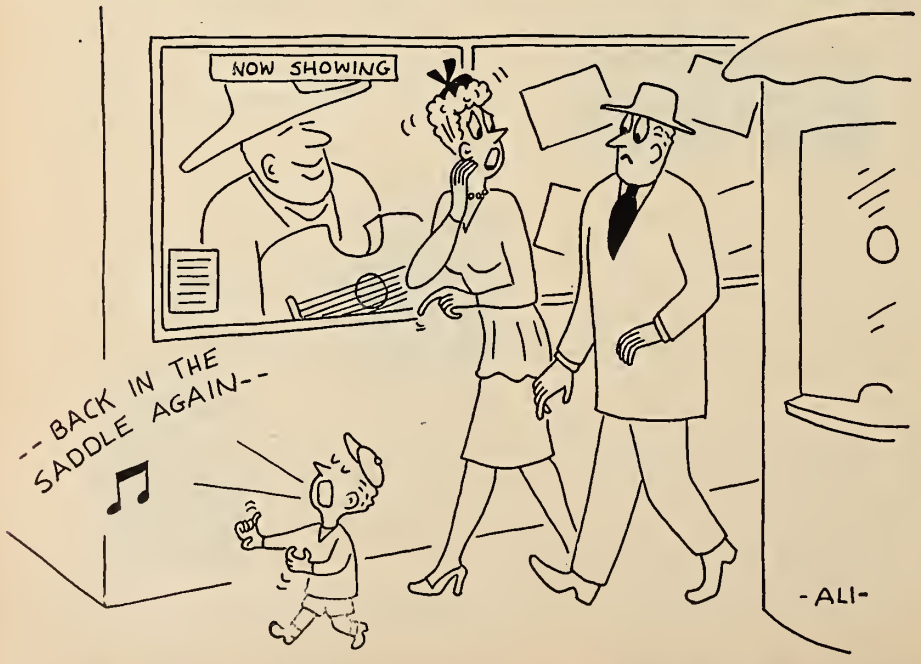
"I'm staying here the rest of the night," Jennifer gasped. "I'm not going back to that room."

"Of course not," soothed Dottie. "You stay right here, you poor child. But what in the world happened?"

"Something's in there," whispered Jennifer, round-eyed. "Something awful."

"A burglar?" Dorothy gasped. "Or—?"

"Worse than that," chattered Jennifer Jones. "A mouse!" THE END



"Oh deor, I see we re going to be Gene Autry for the next couple of weeks."

I GOT MY MAN

(*Continued from page 24*)

catastrophe, so everyone came up clucking and exclaiming. Among the voices I heard that of John Lindsay.

Later that evening, he and I had ourselves to ourselves. He said—finally—"Could you possibly go out with me sometime?"

"We-el," I said, "I'm a pretty busy girl, but—we-el, sometime, maybe. How about tomorrow night?"

(Later I was to learn it had taken him two years to get up enough "courage" to ask me for a date!)

Since I had a radio show scheduled at National Broadcasting the next night, we planned for him to pick me up there. Right on the dot of nine, I met him and we entered his car. I expected him to ask where I'd like to go, but instead he said apologetically, "Do you mind very much if we stop by a job I'm doing? I have to check on something."

So down Vine Street we went to Melrose where Vine becomes Rossmore, a street of lovely apartments and exclusive hotels. Then I found myself stumbling among steel girders, cement-mixers and all the other equipment necessary to a hotel under construction! Me, with my broken arm in a cast! A veritable clinging vine, I wandered around with him, listening to him explain what the hotel was going to be like, why he had done this, why he had done that, and where he had had to make "compromises." I learned during the course of that little jaunt that he'd had his own business as an architect for two years now, and before that had designed sets at MGM.

After he was satisfied that the nails, or whatever the heck it was, had been delivered safe and sound for next day's work, we went to the Gala for awhile.

music and soft lights . . .

The Gala is a small café on the Sunset Strip with soft lights and the most terrific music in the world. Here I was on home ground. They were playing some of the music from *On the Town*. I said—rather condescendingly, I'm afraid—"Do you know the lyrics of 'Lucky To Be Me'?" You see, *I* knew every word.

And *he* knew not only the lyrics to that song, but all the others in the show as well! During the next hour, it turned out his knowledge of lyrics in general was practically encyclopedic.

From there we went to the Mocambo. Johnny cut my meat for me and all but fed me. My broken arm, remember. Nor could we dance because of that injured wing. So we talked and talked and talked. And very pleasant it was, too.

I found out that he prefers modern architecture, although he does design some modernized period structures. We discovered we both like ballet—which pleased me particularly, because so few men I've met have any real appreciation of it. I learned that he's terribly interested in modern art, that we both like Shakespeare and Thomas Wolfe . . . that we're both crazy about fireplaces . . . that we think Fred Allen is the funniest man alive . . . that we both love the theater. . . .

Then came the blow. It developed that he has to be practically *dragged* to the movies—to any movie! And all this time I'd been under the delusion that Mr. Lindsay was sort of fascinated by my dramatic talent. It had been my album of piano records that had caught his fancy—and the only movie he'd seen me in was *Ruthless!*

At last, we simply had to leave before

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we were closed up in the joint. Once again came the great care in getting me into the car and then out of it at the door of my apartment.

There it was that Johnny made what I call a really classic remark. He said: "If you ever want to go to a concert or a play sometime, call me."

I laughed gaily, but mentally my eyebrows shot up to there. I said to myself, "Well, Lynn, you've gone over with him like a lead balloon."

But in the days that followed, flowers and telephone calls came from him. I went out with him, but my casual dates with others continued. Then Johnny began to drop by every day to suggest *if* I didn't have a date, *maybe* I'd go out with him.

Then, evidently, he began to notice the flowers which occasionally adorned my apartment from other men whom I dated. For one day he sent me this huge bouquet of flowers with a note which read, *"Anything he can do, I can do better."* Other men continued to send flowers and each day Johnny's bouquet grew larger and larger, each with that same note.

I had to borrow vases from my mother, my tenants and almost any casual passerby. When my apartment began to look like a florist's shop at Easter, there didn't seem to be anything else to do but go steady. After all, a girl shouldn't smother to death!

All this may sound as if it took a long time happening. Actually, it was only a month after I met him that it just didn't seem logical that we should have dates with others.

parental approval . . .

When my parents met him, they adored him at the drop of a smile. Then he confessed to my mother that he'd talked to her by telephone two years before. While you may have read something of that elsewhere, you don't know the whole story.

Determined to meet me, he'd somehow wangled my telephone number. So then he telephoned the house. When mother answered, he said, "Mrs. Lynn (he knew so little about me that he didn't realize Lynn is my professional name), through some error, a letter for your daughter was sent to my address. If you care to give me your address, I'll be glad to forward it." Mother fell for this diabolical scheme and, with the address at last, Johnny got one of his friends to drive with him through Viewpark where we lived then. The streets wind around so, it's easy to get lost. After a few bad guesses, they located our house.

When they arrived, the friend asked, "What are you going to do now?"

"I'll be darned if I know," Johnny replied—and drove away without doing anything!

When he told me about it, I said, "Oh, Johnny! Why didn't you just come to the door? Then we wouldn't have wasted two whole years!"

Seriously I can't regret these past two two years. I know that during them I've grown up a lot. I've learned to hang up my clothes myself, to shop more wisely, to attend to the details of a home myself. I'm much better prepared for marriage.

I'm terribly fond of Johnny's grandparents (they're his family, since both his parents are dead). They're the youngest-seeming grandparents I've ever met. His grandmother is lovely and charming. His grandfather is a handsome, older edition of Johnny. We see a lot of them. We went with them to the annual picnic of former residents of their old home, Winona, Minnesota, and had a wonderful time. I know Johnny had learned as much of the ways of happiness, consideration and solid character from them as from anyone he'll ever know. They're a shining example for any young couple planning marriage.

Johnny's an awfully thoughtful person. There was the time he brought my mother, as well as me, a present on my birthday. And there are the times he brings me presents for no particular occasion at all. And he's so considerate of me when I come home from the studio, harassed and nervous—as all performers are at times. And if I'm an hour late for an appointment with him, he understands it's because some production problem made the delay unavoidable.

After the engagement, our evenings were full of plans—as are those of all young couples talking their way toward marriage. Thursday nights, Johnny was always late, because those nights he attends classes in Advanced Structural Engineering. Although he's a graduate of the University of Southern California and a licensed architect doing very well, he'll continue to study all his life, I'm sure. (And that's fine with me. I'm sure *I'll* never stop studying to improve myself!)

On a recent Sunday, we planned to go to Palm Springs—and he came by to cook breakfast for me before we went. He's a wonderful cook. He chopped up all kinds of good things, put them in a fluffy omelet—and then we really breakfasted!

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By this time, we were talking of *when* we could be married. I've always said that as soon as I announced my engagement, I'd want to be married soon after. Johnny agreed with me in this. But there were others we had to consider.

Johnny had a lot of clients who were concerned with getting their buildings finished. I was working in Hal Wallis' *Bitter Victory*—and working every day. I knew that wouldn't be finished before December 1. After due consultations with others—during which we assumed as casual an air as possible, so's not to let them know what we were up to—we arrived at a date which would give us a couple of weeks free for a honeymoon.

Having established the great day, we made the announcement almost right away. (Another wonderful example of Johnny's thoughtfulness is the fact that without telling me, he went alone and spent two hours with my parents the day the announcement was to be made.)

With the engagement announced, Johnny had his first real taste of what my career will demand of him. We'd discussed the probable problems seriously weeks before. He's proud of what I've accomplished so far—as I am of what he's done. He had no yen to keep me from continuing to act.

But as I say, with the announcement of our engagement, the demands set in. Johnny was kind of amused by it all, though he groaned, "Why does the studio have to call you every five minutes to ask you to come over for *more* pictures!"

Our first public appearance as an engaged couple was at the fabulous Kirkeby party at their beautiful Bel Air home. When the photographers swarmed down on our table, Johnny moved out of range, on the theory that they were interested only in the celebrities at the table. He was amazed to discover we were the magnet at the moment and that they were most definitely interested in him. He still hasn't recovered from the shock of the number of photographs we were asked to pose for!

wild calendar . . .

As this is written, my calendar is so crowded. In a few minutes, I must go for a fitting of my wedding gown. Although my trousseau is simple, it consists of everything from a jersey skirt and stole I bought at a department store for $22.95, to a rather extravagant blonde velvet bathing suit. (I couldn't resist it!) I just had to have Edith Head, who has designed all my important clothes since I was 13 years old, do my wedding gown and one really out-of-this-*world* evening gown. And of course I had to have my pal Don Loper, do my "going-away" suit.

Since my wedding gown isn't designed with the camera in mind, photos may not show some of the details I love. So let me tell you about the yummy outfit. Over the ankle-length white satin gown will be this foamy skirt made of four layers of white tulle. Down the back of the dress will be two white satin panels encrusted with lilies of the valley, bouvardia and white lilacs sprinkled with seed pearls. The cuffs on the push-up sleeves and the collar on the high neck will be encrusted with pearls. Elegant, hey? Rex, the hat designer, is using the same flowers—also sprinkled with pearls—for the bonnet, from which the white tulle veil will fall. Even my satin slippers will have—that's right—a few pearls on 'em.

Right now, I know Janie Withers Moss will be my bridesmaid. Johnny doesn't know yet who'll be his attendant. We don't know whether we'll have a double-ring ceremony or a single-ring one. We don't know exactly where or what time of day we're being married because it seems everyone in this marrying town has booked all the churches for weddings on that day. We know my parents are giving a wedding reception for us at Wynn Rocamora's house because their apartment is too small to accommodate the 200 guests we've invited. We know we're going to New York and on to Bermuda for a two-and-a-half-week honeymoon. But we don't know yet where we'll live when we return.

Yet, there's a lot we haven't settled definitely yet. But we do know we're going to be married in a church, with only a few guests present—because I've played a lot of scenes in my life and I don't want one for my wedding.

You who have written to congratulate me—will you please take another little moment and pray with me that Heaven will guard our happiness?

I love Johnny.

That's how I feel about this young man who drew up in a car beside my date and me, the night we happened to drop by to see Stu and Angie Martin.

P.S.—We've just found a church—Healy Chapel on the University of California Campus. I knew I'd get to college some day!

THE END

SHE CAN DO IT AGAIN

(Continued from page 39)

you should know now, the better to understand the little girl of yesterday and the beautiful Durbin in full bloom of womanhood today.

Look into the story of any famous woman and somewhere you'll find a man. There have been a number of men in Deanna's life. The first two came with her first big picture. They were Joe Pasternak, the producer, and Henry Koster, the director. They were signed by Universal at the same time the studio took young Deanna to its bosom following the dropping of her option by MGM. They created a world of music, gayety and laughter and set Deanna down in the middle of it to sing. The picture was *Three Smart Girls*. The song she sang was "Someone to Care for Me."

The picture was released and the world discovered the little girl, raised her on its shoulders and boosted her up on the pedestal of stardom in one sudden *whoosh!*

Her next was *One Hundred Men And A Girl*, and in that picture she sang "It's Raining Sunbeams." It really was. At 14, she was a star. At 14, she was paying off the mortgage at Universal, and sunbeams—especially in the bookkeeping department—were falling all around. (They say that in those days Universal had a portrait of Deanna directly over the big safe at the studio, and each time he put money in the safe, the treasurer of the studio bowed three times to the likeness of the little girl.)

riding high . . .

Deanna grew a little, filled out a little, became sweeter and more beautiful, then starred in *Mad About Music*, in which she sang "I Love To Whistle" while riding a bicycle through the scenes of the picture. She was riding high, and she was learning.

Her voice strengthened, her acting improved and she added to her vast following through the Pasternak-Koster pictures, *That Certain Age*, singing "Be A Good Scout," and *Three Smart Girls Grow Up*, in which one of her songs was "Invitation To The Dance." Deanna was at "That Certain Age" herself, for time had taken her into adolescence; she was growing up and receiving invitations to dances on her own. The world didn't know it at the time, because her publicity was always about the little girl who hardly knew boys existed, but she had met one—Vaughn Paul.

That boy was an assistant director on her pictures, and the invisible magnet of love was drawing them together. Her next picture was *First Love*. A provocative title to consider in the light of her dates with this boy of her choice.

Then Deanna bubbled her way through *It's A Date, Spring Parade* and *Nice Girl*. Her audiences bubbled with her, ecstatically, and the first two men in her life, Joe Pasternak and Henry Koster, stood back and smiled at the third man who had entered her life to become her first love—and, in the spring of 1941, her husband.

Then, suddenly, the music changed. A cloud drifted across the sun out Universal way. The Pasternak-Koster-Durbin combination was broken up. Joe Pasternak had been lured away by MGM and Deanna found herself loose on a sea of confusion.

Instead of being an easy flow of melody and song, the rhythm of her life tightened, became strained and frantic. A new, strange pall of uncertainty surrounded her. Universal's heads huddled together in



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vain efforts to find a new brand of vehicle to fit their grown-up "golden girl."

They tried her out in *It Started With Eve,* and the very title had a portent foreign to the public's conception of a "darling Deanna." They tried her in *The Amazing Mrs. Holliday,* but you turned thumbs down at the box-office and the headaches at the studio increased as Deanna's heartaches drove her to divorce.

Officially, the record reads, "Deanna Durbin and Vaughn Paul, married April 18, 1941—divorced December 14, 1943." But records can be very cold. They don't tell the story, just the results.

It was while Vaughn and Deanna were married that Pasternak had turned loose the guiding reins on Deanna's pictures. Then the studio discovered that their star had temperament. But wasn't the temperament justified? Her pictures in the new theme failed to hold the audiences. She fought alone for better stories, the proper setting for a voice grown strong and mature, with perfect operatic timbre. She needed "someone to care" for her more than ever now. She needed the mature equivalent to the Pasternak production of *Three Smart Girls* and *Mad About Music.* She wasn't getting it, and she walked off the sets with her nose as high as her top notes on the scale. But her heart wasn't high—it was breaking.

The emotional strain was too great for the marriage. Vaughn Paul watched her on the set all day, knew all the things she was going through and could do nothing about it. Their evening conversations were a part of the same discouraging pattern.

The studio answered her temperamental outbursts with suspension and let her stew. Maybe they were justified, maybe they weren't. But when it destroyed her marriage, I had every sympathy for Deanna.

a sentimental memory . . .

Maybe that was sentiment on my part. I still remembered the little girl who had made everybody happy with her songs . . . and had paid off the studio mortgage.

But about the time she divorced Vaughn Paul, the studio lifted her suspension and she went back to work. Was there a connection between the two? Hollywood whispered that one trouble lay in the fact that Vaughn had wanted to direct her pictures himself. But there are always a lot of ugly rumors in Hollywood. For a nice town, it still harbors its share of viciousness.

When she went back to work, they gave her a new producer named Felix Jackson. His was the job of effecting the change from Deanna-the-girl to Deanna-the-grownup in six easy productions, wooing the audience into going along with her to the new status.

In two short years, Jackson made the change—but wooing the audience was another thing. His first move was toward comedy. He cast Deanna opposite Franchot Tone in *His Butler's Sister.* It was a good picture and it got a good hand all around.

Everybody, including Jackson, took a deep breath and tried again.

They knew it was an uphill climb, but Deanna was back in the harness, working like a Trojan, and Jackson was also deserving A for Effort.

Her next was *Christmas Holiday.* The sophisticated Deanna, whom audiences met in *Christmas Holiday,* was a rash and shocking departure from the girl they knew . . . and wanted. Someone had turned their sweet-voiced angel into a sultry woman of the world—and they didn't like it. . . .

If you've ever tried to walk in the sand of a desert, you'll have a fair idea of Deanna's trials of these last few years. She is a sincere, hard-working girl who gives every ounce of concentration to her chosen

profession, and every ounce of energy to each performance. To give to this degree, month in and month out, striving to reach a pinnacle of success she has once known, yet gaining only meager results is a heartbreaking strain.

But through it all, the fourth man in her life was fighting at her side. Jackson was an older man, 20 years older, but work brought them together and, for a second time, love came to Deanna. It was a mature love, born of a mutual admiration between them. About the time she was making *Because Of Him*, the preacher tied the knot.

The next song symbolic of her life was "It's Dream Time" in the picture *I'll Be Yours*. It was the last picture which Felix Jackson produced starring his bride.

Can two careers survive in one home? You've heard the question asked a million times, and you have your own examples, both in and out of Hollywood, to prove that they can.

Things went well in the Jackson household through the birth of Deanna's baby daughter, Jessica Louise, which kept Deanna away from the studio for a while.

But when she went back to work again, there was a new producer on her pictures. The first song she had to sing was "Happy Go Lucky and Free"—but she wasn't. The picture in which that song occurred was *Something In The Wind*—and there was.

Were those titles ominous? Or was it just coincidental that these titles came along about the time Deanna and Felix Jackson came to the parting of the ways?

Again she had met and married a man with whom she worked at the studio. Again there had been trouble with her pictures, confusion in her life, both at work and at home. Now, once more, a man was leaving her life.

gone forever? . . .

Leaving it? Well, not quite. Jackson and Deanna have separated. (At this writing.) He is in New York writing a play which he hopes to produce. There has been no divorce, and some say that there won't be, that they'll reconcile. I hope such will be the case with Felix and Deanna.

The fifth man in Deanna's life came along to the accompaniment of another song, "Carousel In The Park," from the screen version of the Broadway musical, *Up In Central Park*. He was Vincent Price.

The song about the Carousel certainly fitted Deanna about the time she went into that picture. She was on a "merry-go-round" (which is another term for *Carousel*), and no doubt about it.

While a nurse took care of little Jessica, Deanna was seen here and there with Vincent Price. She laughed when asked if it was romance. He was just her leading man in the picture they were making. She said she got tired of sitting home alone, he got tired of sitting home alone, so they went out and sat together, and danced and dined together, and had a lot of fun together, as anyone could plainly see, if they were watching. And what's wrong with that?

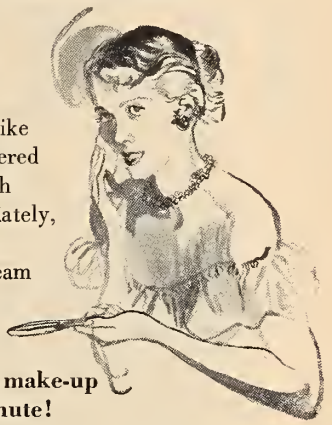
There have been other men. But Deanna has taken none of them seriously.

However, what she takes very seriously indeed, is the fact that as yet, with all her years of striving, she has been unable to get back up on top of the heap.

When she was an adolescent kid singing pretty songs in a beautiful voice, riding bicycles, swimming, sailing, and running carefree through her pictures, she was rated one of the 10 top money-makers in Hollywood. Now, even though she has twice the acting experience and all those extra years of daily voice training (she sticks to her lessons and practices every day), Deanna no longer has the box-office pull of her kid days. Her latest picture is

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This softer, *greaseless* powder base lets you look like yourself and *feel* like yourself! No greasy, smothered feeling! Before powdering, just smooth on a touch of Pond's Vanishing Cream. It disappears immediately, leaving only a protective, *transparent* film. Suits *every* skin tone. Best of all, Pond's Vanishing Cream takes powder beautifully and *holds* it!



Glamour Mask for before make-up "Re-styles" your face in 1-Minute!

When you want your complexion to look its radiant best, give it a delightful beauty pick-up with Pond's Vanishing Cream, smoothed on for a 1-Minute Mask. Just cover face, except eyes, with a lavish cloak of the cream. After one minute, tissue off clean. "Keratolytic" action of Pond's Vanishing Cream loosens clinging dirt and dead skin flakes. Dissolves them off! Your skin looks clearer, softer—even *lighter*. Make-up goes on smoothly, stays fresh all evening!



Miss Nancy du Pont says, "When I want to look perfect—that's the moment for a 1-Minute Mask! In one minute—my complexion looks fresher, brighter. Make-up goes on evenly—and *stays!*"

"Soaping" dulls hair— Halo glorifies it!



✓ Not a soap, not a cream—cannot leave dulling film!

✓ Quickly, effectively removes dandruff from both hair and scalp!

✓ Gives fragrant, soft-water lather even in hardest water!

✓ Leaves hair lustrously soft, easy to manage—with colorful natural highlights!

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✓ Halo—not a soap, not a cream—contains no sticky oils, *nothing* to hide your hair's natural lustre with dulling film. Made with a new patented ingredient, Halo brings out glossy, shimmering highlights the very first time you use it! Its delightfully fragrant lather rinses away quickly, completely in any kind of water—needs no lemon or vinegar rinse. For hair that's naturally colorful, lustrously soft, easy to manage—use *Halo* Shampoo! At any drug or cosmetic counter.



Halo reveals the hidden beauty of your hair!

For The Love Of Mary—and it's laying a horrible egg at this moment.

Yes, Deanna's screen career is swiftly fading. And the reason is that *no one has found the right combination since Joe Pasternak and Henry Koster put Deanna on top.*

Well, those two did it before—and they could do it again! They know Deanna better than anyone else in the industry. They have the firm hands which could control Deanna's temperament. If given the chance, it's a cinch they could find that right combination again.

I recently asked Deanna if she had talked to Joe Pasternak about doing a picture with him.

"Oh, yes!" was her quick reply. "I see Joe quite often, and we've talked about it—but so far nothing has been done about it." Then she added—rather wistfully, I thought—"Frankly, I'd love doing a picture with Joe again. He's wonderful. . . ."

As she said that, with a dreamy quality in her throaty voice, I could see once again the little girl with the brown hair and blue eyes. I knew, then, that I was hoping in the right direction.

But Universal seems to be about to give up hope on Deanna. Her contract runs out in September of 1949. It's now common knowledge it probably won't be renewed.

italy in the spring . . .

Deanna is still full of plans. It's just been announced that she'll be going to Italy next spring to make a picture with Gosfredo Alessandrini, one of the top Italian directors. The story will concern an American girl studying grand opera. Some extraordinarily fine films have been coming out of Italy of late and perhaps Deanna's will be another. If so—well, this might be the lady's salvation.

And she's told friends she'd like to go to New York and star in a musical. That has worked for others; it might be the ticket for Deanna. Betty Grable went back to New York, took a leading role in *Dubarry Was A Lady,* and returned to Hollywood an entirely new sensation.

When I asked Deanna about going to Broadway, she said: "I haven't made up my mind about it. I'd like to do a show on Broadway, but I haven't read any scripts as yet. I would enjoy the contact with a live audience. I'm sure it would improve both my acting and singing technique. . . . But if I went to New York to do a musical, I'd first want a period of months to train for the stage—it's so different from the screen." (That's characteristic of Deanna. She works hard to reach the highest point of perfection.)

Maybe a Broadway musical *would* do great things for Deanna. Maybe the Italian film will put her once again in the top brackets of popularity. But to me, there's another solution for Deanna's problem:

I want to hear one particular song from Deanna to round out the list of songs whose titles have reflected her story. .

I want to walk onto a motion picture set of a big Technicolor production. There I want to see a tremendous musical in the making, with a huge orchestra at the back of the stage. Beside the camera, in the director's chair, I want to see the waving arms and hear the knife-like voice of Henry Koster. Standing just behind Koster's chair, I want to see alert-eyed Joe Pasternak, producer.

In the center of that tremendous stage, surrounded by a setting worthy of her talents, I want to see the charm, the grace and the natural beauty of Deanna Durbin.

As the cameras start grinding to Koster's shout of "this is a take!" I want to hear one beautiful voice, Deanna's voice, singing a song symbolic of this scene.

And the title of the song could only be—"We're Back Together Again." THE END

HOUSE OF THE ONE-EYED GIRAFFE

(*Continued from page 51*)

as Kelly's locomotive, stuck down the back, gently nudges you.

You admire the gorgeous hooked rugs which stretch their mellow reds and greens from wall to wall. Dolores tells you they were made by a family at Redondo Beach. She points out the Hope initials worked into the corners, and remarks that Kelly took his first steps on these rugs.

Dolores loves "good" things, but also things which can be changed and adapted to a growing family's needs. "With four youngsters, our needs change constantly," she says. "For instance, right now we're living all over the house. Our bedrooms are in utter confusion at the moment as we work out plans to move the children into one wing of the house. Bob and I will have the center part to entertain our friends, and the other side will be for Bob's offices."

Making a home for four youngsters when the man of the house is dashing off on cross-country tours every few weeks, and sometimes every few days, is a task Dolores takes in stride. The average person may think that living with funny-man Hope is one long series of laughs. Dolores knows differently. Living with Hope is wonderful, she agrees, but catching him on the run to discuss household problems, tearing off to the airport to say goodbye or to welcome him home, and at the same time keeping her household running with precision, is quite a chore.

Bob has three secretaries and an assistant. Dolores has a secretary. She has, in addition, a cook, houseman, upstairs maid, and children's nurse to supervise. There are house plans to be studied, and small knees to be bandaged, along with the settling of school problems. Mrs. Hope does all this with a calm born of long experience. She can now plan her dinner menu with Kelly on her knee, with Tony at her elbow talking on the telephone, and with Bob and his writers, discussing his radio show not five feet away. She manages just fine, but she plans a few changes.

"We're going to make a terrace outside the living room. At one end, part of the children's section, we're going to put in a tennis court—and at the other end, a swimming-pool."

But before she does a single thing to the living-room, Dolores will transform the small, formal music room into a larger playroom for the children. It will be part of the children's wing.

"Tony and Linda have to have a room of their own to entertain their school friends. Bob and I believe that they can't start too young in learning to assume the responsibilities of host and hostess. Learning to mix with others is so important. We don't want them to think they're 'different' or 'special' because their father is a movie star. Yes, that problem has come up. For instance, at school the other day, Tony and Linda were asked for their autographs. When they came home and asked me what they should do about these requests, I suggested that they tell their friends: 'Our Daddy is the important one. If you want his autograph, we'll get it for you. But there's no real reason for you to want ours, is there?'

"The two older children are normal, bright-eyed kids who attend St. Charles School. They get an allowance of a dollar a week, and are expected to put half of that in the collection plate on Sundays. They have chores to do about the house, and they practice their piano and French lessons two afternoons a week.

salesman in the family . . .

"Tony has started his first business venture," Dolores confides. "He's selling subscriptions to his school paper as part of a drive his school is putting on. I let him have my personal telephone list, and he's very serious about calling my friends and putting on a sales campaign. Yesterday he called a wealthy widow, and told her with great earnestness that if she would only take a subscription from him she could save herself a whole dollar a year. Believe it or not, he sold her!"

But sometimes it doesn't quite work out that way. Tony called up his former nurse, a French girl whose English is still very shaky, and after inquiring about her health, he launched into his sales talk with a build-up about the Cleveland Indians. Did she know what the Indians were doing? Excited squawks from the other end of the line told him that Mam'zelle had no interest in wild Indians. Tony's explanation fell on deaf ears, and that was one occasion when he had "no sale."

Cozy spots for family chats abound in the Hope home. There's the playroom, its shelves lined with Bob's trophies and souvenirs, where Tony and his Dad can shoot a little pool. There's the music room with its deep grey carpet and softly-shaded lamps. There's the couch and wing chairs grouped about the television set in the living-room. But best of all, the Hopes like to gather in "the nook," located to the right of the living-room. Here, under a pastel portrait of Linda and Tony with "Red Son," their first dog, there's a strawberry-pink couch with room for the entire family. If things get a little crowded, and Bob's arms are too full of Kelly and Nora to encompass Tony, the subscription salesman will settle for the top of the coffee table. From there, Tony figures, you get a better view of your audience. A commanding position from which to say:

"Dad, when are you coming over to school again? I told the fellows in my grade that maybe you'd come next week."

One night, Linda, smoothing her tiny sister's dark curls, came out with the prize remark of the evening.

(*Continued on page 93*)



"You find our stubs, Henry—I'll get the Manager."



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THE ONLY CREME SHAMPOO USED BY MORE THAN 100,000 BEAUTICIANS

Don't sit on your hands!

Here is a quick beauty treatment for winter-roughened hands when an unexpected date catches up with you

BY CAROL CARTER,
BEAUTY EDITOR



Barbara Lawrence, 20th Century-Fox starlet, keeps hands beautiful with regular daily attention.

■ Here you are, all dressed up for a party—fresh wave, slick makeup job, a smart new dress and terrific shoes. Your hands, you notice with dismay, look like Cinderella's right after she'd finished carrying out the ashes. Suddenly, you resolve you'll never let them get in such a bedraggled state again. But what, oh, what do you do for immediate improvement?

First, give them a very careful soaking in warm, soapy water for five minutes and go after them with a nail brush—unless, of course, they are painfully chapped. Dry them carefully. Now work lots of rich hand cream into your hands, massaging well. Use a movement as though you were working a tight pair of gloves down over your fingers. In some of the more deluxe beauty shops they warm your hands at this point. You can do the same thing easily enough. Slip your hands into some light-weight old cotton gloves, then into rubber gloves and hold them under water that is hot enough to warm your hands thoroughly. Keep them there 8 or 10 minutes.

Nail-brush your finger-tips so you can apply polish. A rich red shade, if it goes with the clothes you are wearing, will whiten your hands. When you're sure you've finished with the soap-and-water part of your grooming and dressing, flatter your hands with a film of foundation cream.

Holding your hands up in the air for a few minutes is an old trick, so if your hands are beginning to look too rosy in the midst of the festivities, slip away to check your makeup and take time out to hold your hands aloft until they become smooth and white.

Of course, the smart thing is to keep them looking lovely every day in the winter. Never go out without warm gloves. Always dry your hands carefully. Use rubber gloves for dish-washing and household cleaning jobs. Use hand lotion or cream regularly. Not extravagant slathers days apart when you happen to think of it, but just a few drops after any prolonged wetting of your hands.

We know that keeping your hands good-looking during cold weather is a problem, but remember how they show up against the black and dark-browns of the winter wardrobe and you'll realize it's worth the effort.

(Continued from page 91)

"Daddy, when are you going to have Gregory Peck on your program? When is *he* going to say, 'What's Bob Hope got that I haven't got?' *You* say that about him every week, and I think it would be a good gag if he came and said it about *you*."

Bob, jumping to his feet with a baby under each arm, said: "That's a swell idea, we'll use it!" And he dashed off in search of Charlie Cooley, his assistant, to get it written in right away.

Bob and Dolores decided to remodel the house while he was still working on *The Paleface* at Paramount. They have decided that one room will remain intact through the tearing-down process, and that is the Pennsylvania Dutch breakfast room. Formerly a butler's pantry, the room is aglow with golden brown panelling, with cupboards scrolled and painted with floral designs. The children have their meals here, with the exception of special occasions when they dine formally in the dining room. When this happens, two pink-and-blue high chairs, are brought into use for the little ones.

Dolores is filled with plans for her brood. Notre Dame or Loyola University for Tony . . . Marymount Finishing School for Linda. And the babies? "I haven't thought much about the future for Kelly and Nora. I hope they'll stay little for quite a while yet." She lifts olive-skinned Nora from her lap with one deft movement, as she reaches for Kelly. He has just planted his woolly deer on the Welsh dresser. Firmly, Dolores hands it back to him.

the young rebel . . .

Kelly is the rebel of the brood. He got his hands slapped the other day for hurling his toys from the sun-deck above the garage after he'd been warned three times not to do so. Dolores punished him lightly, evoking indignant wails from the culprit, and causing tiny Nora to rush forward and fling her arms protectingly about her brother. These babies, not yet three, have a fanatic devotion for each other.

The older childen are firm friends, too. They have plenty of play time together, though they're expected to study for certain set hours, and to take care of their own rooms. Before they leave for school each morning, they make their beds, and tidy their clothes closets. The rooms are cleaned thoroughly once a week, by the maid, but for the rest of the time, the children are responsible for keeping everything in apple-pie order.

Bob Hope is the perfect father. Pandemonium breaks loose nightly when the master of the house comes home after his day's toil. Quite often his toil comes with him. One evening he burst through the doorway flanked by two writers and three secretaries. Tony put down his truck and made a flying tackle for Bob's knees. Linda grabbed his arm. Nora and Kelly fastened like clams around his ankles.

"Hello, dear," said Bob, over their heads, to Dolores. "Anything new, today?"

"Nothing much," answered Mrs. Hope brightly. "Just that the carpenters are here, and would like a few words with you before they knock out the bedroom walls. And I want you to move the babies' beds into our room and, oh, yes—there's somebody on the phone calling you from New York—what would you like to do first?"

Nora settled that problem. She held up a droopy doll, greyish in color. Its head hung sideways, and stuffing oozed from its neck.

"Daddy fix it?" she asked hopefully.

So he waved all other business aside while he sat on the stairway to cope with his younger daughter's pressing problem. First and foremost, Bob's a father.

THE END

METROPOLITAN OPERA STAR RISË STEVENS SAYS:

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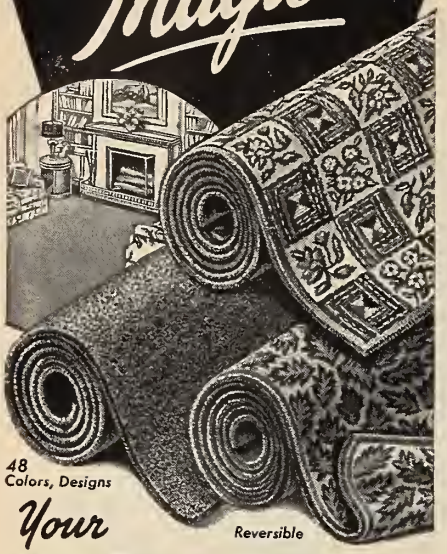
MARION PUNCH, R. N., says: "Pacquins Hand Cream is a 'must' on my chart! With the dozens of scrubbings my hands submit to every day, nothing less cherishing than Pacquins could keep them socially acceptable—soft, smooth, lovely. Pacquins was originally formulated for doctors and nurses."

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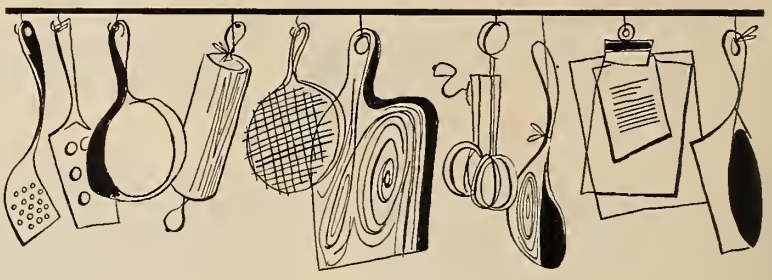
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fan fare



The boys missed a lot when Jean Peters asked them to stay home (see "Something Not For The Boys" on page 34). MODERN SCREEN's Reba and Bonnie Churchill carried their best lounging togs over to Jean's house and stayed to nibble on . . .

franks in blanks

■ Split frankfurter roll lengthwise and lay frankfurter on it. Top with a slice of cheese and bacon and place under broiler until well-browned. Of course, for a terrific effect you can add condiments such as catsup, mustard, relish, minced onion or hot sauce. This was favorite snack at Jean Peters' party.

apples on a stick (can be served cold if desired)

1 cup mild-flavored molasses
1 cup sugar
1 teaspoon cider vinegar
⅓ teaspoon salt
¼ cup water
2 tablespoons butter
12 small apples

■ Combine molasses, sugar, vinegar, salt and water. Cook slowly, stirring constantly to 270° F. (or when a small quantity dropped into cold water forms a hard ball). Remove from heat; add butter. Dip apples into syrup, covering entire surface. Place on waxed paper to cool. Insert wooden stick for holder.

pop corn balls

1¼ cups molasses
⅔ cup corn syrup
1 tablespoon butter or fortified margarine
⅛ teaspoon baking soda
4 quarts corn, slightly salted
½ cup chopped peanuts, raisins or semi-sweet chocolate, optional

■ Cook together molasses, corn syrup and shortening until small amount, when dropped in cold water, becomes brittle. Stir in soda and pour over popped corn until each piece is coated. Add peanuts, raisins or semi-sweet chocolate bits, if desired. Shape into balls. Makes about 14 large balls.

hot chocolate (can be served cold if desired)

1 tablespoon ground chocolate (unsweetened)
A dash of salt, allspice, cinnamon and nutmeg
2 teaspoons sugar
¾ cup milk
1 egg

■ Mix chocolate, sugar, salt and all spices with a little milk. (Enough milk to make a smooth paste). Stir in remaining milk, add egg, and beat thoroughly and serve.
For hot chocolate, heat milk.

cocoa whipped cream

2 tablespoons cocoa
2 tablespoons sugar
⅛ tablespoon salt
1 cup heavy cream

■ Mix together cocoa, sugar, and salt. Add cream gradually, stirring to keep mixture smooth. Chill one hour, then whip with rotary egg beater until mixture is stiff. Makes about two cups—delicious to top hot chocolate drinks.

MEXICAN ESCAPADE

(Continued from page 47)

vacationers were to defeat the panting newspapermen at every turn throughout their stay in Mexico City.

(A fellow passenger reported that Ali had hidden in the men's room of the plane until after the takeoff in Los Angeles, to avoid photographers, and that he and Rita had sat side by side throughout most of the trip and were "very lovey-dovey.")

While the skirmish was going on at the airport, I had been standing in the lobby of the big new Hotel Del Prado in downtown Mexico City, where Rita had reserved accommodations for "one suite and two single rooms." With me was Frank Tremaine, manager of the Mexico City bureau of the United Press. We figured, at 9:45 A.M., that Rita and Ali would be showing up any minute. We waited. And waited. When they didn't come, we began to get suspicious. Then the truth dawned on us.

Rita had made reservations at the Del Prado in order to send the press to that hotel while she and her Prince pulled an "incognito" gag and quietly established themselves in another hotel! The Prince, Rita, and her "retinue" (which included her secretary, Miss Shifra Haran) were comfortably ensconced at the other hotel before anybody could snap a picture or attempt an interview.

Naturally, the press tried to reach them by telephone. "Miss Hayworth is sleeping and cannot be disturbed," was the answer the management gave to all calls up until 3 P.M. when Miss Haran finally started answering the 'phone.

the vigil . . .

Reporters and photographers started camping out in the lobby of Rita's hotel. They had a long wait because the couple didn't come out. The manager blandly stated that "Ali Khan is not registered."

About four o'clock on Monday afternoon, a non-employee of the hotel was sauntering along the fourth floor corridor and saw porters carrying additional furniture into Suite 401. Standing in the doorway, directing the moving, was a beautiful blonde in a sky-blue housecoat.

This man asked Miss Hayworth (whom he recognized), "Can you tell me something about your future plans?"

Rita blinked and snapped, "No, no, I can't!"—and slammed the door in his face. She seemed disconcerted by this unexpected *contretemps*. After that, there was one such situation after another, each more improbable than the last. . . .

Monday night, Nov. 1—Rita and Prince Ali dined in the night club of their hotel. (No photos—no interviews!)

Tuesday night, Nov. 2—Rita and Ali danced cheek-to-cheek and drank champagne in Victor Sanchez' night club, the Intime. (No photos—no interviews!)

Wednesday, Nov. 3—Just before noon, Rita sneaked out of the hotel by way of the restaurant (which faces one street) and Prince Ali by way of the flower shop (which faces another street). Rita entered a dark red limousine and was whisked away into the traffic. Prince Ali stepped into a black limousine which awaited him at the curb outside the flower shop. He also was whisked away.

Three blocks from the starting point, Prince Ali's limousine halted alongside Rita's, he got out of his car, entered hers, and kissed her warmly on the cheek. Then they laughed gaily and ordered the chauffeur to drive them to "the Pyramids" (the famous Aztec "Pyramid of the Sun" and "Pyramid of the Moon" at San Juan de



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Teotihuacan, located about a half-hour's drive from Mexico City).

Wednesday night, Nov. 3—Rita and Ali made no public appearance.

Thursday night, Nov. 4—While Rita and Ali were enjoying the intimate, low-lighted atmosphere of the Intime, their hotel was crawling with photographers. Fourteen of them prowled the lobby, the bar, and the restaurant, and covered every entrance and exit of the hotel. This time, they vowed, they'd get a picture of the elusive twosome.

Meantime, at the Intime, only *one* photographer was on the snoop. Juan Guzmán, known locally as "the lens boy who never misses," had the field to himself. He focused—and was seized and tossed out of the place by strong-arm experts and threatened with the "personal protection" law—which I'll tell you about in a minute—if he succeeded in getting a picture of Rita and her Prince together.

"Why?" yelled Guzmán, backed by the towering indignation of his colleagues. "What's this secrecy all about? They've been photographed together all over Europe. Why not in Mexico?"

No answer was forthcoming. Later, nobody answered the telephone at Rita's apartment and Ali was "not available."

personal protection . . .

Now I'll tell you about Mexico City's six-months-old "personal protection law." Up until six months ago, a number of shady characters, armed with cameras, roamed freely among the tables in Mexico City's swankiest restaurants, bars and night clubs, snapping pictures at will. The "take" from these pictures was lush. These "photographers," out for blackmail, specialized in pictures of married men (or women) who'd gone out for an evening of fun with companions not their legal mates. The price for "silence," plus the negative, was high. The lens lizards rolled in *pesos*. Then, Fernando Casas Alemán, Governor of the *Distrito Federal* (Federal District—like our District of Columbia) and cousin of President Miguel Alemán, issued a decree barring the taking of any and all pictures which were not sanctioned by those to be photographed. Knowing this, Rita and Ali hid behind this decree in perfect security.

"But," said the legitimate press photographers, comforting each other's injured feelings, "this decree holds only in the *Distrito Federal!* Wait until they go to Acapulco!"

Then, under pressure from the newspapers, the manager of Rita's hotel gave in and somehow persuaded Rita to hold a press conference. He called the reporters and photographers to his private office at four o'clock Friday afternoon. Expecting to catch Rita and Ali together "under correct conditions"—with freedom to fire questions and flash bulbs—the reporters were all very excited.

There was a half-hour wait. Finally, Rita came in—alone!

As she sat nervously answering questions—some of them, anyhow—Rita seemed very tired, with dark circles under her beautiful eyes. She wore a simple, medium-length, unadorned black dress and skyscraper-heeled black suede shoes. Her only jewelry was an oval-shaped gold medallion of Mexico's patron saint, the Virgin of Guadalupe, rimmed with 11 sizable diamonds.

"May I ask who gave you the medallion?" one reporter inquired.

"Yes," replied Rita with a smile. "My agent, Johnny Hyde."

Disappointment could actually be *felt* in the room. Here was the "Lady of the Royal Romance" without her Prince, not wearing even one of the fabled diamonds, rubies, emeralds or sapphires of Prince Ali's vast collection! This, thought the romantic press gang, was a definite letdown.

To the direct question, "Are you planning to marry Prince Ali Khan when your divorce from Orson Welles is final on November 10th?" Rita replied, "That is my personal life and I have no statement to make."

From Hollywood, it had been reported that Rita and the Prince would be aboard the Pan-American plane bound for Miami on November 14th, but Rita wouldn't talk of her plans—or say anything whatsoever that would give a line on her and Ali Khan.

That night, after the press conference, Rita and Ali enjoyed a quiet dinner with wines at the fashionable Ambassadeurs restaurant on the *Paseo de la Reforma*, completely immune from the press boys, who didn't know where they were. For three hours, the two held hands and exchanged soft glances oblivious of the other diners—not one of whom had thought of bringing a camera.

On Saturday night, Rita, elegantly and formally gowned and accompanied by her Prince in a faultlessly-tailored dark gray suit, entered the dining room of their hotel. Up popped photographer Victor de Palma, an old friend of Rita's. They exchanged *saludos* and Vic focused his camera. He flashed. He had his picture—the first and only picture obtained of Rita and Ali together in Mexico City.

Nobody said a word. Prince Ali winked one eye—that was all. Out of nowhere appeared two detectives who grabbed Vic's camera, opened it, exposed the film to the glare of a bright table lamp, and handed the camera back to Vic.

"The gentleman doesn't want his picture taken," they told De Palma in the understatement of the year.

Early the next morning I caught several of Mexico's top photographers readying their cameras at the biggest bullring in the world, the *Plaza Mexico*—where Rita and Ali just *had* to be together! The photographers had checked the number of the tickets which Rita had personally ordered and paid for. This time they wouldn't miss—"with these telescopic lenses she won't even see us!"

They primed their cameras, crossed their fingers, and waited for the hands of their watches to point to 4 p.m.—the hour of the *desfile de matadores* (opening parade) of the *Fiesta Brava*.

Came the hour. The *matadores, picadores* and *ayudantes,* in glittering gold-and-silver-embroidered trappings, filed into the gigantic *Plaza* to the tune of the spine-thrilling music of *"La Virgen de la Macarena."* With field glasses, the press boys trained their eyes on the box in which Rita and Ali were due to be seated.

In those seats were two bellboys from the hotel!

the scene shifts . . .

Checking the airport, the newshounds' worst fears were realized. Rita and Prince Ali had left for Acapulco, aboard a private plane, at 10:30 that morning.

Now let's go back two years or so to the summer of 1946. Rita was then still married to Orson Welles and they and their *Lady From Shanghai* company were on location in Acapulco, living in a hilltop hotel overlooking blue Acapulco Bay.

Errol Flynn was in Acapulco, having put in at the tropical port en route to Europe aboard his yacht, *Zaca*. Errol's presence in Acapulco was perfectly timed, since Welles needed a yacht for scenes for his picture. He made a deal with Flynn to rent the *Zaca*. And so Flynn and his crew remained.

Now, the *Zaca's* first mate was the blond Swiss, Teddy Stauffer, erstwhile manager of Mexico City's Casanova night club (now closed), a musician-of-sorts and an intimate of the international set. He had shipped on as a crew member of the *Zaca* on Flynn's promise to take him to Europe—his first chance to visit Rome since the end of the war.

Orson and Rita were fighting constantly all through the filming of *Lady From Shanghai*. Orson was going out night after night and leaving Rita alone at the hilltop hotel. Always by her side at the bar was Teddy Stauffer. His shoulder was a handy one to cry on—and Rita used it.

Shortly after her return to Hollywood, Rita filed suit for divorce and Teddy Stauffer showed up in the film capital. Rita sailed for Europe after her divorce was granted. Stauffer, it happened, was aboard the same ship.

Somewhere along the line, after they hit Europe, Rita and Teddy became separated. Then, on the French Riviera, Rita found her long-lost Prince Ali Khan—whom she had met in Hollywood a number of years before. Ali took one look—and then was *really* lost.

Well, Rita and Ali escaped from Mexico City to Acapulco—and one of the most interesting things about this is that Teddy Stauffer nowadays is manager of the Hotel Casablanca, one of Acapulco's leading hostelries. . . .

Acapulco—Rita and Ali arrived in Acapulco on Sunday, November 7. They had made reservations at the Hotel Casablanca—and, pulling the same dodge as they did in Mexico City, they checked in at the Hotel de las Americas instead.

In Acapulco, a famous American news magazine had made elaborate preparations to photograph the elusive couple. Cameras with telephoto lenses were concealed at



that's hollywood!

"No matter how much money I make, I cannot buy the things taken for granted as part of any American's way of life. Any restaurant, anywhere, will serve him a glass of water. He and his children can use any public lavatory in any state of the Union. In case of an emergency, any hospital will admit him. He can drop into any church for a word of prayer. Any free library is open for his use—and his children are welcome in any public school.

"He can ride as he pleases in any form of public transportation. He stands an even chance, along with others of his background, training and experience, when he applies for a job. If he has any money, he can spend it wherever he pleases. He can get a room in any hotel in any city in the country. He can buy a meal in any restaurant. He can live in any section of the city he chooses which is within his financial means.

"I can't!"

That's frank and forthright talk—not from an impoverished member of the minority, but from a glamorous, $5,000-a-week actress—Lena Horne. It's from her forthcoming autobiography, "In Person" (Boni and Gaer), and just a sample of its eye-opening and, we hope, mind-opening chapters.

Irving Hoffman in
The Hollywood Reporter

numerous strategic points commanding views of places where, it was thought, Rita and Ali would be practically certain to appear together.

But once again the photographers were thwarted. During their entire stay in Acapulco, Rita and the Prince sallied forth together only once, when they took off in a hired automobile. When this occurred, there were no hidden cameras set up in the proper spot—and the men from the news magazine didn't dare to run up and snap away, since this, they feared, would cause their quarry to leave the city promptly, thus ruining the possibility of getting much more interesting shots later on with the concealed cameras.

And why didn't anybody else manage to get pictures for the newspapers and magazines? The explanation is simple. Prince Ali had a standing offer of 1,000 pesos for the negative of any photo of him and Rita together. The press was offering 150 pesos. So it's understandable that, if any *were* achieved, none was ever printed.

Aside from that automobile outing, Rita made no public appearances, whatsoever, with Ali. He frequently went swimming, at the beach and in the hotel pool—but Rita seldom stirred from her suite and remained in bed daily until long after noon.

Mexico City—Rita and Ali returned to the capital by car on Thursday, November 18. They checked into the Hotel Del Prado under the names of Margaret Wells of Hollywood and Albert Cameron of Beverly Hills. Here they continued as they had in Acapulco, never venturing forth together until, on November 24, they left by plane for Havana.

steamed-up press . . .

A report on the Mexico City doings of Rita and Ali wouldn't be complete without the inclusion of a few comments by the steamed-up press.

Wrote Julio Sorel in the newspaper *Novedades:* "Rita said nothing when she arrived in Mexico. . . . We send a bunch of black narcissi, Rita. . . . Welcome to Mexico . . . woman who walks asleep . . . volcano covered with snow, with sun on its crest and beauty in the architecture of body!"

And Clara Montes in *Universal Grafico*: "We remember, barely three years ago, when Rita attended a party in the American Embassy, on the arm of the dynamic Orson Welles, then her husband. Now, they are separated by a half-world of distance and coldness, Orson in Rome, Rita in Mexico. And between them (is) the figure of Ali Khan. . . .

"With an Embassy as a background and Orson Welles . . . at her side, Rita seemed scarcely touched with makeup, simply dressed. She was the most gentile and distinguished woman in the gathering of distinguished women. The men envied Rita, and love seemed to surround their young heads like a halo. And now, Rita is here with us (again), but invisible to the press!

"The hotel administration was besieged by reporters the day Rita arrived with her Prince. While the world shakes with such transcendental news as Chiang Kai-Shek's defeat in China and the Presidential election in the United States, the press of Mexico City follows the trail of Rita and her Prince!"

Yes, the press of Mexico City was steamed up—and completely frustrated—by Rita and Prince Ali, who wanted a quiet holiday together, unmolested by the pryings of the outside world.

Yes, Rita and Prince Ali won a great victory in their battle for privacy.

Or did they? THE END

Are you in the know?



Which square dance step is he calling?

☐ *Birdie in the Cage* ☐ *Address Partners* ☐ *Dasey-do*

How about giving a square dance party? Scene: your home (playroom preferred!). Music: courtesy of folk dance discs or the crowd's own vocal cords. First, learn the steps and calls—such as "Birdie in the Cage" (see illus above). And don't let difficult days keep *you* "caged," when Kotex can free you from discomfort. Made to stay soft while you wear it, Kotex gives softness that *holds its shape*. And see how freely your new, all-elastic Kotex Sanitary Belt lets you bend—because it's adjustable; doesn't bind!



How to cope with a cowlick?

☐ *Fight it*
☐ *Favor it*
☐ *Forget it*

Ornery critters—cowlicks. You can neither take 'em or leave 'em. But if you favor a cowlick by parting the hair directly into the center of that stubborn tuft—it behaves! There's another smart plan you can favor, at certain times. That's trying the *3 absorbencies* of Kotex—to find the one just right for *you*. Remember all 3 have an exclusive *safety center*, assuring you of *extra* protection with Regular, Junior or Super Kotex. Keeps you extra confident!



What "new note" does this coat bring?

☐ *Back interest*
☐ *A break for tall teens*
☐ *Another beauty ritual*

Each answer is correct. The coat shown has new "back interest"; styling that flatters "glamazons." The new beauty ritual? Neck care! That collar-rubbing means extra scrubbing and softening (with lotion) to save your neck. Back interest in *dresses* is often a matter of eye-catching *trimming*, rather than flare. So on "those" days, choose the napkin that prevents telltale outlines! With those special, *flat pressed ends* of Kotex, you're smooth—from any view!



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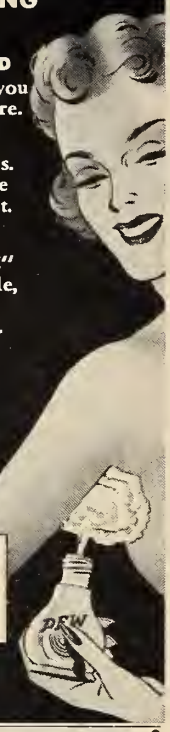
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When Nature "forgets"... remember
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THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

THE GIRL HE CAN'T FORGET

(*Continued from page 41*)

star in Hollywood. When Cary first caught sight of her on the *Queen Elizabeth* he blinked and suddenly remembered he'd seen her on the London stage in *Deep Are The Roots.* Her performance in that play had impressed him, but, at the time, he hadn't particularly wanted to meet her. However, seeing her on the boat at close quarters, and with moon rhyming with June, it was a different brew of witchery.

So it was normal and natural that when the boat docked, they made a date to meet in Manhattan. Cary was due to report to Hollywood for the lead in *Every Girl Should Be Married.* His co-stars were to have been Jennifer Jones and Barbara Bel Geddes. But David Selznick, who owns Miss Jones, said she was available only on condition that the rest of the package also came from his stable of stars—which includes Joseph Cotten, Shirley Temple, Guy Madison, Robert Mitchum and Alida Valli. Producer-director Don Hartman said, "I want Cary Grant, or nothing." At which very strategic point Cary said, "And I want Betsy Drake or nothing." It was no romance, he was very careful to point out—just helping a good little performer.

no romance . . .

And it was still "no romance," from Betsy as well as Cary, all during the shooting of the picture—even though they dined together every single night in Cary's permanent dressing room on the RKO lot, and lunched together every day. Sometimes, it was with the rest of the company for lunch, but it was always tete-a-tete for dinner. The reason they gave for the quiet dinners together was that they were studying the script. They found it superfluous to add that they were also studying each other.

On the set, Cary spent more time in Betsy's dressing room than in his own. And one time, when Betsy had to do a very emotional scene, Cary ordered everyone off the set.

One wonderful thing Betsy has done for Cary is to extinguish completely the torch he was carrying for Barbara Hutton, Mrs. Grant Number 2. It happened when they were on location in San Francisco with their picture. Cary received a wire from Barbara in Europe wishing him luck. At that time, San Francisco spelled "Barbara" for Cary. They had spent a lot of time there in the early happy years of their marriage and the city was full of tender, happy memories for them both.

After receiving the wire, Cary was moody all day. Betsy, wise for her years, ignored the moodiness without knowing its cause. During dinner she prattled about herself and the movie. By the time coffee was served, Cary had forgotten his gloom. And now San Francisco means "Betsy" at least as much as "Barbara." Not more, probably, because Cary never completely falls out of love with his former wives.

Cary was still not securely established in Hollywood when he and his first wife, Virginia Cherrill, were married back in 1932. And so there were financial difficulties to intensify the battles brought on by fundamental differences in temperament. Virginia always wanted to have lots of people around; Cary didn't. Virginia was extremely frank and outspoken; Cary is easy-going and diplomatic. After one of the most tempestuous marriages ever recorded in Hollywood, they parted. Yet, when Virginia visited Hollywood after their divorce, she and Cary went around together so much that several columnists predicted they'd re-marry. And even when he was with Betsy last summer in Europe, it's a cinch that he went to see the ailing Barbara Hutton.

What caused Cary's divorce from Barbara could never happen with Miss Drake. In the first important place, Cary had absolutely nothing in common with Barbara. She didn't like the motion picture business or picture personalities. She hated living in Hollywood. All her close friends were European. Her house was always full of members of the international set. Her first and third husbands were Prince Midvani and Prince Troubetsky.

Cary, born in Britain, loves Hollywood. And he loathes society parties. He and Barbara battled continuously about the parties and what he should wear for them. Cary wanted to stay home in old clothes and read a book. Barbara insisted on a tuxedo and elegant conversation with the international set. Sometimes he'd go along with her on this. Sometimes he wouldn't. I remember Cary once walked out on one of Barbara's own parties at their mansion!

Betsy hates big parties as much as Cary does. And she is, if anything, more shy and reserved than he is. In fact, Cary has tried to teach her to expand with people because he thinks it will help her career.

"When in doubt, whisper in my ear," Cary has told Betsy. They are now two of the greatest whisperers in the world. When Betsy has anything important to say, she puts her lips close to Cary's always listening ear. Even in Alcatraz—for a scene in their picture, of course! Betsy kept pulling Cary into an unused cell for a whispering session. No matter where they are, she draws him apart and whispers. And Cary loves it!

With Betsy he doesn't have to worry about how to amuse her. She likes everything. Recently he took her to see the long-



critic's corner

WHAT PAPER DO YOU READ?

Blood On The Moon, a sombre Western, must have gone stodgy somewhere between scripts and editing. At the Globe, it unreels a dark and dismal picture, confusing to the city slicker through at least its whole first reel, then not so much to make yippee about!

Irene Thirer
New York Post

The Globe is showing a Western with a top-notch cast, the kind of cast usually absent from horse opera. *Blood On The Moon* is an action film, with plenty of melodrama, hard riding, murder and sudden death. . . . This is an outdoor drama which moves right along, something happens every minute, and that something usually in the homicidal line. *Blood On The Moon* lives up to its title.

Eileen Creelman
The New York Sun

Although Robert Mitchum gets himself shot, stabbed and beaten up during the course of *Blood On The Moon,* the new film at the Globe emerges as a curiously static Westerner.

Rose Pelswick
Daily Mirror

running and very popular Ken Murray's Blackouts. At the show, Ken turned the spotlight on Cary and he took a bow—something he'd never have done in his pre-Betsy Drake days.

Betty Hensel, the blonde beauty who followed blonde Barbara, was more on the Betsy Drake side than the other loves of Cary Grant. She is very simple in her tastes and, although a socialite, not too social—more on the intellectual side.

This romance came to a sudden end when Cary, who is usually very faithful to his loves while he is loving, suddenly found himself falling hard for one of his leading ladies—who, by the way, also has a B in her name. He did not, of course, declare himself, because the lady was—and still is—married. But Betty didn't like it—and took a powder. She is now working as a model at Adrian's.

Cary has hundreds of acquaintances, but few close friends. And yet, more than any man I know, he wants to be loved. And women want to love him—he *is* so fascinating and eligible and attractive! I remember how Marilyn Maxwell carried on when Cary asked for a dinner date. She was like a freshman escorted to a prom by the Yale football captain. And when Cary was starring in *Night and Day* at Warners, Dorothy Malone used to swoon, just about, at his feet. And Bette Davis, working on a nearby set, found lots of reasons to visit him for long, intimate chats. (During Mr. Grant's gay bachelor days with Randy Scott, when they shared the same house in Santa Monica, they could have used five secretaries to handle all the calls from girls.)

between romances . . .

Now, don't get me or Cary wrong—between his romances, he is like any other carefree wolf on the prowl. It's only when he's considering marriage that Cary clams up and brackets a girl's affection with his suspicion. But I do believe that Miss Drake has broken through the Grant caution of the past 10 years. It's true that he has already done more for her career than any ten agents could do, and even today Betsy is more interested in a career than in marriage—but she seems to love him and, I'm sure, he looks on her as being the square-shooter she obviously is.

Regardless of whether Betsy marries Cary or not, I am convinced she will continue as a movie actress. I don't think she'd be happy with anybody in married retirement. But to do a Mr.-and-Mrs. acting job like Humphrey Bogart and Lauren Bacall or Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne—well, that would be very okay with Betsy.

There is an erroneous belief in Hollywood that Cary owns Miss Drake's movie contract, along with her heart. "I don't," Cary told me when I queried him. "But," he added with a smile, "I suppose I can always get her if I want her!"

Betsy's contract belongs 50 per cent to Howard Hughes and 50 per cent to David Selznick. When David could not sell his own girls to RKO for *Every Girl Should Be Married*, he did the next best thing—he bought half of Betsy. But both Selznick and Hughes have an understanding with Mr. Grant that any time he wants her for his pictures, he gets her. And that's good business for Selznick and Hughes—because every woman star in Hollywood yearns to get Cary as her co-star.

There's talk already of a follow-up for *Every Girl Should Be Married*—to show what happens after Betsy bags the man of her choice. That should be very interesting. The movie will, of course, have a happy ending.

And it's time for Cary to have a happy ending in his real-life mating. I think this time he will. THE END

Is this Young Wife
WRECKING HER MARRIAGE . . .



because her knowledge about these INTIMATE PHYSICAL FACTS is not complete or scientific?

When a young wife doesn't get off on the right start in married life for this reason—often her husband begins to show a cool indifference and honeymoon days are definitely over.

All too often a woman foolishly follows *old-fashioned* and *wrong* advice of friends. If only married women would realize how important vaginal douching often is to intimate feminine cleanliness, charm, health and marriage happiness. And what's *more important*—if only they'd learn about this newer, scientific method of douching with modern ZONITE.

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HOLLYWOOD'S CRUELEST HOAXES

(*Continued from page 57*)

he usually picks on the most loved personalities.

A good friend of Clark Gable's reported that the worst day he ever spent in his life came when rumor swept through his Army camp that Gable had been killed.

"For some reason I can't explain," he said, "I actually believed it, perhaps by the sheer weight of the number of people who told me. I believed it so strongly that when on the same day there was a news broadcast concerning the death of President Roosevelt, I scoffed at that—it seemed so impossible."

Some day, perhaps, the arch fiend who has menaced the Bing Crosby family will be located, locked up in an insane asylum or dealt with otherwise, according to the proper legal methods. It's an unsolved mystery whether or not the person was insane, who somehow discovered the telephone number of the Crosby home some years ago and called to tell Dixie that Bing, then on tour with Bob Hope, had met sudden death. Nevertheless, a similar call has been repeated almost yearly. The last was in the form of a message to columnist Jimmy Starr. It was three a.m. when Jimmy was wakened by the insistent ringing of his telephone. Sleepily, he cursed the fates that had made him a news-hound and answered.

"Huh? What's that you say? . . . Crosby dropped dead just now on the golf course? . . . Why, nuts to you! You thought I'd be glad to get the scoop? . . . Well, I sure am. If Crosby is out playing golf at three a.m., he *should* drop dead—and so should you!"

Jimmy hung up and went back to sleep. The rumor didn't. A couple of other columnists had already given credence to the story, and as they checked its authenticity, the rumor began to spread.

Psychiatry has a definition for the warped minds capable of concocting such stories and deliberately launching them. The person who originates such a rumor is as temporarily insane as the fire bug who sets a blaze and then turns in the alarm so that he may watch the fire engines. The only difference is that the death rumormonger is more difficult to detect since his presence on the scene may be in one of a hundred thousand homes as he looks feverishly through the morning papers to find news of the havoc he has wrought.

narrow escape . . .

An imaginative script-writer could concoct an amazing mystery over the recent events in the lives of Ida Lupino and her husband, Collier Young. Early one evening, shortly after dusk, the two were in their bedroom, dressing for dinner. Their conversation was punctuated by a flat noise like a slap, followed by a shower of glass. They turned to see a bullet hole in a bedroom window.

Both Ida and her husband are sensible people. It could have been an accident, for they live on the top of a mountain off Mulholland Drive and on occasions there has been illegal target-practice and rabbit-hunting. Immediately, they reported the matter to the police, who had a similar theory. They felt better, until two nights later both their dogs disappeared.

Now Ida was convinced that something was afoot. And she had sufficient reason. Only a few years ago, while a member of the Women's Ambulance Corps, she had suffered a cruel trick at the hands of some unknown tormentor. Early one evening, she received a telephone call, telling her to take her station wagon to a specified corner and wait there for the arrival of a truck which was to bring an iron lung for an urgent hospital case. Ida didn't question the call. She hurried to the appointed place and waited. She waited for three hours, in her mind picturing the scene in which some patient was dying for want of the iron lung. Finally, she borrowed a nearby phone, checked every official contact she had, and finally became convinced that she was the victim of an unbelievable hoax.

Again, mysterious things have begun to happen to Ida. Of course, her fears were allayed in the case of her dogs' disappearance when they were discovered, several days later, in the pound where they had been mistakenly taken by some householder who lived at the bottom of the canyon. There may have been nothing to those recent events. But then again . . .

target for tonight . . .

Movie stars have for years been "target for tonight" for innumerable hoax artists. Some of the hoaxers are sad cases—people who have lost their sanity and whose hallucinations happen by accident to involve famous people. One of these was a former service man who came to Hollywood and began to hang around Van Johnson's home. He claimed that the actor had "sent for him." It developed that this poor lad suffered from severe mental dislocation due to his fighting in the South Seas, and his last memory seemed to be of a picture in which Van had appeared.

Sometimes a star may innocently start a chain of events that brings to light the number of hoaxers who live throughout the country. This happened to Ann Sothern, who once allowed a writer to tell the story of her missing sister. Ann had not seen the girl, who was actually her half-sister, since the two were youngsters. She sincerely wanted to get in touch with her, and after considerable convincing of a skeptical editor, the story was published. Immediately there came a flood of letters from young women. Some said they "thought" they might be the lost sister. Others, the majority, insisted that they were, and many of them asked for money.

Almost six weeks passed before a letter came from a young lady who described in detail what each had worn on the last day they had seen each other. In addition, she presented evidence that could not be contradicted. Ann welcomed the girl when she arrived in Hollywood for a visit, and as if all the other certainties were not enough proof, the sister stayed only a few weeks and then went happily home to the Middle West. Despite this, Ann still received letters for months from impostors.

Perhaps the worst of all hoax artists are the parents who deliberately offer their children for adoption. Then, after a year or two has passed, they manage to find out who has the child. They claim a "change of heart," and threaten court action unless the child is returned. Not so peculiarly, this seldom happens unless the parents are wealthy—or in the movie business. And also invariably, just before the child is returned there is the hint that they can be persuaded to forget all about it for a certain amount of money. Joan Crawford once suffered through such a trying experience, about which she refuses now to discuss details. To her credit, however, it may be said that this has not prevented her from further adoption plans, nor has she ever had anything but highest praise for legitimate agencies of adoption.

Another star, who must remain nameless,

endured perhaps the most cruel of all hoaxes, brought about by human avarice. While on a personal appearance tour, she offered to do charity work One day she went into a poor section of an Eastern city, bringing a huge basket of food to a poor family in which there were eight children. She talked with the mother who said it would be wonderful if at least one of her children could have a real chance in life.

The star arranged to bring the baby to Hollywood, and further provided for clothes and a small income for the family. For three years the child remained with her. Then, to her utter amazement, the day came when the entire family arrived in a battered old car and demanded the child.

Reluctantly, the star gave up custody. Later she discovered that the woman's sister had talked her into demanding the youngster back in hopes of securing more money. Embittered, the star refused, and when some years later the boy came to her home and asked to see her, she refused.

Happily, the same star today has children of her own.

pathetic case . . .

Sometimes, but only rarely, one must feel a little sorry for the one who perpetrates a hoax, even if it does cause temporary heartache for the innocent victims. For instance, how would you have felt if you were Mrs. M. G. Mature of Louisville, Kentucky, and received a letter like this:

Dear Mrs. Mature:

Or shall I call you mother? You may be surprised to hear this, but your son Victor and I were married six months ago, just before he sailed for overseas.

We were going to keep it a secret, but I lost my job and I am going to have a baby. That's the reason I am writing you this letter. I am not a Hollywood glamour girl —just a store clerk. I want to be a good wife and I know that the way things are, you will want me to come and live with you until Victor comes home.

I am very handy and can cook and sew. Until I can arrange to come to Louisville, will you please see that Victor's allotment is sent to me each month?

Love,

.....

Fortunately for the peace of mind of Vic's mother, she knew that he had been out of the country for over a year and that he had never been in the state from which the girl wrote. There was no other choice. The letter had to be turned over to the authorities. The girl was discovered to be temporarily deranged as a result of an unhappy love affair. She was treated kindly and the whole affair was soon forgotten.

Both Mickey Rooney and Shirley Temple have at different times, when they were youngsters, suffered from widespread rumors that they were midgets! These were curiously persistent for a long time, and visitors on the set frequently asked to have a close look at them to make sure they were "real, normal youngsters." In this case, studios have believed that some jealous mother, who wanted her own child to be a star and foolishly hoped that by getting Mickey or Shirley out of the way, she could achieve that ambition, was responsible.

No one can estimate the number of blackmail cases which annually are nipped in the bud. They have been familiar to Hollywood way back to the time that a girl named Daisy DeVoe, who had been secretary to Clara Bow, went to jail for allegedly trying to extract money from the star.

Recently there was the case of George Raft and a girl whose name was briefly linked with his, in a story that provided



Congratulations, sir! Your bandaged beak is a badge of honor!

It's a symbol of service . . . a sure sign that you, like most of us these days, have been keeping your nose to the grindstone—working your hardest just to keep your family living the way you want them to live.

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almost a week of juicy headlines. George had dated the girl several times. He had given her presents, including some jewelry. This was not unusual for George, who is noted for his generosity.

In this case, however, the story popped up that George had demanded the return of the presents.

This was not the truth. Then, as the story gained momentum, there was a threatened lawsuit. The stories grew more and more confusing, then faded abruptly.

Public opinion was that George had "settled" the case. He had done nothing of the sort. Instead, he hired a private detective. The sleuth got in touch with the "investigator" who had been digging into this chapter of George's life. He suggested that he had some inside on Raft that would pay off big. The alleged investigator fell for the trap, reported to his fellow conspirators and a hidden camera photographed them as they talked.

Faced with this evidence of a plot against Raft and the threat of court action, they backed off.

What have you heard whispered about movie stars recently? That Nelson Eddy is going blind? That a certain star couldn't get a divorce from her husband because she had, in fact, never married him? These are old Hollywood bromides, but in their day such rumors have driven studio investigators a little crazy.

Fortunately, the police in Los Angeles, Beverly Hills and other communities in which stars live are peculiarly alert to the problems of celebrities. Most hoax artists simply haven't a chance.

Loretta Young will now notify police of even the slightest suspicion. Not long ago, the nurse asked Loretta and her husband, Tom Lewis, whether they had been unable to sleep the night before.

"Sleep?" Loretta asked. "We slept like logs."

"And you weren't prowling around upstairs about three this morning?"

"No."

"Well," the nurse said, "somebody was."

Loretta paid little heed to the incident, and that day she and her husband left for a short Palm Springs vacation. The same night their home was robbed of several thousands of dollars in jewels and furs.

An ordinary robbery?

Not by any means. This "job" was pulled by hoax artists—in the opinion of the police who investigated. The theory was that the thieves were former "servants" who had worked in the home before Loretta and Tom purchased it. They had keys and were able to leisurely "case" the place.

servant problem . . .

Do you wonder that stars investigate their servants with a thoroughness comparable to an FBI examination before hiring them? Is it so amazing that stars divulge their telephone numbers to only a few people, change those numbers with great frequency, and live behind electrically operated gates?

As you read this, a hoax artist is at work somewhere, figuring an idea to bring shame and misery to someone in Hollywood.

Let's hope that he'll be caught in the act and punished—but if he should happen to be successful, let him be like the little man who, in the long parade of cruel hoax fiends, provided a comic touch.

It happened when John Wayne and Johnny Weissmuller were living with two producer friends in a big penthouse apartment. They were enjoying a carefree bachelor life and the place was always filled with companions, some of whom almost lived there. Among these people was an omnipresent, personable fellow. He drank their liquor, made long-distance calls and enjoyed the run of the apartment.

One day, Johnny Wayne said to Johnny Weissmuller, "I don't like to pry into your private affairs, but I think that friend of yours, little What's-His-Name, is something of a louse—and on top of that, a deadly bore."

"Friend of mine?" Weissmuller exclaimed. "I thought he was a friend of *yours!*"

That night they compared notes with their two other roommates. Neither of them knew the little man and each assumed that he was the friend of one of the other tenants.

That night when the little man came in, mixed himself a drink and said, "What's cooking, fellows?" the Johns, Wayne and Weissmuller, laid large hands upon his person. They carried him to the swimming pool, tossed him in bodily.

Mr. Wayne said, "It's been nice knowing you."

End of hoax. THE END

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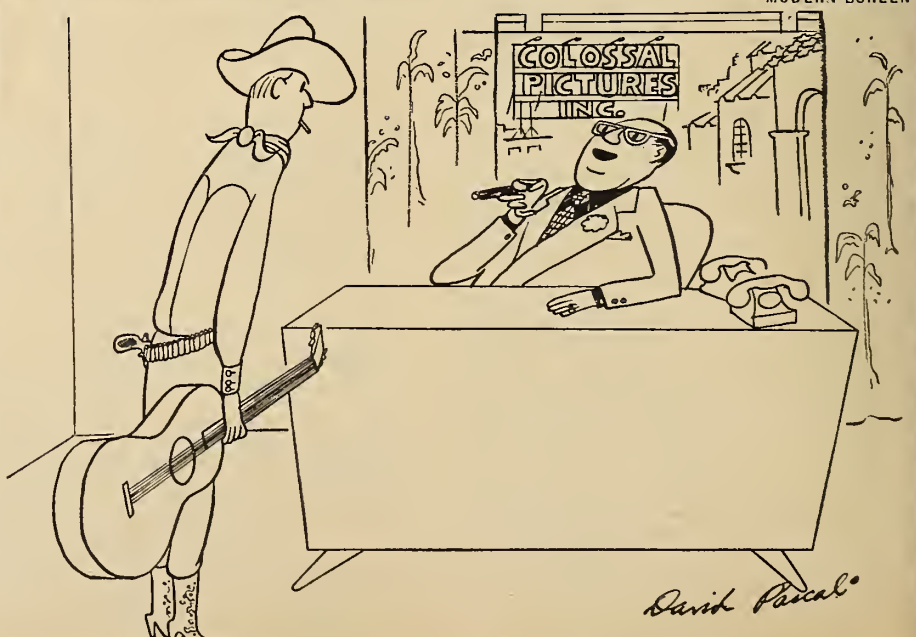
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"Coctus, I've been meoning to osk you—if o script should ever coll for it, you con ride o horse, con't you?"

"OH, BROTHER!"

(*Continued from page 31*)

of Irish choppers wouldn't leave any food. The first time I went hungry, Bing smuggled a sandwich up to the porch later.

The second time I figured on the same treatment. He gave me a dirty look instead, and after that I was on my own.

When I grew a little older, Bing said he didn't want a baby brother who couldn't take care of himself. I got a half-dozen bloody noses from him while he taught me to counter-punch. When I figured I was ready, I went out on the street looking for trouble. I picked on Tom (Boo) Shields. I was a year younger, so he took a lot of picking-on before he'd fight me.

"Well, kid," he said, "I hate to do this, but you asked for it."

the manly art . . .

We went around and around for about an hour while Bing watched. I have to admit there was a touch of class in me. I stepped around Boo and popped him with left jabs a dozen times to his once. Boo kept moving in and trying to slug it out. I circled and jabbed. Finally Boo couldn't stand it. He dropped his hands.

Tears flowed down his cheeks. "You big baby!" he blubbered in exasperation. "Come on in and fight!"

If I had, he'd have murdered me.

It was a dubious decision, but it had Bing's approval. On those rare occasions when I did something he liked he never came right out and said so. But the night of the fight with Boo he took a long look at his necktie rack. Next thing I knew, he'd handed me his best tie and beat it out of the room.

There never was much loose change kicking around in our family. I think George Harrigan, who brought up seven kids without going bankrupt, was a financial wizard. When the old man dug up some small change for necessary upkeep on his offspring we were always struck by a hot flash of temptation and I guess I was about the worst of the lot.

One Saturday night he gave me 50c for a haircut. I had other ideas about what to do with four bits. So I shagged myself over to the Spokane barber college. They must have given me to a guy who was flunking. When I got home I looked like I'd fallen into the lawn mower. I still have a small pie-slice in my ear where the scissors slipped. Dad took one look at me that night and brought out the razor strop. I yelled so loud that it touched Bing's heart. He gave me his catcher's mitt.

Of course, the only reason I say decent things about the guy is that a miracle might happen and one day he'll be writing a story about *me*. I got to have some insurance. The trouble with having Bing for the next oldest brother is that I could never tell when the switch was coming.

One day I tagged along down to the river swimming hole. I was wading around in shallow water when one of the kids spotted me. "Kid," he said, "it's time you learned to swim." He grabbed me and dragged me up on the diving board. I yelled bloody murder. A couple of kids grabbed my legs and a couple more, my arms. They were counting one, two, three and swinging me over the water when Bing arrived on the double.

"Let go of my kid brother!" he yelled.

Gratitude welled up in my little chest.

My tormentors looked at Bing with scorn. "Huh," somebody sneered. "Want him to grow up to be a Sissy?"

"Never mind what I want!" Bing snapped. "He's my kid brother and when he learns to swim I'll teach him."

"Yeahhh!" I jeered. "That'll show you guys!" I started gingerly back off the diving board to safety.

Bing stood in my way.

"I said I'd teach you how to swim when the time came," he said. "Hold your nose!"

"What?" I gasped.

"Well then, *don't* hold it!" he snapped and pushed me off the board.

I came up, black fury in my heart but I was dog-paddling for dear life. I didn't talk to Bing for three days, but to anyone else who'd listen I bragged about how well I could swim.

When Bing went away to school I didn't miss him too much. I was relieved, and my other brothers and sisters were too much older or occupied or something to worry much about keeping me in line.

Of course, Bing still remained a big influence in my life. I wore his hand-me-downs until I was 17. But I'm not sore about this. After all, I've made a splendid living off his middle register for years. [Doesn't everybody?—Ed.]

I always wanted to catch up with Bing. I figured that I had to have an early start, so I quit school when I was 16, but I figured ways to work in a couple years of college. Every time I thought about what Bing was doing or the cracks he might make when I saw him next, I went on the hustle.

Bing was working with Paul Whiteman when he sent me a tennis racket for my birthday. There was a letter with it. "Learn to play tennis," he said. "You'll meet a good class of people—make something of yourself."

I played tennis every day until it got so dark I couldn't see the ball. I got to be a boy-champ. Finally I won the Pacific Coast Boys' Championship. Then I received another letter from Bing. "What's the idea?" he wrote. "We don't need any tennis bums in the family."

So I broke my tennis racket in little pieces and started singing.

all for one . . .

It's a funny thing with our family. Bing could do things to make me really sore. Same with Everett and Larry. We could bicker and argue like mad, but just let one outsider make a crack and the whole gang of us was ready to go to work on him.

That's been an unspoken policy since way back when I was in kindergarten. We were all crazy about our sisters, Katherine and Mary Rose. The smart alecs in the neighborhood used to love to tease Mary Rose. When she walked down the street they'd tag after her, yelling, *"Mary Rose sat on a tack. Mary rose!"*

Then they'd roll on the lawns and laugh themselves sick, it was so funny. We didn't think so. We'd move in on the kids, pair off according to our respective ages and teach a few lessons on respect for young ladies. The result was a healthy attitude toward the Crosbys, but it cost us more than our quota of black eyes.

Funny thing, though, as a family we've never seemed to be very close. Maybe it's because, when there are too many in one tribe, too much obvious sentiment can turn into a case of inbred nausea. It's hard to explain. For instance, when I was married, I never even got a telegram from Bing, and I don't remember if I sent him one. The reason I can't talk about any of his high-school romances or his marriage is that I don't know anything about them. Bing figures certain things are personal.

Still, I don't want anybody coming up

My spirit soared...



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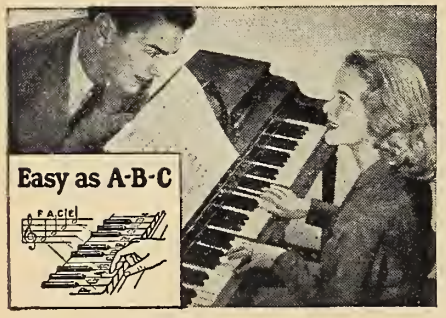

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with slurring remarks. Sometimes Bing really lets go. Like the time he sent me to work with Anson Weeks in 'Frisco.

"I guess I need some advice," I said.

"Sure," Bing replied. "Keep your nose clean."

I feel like a chump writing only about Bing. There's my brother Everett. He went to war in 1918. He was in uniform as a top sarge so long we figured he must have got caught in a crap game. Now he's an agent. The best in the business. If he wasn't, how could he keep on working for Bing? Me, I wouldn't last two weeks in Crosby Enterprises if I changed my name to J. P. Morgan III and disguised myself with a beard. The reason I'm eating regularly is that they let me sing and I never had to try a business career.

Talking about business, there's my brother Larry. Like Bing, Larry just doesn't believe in getting clubby before you know somebody. Also like Bing, Larry knows that the thing to do with a dollar is to hang onto it. Once I was broke on the road. I sent Larry a wire asking for a fast fifty to tide me over.

This was the reply: "YOU CAN'T REACH ME. LARRY."

Much to my surprise, I didn't starve to death. My brothers never worried about me, or I about them. We all picked cucumbers for 57 Varieties when we were youngsters. Anybody who picked cucumbers can get along in the world.

You hardly ever hear about our successful brother, Ted. Frankly, I don't think Bing's money will last. Sooner or later he'll have to go up to Spokane and borrow money from Ted. He's in the used-car business.

Might as well face it. Every now and then some misinformed citizen peddles the story that Bing is closer than two nickels in Jack Benny's pocketbook. The one with the combination lock on it. That's not true. Every time I pick up the sports section I see that Bing is playing a charity somewhere. (And I'm not being facetious.) Then there's the handicap Bob Hope always talks him out of. By this time Hope must have made enough money off Bing to give up caddying as a sideline. (And I am being facetious.)

i don't play golf with bing . . .

I don't play golf with Bing. He'd take me like the Big Nine does the Coast Conference. And if I have a complex, you can't blame me. Bing is one of the greatest competitors you'll ever find in golf.

Once he was playing with a guy who kept trying to get his goat. The match was all even on the 18th green. Bing's opponent had a 30-foot putt. Bing was just outside. Well, the guy fiddled around for about 10 minutes before making his putt. And the last thing he did before hitting the ball was to turn to his caddy and ask, "Did they cut the grass this morning?" Then he sank the putt.

Bing walked up to his ball, pulled the clubhead back, looked up at his caddy and said: "About that grass—what time did they cut it?" Then he sank his putt and took the match.

One more thing about Bing and money. Once Joe Frisco, the fabulous funny man, found himself a little short. Bing loaned him a hundred dollars. Joe went to the track and ran that C note in on a few good things to the tune of around $3,000. Then Joe went to Palm Springs and began to splurge. Bing happened to walk in when Joe had just bought a round of drinks for the house.

"Kind of throwing your money around, aren't you Joe?" he asked.

Joe looked up as though he hadn't seen Bing in ten years. "Why, it's C-C-C-C-Crosby," he exclaimed. "Here, B-Bing—here's a hundred dollars. S-s-sing 'Melancholy Baby' for the f-folks."

A friend of mine checked this story with Joe for accuracy. Frisco burned up. "It's a d-d-darned lie!" he shouted. "B-b-but there's a lot of truth in it."

You've heard of Club 15—I do hope! It's where I work on radio, along with Maggie Whiting. This show, which is sponsored by Campbell Soup hit a nice rating of 15. A few days later it was Christmas and I was over at Bing's on a pass, drinking egg-nogs, which he likes because they broaden him.

"I saw the Neilsen rating on your show, kid," Bing said. "Pretty nice." Then I could see a thought cross his mind. Bing had made a mistake and complimented me. He thought he'd better retrench before it went to my head. "By the way," he asked, "what network are you on?"

Sometimes Bing drops in to watch me rehearse my band. Picking up a few pointers I suppose. "Not a bad little group," he said one day. "How many men you got in it?"

"There's 11—how can I compete with you. You've got a band with 37 pieces and four acres of John Scott Trotter."

"Sure," Bing said, topping me as usual, "but you've got no reason to complain. You keep them blowing all the time. Besides, you've got a two-headed sax player."

I do the best I can to keep up. For instance, there's my family. The kids are Cathleen, Christopher, Bob Junior, and Stephen. We tried to name them all with the initial C because we figured that if times got tough they could all use the same luggage. It worked out all right until Bob, Junior came along and spoiled the routine.

I complained to Bing that trying to have a family the size of his was keeping me broke. "You should care," he retorted. "You can show the girl to the other Crosbys and charge admission."

Bing's always been a little sensitive about that girl situation. When our brother Ted became the father of twin girls he wired Bing, "I've got a pair of queens." Later, when Dixie gave birth to the twin boys, Bing wired Ted, "Kings beat queens."

I'll have to admit that Bing is a solid citizen. He's been married a long time—18 years now. Bob Hope has been married 16 years. Al Jolson was married 60 years to his first wife, 20 years to his second



HOW TIME FLIES!

■ "Looks like the famous team of Astaire and Rogers has broken up for good. . . . This (*The Castles*) is the last picture on Fred's contract and there are no signs he will return to the fold." —*From a 1939 issue of Modern Screen*

* * *

Martha Raye was starring in *Give Me A Sailor*. In a supporting role was a comic named Bob Hope. "Bob Hope scores decidedly," said our reviewer. . . .

* * *

A new sensation, John Garfield, was not yet sure if he liked Hollywood or not—*From a 1938 issue of Modern Screen*

and he's been three years with Larry Parks. But, man and boy, I've been married 11 years myself and I have three boys and a girl.

Few Crosbys can make that statement.

For a long time I've been sensitive about people referring to me as What's-His-Name Crosby—you know, Bing's brother. Instead of asking me intelligent questions about *me,* they want to know if I've seen Bing lately. I've got an answer for that.

"Sure," I say. "I saw him just yesterday. He was up at his ranch in Elko . . . out on *The Connecticut Yankee* set . . . and he'd just finished a round of golf at Lakeside."

The schmoe always bites and exclaims, "You're nuts—how could the guy be all those places at once?"

That's my cue to snap, "It's simple! He transcribes everything."

This has got to stop.

But I really want everybody to know how nice my brother actually is to me. That's a lot of junk about his treating me with studied indifference. Why, only last year I got it by grapevine that Bing was going to sell one of his Cadillacs. (Cutting himself down to fleet size.) I called him up and asked, "How much?"

"I can get $4200 for it," Bing said, "But seeing it's you, I'll take $2400."

I went right over with a check and drove the car home. The next morning Bing sent the butler over to take off the spotlight. He was nice about it. He said, "Begging your pardon, sir, the marster said this didn't go with the deal."

I think it would be nice to close my recollections with a tender, whimsical little touch. It happened last Christmas. Everett had just installed one of those electric gates on his property. You know, the kind that has the loudspeaker. You drive your car up to the gate. You get out, press a button and a voice from somewhere a half mile away says "Whomff thrarf?" Translated, this means, "Who's there?" You talk into the speaker and say it's you. Nobody can understand you, so you don't get in unless you're a second-story man come to hijack the family silver.

Anyway, the kids around the neighborhood were so fascinated by Everett's gadget that all Christmas morning they'd been pressing the button and announcing Bob Hope, Mayor Bowron, the police department and Madman Muntz.

Everett, who is the finest tempered of the Crosbys, finally went a little berserk. The next time the buzzer rang inside the house he flipped the button and roared, "For the last time I'm telling you bums to get off my property!"

Outside at the gate there was a shocked silence. There stood Bing and his boys, all set to sing "Silent Night."

For a minute Bing was stopped. Then he shook his head and exclaimed, "A man never *had* such brothers. I never know what's going to happen next!"

Neither do they. Neither do I.

If you'll pardon me now, I have to go somewhere and sing "A Tree in the Meadow." (It's been done so many times, they say that even the dogs won't pause to listen.) And if the voice sounds like a Crosby, it's strictly coincidental and any resemblance to my brother is only because there's a touch of smog in the air.

That'll teach the guy to shove his five-year-old brother off a diving board!

THE END

SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY

(*Continued from page 53*)

Hollywood! The French papers said, 'How could Hollywood even begin to understand our own feeling about our national heroine?'"

The French papers also sneered at Hollywood pictures about other famous French figures. They said, "They take our people —Pasteur, Zola, Curie—and *they fix them up!*"

Ingrid, who'd finished her breakfast at a small table, drained the last few drops from her coffee cup, arose, moved onto a sofa opposite me, and said, "I'm sorry I wasn't quite ready when you got here. But I went up so late this morning."

I smiled at that "went up." She meant "got up." She speaks English beautifully and this was the major miscue.

She was wearing a simple black dress without ornaments, and sandals with flat wood soles.

"To make it still worse for me, the French had planned for their own star, Michele Morgan, to do *Joan of Arc,*" she said. "I'd wanted to do *Joan* since 1940. But no one would listen. They said it had too much war and religion—and no love story. Later, when I did *Joan of Lorraine* on the stage, they changed their minds."

As I sat there with her now—by the way, the wind was getting chillier—I saw on the mantel a small statue of Joan of Arc. Every actress has one role she passionately wants to play. This one had haunted Ingrid.

But there were long periods of terror about it because of the French criticism.

"Victor Fleming, the great director, saw me do *Joan* on the stage, and he sat in the audience and cried," Ingrid said. "He said, 'I've got to do *Joan of Arc.* He used to sit all day and only read and read and read and read about Joan of Arc. Then he'd go to museums and study her. And I also studied endlessly, because we wanted to prove to the French people that we could do their heroine.

"When we got ready to start the picture, I was so inspired, and kept asking, 'Where is the church? Where is the church?' There it was—one wall!" Her shoulders drooped, expressing her disappointment. "Not even two. The wall was about twice as large as this wall." She waved at the wall of her own room.

"To cut down expenses," she explained. "And the solyers!"

(She meant soldiers.)

"The English solyers would change their helmets and become French solyers. I said to them, 'Good heavens, you're French today!' I told them, 'You shouldn't come so close to the cameras, you'll be recognized!'"

* * *

And so with all this apprehension having been built up in her mind, Miss Bergman, the supposed stalwart, was not a strong woman but another quaking, quivering female. the day last summer when she flew from London to Paris.

She was to appear at a charity show and face the furious French for the first time. After visiting France she would go on to Sweden and confront the people of her home land. They had sneered a little because she had supposedly said it "was the happiest day of my life" when she took out first citizenship papers. "Which," she said, "I never said."

The charity affair in France was to be held in an enormous tent under the Eiffel Tower. She learned on her arrival in

PAIN

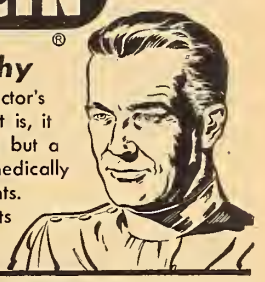
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France that crowds were already jostling in the boulevards but she didn't know their mood. She'd heard about these French riots. She didn't think anything like that could be happening, but the papers had certainly been rough. They had seemed to be stirring up the French people against her.

Five thousand people were waiting in the tent.

People in the streets were screaming and yelling and pounding each other.

Miss Bergman's escorts had arranged that she could go past Customs without the usual inspection. As she started hurrying past, an official angrily yelled at her, "What goes on?"

"This is it," thought Miss Bergman. As she explained to me, "I really thought he was going to shoot me if I didn't stop."

Her escort explained to the inspector, "This is Ingrid Bergman."

"Ingrid Bergman," said the inspector, blankly. "Who's she?"

"She's Jeanne d'Arc," patiently said her escort.

"Ohhh, Jeanne d'Arc, Jeanne d'Arc!" shouted the inspector happily. "Go right ahead, go right ahead! And welcome to France!"

That astonished Miss Bergman. But she was still apprehensive because of the reports she'd received about the street crowds. She sat back in the automobile—with her short hair brushed by the summer breeze—and was ready for come what would.

At first she heard what seemed to be a low growl.

Then all at once the French imagination was caught by this girl who'd dared to play their heroine—and suddenly they began acting as if they really thought this was the Maid of Orleans returning to life.

A few people began cheering, "Jeanne d'Arc, Jeanne d'Arc!" And it grew into one big roar that followed her up the boulevard and into the tent where she was greeted by—

The President of France.

hostile critics . . .

Still, she hadn't won the angry French movie critics. They continued to be hostile.

After the big charity affair, Miss Bergman made a tour along the very route than Joan of Arc had taken. People in the little French villages knew she was coming. Children came out in fancy clothes and bowed to her, some of them thinking in their confused way that this *was* Jeanne d'Arc. Indeed, at a flower show, a speaker said, "And now I want to introduce you to—Jeanne d'Arc."

"I'm so obsessed with her that nothing makes me happier than to be confused with her," Miss Bergman said.

At last she was ready to leave France. A final reception was given her. At this party, one of the French movie critics said to her, "You know, I suppose, that we have never been for you playing Jeanne d'Arc. We've been against you."

"I know," said Miss Bergman.

"But now that we've seen you, we're very glad that you did it," he said. Miss Bergman didn't kiss him, as that wouldn't have been like Joan of Arc.

* * *

"With Sweden," Miss Bergman told me—the window was still open and I was getting colder and she was merely getting redder-cheeked—"it was different because you are never a prophet in your own land. During the first seven years I'd been here the Swedish papers had said very few bad things about me. Everyone had been very nice and kind—the way you want to help a child.

"The last two years I'd noticed a change. They printed headlines on my picture, *Arch of Triumph*—how some critics didn't like it!

"In Sweden, though, there was even hostility to Garbo. She was not always box-office there. Sometimes they seemed to enjoy knocking her by running headlines like, 'Garbo Number 15 at Box Office.' I always felt they didn't have to put that in—or at least they could have put it in smaller type.

"Then about me taking out my first papers here. Of course it will make me a little sad to leave the citizenship of my home country. I had to practice speaking Swedish again with my husband. Oh, I knew that was important, because if I had ever said 'Hello,' or 'Okay,' that would really stab them."

Arriving finally in Stockholm, she met the press at the Grand Hotel.

Here was an assignment almost as difficult as any she'd ever played in pictures or on the stage—to make the reporters like her. To convince them that she hadn't gone big-headed, and hadn't forgotten that she was a Swede. "It was almost as full of suspense as a big opening," she said.

"I was very calm—maybe because I was almost numb. I knew some of the questions they would ask. 'Who is the No. 1 actress?' for example. If you say 'Greer Garson or Betty Grable,' they say, 'Oh, isn't she generous!' If you name yourself, they say, 'Oh, fine thing!' You see, you're never right.

"There was such a crowd. Some people crowded in front and they wouldn't budge. The others in back couldn't get to see me. I answered questions until I was almost unconscious, then I had to go on a radio program. When I finished that, they told me I could go to my room. I said, 'No, there are still people in there who want to ask me questions.' I went back and tried to see every one.

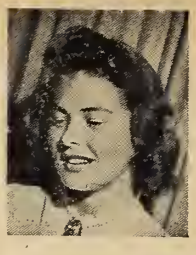
"And they wrote so nicely. I've never seen anything like it. They followed me around and wrote a lot about what I wore and what I ate. The morning and afternoon papers used to kid each other. One afternoon paper would print, 'The morning paper says Miss Bergman had dinner with two ladies. What ladies? Who are they?' Then the morning paper would say, 'The evening paper says Miss Bergman had breakfast. That's terrible. They didn't say what she had.'

"They said I went incognito to the theater. Was I supposed to wear a sign?"

While the papers were kind, Miss Bergman found herself so rushed giving interviews and posing for pictures that she and her husband, Dr. Peter Lindstrom, decided to go to her father-in-law's farm at Medelpad for a rest. Here she hoped to get away from the reporters for a while.

But the Swedish reporters were as enter-

I SAW IT HAPPEN



One day on the way home from school I noticed a little girl playing in a yard. She was such a beautiful child I couldn't resist stopping to talk to her for a few minutes. As we spoke her mother called her and I took the little girl over to the porch where her mother waited. You can imagine my surprise when I realized her mother was Ingrid Bergman. And she was just as sweet and friendly as her daughter, Pia.

Shirley Mae Wolf
Rochester, New York

prising as American. "The press had gone ahead and was lying around in the bushes," Miss Bergman smiled. "My father-in-law was flustered and flattered by the reporters. He invited everyone in to have a cup of coffee and he"—she laughed—"will tell everything!"

So the first crisis developed.

She really wanted to have rest and privacy, and so she decided one day to invite the press in from twelve to two, and then end it.

"But it didn't end it," she said. "Because there was always some newspaperman who wanted to interview me while I was swimming in the river, or something."

"That would have been me if I'd been a Swede," I said.

"Well, my husband was finally fed up with it, and I was, too. I got pretty angry and . . . well, I got so mad I cried. I said, 'I will not do any more. Throw them all out!'

"The family was horrified but I stuck to it. And I guess their editors finally decided I'd done enough. They didn't bother me and for 10 days I had a nice time. And the things they wrote about me were just wonderful."

The trip that had frightened her turned out to be a great success—such a success that when she returned to New York, she was so exhausted that she rushed right back to Hollywood, went to bed, and told people who phoned, "I'm taking a little nap. Call me in about two weeks."

autograph headache . . .

In Sweden she also got the solution finally to the autograph headache. "I had tried just about every possible method," she told me. "For a while I told the children, 'Look, I can't sign here in the streets, or I'll attract a crowd. Send your books to my hotel.' That way you do nothing all day but sign your name. I wouldn't let anybody else sign for me. I got a rubber stamp and they didn't like that.

"And there were so many places I wanted to go! I wanted to go back to a candy store I knew as a girl. I told them, 'I used to buy candy here 20 years ago. I'm back. I want to buy some more candy.'

"First I went around in a car. Then I said, 'I just don't want this car. I want to walk in the streets.'

"And the children were always there. Like they are always in New York. They stand there and freeze. And they love you so and they say, 'We are only three, and you signed last year, and we hope you're not getting stuck up.'

"But I decided it must end somewhere—so in Sweden I said no, not at all, not to anybody, not even to a friend's little girl. At first some didn't like it. The papers printed that I wasn't signing and after a while they quit asking me. And a lot of people told me they thought I had done right. The longer I live the more I think it is the right answer.

"It's the same with fan mail. Thousands of letters a week—how can I read it all?"

"And so you're not signing for anybody now?" I said.

"No to anybody—except to people I know. I'm going to try it, anyway.

"A man from RKO who had come with me said, 'Miss Bergman, I'm glad you said you'd sign for people you know, because—well, I just happen to have a picture of you in your nun's costume, and my wife ordered me to get it autographed. Would you . . .?' "

She laughed and reached for a pen.

Don't have any worry about her getting stuck up, though. She objects to police escorts and such trappings. In New York she dropped into a drug store and sat down at the counter to have coffee and a muffin. A boy alongside her looked at her and did a double take. He got so astonished he couldn't hold himself and said, "Aren't you Ingrid Bergman?"

"Yes," she said.

The boy started telling the waitresses and the man next to him that this was Ingrid Bergman, and grew so agitated about his nearness to the great star that he could hardly drink his coffee. Finally she leaned over to him and said, "Take it easy."

"What?" he said.

"I want to enjoy some coffee, too," Miss Bergman said.

I've also noticed that when Miss Bergman goes to New York cafés, she refuses to sit on the ringside. She likes to sit in the back. She wants to see the show. She doesn't want to be the show.

But what a naturally glorious show she is. Of course the French and the Swedes didn't stay mad. How could they?

THE END

IS IT TRUE WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT MONTY?

(*Continued from page 58*)

and in tight-twos, Monty Clift put on his sports jacket with the hole in the left sleeve, abused his 1940 car until it started, and returned to his one-room apartment where he played some Bing Crosby records for the rest of the evening.

Montgomery Clift, as every movie-goer knows by now, is far and away the hottest male newcomer to Hollywood. His two roles, in *The Search* and in *Red River* have already established him as a gent who inspires the most natural kind of impulses in young women, and also as an actor of towering technical skill and authority.

Also, at the same time, Monty has firmly established himself as a maverick. Hollywood, as you know, is an old-fashioned town, as rigid as Charleston, S. C., or Boston, Mass., in its social codes and way of life.

It expects its established glamor-folk to conform to certain standards, to drive certain brands of automobiles, to associate with other glamor-persons. But this Clift boy has got everybody all mixed up—him and his Murphy bed, hole-in-the-sleeve, and casual disregard for whether he acquires a swimming pool with hot and cold running blondes or not. He hasn't appeared at a night club yet, let alone socked anybody, and various publicity men assigned to exploit him, long ago sighed and gave up any notion of pulling items out of Clift for the columns.

All kinds of reports have made the rounds. The chief rumor, current at the moment, is that Montgomery Clift is an uncooperative actor who insults producers, breaks contracts, does as he pleases, and as a result of these sins and heresies, is about to be black-balled by every studio in town and ignored by Broadway.

Actually, Hollywood knows Monty hardly at all. In *Red River* he was constantly on location, as he was in *The Search*. He worked almost every day in *The Heiress*, and immediately after the picture finished boarded a train for New York, made his manners with his family, and took off for France and Italy.

Let's have a good look at this young man—and see how false those rumors are.

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blue-green eyes. He has thick eyebrows. His features are not regular but his face is lively and interesting. Like Gregory Peck, who is not actually a pretty man, young Clift has the kind of dark handsomeness which photographs extraordinarily well.

"I have never been married or engaged, and currently I am not involved with anyone," he will, with some reluctance, assure you. "I like to travel. I like to read—Ernest Hemingway is one of my favorites. I like to sail and swim—but I'd hate to have a house with a swimming pool."

He enjoys staying up late at night, listening to music or rehearsing the next day's scenes. He'd like to become a director someday, but first he wants to prove himself as an actor. When he works, he likes to get up as late as possible. He rarely takes a drink, smokes very little, and never chews gum or munches candy or popcorn at the movies.

He likes loose, casual clothes, chooses them hurriedly, and is not fussy about food. He enjoys a good steak with all the trimmings, lamb chops and fresh peas, and very little dessert. He disposes of six eggs and two cups of coffee for breakfast. Salads are his favorite lunchtime dish.

Now, since there are possibly several thousand young actors who would cheerfully risk their necks for the chances Montgomery Clift daily throws away, it might be a good idea to examine why this fellow is so "stubborn."

no newcomer . . .

To begin with, although his fame has just burst out of Hollywood with skyrocketing acclaim, Monty Clift is far from new to the business of acting.

Some ten years ago, aged 18, Monty climbed the long steps to the top of the Theatre Guild building in New York for an interview with the celebrated actor Alfred Lunt.

He read some lines for Mr. Lunt.

"Hmmmm," said Mr. Lunt, "I think I had better introduce you to Miss Linnie."

Miss Lynn Fontanne came in, heard Monty read, "hmmed" and thought she had better introduce him to Robert Sherwood, the celebrated playwright.

Monty cannot recall Mr. Sherwood's part of the conversation, because there ensued a discussion about another candidate for the part in *There Shall Be No Night.*

Monty insisted that the other lad should get the part, and Miss Fontanne, Mr. Lunt and Mr. Sherwood agreed with him. But several days later he received a telephone call at home offering him the part and his career as a professional actor was firmly established.

He says now with a smile: "Honestly, I can't remember that I had much emotion about it. You know how matter-of-factly kids take things. I can't remember much about the part, or anything amusing that 'Miss Linnie' or Alfred Lunt said or did.

"You see, I had done a little work with a little theater in Florida, where my family spent the winter one time; and 'way back when I was 13, I appeared on Broadway for the first time in *Flyaway Home* with Thomas Mitchell. I never dreamed then that I'd land on the same stage with Lunt and Fontanne."

From then on, Monty played in such notable successes as *The Skin of Our Teeth* and *The Searching Wind,* and became sold, hard and fast, on the notion that he was an actor.

His father, William Brooks Clift, a stock and bond broker, was a patient man who hoped that his son would get over this foolishness and go to school. There was a distressing period between Monty's 17th and 18th years when he was completely out of work, and it looked for a while as if he would have to give up and attend Harvard with his brother, W. B. Clift, Jr. His twin sister went to Bryn Mawr College.

But by dint of holding out and by avoiding family arguments whenever he could, Monty managed to avoid the perils of Harvard and to stay with the stage. Still, the family was patient.

Now here's a curious thing. Most child actors are prodigies who are promoted, coached and inspired by their mothers. But Mrs. Clift never once sought work for her son, and so far as Monty can recall now, was never backstage when he worked as a small boy on Broadway. He went to and from the theater by himself and made his own arrangements. Obviously, this explains a large measure of his independence today.

Another thing, for the record: the report is out that Monty is independent because his father is in Wall Street and money is no consideration. Monty laughs about this.

"My father isn't a big Wall Street operator," he explains. "He isn't rich, never was, never made large sums of money, and probably won't. Apparently I won't either."

What motivates this Montgomery Clift is pure professionalism—a rare motivation in any line of work.

"I want freedom, and believe me, it isn't self-esteem that makes me operate the way I do," he explains earnestly. "Look, I want to grow. I simply want to be free to do *the* play or *the* picture that means something to me, that I can do best. Considering the long career that an actor can have, it's understandable what I'm after, isn't it?"

The call of Hollywood almost sent Monty out west in 1946. He went out at the request of producer Milton Sperling, who was then releasing his pictures through Warner Brothers. He was given a test, but halfway through it realized he wasn't right for the part. He did finish the test, but when he got to his hotel he packed and left on the next train for New York.

Montgomery Clift's reputation for being hard to handle started right there. Script after script was given him to read—22, in fact—and they all came back with a neatly pencilled memo, as terse as most of his conversation. "Sorry, not for me, thank you."



that's hollywood!

To Alton Cook, who was interviewing him, Peter Lind Hayes told how Alan Hale won an argument with a producer who doubted Hale's drawing power.

"Hale insisted that if he walked down any New York street, everyone would recognize him and turn and look at him. A bet was made and they started down the street, the producer about ten feet behind Hale to watch what happened. Sure enough, everyone turned and looked at Hale.

"The producer walking behind, however, couldn't see that Hale was sticking his tongue out at everyone who passed."

Irving Hoffman in
The Hollywood Reporter

It was Howard Hawks who finally induced him to try Hollywood again.

Hawks had seen the test Monty made for Milton Sperling and he liked it. He called Monty long distance and tried to explain what he wanted. That was for Monty to come right back and appear in a picture called *Red River*. But Monty wasn't having any. Whereupon Mr. Hawks, clinging to the receiver, started telling him the story of the film.

"I'm sorry," said Monty, "I don't think—"

Then the producer had a good idea. It is very hard to tell the plot of a picture over the telephone, especially that of such an epic as *Red River*. Instead, Hawks wired Montgomery Clift a sum of money to pay expenses for him to come to Hollywood and listen. If he didn't like it then, he could go back to New York. No promises made, no contract to be signed—Mr. Clift was free to do as he pleased.

Monty flew out, liked the story as told by Howard Hawks and made the picture. After that he felt he needed a vacation, so he hopped off to Europe. It was while he was staying in Switzerland that he was paged to play the role of the GI in *The Search*. He made it, and although it was his second picture, it was the first to be publicly released.

Monty's brother is in the export business and lives in New York, and his twin sister, now Mrs. Robert C. McGinnis, lives in Dallas, Texas. Monty is enthusiastic about her two beautiful young children, Mary Blair McGinnis and Edward Campbell McGinnis. Between plays and movies, and whenever else he can, he likes to hop over to Dallas merely to be able to play with his young niece and nephew.

The sister, incidentally, is beautiful. While on location for *Red River* one of the company asked Monty why she wasn't in the movies, too.

"She's not interested," said Monty with a smile. "She's the sensible twin."

Literally, the man has no hobbies.

"Why, I could list tennis and poker and sailing, things like that that everybody does," Monty will tell you. "But I'm just average at them and do them just now and then, like anybody else. I could say reading is a hobby, but I'm under the impression that almost everybody reads in this literate age. . . . Well, I *do* play records as a kind of a hobby—Crosby records."

Matter of fact, Crosby is a great celebrity to Monty. When he first came to Hollywood, he wanted to see the old Groaner on stage. It did not occur to him that since he worked for the same studio it would be absurdly easy for him to obtain tickets, sit in the sponsor's booth, hear the show in style, and meet Bing for a snack later.

Nope, none of that. Monty stood in line for tickets, looking extremely unimpressive in his unpressed suit, and barely managed to get a seat in the back row. He hasn't met Bing yet.

In New York, which he considers home, Monty maintains a small sub-let apartment at Lexington and 55th Street. Its one room is so small and so crowded that he bangs his shins on the furniture grabbing and stumbling every time the telephone rings.

As he left Hollywood the other day, he was told that all his fan mail had been delivered there, as he had requested. Bales of it.

"That'll be a problem," Monty said seriously. "I never saw fan mail before. Imagine all those people writing!"

According to preview cards received when *Red River* was first shown, and according to the way that unlooked-at fan mail is stacking up, Monty Clift is easily the town's hottest heart-throb. "A composite of Gary Cooper, Charles Boyer and Clark Gable," one excited young woman described him.

Miriam Hopkins, who also appears in *The Heiress*, heard about that and flung it up to Monty.

"What would you rather be," she asked, "Cooper in dress clothes or Boyer in dungarees?"

Monty considered the question. "I'd rather be back on the stage, Miriam," he told her. THE END

LUCKY IN LOVE

(*Continued from page 42*)

smiled, raising his eyes to the sparkling spun-glass doll with her spangled wings and golden halo. "Why, that angel's almost as pretty as you, angel."

But then, even a far less biased spectator than her husband could easily mistake Jeanne Crain for an angel.

And if old Kris Kringle were scouting Hollywood for a girl to personify the "angel on the top," Jeanne, having rounded out three heavenly years, as of last New Year's Eve and the Brinkmans' third anniversary, would be perfect for the part.

Three years would be a long time to hang by your toes or to wait for a street-car. But three years in which all your dreams came true—three years that brought love, a successful marriage, a beautiful new home, the handsomest, smartest baby in the whole world, with a second on the way—all that and three outstanding picture successes that put you right up there in the illustrious company of the screen's really big actresses . . . well, three brimful years like that zoom by with the speed of an Army jet showing off.

But as thrilling an event as it was, when Jeanne and Paul celebrated their third anniversary on New Year's Eve, the occasion was a quiet one. New Year's Eve in Hollywood is a highly glamorous night in a highly glamorous town. High-tariff restaurants and clubs along the fabulous Sunset strip are filled with celebrities. There are big parties in private homes, too, where other filmland notables gather festively.

Knowing what a thrill Jeanne gets out of receiving a party invitation, Paul slipped a note under her plate at breakfast, the day after they'd decided to stay at home New Year's Eve. Opening it, Jeanne read: "Mr. Paul Brinkman requests the pleasure of Mrs. Paul Brinkman's company on Friday evening, December 31, in honor of their third anniversary. Cocktails (for Mr. Brinkman) at 7. Milk punch for Mrs. Brinkman. R. S. V. P. by kissing Mr. Brinkman on the forehead immediately."

Of course, their reason for spending their third anniversary quietly before their own fireplace was a double one. First of all, it makes Paul, who is an expectant father, very nervous to take Jeanne away from home when she's about to have a baby. If it's a boy, it'll be Michael Anthony. If it's a girl, it'll be Diane Jeanne. His anxiety starts early and continues right up to the door of the delivery room. Secondly, the Brinkmans' fireplace is a lovely one and they'd rather sit, lie or just sprawl in front of it than have a ringside table at the swankiest night club. Just stay



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there and reminisce about what a supercolossal three years it's been! . . .

Oddly enough, their first date was on a New Year's Eve, two years to the day before their marriage. Paul took her to a party at the home of some friends in Bel Air. And that was the night he said to himself, "Mr. Brinkman, you have just found Mrs. Brinkman."

The same friends repeat the party every year. And until this past New Year's the Brinkmans had gone there every year since they met, except the night of their wedding.

On the Eve of 1948, Jeanne and Paul slipped away from the gathering early to drink a toast in their own new home to future New Years as happy as the ones they'd shared so far.

The party had been fun, but all evening they'd looked forward to this special celebration. Before starting out, Paul had put a bottle of champagne, bought especially for the occasion, in the refrigerator. While Jeanne drew back the draperies from the high windows flanking the big stone fireplace and looked down over Hollywood, gala in a million multicolored lights, Paul stirred the banked fire alive and dancing.

"And now for the toast," he announced, heading for the refrigerator. "We'll have to hurry if it's going to be official . . . just 10 minutes to 12."

"Well, if it's really going to be official, Ba-ba has to be in on it," Jeanne said. "It's just time for his midnight feeding, anyway." ("Ba-ba" is Paul, Jr., and he manufactured his own nickname.)

"Of course!" said Paul. "You can't drink a toast to a new family without the head man. See if he's awake. I'll get the champagne—*and*, in my expert way, heat his bottle."

And so Paul, Jr., drank his first toast, taking his formula straight. (Evidently it went right to his head, for he fell asleep in the middle of the ceremony.)

looking backward . . .

Reminiscing over all the good fortune this third anniversary marks, Jeanne and Paul have a way of singling out the little things . . . the mingled scent of Christmas spruce and incense in the quiet of the church where they were married . . . the simple, beautiful words of the wedding service when they knelt before the priest that New Year's Eve morning three years ago. . . . "I, Jeanne, take thee, Paul, for my lawful wedded husband . . . for better, for worse . . . in sickness and in health." . . . Furnace Creek Inn, where they spent their honeymoon. . . the desert sun rising against the purple hills and the wonderful hot cakes and syrup in the dilapidated old diner in Death Valley. . . .

In the three years since her marriage, Jeanne has scored three of her biggest box-office hits in *Margie*, *You Were Meant For Me* and *Apartment For Peggy*. But the Brinkmans have crowded a lot of living into those three years, too. Even when Jeanne was away on location, Paul always managed to fly up North or East or wherever the company would be working, for a day or two.

The Brinkmans have recently completed their modern redwood and fieldstone farmhouse in the beautiful Outpost section overlooking Hollywood. It's a very fine house and equipped with scads of high-powered time-and-labor-saving devices that Paul, who is an engineer, installs as quickly as he thinks them up. Paul is gadget-happy, as he cheerfully admits, and is now working on a window-drapery control for the bedroom which will operate from the bed. Object: cheery morning sun without putting a toe outside the covers.

Earl's Pearls

■ Ed Gardner defines opera: "When a guy gets stabbed, instead of bleeding, he sings."

■ Milton Berle: "I saw a woman knitting three socks and asked her why. She said, 'I just got a letter from my son in the Army. He said he's grown another foot.'"

■ Out on the *Knock On Any Door* set in Hollywood, a buttinsky told Humphrey Bogart, "You're not as tough as you are in the movies." Bogie walked away growling, "And I'm not as polite as I am at home."

—Earl Wilson

The big sunny nursery wing on the house, which couldn't be built before, owing to wartime restrictions, is rapidly nearing completion. Jeanne herself has designed the murals for it. One day on the patio she was working away at the early sketches for them while the Pauls, big and little, were sun-bathing. After a while, big Paul arose and stood by the drawing board upon which her crayons were busily creating demure little pink-and-blue angels.

"How do you like them?" she asked.

"Hmmm," he said, "I dunno. . . . They're very nice. . . . But, honey, don't you think maybe you're sort of getting too definite a 'girl' feeling into them? I mean—well, maybe it's going to be another boy."

"Oh," said Jeanne, "I don't see why you should worry about *that*. You know we're going to have a houseful, assorted, one of these days."

Just then the telephone rang and Jeanne went off to answer it. It was a long conversation, and it was several minutes before she returned to the patio. Paul was again stretched out absorbing sunbeams.

Jeanne picked up her crayon—and gasped. All the little angels on the drawing board now sported football gear, cowboy outfits and policemen uniforms.

"What's the matter, darling?" murmured Paul.

"Now, *who* could have done this?" inquired Jeanne, hands on hips.

Paul craned his neck and frowned at the drawing board.

"Mice," he theorized.

"Well," sighed Jeanne, getting to work with her eraser, "I still love you, anyhow."

The completion of the nursery wing can't come a minute too soon, according to Paul. The overflow of baby accessories, including a bassinette and a pram, and the toys outgrown by Paul, Jr.—now a strapping young lad of 20 months—have spilled over into big Paul's work-room, crowding his gun collection into a small corner. Since most of the gun collection was stolen some time ago, Jeanne feels that the storage problem has worked out very well. Paul suspects that the lady of the house may have engineered the whole business, robbery and all!

Jeanne calls Paul's workshop "Peggy's Apartment" because its piles of baby furniture and assorted and lumpy stacks of boxes could very well have been the inspiration for the Professor's attic before Peggy and her ex-GI husband transformed it into their home in *Apartment For Peggy*.

Paul insists *Apartment For Peggy* was

in reality a sneak preview of what he has dubbed "Baby For Jeanne." As the young wife of an ex-GI student, Jeanne's costumes had to be padded to give an authentic touch to her make-believe state of expectancy. She neglected to mention this to Paul, until one day when he dropped by the studio for luncheon. Arriving first, he sat down at their favorite table to wait for her. After a moment, there she was, smiling and coming toward him. But it wasn't—it couldn't be Jeanne! Not this roly-poly ball of a girl, plumping down in the chair opposite him. He gazed at her open-mouthed. Jeanne caught on at once and shouted with laughter.

But Paul really had the last laugh weeks later, near the final shooting on *Peggy*. Stopping off at his office after she'd been to the doctor's, Jeanne was the one who looked a little incredulous and slightly dazed, as she reported to Paul: "He says I *am!*"

"Ah, ha!" he exclaimed. "I *told* you to keep out of those padded costumes, gal. That sort of thing's contagious.

"That's all right, though, angel," he consoled her between two bear hugs and a kiss on her nose. "It just goes to show how you really get right into the spirit of a role."

Typical of Jeanne's admirable old-fashioned ideas about wanting babies was her instinctive reluctance to have the news about the new one leak out in gossip before she had a chance to tell her friends and her studio. When her doctor gave her a list of the dozen-and-one vitamins and tonics and builder-uppers prescribed for today's young mothers-to-be, she commissioned Paul to round them up—*quietly*.

"Don't go to Schwab's," she cautioned. "Everybody knows you there. And don't get them all at the *same* drug store—that'd be a dead give-away. Sort of shop around, will you, dear?"

As always, Paul was off like a streak to do her bidding. But his imagination warmed to the intrigue of his mission, and instead of simply asking for each item, he embroidered the plot as he moved from pharmacy to pharmacy.

"I'd like to get some calcium tablets, please." Could he let it go at that? He could not. "Having trouble with my teeth," he confided chattily to the druggist, tapping his strong white uppers with a forefinger.

Elaborating in this vein at each stop along his drugstore safari, Brinkman, the dramatist, came a cropper when he asked an elderly lady clerk for a specific iodine compound.

"I'm anemic," he explained dejectedly.

"Anemic?" she repeated hopefully. "Well, young man, I have something much better for that. You take this bottle of Wingbottom's Wonder Tonic. My brother was anemic, too, and it did him a world of good."

Murmuring something like perhaps he ought to see a doctor, Brinkman, the realist, beat a hasty exit, summarily finishing his pharmaceutical shopping elsewhere. And with no further ad libbing. Reaching home and triumphantly dumping his loot in Jeanne's lap, he counted 11 assorted bottles and packets in the great Brinkman undercover pill roundup.

Paul and the vitamins . . . Jeanne sketching nursery murals in a paint-daubed smock, with a blob of cherub blue on her chin . . . evenings by a fire . . . home movies of a little boy with brown eyes like his daddy's . . . maid's night-out barbecues for two . . . Ba-ba's newest and sturdiest tooth . . . the cuddly white lamb waiting in the white-skirted bassinette for its new owner . . . these—according to a couple of experts named Jeanne and Paul Brinkman—are the little things that make for great anniversaries.

But this attitude leads to false rumors like the one started by a hotel clerk in San Francisco where the Brinkmans enjoyed a short holiday not so long ago. Observing them wander off, hand in hand and oblivious to the world in general and the people in the lobby in particular, he winked at a lounging bell boy.

"Honeymooners," observed the wisey behind the desk. "I can spot 'em every time." THE END

The screen story of Jeanne Crain's latest movie, Letter To Three Wives, *is a feature of the February issue of* SCREEN STORIES *magazine.*

THREE LOVES THAT THRILLED THE WORLD

(*Continued from page 29*)

never made of *papier maché*. I won't go into the amazingly intelligent, level-headed, down-to-earth way George and Gertrude Temple raised Shirley and gave her the character to ward off the very real dangers of becoming an artificial personality. But I saw it—we all did—pay off when Shirley Temple suddenly bloomed as a young woman in love—seeing what she wanted, knowing what she wanted, getting what she wanted and finding real love and happiness far beyond the kind she ever played before a camera.

What Shirley wanted wasn't a foreign title, or a glamor playboy or a millionaire social snob—although she certainly could have had her pick of those one-way streets to false love and unhappiness if she'd tossed one coy, flirting look around. But Shirley wasn't interested. She didn't shop around or dangle hearts from her fickle fingers. The fact that she was Shirley Temple, the world's most treasured valentine in person, didn't warp her direct mind or honest heart. Jack Agar was the first and only true love of her life.

He was a buck private when Shirley first looked up into his blue eyes, in his strong, unsophisticated young face—and she knew love when she saw it. He wasn't clever and flashy or snappy with a fast line of bedazzling chatter. He was shy, modest and reserved. He hadn't a famous name, or too much money, but he did have the same solid American background that Shirley had, the same sincerity and sweetness (yep, men have it too). He was her match in every way—handsome, well-bred, manly, real. He was 22, Shirley was 15. But Juliet was less than that when she died for Romeo's love. Shirley was 16 when Jack slipped an engagement ring on her third finger, left hand, 17 when a wedding band joined it.

Too young? She was grown up—birthdays not counting—after they'd looked in each other's eyes. Shirley had been out with boys before, dated decorously around in her sheltered set. But the day Ann Gallery, Zasu Pitts' daughter and Shirley's neighbor, brought her friend from Chicago to Shirley's pool for a swim, was the day that changed her life.

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frantic days. Letters from Army camps from Jack; and too, too short leaves for visits; sweet-sorrow partings, eased by plans and promises. They'd promised Shirley's parents to wait two years—but when Jack thought he might sail for duty in Europe, those sensible Temples saw no reason for denying a marriage they knew was right and a happiness that Shirley Temple, young as she was but grown-up in her emotions, deserved.

I suppose there have been more elegant and lavishly-bedecked brides than Shirley Temple as she stood in her simple ivory satin wedding dress at the altar of the Wilshire Methodist church that wedding day—but in my memory I don't recall ever seeing a sweeter one. In her dainty, still doll-like figure, too, there lived the earnest hopes and dreams of every girl in the world as she stood beside the handsome young soldier who adored her, and heard the minister intone, "Dearly beloved, we are gathered here. . . ."

It wasn't the most fashionable church she could have picked; in fact, it wasn't fashionable at all. Shirley Temple had picked it, not for swank, but because it was big—where more of the people who had loved her as a girl could see her become a bride. The altar was high and she liked that too. "So my friends can see us get married—all the way." Proud of her love, she was, and wanting all who could to see her in her happiness.

Jack Agar didn't marry a gossamer package of glamour or a fictitious legend. He married a very real girl.

Since that day I've watched with interest that love in the "ever after" and it's stood the test—from the time Shirley and Jack ran down the side steps and drove away glowing, in a car whose door handle wouldn't work. From the big reception at Shirley's old home, where all who knew her stepped up to plant a kiss and shake a hand. From their modest honeymoon in Santa Barbara to the home they soon made out of Shirley's girlhood playhouse. Through the expectant bliss of young motherhood before her twentieth birthday, and through the adult problems that married love has solved—such as Jack's own future and career as an actor himself. When David Selznick dangled an actor's future before him, there was the question: Should he go on and finish college or tackle a screen career?

movie career for jack . . .

Shirley pointed out, as a good wife should, both the advantages and disadvantages—but she told Jack he was the boss, it was his decision. ("But you could make a living a lot worse ways," she told him with her new wifely wisdom. "I ought to know.") So John decided—and played opposite his wife in *Fort Apache.* John Ford tells me he's sure to be a star.

But whether or not Jack and Shirley Agar become another pair of Lunts or not, isn't important. They have something much more important than mutual fame. They have mutual love—strong, young and sincere—and last Valentine's Day, as I gazed down into the sweet results of that love, little Linda Susan, cradled in her pink bassinette, I thought: This is the kind of love that makes the world go 'round, indeed. The fact that it blossomed right in and in spite of Hollywood makes it all the more wonderful to me.

The perfect, though tragic romance of Clark Gable and Carole Lombard was an entirely different sort of love—more adult and mature, but just as rich and strong and satisfying, even if it wasn't colored with Cupid's rosy young dream like Shirley and Jack Agar's. People write me all the time to ask, "When is Clark Gable going to get married again?"—and I can't answer them. I've asked Clark the same question to his handsome face time and again and got just a crooked grin from the King. I don't know any more than anyone else—and sometimes I wonder if Clark himself does. I think he probably will marry again, because he's a lonely man. Though I'm not sure but that a very large part of his heart rests forever on a Nevada mountainside where his perfect mate, Carole, lost her life—the first Hollywood star to give it in the service of her country during the war.

I know about the living room at Clark's ranch-house furnished just the way Carole left it. Clark has never allowed one stick of it to be rearranged. I know why he rushed into the Air Corps so swiftly—to cover his grief with action and impelled to risk his own life as Carole had hers. I know about the ruby clip—all they found of the mortal Carole Lombard in that lonely plane-crash pyre—which he himself found in the ashes, had mounted and still carries with him always. Yet, in fashioning a valentine in the memory of that great Hollywood love, I'd never edge it with sombre black; I'd trim it with the gayest colors I could find. For that was the kind of king and queen they were, and the theme song of their wonderful love was life and laughter.

in love with life . . .

Carole loved life and she lived it to the full. I've never known a girl who squeezed more living out of every moment and I knew Carole long before she ever knew and loved Clark Gable. She adored people, excitement, talk, action. I think that essential part of her, that hungry, vital all-out living side of her was what made Carole Lombard such a brilliant star. She was glowing and happy making other people happy, giving them fun, and that radiant exuberance sparkled through in every part she played.

I remember, and so does most of Hollywood, one party Carole staged in honor of William Rhinelander Stewart, the New York millionaire, at the Ocean Park fun pier. It was a walloping credit to her social leadership and personality power that she collected all the great glamor lords and ladies of the screen for that sailor-on-leave outing, broke their tinsel dignities to pieces and made them love it. Skirts whisked up over startled necks and glamor gowns tumbled on dusty boards, male star tailor's dummies shouted and yelled and reverted to their natural selves, to big kids, on that night.

I can still see Claudette Colbert sprawling in six different directions in the rolling tunnel of the fun house and Marlene Dietrich sent skittering on the whirl-around, skinning her million-dollar legs—abrasions she exhibited proudly for days, to prove she wasn't the austere Garbo-copy Josef Von Sternberg had made her. That party made Marlene and a host of other Hollywood stars real people and Carole chuckled to see it happen thus.

When Carole Lombard tackled anything it was with all her heart and soul—and that's the way she fell for Clark Gable, that's the way she made herself over to his style, staged a complete reverse, which, for a strong character like Carole, could have been worked only by the miracle that makes hearts beat faster on Valentine's Day.

I saw their first dramatic debut as a team. It was at a party—the last big one Carole Lombard ever threw her high tension energies into, the last one she wanted to attend. It was that famous White May Fair, the annual elite movie-world winter ball that she was selected to stage one year. As usual, she knocked herself out making it perfect and her theme was—all white for the ladies, every glamor gown snowy. It was easily *the* social event of

Hollywood's year. And that was the night Norma Shearer crossed Carole up, with a feminine dagger thrust, by making a grand entrance in scarlet red—the only color gown there. (Bette Davis later used that incident for a striking scene in a swell movie of hers, *Jezebel.*) Carole turned whiter than her satin gown, swiftly picked up her skirts and left the ballroom. A big guy left the stag line and strode hurriedly after her. That was the first time Clark Gable took Carole Lombard home, and that was the night they fell in love.

Clark was truly Hollywood's king then. And Carole, with her slashing comedy-drama performances, was at the height of her career, too. She made news every minute. She was the screen's best-dressed woman, among its sharpest female wits, at the peak of her alabaster, violet-eyed beauty. She rated a fabulous salary, startled people by saying she was happy and privileged to pay her gigantic income tax. She was out in front, leading the parade, a fit mate for the king. Everyone who knew Carole loved her; everyone loved Gable, too—and when they loved each other it was a romance fit for the gods. Carole and Clark measured up, and matched. She saw to that.

gags and gaiety . . .

The theme of their merry courtship could have been taken from the title of a picture of Carole's, *Nothing Sacred,* that of their attraction from another, *They Knew What They Wanted.* Some of the outrageous pranks and fun they had with each other are still classics—the gags they tossed to and fro like a couple of big, happy kids. I remember one Christmas when Clark parked an ancient jalopy on the front yard of Carole's Hollywood home and she had to have a junk dealer come cart it off! They made news every day in wacky ways that were columnists' delights—but the biggest, most significant news was the way Carole made herself over to please the man she loved. The way her Paris gowns gave way to levis and riding breeches, her tailored suits to tweed jackets, sweaters, skirts and outdoor gear. Carole loved the open, and she loved Clark. She learned to shoot a gun, whip a bass rod, drive swift and long at the wheel, even climb up behind the king on his motorcycle.

They had both lived and loved before. But they found new youth and spirit together in a love such as neither had yet known. It was as if they'd never loved before—and they made as handsome, vital, electric a pair as I've ever seen together in Hollywood or anywhere else.

Carole deserted her big home on Hollywood Boulevard and together they planned and built Clark's dream ranch-house. Everything—she saw to that—was for a man: Huge, walk-in freeze rooms to hang whole deer carcasses, stables, kennels, deep leather chairs, gun racks, tool sheds and stalls for the fast cars and powerful tractors Clark loved. They had a pair of matched horses to ride, side by side, over the Malibu hills. They rigged up a special station wagon equipped for almost anything you'd want on a camping trip, double bunks and all. Carole, the party girl, turned into Clark's outdoor gal.

Her friends became his and his, hers. Carole loved Clark's dad, and insisted Clark find a place near the ranch for him. She loved to sit with Clark and Pop Gable, who died last year, late at night around the kitchen table, frying bacon and eggs, drinking bottles of beer and listening to the salty tales Pop would tell of his crazy kid, Clark. She went bass fishing with Clark and his pals at Lake Mead, back of Hoover Dam; she soon was shooting skeet up near his own high score; and Carole was the first lady gunner to go down into Mexico after ducks with her guy. They rolled all over Arizona, Nevada, and Oregon looking for a bigger, more rugged ranch. They had plans and dreams and team projects galore. They were both living and loving fully in perfect harmony in a perfect marriage.

Then Pearl Harbor shot up in flames.

Clark and Carole Gable had been married barely three blissful years when she flew East in the early war days to throw her dynamic gifts selflessly into the new cause, war bonds. Her mother, who traveled with her, and Clark's MGM publicity pal, Otto Winkler, tried to talk Carole out of taking the plane back home. It



Clark Gable and his ill-fated Carole at a Hollywood Greek Relief broadcast in February 1941 with Ann Rutherford, Dick Powell, Frank Morgan and a kid named Shirley Temple.



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was overloaded. But she knew that at the Los Angeles Airport a big, black-haired, grinning guy would be waiting to sweep her off the step and wrap her in his arms. So she hastened aboard. . . .

When the end came, I know, what Carole was thinking of was her guy, Clark, out in Hollywood, waiting to meet her.

They never found anything mortal of her—except that ruby clip Clark still carries with him—although he stalked the blackened canyon for days and nights with the rescue party, sleepless, with red-rimmed, hollow eyes, silent and tearless in his grief. . . .

That's been seven years ago now, and they say seven years is a full chapter in any man's life. It is in Clark Gable's, too. I hope he goes on to a new one.

But I wonder, on this Valentine's Day, if there will ever be for him a chapter dedicated so completely to the heart—so perfectly, so ideally as it was with Carole Lombard, the love of his life.

undramatic devotion . . .

But deep devotion is not necessarily dramatic—even in Hollywood, where that's the town specialty—nor does it inevitably follow the primrose path that fairy princesses and prince charmings tread. In one Hollywood home shared by two of the most publicly spotlighted and privately plain people that I know—Betty Grable and Harry James—dwells as great a love and understanding as ever blessed a pair.

Yet it isn't spectacular or showy at all. True, it was the combination of a glitter girl whose looks and legs made her a wolf-whistle wherever her picture was pinned—and a brassy trumpeter whose name personified the strident up-to-the-minute blasts and beats of red-hot jive and jazz. A high kick and a hot lick! Yet that's not the real Betty and Harry—and it never was, to everyone's surprise.

She met him not in Hollywood but Chicago, that cradle of American dance and rhythm. Harry was tooting out his golden notes, as the new king of swing, at the College Inn, Chicago's famous café where great bandleaders have held forth ever since jazz came up the Mississippi. Betty was displaying her twin beauties and ivory smile at the Chicago Theatre on a personal appearance. After one post-performance visit to the College Inn, she headed there every night—and she took her mama along every time, too, which might have been a tip-off. From there the scenario progressed to Hollywood, just as it has in a score of musical movies, but the twist was—wartime, the Hollywood Canteen—with Harry James sending sweet notes for the service boys on Monday nights and Betty giving her Hollywood glamor there the very same night of the week. Then they made a picture together as Harry James' radio fame inevitably led him before Hollywood cameras. Boy and girl who met 'way back in show business found love and happiness at the rainbow's end—that's the plot, and it's been used for a make-believe movie many more times than once.

Only that's what really happened to Harry and Betty James. Maybe that's why it's so hard for us all to believe. Or perhaps it's just because Harry and Betty are too busy living their love to waste words or show off trying to prove it. I doubt if they even know when Valentine's Day rolls around, myself. Every day is that for those two—but not the sticky, sentimental kind. That's not their style.

Every time I call on Betty, I come away warmed by the refreshing sincerity of a show girl utterly dedicated to her husband, home and children. Every time, too, I confess, I search for a chink in her armor, some tell-tale giveaway of a conviction I've toted around ever since I stepped on a stage myself—that two careers in the same family strike sparks. But each time, after brief exposure to Betty at home, my old skeptic heart settles right down and purrs meekly, undisturbed by a doubt. Each time the unpretentious girl who draws in more box-office gold than any other lady star in Hollywood, who married the shy King of the Cornet, shames me by her direct declarations of the way her heart beats.

Last time, I remember, we sat side by side on a great sofa beside her homey, copper-cluttered fireplace, while her darling daughters, Vicki and Jess, romped around. Betty told me then how in tune she and Harry were in their way of life, in the things they love, their interests, hopes and plans. "It's almost spooky," she smiled. "Sometimes we burst out saying the same things, and we can almost send messages without a telephone. Everything Harry has ever fallen for—horses, baseball, music, ranch life—I suddenly love and want too." Love does that. And it was not, somehow, ho-hum or trite to hear Betty Grable say steadily: "Harry and I couldn't live without each other now. Our love has grown and deepened with every day we've been married. We don't talk about it much—it's just there." No, you don't talk about a love that's as real as Harry and Betty's—you live it every minute, in big ways, little ways.

Like Betty's locking her bedroom door each night when Harry's playing late with his band, so he'll have to wake her up and she can welcome him home even if it's past midnight and she's due at seven on her studio set. . . . Like seeing him off and meeting him coming home no matter when a train or plane arrives or departs. . . . Like cutting short a scene at six o'clock, no matter how important, to shop in person at the market for the foods Harry likes and her family thrives on. . . . Like following Harry's band tours whenever she can break away from her job, arranging her own film vacations to suit his so they can share them together, in some sport they both love, a horse-race meet or a world's series. . . . Like cooking Harry's breakfast on Sunday mornings and helping groom the horses on the ranch. . . . Like a lot of things that make two people one in all the married moments that add up to a life of love.

the hidden hearts . . .

That their kind of devotion can grow and endure in Hollywood against the tugging tides of two extremely opposite, demanding careers is to me a marriage miracle, caused by two large hearts worn not on sleeves but hidden inside, where they do the most good.

Yes, love blooms—and not just on Valentine's Day—in Hollywood as everywhere else. It's a hardy perennial likely to pop up practically any day the year round in giddying, sweet-scented profusion. Not always are the blossoms spectacular and dazzling—sometimes they're just tender buds and sometimes the petals are seared and torn at the edges. Well, I'm no poet and I know it. But, at the risk of sounding silly to some people, I believe that loves grow here in Hollywood every bit as luxuriant and lovely as anywhere else—despite the parodies they suffer sometimes in print and on celluloid.

And because the spotlight shines on them everlastingly, when they are full-blown and glorious they can thrill the world—as the loves of Shirley and Jack, and Clark and Carole, and Harry and Betty have proved to me. At least, that's the way I'm feeling as this St. Valentine's Day, A.D. 1949, approaches—and I hope it lasts, because it's a perfectly gorgeous feeling, believe you me! THE END

the fans

MODERN SCREEN FAN CLUB ASSOCIATION



SHIRLEY FROHLICH
director
GLORIA LAMPERT
associate

The Winners: Once again the points have been tallied, the totals added up, and the winners in our Eighth Semi-Annual MSFCA Trophy Cup Contest are ready to be announced. Three lucky clubs—one in each of our three leagues—whose high standards of performance, valuable services to their stars, and fine work in fulfilling the broader and generally worthwhile functions of a club have earned them the most coveted award in the fan club world! Here they are:

League One: (clubs with 500 members or over) Nelson Eddy Music Club (Rita and Jo Mottola, co-prexies). This two-time cup winner rolled up a Trophy-pulling total of 1600 points! League Two (201 to 499 members): Jeanette MacDonald Club (Martha Farrington, prexy). A first win for this fine club—and it took 1550 points! League Three: Joseph Cotten Club (Florence Steingraber, prexy). This club changed hands only about a year ago, but never slackened its consistently excellent pace! Total points: 1600! Congratulations and thanks to the winners for setting the goals for all MSFCA clubs and paving the way for the victors of tomorrow.

Runners-Up: In every Trophy Cup contest there are always those almost-winners, clubs every bit as excellent as the three League-toppers—fun to join, filled with surprises and fascinating activities, yet clubs which just miss out on the prize by a few hundred points or less. Very often they are cup-winners of the past. Chances are they're cup-winners of the future. At any rate, we hope they won't get discouraged, but will keep on trying until that inevitable day comes when they'll wind up with the highest score! So we salute the runners-up: In League 1, The Gene Autry Friendship Club (a two-time former winner) and the Bill Boyd Club (Nancy Sue Bryan, prexy). In League 2, Mary Ruth Bond's Musical Notes Club and Glenna Riley's Jeanette MacDonald Club (16 years old and still going strong!). In League 3, the comparative newcomer, the Freddie Stewart Club (Irene Ashcroft, prexy), the June Allyson Club (recently reorganized by Lois Carnahan) and Betty Gottschalk's Arthur Kennedy Club. We're proud of you all!

Fresh Start: Okay, clubbers! The scoreboards are cleared and everybody starts fresh, with an equal chance to win in the next series. And remember, winning points isn't the job of the prexy or the journal editor. It's the job of every rank-and-file member. Contribute stories and art work to your journals, submit your favorite snaps in our Candid Snap Contest, back up your charity drives; in other words, be ACTIVE.



At the Roy Rogers Fan Club Convention in Chicago, Roy helps Jacqueline Turner of Chicago into her Frontier Jacket (similar to the one Roy wears) which was one of 35 door prizes awarded at the Convention. Highlight of the week-end festivities was the reception Roy gave for the delegates at the Stevens Hotel. Helping him entertain were his wife, Dale Evans, and the Riders of the Purple Sage, all appearing at the Roy Rogers Championship Rodeo in Chicago.

8TH MSFCA TROPHY CUP CONTEST

It was a swell contest and we hated to see it go. But the new one's already begun—the ninth in our series! This is only the beginning, and remember, there are monthly prizes in addition to those silver Trophy Cups for the final league leaders. Winners in our THIS IS MY BEST contest can still try for those 4 luscious HELENA RUBINSTEIN lipsticks all packed in a lucite holder, to match their own particular hair coloring. Club artists have lots to gain by sending in sketches to their club journals. The TANGEE people have wonderful travel kits all packed with creams and powders, and ready to go along with you on that vacation trip. Don't forget, we have prizes for boys too—Dell mysteries, and subscriptions to the magazine of your choice, such as RADIO ALBUM, SCREEN ALBUM, FRONT PAGE DETECTIVE and many more.

LAST LAP

This Is My Best: (100 points) "From Me to You." Betty Gottschalk, Arthur Kennedy Journal. "Fun with Ginni and Maggie," Betty Bayre, Virginia Field Journal. "Spring in New York," Dorothy McCaw, Desi Arnaz (Martinjak) Journal. "What Do I Say," Dwayne Armstead, Ron Randell (Hreha) Journal. "My Journey To The USA," Tess Burton, Randell (Hreha) Journal. "Fantasy Impromptu," Robert Stockbridge, Burt Lancaster Club News. **Best Journals:** (500 points) League 1. Nelson Eddy (Mottola) Journal. League 2. Bob Crosby Journal. League 3. (tied) Freddie Stewart and Arthur Kennedy Journals. **Best Editors:** (250 points) League 1. Janie Hamilton, Bill Boyd Journal. League 2. Joann Julian, Burt Lancaster Club News. League 3. Virginia Haywood, Televisor. **Best Covers:** (250 points) League 1. none qualified. League 2. Jeanette MacDonald (Riley) Journal. League 3. (tied) Anthony Quinn, Sinatra (Wolfenstein) and Arthur Kennedy Journals. **Membership Increases:** (100 points) League 1. No entries. League 2. Alan Ladd (Pearl). League 3. Vaughn Monroe (Staub). **Worthwhile Activities:** (250 points) League 1. No entries. League 2. Mel Torme Club (collected toys for underprivileged children). Musical Notes Club (donated $30 to Cancer Fund). League 3. Frank Latimore Club (sent 2 packages of clothing to a member in England). **Best Artist:** (150 points) none qualified. **Candid Camera Contest:** (100 points to first prize winner, 50 to others) Margie Hummell, Ginger Rogers Club. Joan Fox, Sinatra Club of Staten Island. Kaye Criss, Jack Smith Club. Joyce Moisson, Sinatra Club. Irene Ashcroft, Freddie Stewart Club. Ann Glatz, Rise Stevens Club. **Best Correspondents:** League 1. Rita and Jo Mottola, Nelson Eddy Club. League 2. Nell Ambrose, Club Friendship. League 3. Lois Carnahan, June Allyson Club.



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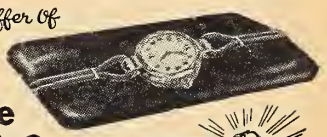


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MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 22)

keeper, and Frankie's out to fix things for him. "I'll take my father's place," he promises. Trouble is, Frankie's father had only been an innkeeper in his spare time. His main occupation was banditry. He'd been known as "The Kissing Bandit." Kissed every woman he robbed. Made 'em faint. When Frankie hears this, he's terrified. He can't ride a horse, he's never kissed a woman, and he doesn't think robbery's ethical. But Chico and his father's old gang sell him on the idea of the clean, outdoor life banditry offers. "Fresh air, the blue sky, adventure . . ." And Frankie does try very hard. When the gang holds up the coach of the governor's daughter (Kathryn Grayson), Frankie even almost kisses her. Not quite, though. No nerve. He returns to Chico's inn, sorrowful and ashamed, and that night, the inn has important visitors. A count and a general who've come all the way from Spain to collect California's taxes, or the governor's head. They're a most unpleasant couple (call everybody "peasants") and they wind up tied in neat little bundles, while Frankie and Chico borrow their fine clothes and their carriage. Then, masquerading as the noble strangers, Frankie and Chico go off to visit the governor. Chico's thinking of the nice tax money; Frankie's thinking of Kathryn. Kathryn doesn't betray them, even though she remembers Frankie very well, and they both sing a lot of songs, and Ricardo Montalban and Ann Miller and Cyd Charisse do a dance, and the Technicolor is blinding. Frankie finally confesses he'd rather be honest than glamorous, Kathryn decides she can love him even if he isn't a big brave bandit, and the goings-on get really joyful. J. Carrol Naish, who portrays Chico with a big putty nose and a Mexican accent, walks away with the picture, but he's such a terrific actor it's a pleasure to watch him walk.—*M-G-M.*



Don Juan: Errol Flynn dashes back to Spain and proceeds to fall for Queen Viveca Lindfors.

DON JUAN

Don Juan acted out in such atrociously hammy fashion you keep thinking it's a play within a play. You wait for the curtain to ring down, and for the characters involved to step forward and say a few lines with matter-of-fact inflection. This never happens. In addition to which, Spanish history takes such a drubbing about the head and shoulders that Christopher Columbus is surely turning in his grave, sorry he ever discovered the country capable of spawning Hollywood. To get to the Technicolored point, Don Juan (Errol Flynn) the infamous Spanish lover of ladies, is languishing in England, in disgrace for his various misdeeds. He's given a dressing-down by the Spanish ambassador (Robert Warwick), who says Spain is in bad trouble. Why doesn't Juan change his way of living? the ambassador wants to know. Go home, in fact. Keep the wicked advisors of the Spanish king (Romney Brent) from making war on England. This is a big order, but not for Errol Flynn. With his trusty henchman (Alan Hale—who else?) he goes rushing back to Spain and discovers the lovely Queen (Viveca Lindfors) to be the only person with all her buttons at the whole court. The Duke De Lorca (Robert Douglas) has the king under his thumb, and the duke wants war. Errol proceeds to fall in love with the queen, but this time it's a finer love than he's ever known before. It gives him the strength to outwit De Lorca, kill half the palace guards (they were on De Lorca's side) and keep the peace. The queen, who's fought against the dreadful knowledge, admits finally that she loves Don Juan, and that's a nice pickle too. She's got her duties to her country on one hand; she's got Errol on the other. It reminds you of the Thurber cartoon that's captioned, "With you, I have known peace, Leda, and now you say you are going insane." Errol tells the queen she must be strong, as he bids her farewell, and rides away, on the trail of the other prettier ladies. Well, it all adds up to good fun, if you're feeling childish.—*Warners*

also showing . . .

APARTMENT FOR PEGGY (20th-Fox)—G.I. student Bill Holden and his wife Jeanne Crain find campus quarters with old professor Edmund Gwynn and save him from despair. A superb comedy-drama.

BLOOD ON THE MOON (RKO)—A taut, exciting Western with Robert Mitchum, Robert Preston, Phyllis Thaxter. Very intelligently done.

ENCHANTMENT (Goldwyn)—Seven-year-old Gigi Perreau walks off with the honors in this superb film of three generations of an English family—but David Niven, Jayne Meadows, Teresa Wright, Farley Granger, Evelyn Keyes and a number of other first-rate actors are wonderful too. Guaranteed to please.

JUNE BRIDE (Warners)—Bette Davis and Robert Montgomery seem to be enjoying themselves in this bright comedy—and you'll enjoy *yourself.*

KISS THE BLOOD OFF MY HANDS (Univ.-Int.)—Burt Lancaster, a murderous fellow, woos and wins Joan Fontaine in post-war London and they come to no good end. A well-executed but seamy exercise.

MISS TATLOCK'S MILLIONS (Para.)—John Lund is hired by Barry Fitzgerald to impersonate an idiot heir to millions. An absolute riot. With Monty Woolley and Wanda Hendrix.

RED RIVER (U.A.)—This huge Technicolor Western really gives you your money's worth. John Wayne, Monty Clift and Joanne Dru get involved in stampedes and Indian fighting and feuds and everything. Great stuff.

RETURN OF OCTOBER (Col.)—College professor Glenn Ford, horse-lover Terry Moore and some whimsical doings concerning a racehorse named October. Complicated and amusing.

ROAD HOUSE (20th-Fox)—Cornel Wilde, Ida Lupino and Celeste Holm get all fouled up by villain Richard Widmark in this wild and woolly crime tale.

THE BOY WITH GREEN HAIR (U.A.)—Youngster Dean Stockwell awakes one morning to find his hair has turned green. Because of this, he becomes an outcast. A very worthwhile film that shows how silly bigotry is. With Barbara Hale and Pat O'Brien.

THE DECISION OF CHRISTOPHER BLAKE (Warners)—A story of the effect on a 12-year-old of his parents' getting divorced. Pretty phony fare. With Ted Donaldson, Alexis Smith and Robert Douglas.

THE GALLANT BLADE (Col.)—Larry Parks, Victor Jory and Marguerite Chapman in a Cinecolor costume swashbuckler. Lots of dash and swordplay.

THE PALEFACE (Para.)—Bob Hope, a tenderfoot dentist in the old Wild West, meets up with the Jane Russell version of Calamity Jane. One of the funniest Hope pictures ever.

THE RED SHOES (Eagle-Lion)—A Technicolor backstage drama of the ballet—which features a long, original ballet that is one of the most thrilling things ever put on film. Moira Shearer is the ballerina chiefly concerned. Don't miss it if you like magnificent dancing.

THE THREE MUSKETEERS (MGM)—A spectacular production, in Technicolor, of the 16th-Century France adventure classic. Gene Kelly, Lana Turner, June Allyson, Van Heflin, and Vincent Price help make it all look awfully expensive.

UNFAITHFULLY YOURS (20th-Fox)—Rex Harrison is a symphony conductor who daydreams of the various dramatic ways in which he can handle the supposed unfaithfulness of his wife, Linda Darnell. Unusual comedy.

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Ava Gardner

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MRS. BENJAMIN MOATS, Jr.
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Junior Model Joan Murray shows how it can work for you, too



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MARCH, 1949

modern screen

the friendly magazine

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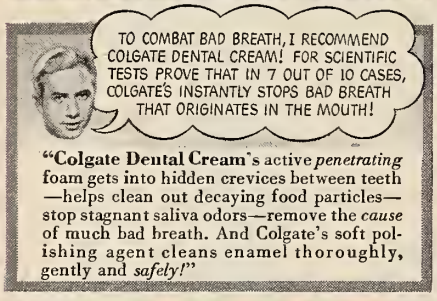
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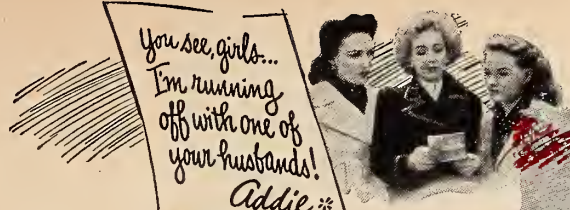
To our Readers

EVER SINCE HER return from England, Lana Turner has been living quietly in Greenwich, Connecticut. Understandably, Lana's neighbors have been excited about her presence in the neighborhood. In order that their excitement and pleasure might be shared by Modern Screen's readers, we assigned Jean Kinkead to report on Lana's activities. The result is the story, "Refuge For Lana," appearing on page 46, and the somewhat gay illustration appearing at the top of this column. But as this is written, we don't feel gay. Only two hours ago, we learned that Lana had lost the baby she had been expecting. We are truly sorry about this tragic misfortune, and we extend to Lana our heart-felt sympathies. Unfortunately, we can't delete references to Lana's baby in the story appearing on page 46. A magazine is printed in sections; the section containing "Refuge For Lana" is already off the presses. All we can do, at this late hour, is to wish we could say something that would help . . .

WE HAVE A pleasant item for Hollywood's children: Kids, you can grow up now if you want to. The "awkward age" is definitely passé. Look at the way Shirley Temple, Judy Garland and Mickey Rooney, to name a few, waltzed through it. Look at page 64 of this magazine. Only thing you have to worry about now, kiddies, is grey hair.

IN 1945, A GIRL, name of Beverly Ott, wandered into our Hollywood office. Before she could get off the premises she was being referred to as a secretary and being given a batch of dictation.Then, before we could stop her, she'd gone back to school, wise child that she was. That was Rollins College in Florida. In the summer of '46, Bev wandered back to M. S. No questions asked, we dusted off a desk. This time she stayed a while and then started going to night school at USC. But Rollins was too much for all of us. Bev returned there in 1948 to pick up her diploma and tennis racquet. The tennis racquet is now in our New York office, as is Beverly herself, now an Assistant Editor. This kind of thing may keep up indefinitely, of course, in which case she will probably become a Ph.D and publisher of M. S. just about concurrently. In the meantime, we won't get nervous till she starts peering fondly at college catalogues again.

WE CAN'T END this without mentioning our next issue. It's a sort of present for Shirley Temple on her twenty-first birthday. We know you'll enjoy reading the stories and reminiscences about her life almost as much as we did gathering them . . . So watch for Shirley on our cover . . .



A LETTER TO THREE WIVES...



...IS A PEEK INTO THE OTHER WOMAN'S MAIL!

Jeanne Crain
Linda Darnell
Ann Sothern



* *Addie* is the 'other woman' all other women will be talking about!



A Letter to Three Wives

(STRICTLY PERSONAL)

Promise you won't peek-and-tell... the ending! It's a sheer, delightful revelation!

co-starring
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PAUL DOUGLAS
BARBARA LAWRENCE
JEFFREY LYNN with Connie Gilchrist · Florence Bates · Hobart Cavanaugh

Screen Play and Direction by JOSEPH L. MANKIEWICZ · *Produced by* SOL C. SIEGEL

Adopted by Vera Carpory · From a Cosmopolitan Magazine Novel by John Klempner

20th CENTURY-FOX

LOUELLA PARSONS'

Good news

I think Diana Lynn was the sweetest-looking bride I ever saw, the day she said "I do" to John Lindsay, the handsome young architect.

From time to time in the past, I have frequently thought of Diana as a very self-sufficient, independent young woman. But the real sentiment in her nature came out as she planned her wedding.

First, she told Edith Head what she wanted for a wedding gown. It was to be very simple. "I don't want to look like a movie star," Diana said. "I just want to look like a happy girl."

Then she selected the small chapel on the campus of the University of Southern California for the Methodist ceremony because that is where John attended school. Only seven close friends outside of the wedding party were invited to the ceremony—but the entire chapel was as lavishly-decorated with beautiful white flowers and satin streamers as though it had been filled!

Later, Mr. and Mrs. Lindsay greeted all their friends at a large reception at the home of the bride's agent and close friend, Wynn Rocamora.

In the receiving line along with Janie Withers, the bridesmaid, and Diana's parents were John's grandparents—who have been married for 52 years. They were beaming and looked every bit as happy as the bridal pair.

Among the guests, all a little dewy-eyed about the whole thing, were Mona Freeman; Betty Hutton (so cute with the shortest haircut in town); Angie Greene, wife of Stuart Martin (the best man); the Reggie Gardiners, and most of Diana's co-workers at Paramount.

* * *

Another hearts-and-flowers romance is that of 17-year-old Elizabeth (Dreamboat) Taylor and Glenn Davis. Don't bat an eyelash if the youngsters get married the first leave the former West Point footballer gets from Army service in the Far East.

Elizabeth is so deeply in love with him she isn't dating any of the lads in London where she is making *The Conspirator* with Bob Taylor.

There was a time when there might have been parental or studio objections to a wed-



On December 18, Diana Lynn and John Lindsay were married in the Methodist chapel at the University of Southern California. Diana wore a four-leaf clover gold chain around her neck. Her gown was designed by Paramount's Edith Head.



Following the ceremony, a reception was given by Diana's friend Wynn Rocamora at his home. Over 300 people attended the affair, but there were few press agents or cameramen and not many movie stars. Jane Withers was matron of honor. Betty Hutton (above) was a well-wisher.



John Bromfield, who's with Diana in Hal Wallis' *Bitter Victory,* came with Corinne Calvet, his bride. Diana and her groom left early to hop a plane on their way to Nassau.



Even though Diana's bridal bouquet was mistakenly caught by a married woman, friends predict the next wedding will be that of June Haver and her constant escort, Dr. John Duzik—who were among Diana's guests.

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LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD NEWS



Two-and-o-half-yeor-old Lizo Minnelli makes her screen debut with mom, Judy Garland, in *The Good Old Summertime*, gowned by Irene.

ding, because Elizabeth is still so young.

But I think the wonderfully happy marriage of Shirley Temple and John Agar has changed all that. Married happiness and having a baby have not hurt Shirley's career one iota —and frankly, I believe the young Agars have blazed the trail for other 'teen-age marriages in our town.

* * *

While we are on the subject of Cupid—I think you'll have to look a long way before you'll find a girl as happy as Jane Powell.

A beautiful diamond engagement ring is the reason. It was given to Janie by Geary Steffan at a dinner party in the Beverly Wilshire.

Jane, who's 19, met Geary, 26, two years ago when he was her skating teacher. He used to be Sonja Henie's partner.

"I think I fell in love almost at first sight," Janie said. "He's not only handsome, but he's so nice and thoughtful."

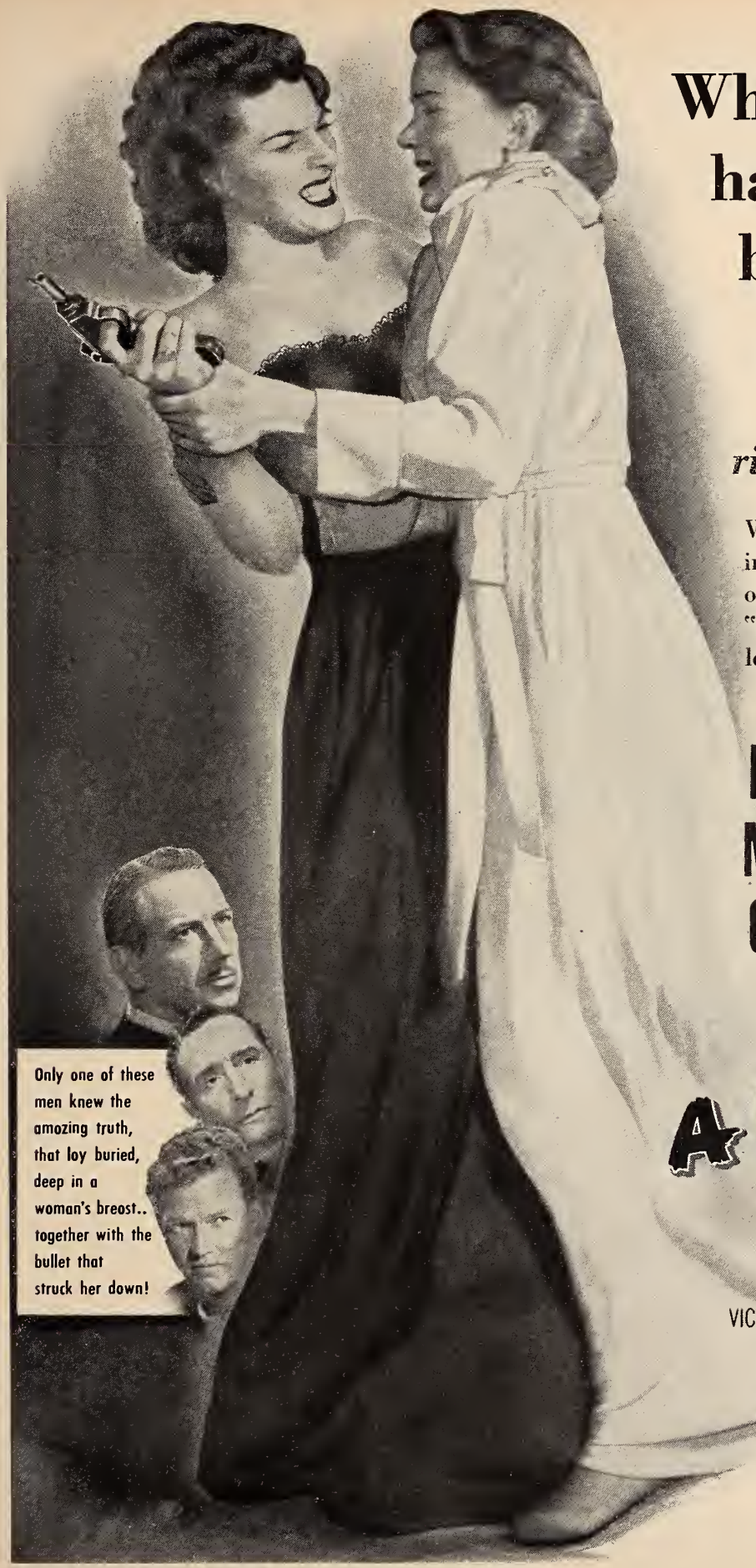
Jane hopes the wedding will be in a few months. Meanwhile, Geary's going into business for himself in Hollywood.

[EDITOR'S NOTE: *For further word of Jane's adventures, see page 66.*]

* * *

Scotty Beckett, picked up on a drunken-driving charge, is so remorseful and ashamed —and has sworn to his family and his studio that it will never happen again. In fact, the kid is so low about the whole incident that immediately after it happened, MGM made a public announcement that he would not be taken out of the role of Clark Gable's son in Clark's next picture.

Mervyn Leroy, the director, said: "It's the kid's first offense. With Hollywood getting so many black eyes on all sides, it is unfortunate it happened. But taking him out of the picture would be too drastic a punishment for a boy who is so sincerely sorry. He's a good



Only one of these men knew the amazing truth, that Joy buried, deep in a woman's breast.. together with the bullet that struck her down!

What *really* happened behind the closed door?

. . . was it worth risking murder for?

Vicki Baum knows women! And in this exciting story . . . based on her famous best-selling novel, "Mortgage On Life"— she fearlessly explores the souls of two!

MAUREEN O'HARA
MELVYN DOUGLAS
GLORIA GRAHAME
BILL WILLIAMS

in

A Woman's Secret

with

VICTOR JORY • MARY PHILIPS • JAY C. FLIPPEN

A DORE SCHARY Presentation

Produced by HERMAN J. MANKIEWICZ

Directed by NICHOLAS RAY

Screen Play by HERMAN J. MANKIEWICZ

RKO RADIO PICTURES

Advertisement

* * * * *

Don't be Half-safe!



by

VALDA SHERMAN

At the first blush of womanhood many mysterious changes take place in your body. For instance, the apocrine glands under your arms begin to secrete daily a type of perspiration you have never known before. This is closely related to physical development and causes an unpleasant odor on both your person and your clothes.

There is nothing "wrong" with you. It's just another sign you are now a woman, not a girl . . . so now you *must* keep yourself safe with a truly effective underarm deodorant.

Two dangers—Underarm odor is a real handicap at this romantic age, and the new cream deodorant Arrid is made especially to overcome this very difficulty. It kills this odor on contact in 2 seconds, then by antiseptic action prevents the formation of all odor for 48 hours and keeps you shower-bath fresh. It also stops perspiration and so protects against a second danger—perspiration stains. Since physical exertion, embarrassment and emotion can now cause apocrine glands to fairly gush perspiration, a dance, a date, an embarrassing remark may easily make you perspire and offend, or ruin a dress.

All deodorants are not alike—so remember—no other deodorant tested stops perspiration and odor so completely yet so safely as new Arrid. Its safety has been proved by doctors. That's why girls your age buy more Arrid than any other age group. In fact, more men and women everywhere use Arrid than any other deodorant. It's antiseptic, used by 117,000 nurses.

Intimate protection is needed—so protect yourself with this snowy, stainless cream that smooths on and disappears. Arrid, with the amazing new ingredient Creamogen, is **guaranteed** not to crystallize or dry out in the jar, or new jar free on return to Carter Products, Inc., 53 Park Pl., N. Y. C. The American Laundering Institute has awarded Arrid its Approval Seal—harmless to fabrics. Arrid is safe for the skin—non-irritating—can be used right after shaving.

Don't be half-safe. During this "age of romance" don't let perspiration problems spoil your fun. Don't be half-safe—be Arrid-safe! Use Arrid to be sure. Get Arrid now at your favorite drug counter—only 39¢ plus tax.



LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD NEWS

Chosen by MODERN SCREEN's readers as their favorite actor of the year, Alan Ladd received his trophy cup from M.S.'s editor, Wade Nichols, on the Movie Matinée radio show. That's emcee Red Benson in the center.

kid—and we believe him when he says it won't happen again."

* * *

Everybody in our town forgot the production blues and the studio shut-downs at Christmas time and the holidays were gayer than ever, it seems to me. There were parties galore—but before I tell you about them, I'd like to relate the cutest Christmas story I heard.

During the Christmas holidays, Dorothy Lamour was amazed to discover that her three-year-old son, Ridge, was plumb scared to death of Santa Claus.

Everytime she would take the little boy to a store to see the "jolly man with the whiskers," the youngster would set up a yowl of sheer terror.

Dottie, trying to pacify him, kept saying over and over, "But darling—Santa Claus is a nice, good, kind man. He is as shy as you are. You must be sweet and nice to him—don't scare him to death yelling like that."

So came the next visit.

And little Ridge screamed as loud as ever—but this is what he was yelling:

"DON'T BE AFRAID OF *Me*, SANTY! *I'm* NOT GOING TO HURT YOU!"

"Better luck next year," sighed Dottie.

* * *

Those happily married screen writers, Mary Anita Loos and Richard Sale, came up with the first big party of the season. With the newspapers filled with front-page stories about the storms in the East—listen to this:

The local weather was so balmy the Sales used their beach home for the shindig, closed in the patio with cellophane walls and had the dinner and dancing outdoors!

You would never have suspected it was Christmas except for the enormous, gayly-decorated tree in the living room and the crackling fireplace spreading the conventional holiday cheer.

Every time I see Shirley Temple I think she looks more attractive. She is certainly one of the "best-dressed" gals off the screen. Her clothes are one of Shirley's few extravagances—and I must say they look it.

She was a dream in a simple ice-blue satin without a gee-gaw on it—but, oh, what lines. I had a hunch it was a French model—and Shirley admitted it.

Van Johnson had the time of his life and turned out to be the life of the party. Between dances the orchestra was playing specially for Van while he went through all his dance routines from old Broadway shows. Fred Astaire or Gene Kelly couldn't have been better, or more active!

After the crowd had cheered him on his fourth exhibition, Van lay right down in the middle of the floor, gasping, "I ain't as young as I was then!"

George Sanders' fiancée, Zsa Zsa Hilton, had on the most "jools"—but then, she is a very rich girl. George seems so changed since the pretty red-headed ex-wife of the famous hotel man, Conrad Hilton, came into his life. Gone are all the cynical wisecracks and the aloof manner.

Lucille Ball looked like her head was on fire—her hair is so violently red. She looked like a stunning poster girl in a form-fitting white dress.

I noticed that Evie Johnson is much thinner—and very becoming it is, too.

* * *

A movie star, very glamorous, but still old enough to be Farley Granger's mother, has a

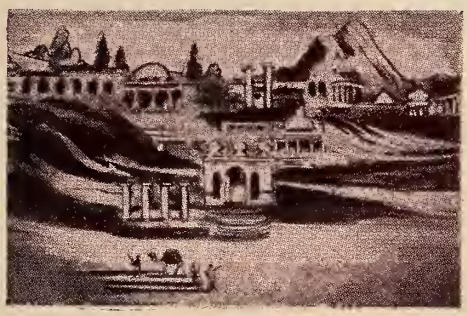
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ALL THE SINUOUS, SEDUCTIVE SPLENDOR OF THE SIREN OF...

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Fabulous land of mystery . . . Paradise on earth . . . ruled by a ravishing, ruthless Siren whose beauty and cruelty were her power!

THEY LIVE AGAIN!



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...Exotic quarters for the Queen's favorites!



...Secret armies...ready to strike against the world!



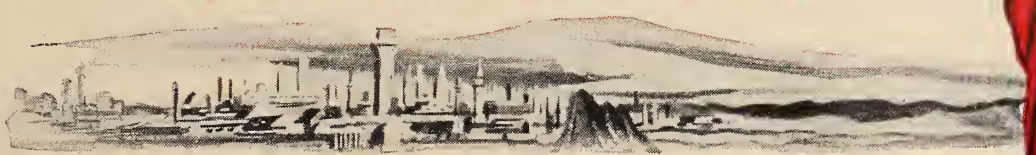
...100 dancing houris...for the royal pleasure!



MARIA Montez · JEAN PIERRE Aumont · DENNIS O'Keefe

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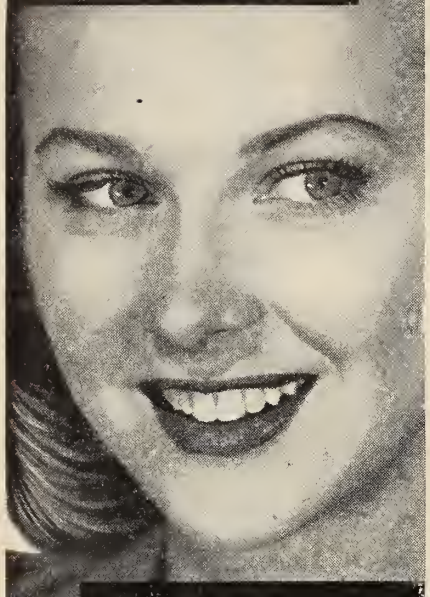
"SIREN OF ATLANTIS"



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Brush up on your Smile...



USE THE BRUSH WITH

Real Nylon Bristles



Made by the makers of DR. WEST'S MIRACLE-TUFT 50¢



Bob Mitchum and his wife continue to oppear together in Hollywood's quieter spots. He's recently been working in *Operation Malaya*.



Jewelry which Avo Gardner weors in *The Great Sinner* wos whipped up by studio prop experts. Reol gems would be worth $50,000.



Cindy Lou Boyes discusses her new Conover contract with Charles Korvin. She won it in the Miss Stordust contest topping 28,000 entronts.



Spannie is the piglet's name ond Thad Swift is training him for a televisian show. Frank Sinatro thinks he moy become o ham actor.

yen for him. But Farley isn't looking in that direction.

When the lady subtly conveyed word to him that she was agreeable to a dinner and dancing date, he just didn't come up for air.

The girls he takes out are definitely around his own age—Pat Neal and Shelley Winters among them.

I hear he has flatly informed press agents that he has not the slightest intention of showing up at the Mocambo or at Ciro's with a "name" star just for the publicity. Good boy.

* * *

No couple in Hollywood gets a bigger kick out of anniversaries and birthdays and giving a party than Dinah Shore and George Montgomery. Maybe that's the main reason their parties are so good. There's nothing that puts a damper on guests like slightly blasé hosts—and that "ain't" Dinah and George.

When the guests started arriving for their fifth wedding anniversary, they were greeted by the spectacle of a brand new automobile (Dinah's gift to George) standing in the driveway tied around the middle with a huge satin ribbon and bow on top!

Inside the big early-American living room the fireplace was blazing away and already gathered around were the Ray Millands, Ann Sothern, Eleanor Parker, the Edgar Bergens, the Danny Kayes, the Eddie Cantors, Teresa Wright and about 50 others.

I've noticed that Dinah never calls on her talented guests to perform at her parties—and she never gives with a song herself.

Dinah never drinks, either. So, it was a highlight of the evening when Ray (*Lost Weekend*) Milland told her it was bad luck not to drink to your own anniversary and she downed a glass of champagne. Like most people who don't drink—she didn't sip it. Just down the hatch to get it over in a hurry!

The food in that house is always enough to put five pounds on you just looking at it. The buffet table groaned with exotic delicacies—but I noticed the old-fashioned pot roast and potato pancakes and the corn pudding got the most "repeats."

Try those old-fashioned dishes on your own buffet sometime. They certainly go over.

* * *

If you think that the lions and leopards who work in films are as gentle as oversized kittens—listen to this:

Pretty Tanis Chandler "rehearsed" with the

New!

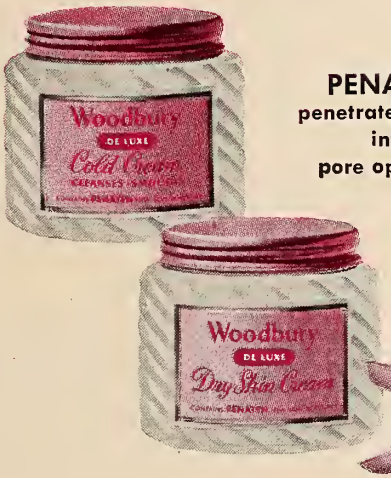
Introducing the Beauty Discovery of the Century...PENATEN in Woodbury De Luxe Face Creams





—a revelation in skin care!
—cleanses, brightens, softens as never before!

Now, from Woodbury scientists comes PENATEN—newly developed *penetrating* ingredient. Here in Woodbury De Luxe Face Creams are just-discovered formulas—for deeper, cleaner cleansing!—for superb richer softening!—for sheerest make-up flattery! Your happy promise of flawless new skin beauty!



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penetrates deeper into pore openings

Woodbury De Luxe Cold Cream ...incomparable cleaner cleansing!
PENATEN makes this De Luxe Cold Cream deeper-cleansing. Helps cleansing oils *actually penetrate* deeper into pore openings. Seeks out clogging soil and make-up more effectively. With your first jar of Woodbury De Luxe Cold Cream, your skin will be fresh and beauty-clean...as never before!

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Magically, PENATEN aids the skin absorb rich emollients in this De Luxe Dry Skin Cream. Lanolin's softening benefits... four more skin softeners... penetrate deeper into pore openings. Tiny lines soften. Flaky roughness smooths. Your skin looks gloriously younger!

Jars dressed in pink-and-gold elegance. Trial sizes, 20¢ to largest luxury sizes, $1.39. Plus tax.



Woodbury De Luxe Liquefying Cleansing Cream—contains Penaten! Particularly effective for cleansing oily or normal skin. Melts instantly. Loosens clinging grime, make-up, surface oil. Night and morning use helps keep skin clearer, younger-looking.

Woodbury De Luxe Vanishing Facial Cream—For Glamorous Make-Up: Greaseless, disappearing. A thin veil makes even oily skin look dewy. For a Beauty Pick-up: Apply lavishly to soften skin particles. Tissue off. Skin looks fresher, younger.

Woodbury De Luxe Powder Base Foundation Cream—Petal-Tinted: Adds glow to any powder shade. Veils dry or normal skin in satin-textured base that holds make-up. Helps hide blemishes. Apply sparingly—smooth over face, throat.

Woodbury De Luxe Complete Beauty All-Purpose Cream—Pink-Tinted: Penaten makes this De Luxe All-Purpose Cream more effective—for complete skin care, day and night. Cleanses deeper. Softens superbly. Provides a clinging make-up base.

big cats out at Trader Horn's Wild Animal Farm for almost a month so they would get used to her before production started on *I Tamed A Lion.*

The little French-born star was carrying a monkey on her arm when she got too close to a cage, and a leopard viciously struck out at her through the bars. Tanis was badly clawed on the arm. But the gal is game. Next week she was back at work—but keeping an eye on the tabbies, let me tell you.

* * *

Close-up of Ava Gardner: She's the darling of the studio fitting rooms. Stands for hours getting pinned and tucked without a murmur. . . . She still can't quite believe she is a big star. Calls all the producers and studio executives "Mister." . . . She's forgetful and hasn't yet changed her charge accounts from "Mrs. Ava Rooney"—although she and the Mick have been divorced for years. . . . Can't stand audible apple-eating, gum-chewing or cracker-nibbling. . . . If operations are too graphically described, she gets sick at her stomach. . . . Still owns an autographed picture from Jean Harlow which she wrote for when she was a wide-eyed fan herself. . . . When the radio is playing, she dances around the room by herself, if there is no dancing partner handy. . . . She never flares up with temper. But her feelings are easily hurt. . . . She likes to date young actors (particularly Howard Duff) because they speak her language. She enjoys talking shop after hours and admits it. She doesn't like even pretending to be interested in the insurance business or in real estate or in other careers of escorts outside the movie industry. . . . She has "sprees" of candy-eating, polishing off an entire layer at one time. Then she won't touch it for weeks. . . . She likes for heads to turn when she walks into a night club or theater. Makes her feel like a "movie star." . . . She is constantly borrowing nickels for telephone calls or 50 cents for the powder-room girl, but she always pays it back. . . . Someday, in about 10 years, she would like to play Sadie Thompson in *Rain.* . . . Anything beautiful—a sunset, a snatch of a lovely song, a poem, a fine painting—will bring a quick tear of appreciation to her eyes. . . . She wisecracks a lot to hide the fact that she's a profound sentimentalist at heart. . . . Her creed is: "Never hurt anyone—and then, you can never hurt yourself."

* * *

Dorothy Lamour won the Hollywood



. . . because HOLD-BOBS really *hold.* The perfection of this beauty is assured because those perfect curls are formed and held in place gently, yet so very securely, by this truly superior bobby pin. There is nothing finer.

More women use HOLD-BOBS than all other bobby pins combined



*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

HOLD-BOB* is a GAYLA* hair beauty aid

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FREE SUBSCRIPTIONS!

Our April, May and June issues are practically yours right now, if you'll just take a few minutes to fill out the questiannaire below. MODERN SCREEN is interested in the stars you like ta read about, so let us know your favorites—in a hurry. Remember, the first 500 to return the questionnaire to us, will find the April, May, and June issues in their mail-boxes. For free!

QUESTIONNAIRE

Which stories and features did you enjay most in aur MARCH ISSUE? WRITE THE NUMBERS 1, 2, and 3 AT THE RIGHT OF YOUR 1st, 2nd, and 3rd choices.

- *I'm Not Married by Guy Madison* ☐
- *She'll Never Stop Fighting (Ginger Rogers) by Hedda Hopper* ☐
- *Clark Gable's Secret Romance* ☐
- *Soldier of God (Colleen Townsend)* ☐
- *Venus in Blue-Jeans (Ava Gardner)* ☐
- *Refuge for Lana (Lana Turner)* ☐
- *Good Skates (Roddy McDowall, Donald O'Connor, Farley Granger, etc.)* ☐
- *How Sweet is Sixteen? (Peggy Ann Garner)* ☐
- *Boy Gets Girl (Wanda Hendrix-Audie Murphy)* ☐
- *A Woman's Place (Rosalind Russell)* ☐
- *Strange Loves of Hedy Lamarr* ☐
- *State of the Reunion (John Payne-Gloria De Haven)* ☐
- *No Time for Fun (Jane Powell)* ☐
- *End of the Beginning (Mark Stevens)* ☐
- *The Awkward Age (Margaret O'Brien)* ☐
- *Picture of the Month (Portrait of Jennie)* ☐
- *Louella Parsons' Good News* ☐

Which of the above did yau like LEAST?.....

Whot 3 MALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them, 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.....

.....

What 3 FEMALE stars wauld yau like to read about in future issues? List them, 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.....

.....

Whot MALE stor do you like least?.....

What FEMALE stor do you like leost?.....

My name is.....

My address is.....

City..... Zone..... State..... I am ..... years old

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Which Twin has the Toni?

(and which has the $15 beauty shop wave? See answer below.)



Compare Toni with any other permanent—any home wave, any beauty shop wave—and you'll find *there's no finer wave at any price!*

The secret of lovelier hair is yours—with a Toni Home Permanent. For your Toni wave is so soft, so easy to manage, so *natural-looking* that people will probably ask if you have naturally curly hair! But before trying Toni you'll want to know:

Will TONI work on my hair?
Of course. Toni waves any kind of hair that will take a permanent, including gray, dyed, bleached or baby-fine hair.

Is it easy to do?
Amazingly easy! If you can roll your hair on curlers, you can give yourself a Toni. It's so surprisingly simple that each month another two million women use Toni Home Permanent.

Why do most women prefer to use TONI?
Because the Toni Waving Lotion is not a harsh, hurry-up salon solution. Instead it's a mild creme lotion—made especially for home use. So gentle it just coaxes your hair into beautifully soft waves and curls. That's why your Toni wave looks more natural, even on the very first day.

Will my TONI wave be loose or tight?
With Toni, you can have just the amount of curl you want . . . from a loose, casual wave to a halo of soft ringlets.

How long will my TONI last?
Your lovely Toni wave is guaranteed to last just as long as a $15 beauty shop permanent . . . or your money back.

How much will I save with TONI?
The Toni Kit with plastic curlers costs only $2. You can use the plastic curlers again and again. So for your second Toni wave all you need is the Toni Refill Kit. It costs just $1 . . . *yet there is no finer wave at any price.*

Which twin has the TONI?
Lovely Frances and Bernadette Hanson live in New York City. Frances, the twin on the right, has the Toni. She says: "I want a permanent that's soft and natural-looking right from the start. And that's just the way my Toni is!"



NOW over ~~1~~ 2 million women a month use Toni



Jinx Falkenburg makes her entrance into blockaded Berlin. Irving Berlin and Bob Hope assist her. They flew there to entertain occupotian forces and airlift personnel at Christmas.

Women's Press Club golden apple as "the most cooperative actress of 1948" in a walk-away—and it couldn't happen to a nicer girl.

Glenn Ford won honors as the good boy—but Glenn came in on a photo finish with Burt Lancaster and won by just a handful of votes.

The booby prizes as the "least cooperative" stars went to Rita Hayworth and Errol Flynn—and they had no competition for the dubious honors.

There was a big to-do about Shirley Temple being on the list of "least cooperative" actresses—which is hard for me to believe. I've always found her to be most helpful and willing to be interviewed.

[EDITOR'S NOTE: *So have I!*]

But Shirley did not take the rumor that she was in the doghouse, lying down. She telephoned the press ladies and said she wanted to appear before them and find out actual cases of when she had failed to cooperate! I like her fighting spirit and, as I said before, I'm sure where Shirley is concerned, it must have been a big misunderstanding.

* * *

I don't know whether to laugh or cry over what Rita Hayworth is doing to her career.

It's a fantastic story—of that once too-plump little dancer who started out practically dancing for her supper in the patio of the old Agua Caliente hotel, who's on the verge of marrying an Indian prince—heir to one of the great fortunes of the world.

LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD NEWS

Before she left Hollywood with Ali Khan to spend the holidays at his fabulous horse-breeding farm in Ireland, Rita is supposed to have said:

"Who wouldn't prefer pushing a button for whatever you want instead of getting up at dawn to make movies?" She didn't say it to me, so I do not know whether it is true or not.

But it's hard for me to reconcile that frame of mind, with the Rita I have known, the girl who was so proud of her career and of the way she had pulled herself up to an enviable place in the sun by her dancing boot straps.

Less than a year ago, when I interviewed her, she told me, "Through my own efforts I have earned one of the greatest things life has to offer—independence. I am my own woman. No man is doing my thinking or living for me." And she said it with such pride.

I wonder if she has made a decision that will really bring her happiness? Untold riches are at her feet after Ali's divorce, when he's free to marry her. And she must be in love with him to have left herself open to so much criticism by "accidentally" showing up with him in all corners of the globe.

But she is giving up a great deal that can be measured in values beyond money—the solace of good work, achievement, being her "own woman."

Rita, Rita—as an old friend, I wonder. . . .

* * *

That's all for this month. And, as always, thanks for your letters. The letter score-board this month reads:

Lots of mail on Robert Mitchum—pro and con.

An upsurge of interest in Farley Granger. Ditto for Ann Blyth.

And Rita Hayworth should read some of my mail on her recent escapades!

Well, keep right on speaking your mind—I certainly enjoy all your letters.

AROUND AND AROUND IT GOES (*and where it will stop nobody knows*)



GOING oboard the *Britannic* in N.Y. with her four-year-old daughter Rebecca, Rita Hayworth adds new chopter to her royal romance.



GOING from *Britannic* to land in Queenstown, Eire, Rita tried to ovoid press, when queried stated she was very fond of Prince Ali Khon.



GONE? Alone but oboard the *Britannic* was Ali (center). It was reported that he and Rita spent Xmos together in County Kildaire, Eire.



Suddenly, on every hand—
This luxury polish! So low priced!

FURS BY ESTHER DOROTHY

Wondrous NAIL BRILLIANCE BY CUTEX *only 25¢**



If you love luxury—utter luxury—you're the Nail Brilliance type.

No other polish offers so much . . . not even the most expensive polishes! See how many extras! Steady-based beauty of a bottle. Long-handled "artist's" brush for smooth-and-easy application. Miracle wear! Ten devastating, fadeless colors!

So pure, too! Even women whose skins are allergic to other polishes can safely use glamorous Nail Brilliance.

Suddenly—on the prettiest lips—the new Cutex Lipstick!
Imagine! A lipstick as wickedly flattering to your lips as Nail Brilliance is to your hands! Silkier-than-silk texture! Clinging-vine *cling!* Vibrant color-intensity! Colors to complement Nail Brilliance . . compliment *you*. Only 49¢*. *PLUS TAX.

LADD'S IN THE WEST... IN TWO-GUN TECHNICOLOR!



Here's a LADD you've always dreamed about—quiet, gentle-like — but the most feared man on the wild frontier! Afraid of nothing but the woman who loved him!

Filmed on a scale to rival the never-to-be-forgotten "Union Pacific"!

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DONALD CRISP

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WILLIAM DEMAREST

Fay Holden · Murvyn Vye · Frank Faylen

Associate Producer Mel Epstein · Directed by Leslie Fenton

Screenplay by Frank Butler and Karl Kamb · Based on the Novel by Frank H. Spearman

state of the reunion

Gloria always wanted so much—she wanted John and the children and the glitter of Hollywood. But John said she couldn't have them all. Now he's changed his mind . . .

BY MORGAN MacNEIL



Together again after their third separation, the Paynes (married in 1945) are compromising. Gloria will have her career, but will keep it outside the home.

■ The latest reconciliation of John Payne and Gloria De Haven was announced on November 28th of last year after Gloria had already filed for divorce. John merely sat down and sent a telegram to several columnists, saying, "John Payne and Gloria De Haven have reconciled and are now living together again." (Florabel Muir had predicted this would happen in the story called "Parting Is Such Sorrow" in the January MODERN SCREEN—which went to press a few days before the reconciliation.)

That announcement was received with a good deal of happiness in the movie colony, largely because Hollywood has known for a long time that Gloria De Haven has always been in love with her husband. She has loved him tempestuously, passionately, with the singular ardor of a young girl who has known true love only once.

Even when she sought her freedom and filed for divorce, even when she went dancing with Peter Lawford and Jerry Lewis and other young bloods around town, even when she journeyed to New York with June Allyson and dated the flip Manhattanites whose main interest in life is the escorting of beautiful women to the Stork Club or the Colony or the Maisonette Room of the St. Regis—even then, she was in love with the tall, proud guy from Roanoke, Virginia.

And he with her. That's why they've come back together—the bond between them is yet too strong to be rent asunder, their children still cry out for the care and guidance of both parents. they still think that with understanding and compromise and perseverance their marriage can again be a joyful going concern.

As 1949 gets under way, John Payne and Gloria De Haven are taking up their marriage on a new basis. "Each of us," declares Gloria, "is to have a separate professional career. John will go his way as a free-lance actor or as a producer of his own independent productions—and I'll go mine as an actress under contract to MGM. We know that two acting careers in one family usually (*Continued on page 113*)

He's married,
he isn't married,
he is married—
that's what the columnists
say. Now, Guy
himself sets the
record straight in this
remarkable story.

I'M NOT MARRIED

by Guy Madison

■ I go out with Gail Russell. I have gone out with her almost from the time we first met three years ago. We are not married.

The way I am, when I go with a girl I "go steady"—whether the girl goes steady or not, which may or may not be a good thing. The point is, if I'd shifted about—gone with one girl, then another, and then back again with Gail—there'd have been no need for writing this story. Everyone would have said, "That's typical of Hollywood"—and that would have been the end of it. But so far, I haven't been the kind of guy who operates that way. Maybe I'll change. I sure don't expect to, but you never can tell.

The three statements in the first paragraph truly represent the facts of my romance with Gail Russell. I know only too well that they're not the statements you hear in Hollywood about us. Every now and then the same report is heard: Gail and I are married. There are several versions of how this happened. We eloped to Las Vegas. We ran off to Mexico and there, in some small village consisting of three 'dobe huts and a cantina, we were wed by a local mustachioed justice. Or we slipped away to my home town of Bakersfield, California, and there, with the aid of cooperative local officials, we were married secretly.

I think I was personally responsible for the last report of this kind—broadcast on a Sunday a few months ago to the whole country. At a party held just the day before the broadcast, someone came up to me—a male guest—and asked, "Say, why don't you marry Gail Russell?"

I should have answered carefully. Instead, I chose to kid him. "I guess you don't read the columnists," I replied, "or you'd know I married Gail a year ago."

"No!" he cried, and was gone. Another guest came up and I forgot about the first man. The next day came the broadcast



GUY AND GAIL HAVE KNOWN EACH OTHER FOR THREE YEARS, YET THEIR BUSY CAREERS HAVE GIVEN THEM COMPARATIVELY FEW OPPORTUNITIES TO BE TOGETHER.

—and my joking remark was given as the real inside dope!

I denied the report, as usual. Gail denied it. (Or, as I remember, this time she just stayed in hiding.) And, as usual, nobody paid any attention to us. Nobody ever has. It's a good thing we don't doubt each other the way the rest of Hollywood seems to doubt us.

So let me state it here again, for anyone who may be interested: *I am not married.* And let me add—again for the benefit of anyone who may care to know—that if and when I decide to get married I will announce it loudly and proudly!

I've been doing a lot of thinking since this all started, and I believe I know what's causing most of the talk. If I'm right, it's less of a reflection on Gail and me than it is on Hollywood for being unwilling to understand the problems confronting young people in pictures today.

"Of course they're married! They've been going together for three years. That would be an overlong engagement period in the most conservative circles in the country—let alone Hollywood. You can't tell *me* they're not married!"

That seems to be the general opinion. The answer is simple. Yes, I have been going out with Gail almost since we met, three years ago—but *we have not been going together for three years!*

Right from the beginning, our romance has consisted of a day or two together, followed by many, many weeks of separation because of work. That's show business in Hollywood today; that's how a boy and girl go together out here when they're both starting out in pictures! The wonder is not that we haven't married—the wonder is that we've continued going together despite the little time we've had for ourselves.

I have a boyhood friend, Danny Shull, (*Continued on page 115*)

MOVIE REVIEWS

by Christopher Kane

A LETTER TO THREE WIVES

They'll probably call this a "woman's picture," but it's fascinating. Lady named Addie has a letter delivered to three wives. In it, she says she's leaving town and taking one of their husbands along. The three girls—Jeanne Crain, Ann Sothern and Linda Darnell—are starting off on a day-long excursion with a bunch of under-privileged kids, none of them wants to admit she's scared and go home, so they face out the day, each with her private thoughts. Jeanne's married to Jeffrey Lynn; she thinks maybe he's tired of her. She was a farm girl before they married; he's always had money and social position. Ann's married to Kirk Douglas, a high-school English teacher. They fight a lot because she writes a soap opera to piece out their income. He says soap opera's a menace; she says you can't feed children with high ideals and good grammar. Linda's husband is Paul Douglas, who owns a chain of department stores. Linda came from the wrong side of the tracks; Douglas married her because he couldn't get her any other way. As for whose husband leaves whom, wait and see. The pace of the movie, the flashbacks, are consistently interesting, funny, even exciting. There are performances by Connie Gilchrist as Linda's mother, and Thelma Ritter as a maid named Sadie, that are nothing short of magnificent. These two (drinking beer in the kitchen of the house down by the railroad tracks, shaking up and down heroically as the trains go by) are worth three times the price of admission. Incidentally, Hollywood should give Ann Sothern more good parts. She's very nearly the cutest, smartest-looking girl out there.—*20th-Fox*



The three wives concerned in *A Letter to Three Wives* are Lindo Dornell, Ann Sothern and Jeonne Croin. Lindo (above) is wed to Poul Douglas—who's not too interested in her spirituol side.



Ann Sothern's mate is Kirk Douglos. He's o school-teocher, ond their hormony is os shottered os thot record over Ann's wonting to write o soop opero—o form of ort he looks down on.



Jeonne Croin hos Jeffrey Lynn for o husbond. He's rich ond sociol, while she oin't, ond she begins to think moybe the guy hos become bored with her.

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Command Decision: Brigadier General Clork Goble has the terrible Air Force duty of sending flyers out on missions on which mony must die.

COMMAND DECISION

Command Decision calls for that pompous word, "splendid." Everybody's cast perfectly, and the dialogue is magnificent. Since it's a war picture, it's grim. You won't hum, as you leave the theater—that's fair warning. Clark Gable plays an American brigadier general left by his superior, Major General Walter Pidgeon, in charge of Air Force operations over Germany. A certain "Operation Stitch" has been planned for some time. It's an operation necessary in order to knock out three German cities which are manufacturing aircraft superior to American aircraft. But the three German cities are deep in the Reich, beyond the protection of American fighter planes. Now, the campaign will take several days, and good weather is vital to any kind of success, so when the weather experts inform Gable that a few fine days are coming up, he orders "Operation Stitch" begun. In two days, the losses are so huge, everyone's appalled. The talk is that Gable's power-crazy; that he doesn't care how many lives he wastes. Pidgeon returns, upset. He's more diplomatic than Gable, he's used to juggling tea-cups and buttering up the right hostesses to get to important people—people who can help Air Power appropriations. He's just as concerned about the war as Gable, but they do their fighting along different lines. He wants "Operation Stitch" called off. A Congressional investigating committee's in the act of descending upon them, and he'd like the losses to look a little less horrifying for a few days. Gable claims that delaying "Stitch" means losing the good weather, and not knowing when good weather will come again. Whichever way the decision is made, men lose their lives. If it's done Gable's way, possibly it will mean a few men today, to have many men tomorrow. Some of the actors involved—John Hodiak, as a colonel, and Cameron Mitchell, as a lieutenant—give such quiet, forceful performances, they should both have medals. Van Johnson's excellent as Gable's aide, Charles Bickford plays a reporter, Edward Arnold a horrible congressman, and Brian Donlevy a brigadier general and a gentleman.—*MGM.*

CRISS-CROSS

Some of the most fantastic dialogue in the whole wide world turns up here. Our hero, Burt Lancaster, comes home to Los Angeles (he's been away for a year, trying to forget his divorced wife, Yvonne de Carlo) only to discover that he's still haunted by memories. He talks to himself. It goes like this. "You're eating an apple. You get a piece of the core stuck between your teeth. You tear a piece of cellophane off a pack of cigarettes, try to work the apple out. The piece of cellophane gets stuck too. . . . I knew I was going to see Anna. . . ." A little later, one of the other characters involved says (of Lancaster), "He's got her in his bones." And while you're attempting to figure whether she's in his teeth or his bones, the story unwinds. Since the divorce, Yvonne has been hanging around with a gambler (Dan Duryea). She still loves Burt, but she marries Dan out of spite, when Burt says a few mean things to her. Dan leaves town on a trip, Burt and Yvonne see each other (he seems to like her better when she's somebody *else's* wife) and when Dan comes home, he decides to wipe Burt out. Burt says, wait a minute, let's go into business, you're a big crook, and I'm a guard on an armored car, why shouldn't we be friends? This suits Dan. Together, they work out a robbery scheme, and it goes off flawlessly until Dan shoots down Burt's fellow-guard (Griff Barnett) in cold blood. Then Burt gets mad, and wrecks the whole works, and he lands up in the hospital acclaimed a public hero. A cop friend of his—ex-friend, anyway (Stephen McNally)—realizes Burt was involved in the robbery plot, though it looks to the world as if he'd been busily defending the payroll when the bad men struck. So

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Criss-Cross: Criminol Burt Loncoster finds he still loves his ex-wife, Yvonne de Corlo.

you know Burt's going to get it in the end—either from the cops or from Dan's gang (Dan's still alive and kicking). So you know, but you don't really care.—*Univ.*

A KISS IN THE DARK

If you can believe the story of *Kiss in the Dark*, you've won half your battle with the movie. David Niven's a concert pianist whose manager buys him an apartment house. (His manager invests all his money, because Niven's considered a feeble-minded child about anything but music.) When the manager (Joseph Buloff) goes away for a while, the ex-owner of David's new apartment house comes to call on David. This ex-owner (Victor Moore) considers the house his baby, and he wants to make sure David will treat the tenants right. Maybe David would even put in a roof garden, and a recreation hall, and a day nursery. . . David's apathetic until he gets a load of photographers' model Jane Wyman (she lives in the apartment house) and then it's love. He gives up the stuffy old world he's been living in, and he goes out to listen to swing music, by gosh. His old teacher (Maria Ouspenskaya) advises him to do just this, as a matter of fact. "Don't let *that*," she says, nodding toward the piano, "dominate your life as it did mine. Don't get old and lonely." Since, by Madame's admission, she's older than almost anybody, at the time we meet her, and since she's in the process of being given a party by her many friends and admirers, and since she's considered one of the world's foremost musicians, and has behind her a long and glorious career, it's a little hard to be sorry for her. She's neither in the poorhouse nor the old folks' home. However, David gets the point (more than I did) and changes his ways. He haunts his new apartment house, plays the piano loudly to get rid of an undesirable tenant (Brod Crawford), trains lowbrow Jane to like a high-class piece of music like "A Kiss in the Dark," and finally marries her, despite the protests of her loutish insurance-salesman-boy-friend, Wayne Morris. After which, deciding a man can have his cake and eat it, too, he and Jane depart on a concert tour. (First, though, he knocks



A Kiss in the Dark: Longhair pianist David Niven is introduced to jozz by Jone Wyman.

down his manager, who's tried to prevent the romance, and then he knocks down Wayne Morris, who's ditto. (David's allowed Wayne to insure his, David's, hands, you see.) Maybe while he's on tour, he'll discover he prefers socking people to playing the piano, and then we have a sequel, in which he plays a boxer (man, not dog).—*Warners*

JOHN LOVES MARY

John Loves Mary, the movie, must be a lot like *John Loves Mary*, the play, was. Most of the characters stand around in one room, while other characters arrive, depart, make off-stage noises, and come rushing in with dramatic stories about what happened to them down the street a piece. Why the movies don't make more use of their facilities, when translating from the cramped stage, I can't understand. Which still doesn't mean that *John Loves Mary* isn't pretty funny. It concerns Ronald Reagan, a soldier who's come back from the war to marry the girl he loves (Patricia Neal), a senator's daughter. Only trouble is that his best friend, Jack Carson, the man who saved Reagan's life in battle, has returned to the United States long before Reagan. He's not only returned, he's returned broken-hearted. Because he's fallen in love with an English girl (Virginia Field) but he's lost her somewhere in the blitz. When Reagan—right before sailing for home—re-discovers Virginia, he wants to bring her back with him as a surprise for Carson, but to get a girl across, you have to marry her. Ronald does his duty, marries Virginia. He figures they'll be divorced in Reno, she'll marry Carson shortly thereafter, his own girl-friend will understand everything, etc. Carson, however, develops a wife and child at the first sight of Reagan, and there's Reagan with a wife and a fiancée, and oh, so much trouble. The movie's full of expert clowning (Carson's in particular), Edward Arnold and Katherine Alexander are charming as a senator and a senator's wife, and Patricia Neal makes an effective debut, though I wish she wouldn't say "Mahther" (instead of "mother") like an imitation of Hepburn.—*Warners*

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Chicken Every Sunday: Dan Dailey does on awful lot of good, but keeps going broke. Celeste Holm's his wife, Colleen Townsend's their daughter.

CHICKEN EVERY SUNDAY

Dan Dailey stops dancing long enough to enact a lovable if nerve-wracking husband and father in *Chicken Every Sunday*. He practically builds the city of Tucson, Arizona, single-handed, but his wife (Celeste Holm) has to take in boarders to pay the bills. The way it is, Dan can't resist a gamble. He starts a street-car line, but the minute it begins to show a profit, he sells it and invests the money in a creamery, and the same thing's repeated with a laundry and an opera house and a hotel. He thinks the town needs a hospital, and when nobody comes across with the necessary money, he pledges it himself, and there he is in hock again. Celeste, who's followed a policy of building a room on the house and taking in a new boarder every time Dan indulges himself in a new investment, finds herself worn to a frazzle at the end of 20 married years. She has three children, but she doesn't even own her furniture. Dan's given the banker a note on it. Meanwhile, life in the bustling boarding-house is eventful. Colleen Townsend (Dan and Celeste's oldest girl) is being beaued about by two callow young men (Alan Young and Bill Callahan), a crazy old lady (Connie Gilchrist), who used to be in show business, yodels all day long and throws around empty liquor bottles, and William Frawley (he's rich, and Dan wants him to invest some money in a copper scheme) wears a toupee that looks like a fur hat. Celeste is on the verge of divorcing Dan for non-support (this is right after the men have come and taken away the furniture) when suddenly the men come trotting back and replace the furniture. They've taken up a collection and paid for the stuff, because everybody in town loves Dan. This makes Dan feel even worse. He's middle-aged, and his friends have to arrange things so his wife and kids have beds to sleep in. But Celeste begins to see things differently. You can't be a failure if you have friends, she decides. And the only real security is the kind that comes from the heart. This picture is warm and pleasant and amusing. It's slow in spots, but unless you can't stand nice people, you won't find it dull.—*20th-Fox*

WHISPERING SMITH

If railroad detective Alan Ladd (Whispering Smith—he talks soft, but he shoots straight, ole pal) had cut down Preston Foster (a rat, who also works for the railroad) at his (Preston's) very first sneaking underhanded move, everybody could have gone home much earlier. Because Preston starts acting funny at the very beginning of the drama. However, Alan, being an old buddy of Preston's, gives him the benefit of every doubt. He doesn't holler even after Preston wrecks a few trains, and steals a few cows, and gets mixed up in a few assorted murders involving train crewmen. (The reason Preston's acting this way? Simple. The head of the railroad told him he couldn't loot wrecks any more, and he likes to loot wrecks. Feels everything on a wrecked train belongs to the men who go after it.) I think it's when Preston starts smacking his wife (Brenda Marshall) around, that Alan, who loves Brenda too, is really hurt to the quick. But not quick enough. The good guys (on Alan's side) include William Demarest; the bad guys (on Preston's side) include British Donald Crisp, who talks with a Western twang, believe it or not, and Frank Faylen as weirdly-named Whitey Du Sang, in the gol-darnedest make-up you've ever seen.—*Para.*

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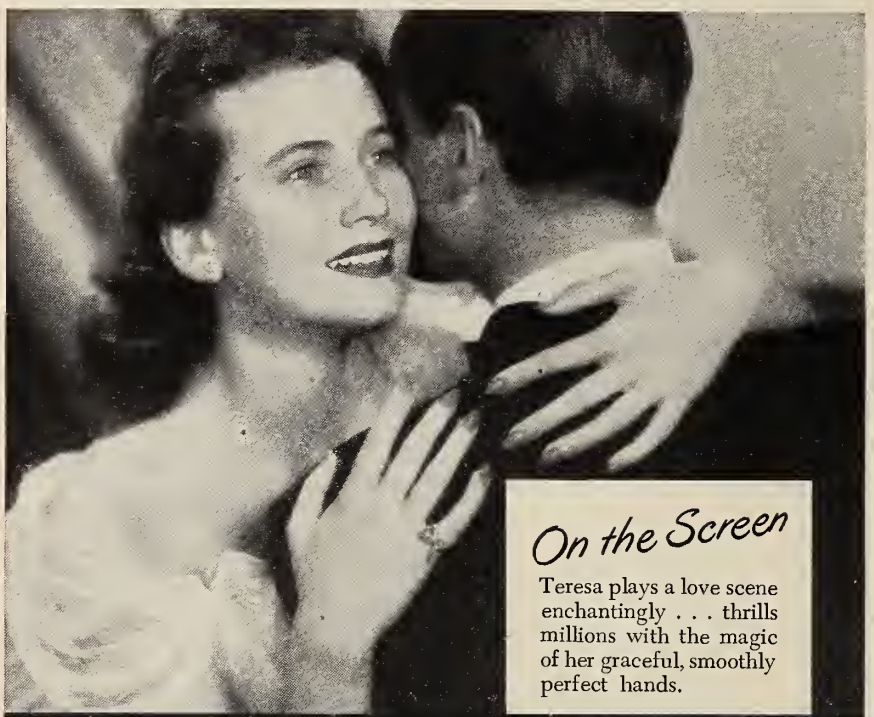
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Words and Music: Judy Garland and Mickey Rooney are just part of all the bright fun.

WORDS AND MUSIC

Supposedly based on the lives of Richard Rodgers and Lorenz Hart, the song-writing team, this picture is full of lovely melody, witty lyrics and attractive performers. I think there may have been a flaw in casting—Mickey Rooney attacks the Hart role enthusiastically, but it doesn't seem possible that a man capable of the sophistication Hart brought to his lyrics could have acted with such collegiate and undignified abandon in his private life. Mickey's death scene—he goes staggering out of a sickbed into a stormy street, knees buckling, eyes popping—is typical of what I mean. Still, hand him an E for effort, and let's get on. Since *Words and Music* is a show-case for Rodgers and Hart hits of years gone by, you're bound to be smacked nostalgically by one number or another. There's the spectacular dance sequence, "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue," beautifully done by Gene Kelly and Vera-Ellen—so beautifully, that even those who remember Ray Bolger's Broadway version won't mind. There's Judy Garland doing "I Wish I Were in Love Again," and being just about the best thing in a movie filled with good things. Lena Horne appears and sings "The Lady is a Tramp," Perry Como appears and sings a lot of other tunes. Betty Garrett plays a girl named Peggy whom Lorenz Hart loved and lost, and Tom Drake acts the way he thinks the young Richard Rodgers must have, while Janet Leigh is Dorothy Feiner, the girl Rodgers marries. There's so much wonderful music, there's so much beautiful color, there's so much to satisfy your soul in *Words and Music*, you'll be sorry when it's over.—*MGM*

LIVE TODAY FOR TOMORROW

This is a gruelling picture. It exploits all your feelings, to no end whatever. You are forced to watch Florence Eldridge slowly dying of an incurable brain disease, while Fredric March, her loving husband, learns the meaning of mercy. (He's a judge who's always adhered to the letter of the law, when handing down decisions. Very strict. Old Maximum, he's called by courtroom hangers-



Live Todoy for Tomorrow: Geraldine Brooks tries to comfort her father, Fredric March.

on.) Be that as it may, when Miss Eldridge develops her staggering sickness, Fredric, tortured at the sight of her pain, decides to take matters into his own hands, and attempts to kill both his wife and himself by driving his car off a cliff. He doesn't die, however, and so he insists on standing trial for murder. (He's still awfully legal-minded.) The thing gets messier still, when an autopsy's performed on Miss Eldridge's body to prove whether or 'not she mightn't have been dead before the car crashed. You wonder why anyone so sensitive to his wife's agonies as Fredric—a man who obviously considers his own life ended anyway—doesn't take some step to stop this last indignity. He faces it coolly, however, and the ending of the picture verges on the absurd. Hollywood doesn't dare come out for mercy-killing, it doesn't dare come out against mercy, and so it winds up histrionically, saying nothing, but at great length, and defeating itself on almost every count. The acting is so good—particularly Florence Eldridge's—and you suffer so intensely when she suffers, that you're particularly resentful when you discover you've been suffering for no good reason. Geraldine Brooks plays the couple's daughter, Edmond O'Brien is her lawyer boyfriend, and Stanley Ridges is fine as a doctor.—*Univ.*

MY OWN TRUE LOVE

Melvyn Douglas gives up chasing ladies around the bedroom and turns to heavy—or at least medium-weight—drama. He's a widower, a British army officer, demobilized at the end of the recent war, living in London. His daughter Sheila (Wanda Hendrix), who's been a member of the Women's branch of the army, introduces him to a girl named Joan Clews (Phyllis Calvert) also a female soldier. Melvyn dates Phyllis, likes her, invites her to come stay with Sheila, once both girls are out of uniform. Phyllis, who's being divorced by a soldier she married in haste, and who has memories of concentration camps (she's been a spy) accepts the offer of friendship gratefully. She falls in love with Melvyn, he reciprocates, and everything's going fine until Melvyn's son (supposedly miss-



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My Own True Love: Melvyn Douglas and son Philip Friend both fall for Phyllis Calvert.

ing in action) comes home. He's lost a leg, and he's so disagreeable, you'd think Melvyn had had something to do with the tragedy. When the son (Philip Friend) discovers that Phyllis has shared certain common experiences with him (he's been in prison camp too) he makes her his confidante. In the Pacific, he'd married a native girl, the Japs had killed his wife and baby. Subconsciously, he resents his father's having two good legs, and, now, a chance of happiness with Phyllis. That's the situation, and you sit there waiting for lightning to strike. It doesn't. A happy ending's in order. The acting is very good—Phyllis Calvert is especially warm and real—and while some of the scenes may be slightly overdone, the picture's interesting.—*Para.*

MAN FROM COLORADO

Colonel Owen Devereaux (Glenn Ford) and Captain Dell Stewart (Bill Holden) are pals who fight together on the Union side in the Civil War, and who return together to Colorado, afterward. Colorado isn't a state yet, but it's under federal jurisdiction, and Owen's elected federal judge. Dell agrees to serve as his marshal, not because he likes to handle a gun, but because he hopes he can keep Owen from handling one if he, Dell, is standing by. The sad truth is that Owen's been changed by war. He's become a killer. He does not recognize it himself; practically nobody does except Dell and a few soldiers who served under Owen, and who caught him in a couple of unsavory acts. (Like shooting down men who carried a flag of truce.) Nevertheless, things run smoothly in post-war Colorado until a bunch of veterans, deprived of their rights, come to Owen's court. These men had had gold claims staked out before the war. They'd gone off to fight for their country, only to come back and find their claims being worked by a big mining syndicate. All perfectly legal, too. The law said if a man hadn't worked his claim in three years, he'd forfeited his ownership. Owen sticks to the letter of the law, he makes no attempt to establish real justice, and a number of the veterans subsequently turn to lawlessness because they can't make a living any other way. Owen, enraged by what he considers defiance of his all-mighty edicts, swears to hang every outlaw he catches. His reign



The Man From Colorado: Glenn Ford doesn't seem goy os Bill Holden cuts in on Ellen Drew.

as judge becomes increasingly bloody; even his wife (Ellen Drew) and Dell turn from him. Now, quite evidently mad, Owen goes on a weird, vengeful rampage, hanging an innocent boy, setting fire to a whole town. Before he gets his, you worry yourself silly. *Man From Colorado* is fascinating; it's got good acting, a taut script, terrific pace.—*Col.*

HIGH FURY

During this last World War, many French children were sent to Switzerland for shelter. This is, supposedly, the story of one such child. His name is Roger (Michael McKeag) and he's an orphan. He's been billeted with a lady named Magda (Madeleine Carroll), who owns an inn in the Alps, and her husband Rudolph (Michael Rennie). Magda loves the boy, Rudolph hates him. Chiefly because Rudolph himself is a very insecure person. He resents not owning the inn (it's been handed down through Magda's family), he feels the village laughs at him, and he gets even with the world by small, nasty independences—unfaithfulness, for instance. Eventually, after peace is established, the authorities say that Roger must return to France unless Magda adopts him. Magda can't adopt him because Rudolph won't consent. The only thing that makes Rudolph change his mind is Magda's signing the inn over to him. So now everything's horrible. Rudolph gives the orders, Roger creeps around wishing Rudolph liked him, the village doctor (Ian Keith), who's in love with Magda, tells Magda she's a big fool, and you never saw so many mixed-up people. Then Roger, knowing that Rudolph thinks he's a coward, begs Rudolph to take him mountain climbing. It's okay with Rudolph, and once Magda's convinced that it's important to the boy, that he's got to prove something, she gives her consent. Thereafter, in some of the most terrifying scenes in motion picture history, the rise—and fall—of Roger and Rudolph is depicted. They're trapped lord knows how many feet up a mountain, when a storm rises. Roger gets into trouble, Rudolph goes to rescue him, and is hurt. Realizing that the boy can be saved only if he, Rudolph, cuts the rope that holds them together, he does just that, and plunges to his death. Magda and the doctor find the boy, and the three undoubtedly live happily ever after. I wasn't

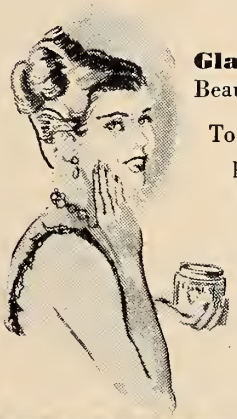
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prepared for Rudolph's heroism myself; I was so convinced he was a rat, I expected him to push Roger off a cliff, once they started climbing. Also, Roger seemed a little old (he was about 15) for the pitiful orphan role, though I suppose a boy of 15 can be as lonely as a boy of 10, even if less defenseless. The most spectacular parts of the picture are of course the mountain-climbing shots. They're actually painful to watch.—*U. A.*

FAMILY HONEYMOON

If you believe Fred MacMurray and Claudette Colbert had trouble in *The Egg and I*, well, you just wait a while. The hapless couple is at it again; apparently they're slated to be the Garson-Pidgeon of slapstick. In *Family Honeymoon*, Claudette's a widow with three small children. What they lack in size, they make up in horridness. Fred—a kind, simple (you can say it again) botany professor—marries Claudette, even though rich, handsome Rita Johnson (whose father is going to build the college a new botany building, or something) wants him. Well, Claudette's sister (Lillian Bronson) breaks her leg on Claudette's wedding day, and since she was to have stayed with Claudette's children, (she probably fell downstairs on purpose) there's nothing to do but take the darlings on the honeymoon. The little girl (Gigi Perreau) asks loud questions on the train (E.G.: "Mother, is that man going to sleep with you?"), the little boys (Jimmy Hunt and Peter Miles) get off the train at one station and don't get back on in time, and they have to be chased for quite a spell, and when the company finally gets to the Grand Canyon for the honeymoon, who should be there but rich, handsome Rita! Before one day has passed, Fred's whaled the tar out of his two new sons (all they did was barricade themselves in the hotel elevator) and Claudette's told him (Fred) to remove himself from her life. You, however, being way ahead of her, are already anticipating the happy ending. This picture didn't seem screamingly funny to me, but I'm sure it will make men think twice about marrying widows with children.—*Univ.*



Family Honeymoon: Fred MacMurray and Claudette Colbert take her tots honeymooning.

also showing . . .

THE BOY WITH GREEN HAIR (U. A.)—A down-to-earth fantasy in which a youngster becomes an outcast when his hair suddenly turns green. Highly entertaining besides being an effective blow at that horrible absurdity, bigotry. Dean Stockwell is excellent as the young victim and Pat O'Brien and Barbara Hale give solid assistance.

THE DECISION OF CHRISTOPHER BLAKE (Warners)—A story of the effect of his parents' divorce on a 12-year-old boy that somehow doesn't arouse the sympathy it should. There are some unusual dream sequences, but the total effect is artificial. With Ted Donaldson, Alexis Smith and Robert Douglas.

DON JUAN (Warners)—Errol Flynn as the legendary lover of Old Spain finds his true love in Queen Viveca Lindfors—and proceeds to give her nefarious enemies (and the facts of history) an awful beating. Pretty hammy, but exciting.

ENCHANTMENT (Goldwyn)—A beautifully-done love story spanning three generations of an English family. Seven-year-old Gigi Perreau is superb and so are David Niven, Teresa Wright, Jayne Meadows, Farley Granger, Evelyn Keyes and a number of other top-drawer performers. One of the year's best pictures.

EVERY GIRL SHOULD BE MARRIED (RKO)—Betsy Drake decides that Cary Grant is for her and woos him, to put it mildly, dynamically. Diana Lynn, Franchot Tone and Eddie Albert are involved in the scrimmage. Maybe Betsy Drake's characterization is kind of overdone, but she *is* a cute thing. Everybody else is fine indeed and so, all in all, is this bright comedy.

JOAN OF ARC (RKO)—You'll be disappointed if you expect this to be the greatest movie of all time, but the Technicolor pageantry is wonderful and there are some stirring and moving moments in the two-and-a-half hours.

THE KISSING BANDIT (MGM)—Frank Sinatra goes out to early California and is surprised no end to learn he's supposed to follow in his late father's dashing footsteps as an amatory outlaw. Frank can't ride and he's plumb bashful, but he tries hard. Kathryn Grayson, Ann Miller, Cyd Charisse, Ricardo Montalban and J. Carrol Naish are also engaged in the Technicolor festivities. Very pleasant.

LET'S LIVE A LITTLE (Univ.)—Advertising exec Robert Cummings has to choose between marrying cosmetics queen Anna Sten or losing her million-dollar advertising account. Before the decision's made, he becomes a patient of psychiatrist Hedy Lamarr. This works out to get the poor guy even more mixed up. An abundance of laughs.

THE LUCKY STIFF (U. A.)—An indescribably complex murder mystery with Dorothy Lamour, Brian Donlevy, Claire Trevor and six plots. Well, it's all fast and sinister and maybe you and your date can figure it out afterwards.

THE PALEFACE (Para.)—Bob Hope and Jane Russell in a seam-busting Technicolor burlesque of the Old West. You'll hear "Buttons and Bows" and probably wind up being carried out by the ushers. You'll die laughing, that is.

THE RED SHOES (Eagle-Lion)—The high point of this Technicolor backstage drama of the ballet is a long, original ballet featuring ballerina Moira Shearer—one of the most magnificent exhibitions of imaginative dancing ever recorded. Definitely one of the better films.

THE SNAKE PIT (20th-Fox)—Olivia de Havilland loses her mind and is helped back to sanity by psychiatrist Leo Genn and husband Mark Stevens, despite the dreadful handicaps of the typical state mental hospital in which she's been put away. Absorbingly dramatic, educational, and with an outspoken social theme, this great motion picture is further distinguished by Miss de Havilland's inspired and flawless performance.

SO DEAR TO MY HEART (RKO) — Bobby Driscoll, a farm kid, wants to raise a tiny lamb to win a blue ribbon at the county fair and works his heart out to achieve it. Luana Patten is his little friend and Burl Ives his uncle. There are several cartoon sequences. Walt Disney has created an absolutely enchanting movie, funny, tender and beautiful. Please go!

UNFAITHFULLY YOURS (20th-Fox) — Here we have Rex Harrison, a symphony conductor, having daydreams as he conducts—very special daydreams, in which he imagines various dramatic ways in which he can deal with the supposed unfaithfulness of his wife, Linda Darnell. Another highly unusual comedy from Preston Sturges.

WHEN MY BABY SMILES AT ME (20th-Fox) — Dan Dailey, a burlesque comedian, rises to the Big Time but is felled by rum. His long-suffering wife, Betty Grable, manages to make him a solid citizen again. This may sound grim, but it's really not and is filled wth good old songs and nifty dancing.

YELLOW SKY (20th-Fox)—Gregory Peck, Richard Widmark, Anne Baxter and other frontier characters drawl and shoot and walk bow-legged through a big Western that misses being first-rate but is still a superior item.

YOU GOTTA STAY HAPPY (Univ.) — Joan Fontaine runs away from her stuffy bridegroom and gets Jimmy Stewart and his sidekick, Eddie Albert, to take her to California on their cargo plane. It's a fun highly illegal, from several angles, but love and legality eventually conquer all. A cute romantic comedy.

PHOTO CREDITS

Below you will find credited page by page the photographs which appear in this issue.

6, 7 Bob Beerman—8 Wide World—10 Nemeth from Harold Stein Studios, N. Y.—12 *T. Lt.* Bob Beerman, *T. Rt.* Wide World, *Bot. Lt.* Allan Squires, *Bot. Rt.* Wide World—15 *T.* H. W. Tetlow from Keystone, *Bot. Lt.* Wide World, *Bot. Cen.*, A. P. from London, *Bt. Rt.*, A. P. from London—19, 20, 21 Bob Beerman—37 *T.* Stork Club *Bot.*, Bob Beerman—38, 39 Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer—40 *Lt.*, Acme, *Rt.*, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer—41 United Artists—42 Bob Beerman—43 *T.* Bob Beerman, *Bot.*, Gladys Tippet—44, 45 Bert Parry—46, 47 Nelson Morris *Exc. Top Rt.*, Jay Seymour—48, 49 Bert Parry, Bob Beerman—50, 51 Bob Beerman—52 Eagle-Lion—54 *Lt.*, Bob Beerman, *Rt.*, Monogram—55 Bob Beerman—56, 57 Bert Parry—58, 59 Bob Beerman—60 Clarence Bull of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer—61 *T.*, Wide World, *Lt.*, Scotty. Cen., Wide World, *Rt.*, Jules Buck—62 20th Century-Fox—63 Bob Beerman—65 *T.*, Paramount, *Cen.* 20th Century-Fox, *Bot.*, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer—66, 67, 68 Nelson Morris—69, 70, 71 Selznick—73 Gene Fenn—78, 79, 80 Jacques Simpson of Pagano Studios

Abbreviations: Bot., Bottom; Cen., Center; Exc., Except; Lt., Left; Rt., Right; T., Top; A. P., Associated Press



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the hard way

an open letter to dorothy lamour and glenn ford

Dear Dottie and Glenn:

Hollywood is busily telling the people that they've got a terribly wrong idea if they think movie stars are a bunch of roistering characters who spend their leisure hours working up sins and sensations. There *were* some regrettable incidents, the town concedes—but now everyone has learned his lesson, now the acting folks are going to be chaste and circumspect.

Somehow, though, the front pages we've seen recently have made it seem that funny business is still going on as usual. A handful of the merrier men of movieland have continued to fight the bottle, tussle with cops, drive while drunk and kick in plate-glass windows. A few of the lighter-hearted ladies have involved themselves in gambling raids, drinking bouts and love affairs that mock their own not-yet-final divorces.

This impression of riotous living is, as we said, what we gain from the front pages. It must be more than an impression—it must be a wholehearted belief—on the part of many who get their ideas from the "scare" headlines. And from Hollywood itself have come a few evidences of such belief: Trade papers have noted that at least two actors and one actress proved to be "better boxoffice" after getting mixed up in scandals. A few actors, we hear, have been wondering out loud whether they shouldn't cash in on this easy way to the big dough.

Well, our advice is nobody's gospel: it's worth 15 cents, so to speak, and anyone can get it at the corner newsstand. But here it is, for taking or leaving alone: Our advice to those actors is, don't do it. Don't try that "easy" way. Pretty soon it's not going to pay off any more.

Our advice, further, is for Hollywood to take a long and thoughtful look at you two, Dottie and Glenn. You were recently given awards by the Hollywood Women's Press Club. Superficially, the awards were for your outstanding cooperation with the press in general during 1948. More than that, though, we have no doubt that the press ladies were conscious of the wholesomeness and sane living which both of you embody. We'll bet they wanted the world to know that among women who know best, it's Lamour and Ford—and the things you stand for—by 2-to-1 (or better).

You know, as other stars probably do, that you won't get on page 1 by living quietly in the love of your families and working as hard as you can at your jobs. It's not an easy way to get famous fast. But it's the way that endures, that maintains the respect and esteem of the public.

We hope you're justly proud of the honors given you. We hope Hollywood is proud of you. And we hope, most of all, that other actors will make you their example.

If they do, we think they'll find—as you have—that the hard way is the best.





Wendell H. Nichols

EDITOR



There were three strikes against Ginger, but the game wasn't over . . . Millions of fans clamored for Rogers, and now she's just hit another home run.

SHE'LL NEVER STOP FIGHTING

by Hedda Hopper



Fred and Ginger are dancing together once more in their new musical, *The Barkleys of Broadway.*

■ One dusty day last summer, Ginger Rogers leaned her Levis against a show-ring fence at an Oregon prize cattle show, narrowed her keen blue eyes and nibbled a wisp of hay reflectively.

Next to her, a sunburned man in a Stetson grinned to see Ginger on the spot. He was Fred Bayliss, manager of a big ranch and one of the West's top cattlemen. He'd just given his friend Ginger—who's sort of new in the cattle business—a sporting challenge. "Let's see how much you know about steers," Bayliss had smiled. "Tell me how you'd judge 'em—one, two, three and four."

"Okay," said Ginger, tenderfoot owner of the 4-R ranch. *"That* one for first, then *that* one, *that*—and *that."*

"Here come the judges with the ribbons right now," the cattleman observed. "We'll see how you came out."

And a few minutes later, he exclaimed, "Well, I'll be darned!"

The badges landed on the beef exactly where Ginger had pointed. She'd picked 'em right down the line—"one, two, three and four!" Fred Bayliss poked his hat back on his head and bent an admiring stare.

"How in thunder does a Hollywood gal like you (*Continued on page 92*)

He'd go off with
other girls . . . but Virginia
Grey was the one
he'd always come back to.
Now they've parted—
and Hollywood wonders . . .

BY JANET FRANKLIN

Clark Gable's SECRET ROMANCE



Clark attended tennis matches with Virginia Grey —but mare af their dates were spent at home.



■ It has been months since the romance ended, yet it is just getting to be known around Hollywood today . . .

When Clark Gable left California for his European jaunt last summer he spent his last afternoon visiting a girl who lives not far from his house in the valley. It is said that it was a somewhat uncomfortable afternoon for both of them. Perhaps this was not to be wondered at, since he had been dating this girl for five years, and now, as it was being reported around the town, he was bound for France—destined to be the fifth husband of Dolly O'Brien, who awaited him there.

No, the visit was not featured by the usual exchange of happy banter between them, nor light-hearted by-play. When train time neared and Clark finally stood up and said, "Well . . ." the girl just quietly expressed the hope that he would have a good time. His mood was not unlike her own as he replied that he'd try to.

There was, of course, no marriage to Dolly O'Brien. Clark was summoned back to Hollywood in a hurry by the sudden death of his father. He found a message from the girl—but he didn't phone back immediately. When he did get around to it, she wasn't in. It was not until he had tried for three days that he got her on the line. Then . . . they discovered that they had surprisingly little to say to each other. Something lay between them that they weren't able to hurdle. It was one of those conversations in which the pauses are so much more eloquent than the words that just sound like prattle. It wasn't long before Clark was saying, "Well, I'll see you when I can find you"—and she was replying, "Yes." Just, "Yes."

The way it is told around town, neither was fooling the other with these closing words. They haven't seen each other since.

But, even more unusual, it is not unlikely that Clark was a little baffled when he walked away from the telephone that night. For it was not in the books that this girl would act so distant. answer so coolly. Not *this* girl. In fact, any one who knew them both would bet on just an opposite reaction on her part. Because she was Virginia Grey . . . the same Virginia long-identified in Hollywood talk as "the girl Clark can always be sure of"!

"Why, Virginia is Clark's 'steady'!" gasped a well-known feminine star when she heard about it. "They've always been together—she was the first girl he was even friendly with after Carole's death! And besides, who does she think she is? You just don't do that to Clark Gable!"

An upset like this can affect a man's confidence—the average man's, that is. But Clark Gable's? Any sort of report purporting to even connect him with marriage is always (*Continued on page 102*)



Clark met the beautiful Virginia Grey at the start of her career; later she had roles in his *Test Pilot* and *Idiot's Delight*. She was the down-to-earth sort with whom he could relax.



Hollywood likes her. She's young and talented and charming. But Hollywood is just beginning to understand Colleen Townsend, who puts service above self . . .

BY LOUIS POLLOCK

soldier of God

■ The other evening at 20th Century-Fox, some of the younger players were giving a musical for the studio personnel. Between acts they were gathering backstage and someone asked Colleen Townsend why she was so quiet. "Oh, I bet she's in love," somebody offered.

Colleen knew what was coming. Having to conquer a fear of startling people is a situation she faces every day. "Well, you're close to the truth," she replied. "I've been thinking of Someone."

"Who is it?" came an eager chorus from the others.

Colleen gulped. She hates seeming smug, but she does not permit herself to dodge. "It's Jesus Christ," she said simply.

The silence was finally broken by a few uncertain little coughs. They all looked at her strangely.

Yet, after the show when she was seated in her dressing room and wondering, as she sometimes cannot help, what good she might have done with her truthful answer, there was a knock on the door. Two of the crowd, a girl and a boy, were standing there. They wanted to come in. They wanted to know more.

When she recalls a scene like the first part of that incident, and can add the second part—that someone came to her later and showed interest in her belief—there is a shining something in Colleen's blue eyes. "Oh, it's then that you know it was right . . . right to say the words that come so hard," she tells you.

The words come hard, but Colleen says them. She doesn't march up to people and try to redeem them, neither does she always wait until chance provides an opportunity. She goes where those in need can be found (she spends probably more time at this sort of work than before the camera) and lets it be known everywhere else that she will talk to (*Continued on page 111*)



Colleen wos o lonely child. Her parents were divorced ond she lived with her mother (above) who was out working to support her.



At 15, Colleen discovered a need for spiritual oid, ond she become deeply religious. Here, she speoks ot a Christion College Conference.



It took her a while
to find herself, but now Ava
knows that even in
overalls she'd look like
a siren, that even
in mink she couldn't
act like one.

BY IDA ZEITLIN

VENUS *in blue-jeans*

■ Irene, designer of the period costumes for *Great Sinner*, was telling a friend one day how Ava Gardner loved the clothes, how good she was about fittings—

"That's fine," interrupted the friend, but why doesn't she dress up on her own and look glamorous, the way people expect her to look?"

"I'll ask her," Irene promised, and did at the next opportunity.

Ava laughed. "I'm at home in skirts and sweaters. Fussing up is a bore."

With that face and figure, MGM's siren, model '49, would look the part in a potato sack. Only don't expect her to act it. Her eyes aren't sultry, they're clear and candid. Her manner's simple, her talk direct, her smile is friendly. She's free of the airs and graces of the stock movie star, and doesn't think she rates any cheers for their absence. Cooperation's part of the job. "Besides, I hate bickering, hate having anyone mad at me. It makes me feel very good when people like me. Which is probably silly, because why should you care? But I do."

She can't waste time pretending to be anything but what she is—and that's a straightforward, warm-hearted girl who wants a husband and kids more than she wants a career. She says: "It's a question of meeting the right man, and I haven't yet."

A husband? I asked her about Howard Duff. She smiled. "People try *so* hard to make a romance of Howard and me. But they lose sight of one thing: I'm not the girl I used (*Continued on page 88*)



Sweaters and skirts are Ava's favorite garb, but jeans run a close second. Here, on the set of *Great Sinner*, the former tomboy shows she hasn't lost her touch.

refuge for LANA

To neighbors in a small Connecticut town where she awaits her baby, she's still the golden Lana—even with an armful of groceries.

BY JEAN KINKEAD

Connecticut neighbor



Dorse Bronson, reporter for the Daily Item, said the neighbors were surprised the Topping phone number wasn't private.



On the Radie Harris show, MODERN SCREEN's editor, Wade Nichols, gives Lana her trophy as winner of MS's 1948 popularity poll.

On a recent CBS broadcast of the Radie Harris "Broadway and Vine" program, Lana Turner was presented with the silver trophy she won for being MODERN SCREEN *readers' most popular actress of 1948. In the course of the presentation, Lana told of how much she was enjoying the relaxed, friendly atmosphere of Greenwich, Connecticut, where she and Bob Topping await their baby—who arrives in May. It occurred to us that readers of* MODERN SCREEN *would like an account of Lana and her life there as seen through the eyes of local people she encounters in daily activities. So we got in touch right away with a writer who lives not far from Lana—and the happy result was the neighborly story below.*—THE EDITORS.

■ When Lana Turner returned from her honeymoon in Europe last fall, the reporters who met her boat had conflicting stories to tell about her. "She's going straight back to films." "She's put on 40 pounds—her looks are shot." "She and Bob are washed up."

So when I picked up the local paper one night and saw a small, chaste item in the social notes to the effect that Mr. and Mrs. Robert Topping were at home at "Dunnellan," the beautiful old family house on Round Hill Road (which is the Park Avenue of Greenwich, Conn.), I was kind of surprised and more than slightly curious. Everyone in our town (I live in Stamford, right next door to Greenwich) is pretty blasé about celebrities, for the countryside is loaded with them—Henry Fonda, Mary Martin, Elmer Rice and Betty Field, Tallulah Bankhead, Benny Goodman, to name a few. But that Turner gal has a special brand of magic. She's not just a celebrity. She's a legend.

I found myself taking little jaunts over to Greenwich, hoping for a glimpse of a bright blonde head—a close-up of that fabulous face—and a (*Continued on page 107*)



look at Lana Turner, like what they see...



A salesgirl in a Greenwich stationery store, Ronnie Cohen, finds the store is busiest when Lana is due to appear.



George MacKenzie is a traffic cop in Greenwich—he's never had to ticket law-abiding Lana for any violation.



Etta Marshall enviously watched another salesgirl sell Lana a pound-and-a-half of candy kisses in the local 5 & 10.



Irving Cohen, stationery store proprietor, cashed a small check for Lana one morning—as he gladly does for all the folks.



John Derek gets down on his knees for wife Poti while Marsh Thompson watches amusedly. Morsh's fiancée Barboro laces her own.

good skates



Forley Granger and Geraldine Brooks play it smart—they're resting on the safe side of the wall around Sonja Henie's ice rink.

Ice-skating is fun—I kept telling myself—and how often do you get a wonderful chance to break your leg to sweet music?

by Viola Moore

■ The whole idea was Donald O'Connor's (for which I may never forgive him). He and his blonde bride Gwen hauled out the phone book and rounded us up. Us being Bob Arthur and Betty Lynn, John Derek and his wife Pati Behrs, honeymooners John Bromfield and Corinne Calvet, Farley Granger and Geraldine Brooks, Marsh Thompson and his fiancée Barbara Long, Roddy McDowall and myself. Myself is Viola Moore, MODERN SCREEN reporter and general handywoman.

Gay as could be, we arrived at Sonja Henie's Ice Palace in Westwood. We rented our skates; we laced them on tightly; we ambled nonchalantly toward the ice.

"Roddy," I said very quietly, "I have never skated in my life."

He smiled. "Neither have I."

"Let's sit this one out," I said.

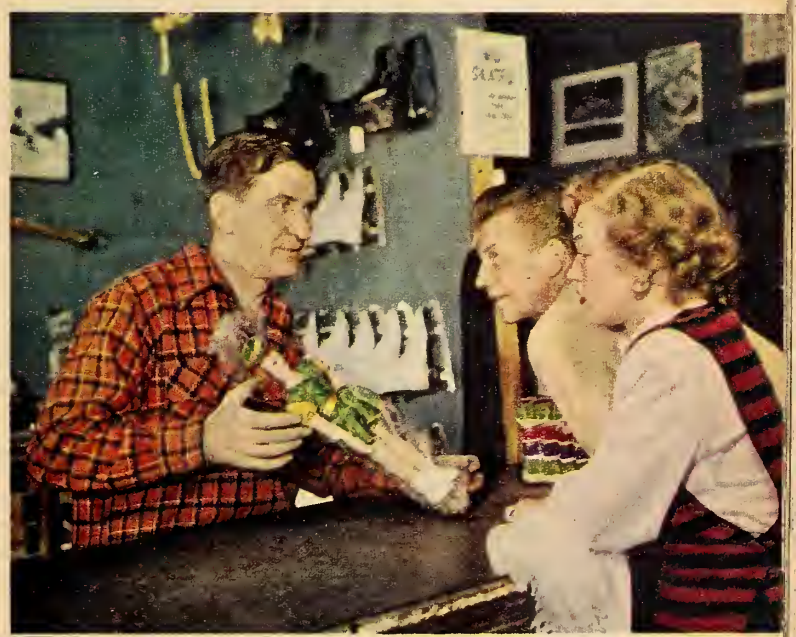
"Nonsense," he replied. "Just take my arm."

I took his arm—an altogether futile gesture. In a moment we had slid to the center of the rink. In another moment we were lying on it. I covered my face with my hands as skaters whizzed by perilously close. When I finally looked up, Roddy was crawling towards me on his knees.

"Here," he said, "take my arm."

"I did that (*Continued on next page*)

Envy of the skating party was Donald O'Connor, who cut figure eights like an expert. Here he and his bride Gwen buy a souvenir doll for remembrance—others took home swollen ankles, fallen arches.



Bob Arthur lends a not-so-helping hand to his date, Betty Lynn. "Ouch!" she cries, "you made the lace too tight!" They were the first ones ready—after a brief warm-up, they really cut ice.





Corinne Calvet takes a tumble—but husband John Bramfield (now in Hal Wallis' *Bitter Victory*) swoops her up just before she hits the ice.

before," I answered coldly. Whereupon I grabbed him by the jacket, hoisted myself up, banged my head against his and pulled him down in a heap.

The music was in waltz-time, and as it drifted over the rink, Corinne Calvet drifted with it. Her navy blue ballet skirt whirled above her knees, her curls bobbed prettily under her white wool cap as she performed dainty pirouettes. Donald and Gwen flashed by with expert strokes. Bob Arthur and Betty could have been dancing on a cloud, for all the effort it seemed to take. . . .

If it hadn't been for John and Pati Derek, Roddy and I might have languished on the ice till spring. But these two came along to give us back our dignity. They tried awfully hard, and our hearts were with them, but nothing could get us up. They prodded; they pushed; they coaxed; they threatened. Then Marsh and Barbara joined in—and we were hauled like sacks of meal toward safety.

Gasping, Roddy and I clung to the wooden wall that circles the rink.

"Thanks, kids," Roddy puffed. "Guess we've had enough for a while."

"The understatement of the century," I muttered.

The gang skated merrily off with hardly a backward glance. We carefully lowered ourselves to a sitting position on the steps and watched them with envy.

"It's like riding a bicycle," Roddy said to me. "You fall off a few times, but once you get your balance it's easy—and then you *never* forget.

"I'll never forget," I said bitterly, wringing the slush from my skirt.

Just then the kids skimmed by in a long line—they were playing snap-the-whip. This broke up into a game of tag. (Nobody fell.) Then they all stood around and watched Donald execute figure eights. (Gwen, especially, was enchanted.) I could see Roddy puzzling them out in his mind. That boy never gives up!

After a while they all came over to where we sat and announced they were starved. Food—that's my specialty, and there aren't many can eat it better. (*Continued on page 114*)



Marsh Thampson and Barbara Lang pause for autographs. They'll be haneymaaning down in Mexica when you read this.



Quick energy's pravided at the peanut machine. Pati gets a handful while John (wha put in the pennies) awaits his calories.









Oops, slips! This really explains itself. I am the girl (Viola); the boy is Raddy McDawall; the question is—haw lang can we stay up?



lobody wonts to follow the leader! Donold O'Connor does o few fast spins; atching him are wife Gwen, Pati and John Derek, Betty Lynn and Bob Arthur.



Bob Arthur leads, Betty, John, Pati, Marsh and Barboro follow. Corinne (of Hal Wollis' *Rope Of Sand*) was off figure-skoting.



b, Betty Lynn and hot dogs—food's supplied by Homer Shields. Homer's un the stand for fifteen years—he knew everyone by name ond appetite.



Donold gets his due from Homer os Gwen, John ond Poti Derek stond by—afternoon wos full of eots, ice ond ploin good fun!





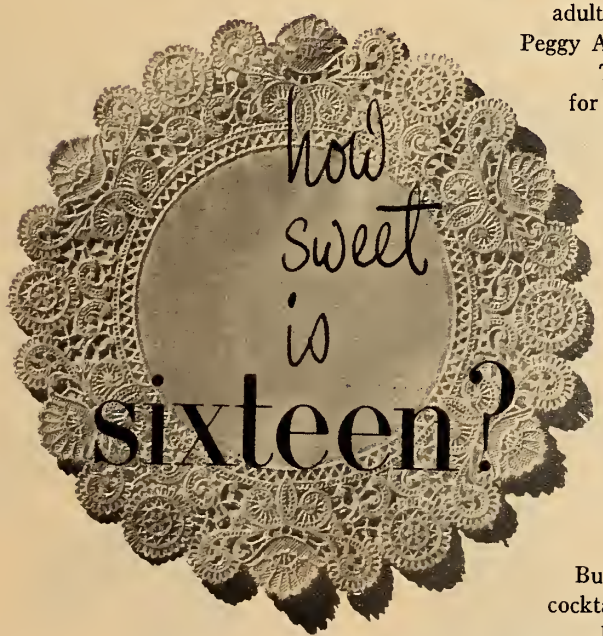
Down for the count! Roddy wonted to try again—but I know when I'm licked.

good skates



When you're sixteen
like Peggy Ann Garner,
you're almost
grown up . . . but things
like slinky dresses
are still an awful problem.

BY MARY DALTON



You've reached the age when you can make your own decisions without the aid of your family—and it's wonderful! You decide to do your room over in chartreuse with touches of crimson and by gosh, your mother gives in and says you're *right.* You give her a pep talk on allowing you to attend public school, and after listening respectfully to your watertight arguments, she gives in. She says: "I see exactly what you mean. Of *course* you should have the fun that goes with football games and dances!"

So you can start in at once at University High. Naturally you feel pretty good. You've grown up at last. You're *sixteen*—and from now on you can't be wrong . . .

. . . That's what you think, but it doesn't quite work out that way. Sixteen, it unfortunately develops, isn't such a sublimely adult state after all. Look what just happened to Peggy Ann Garner.

Peggy Ann and Elizabeth Taylor had a date to go shopping. They wandered down Wilshire Boulevard to look for a purse for Liz in one of the big department stores strung out between La Brea and Fairfax Avenues. Idly they looked in the show window of a store—then suddenly moved close against the glass.

"Jeepers!" breathed Peggy Ann. Her eyes rounded as she took in the two elegant models. They were displaying the most stunning, slinky, satin dresses she had ever seen.

"The blue one was just *made* for you," said Elizabeth. "And that flamingo pink is just super for me. Let's go in and try them on!"

Into the store went Peggy Ann and Liz. Out of the window came the dresses, yanked out by a testy saleswoman who had to take her shoes off so she wouldn't spoil the decorations. "They won't like them when I do get them out," she muttered. "They never do."

But she was wrong. Peggy and Liz slid into the satin cocktail gowns like eager little eels. They pivoted before the long mirrors and assured each other that they looked simply dreamy! True, Peggy Ann's bustle seemed to hit her in the wrong spot, and Liz had to hold her breath as she tugged her zipper closed. And both dresses were sort of "form-fitting."

The saleslady, who had climbed back into her patent pumps, shook her head and struggled with her conscience. (*Continued on page 87*)

BOY GETS GIRL

He won the girl—
Wanda, of course. And
Audie found some-
thing else he'd been looking
for—a new faith in
life and in himself . . .

BY DORA ALBERT



Audie Murphy was the most decorated U. S. infantryman of World War II. Right: He and Wanda Hendrix in friend Al Foster's shop.





After completing *Prince of Foxes* in Italy, Wanda came home to marry Audie—an event they'd been planning for three years.

■ This is the story of two lovers. It is the story of a man whose being alive today is a miracle, and of the girl whose shining faith in him reawakened his faith in himself.

It is the story of Audie Murphy, the most decorated hero of World War II and the star of *Bad Boy,* and Wanda Hendrix, Paramount's beautiful young starlet.

Audie and Wanda have been in love for three years. But she was so young—only 17—when they first met and she was just getting started on her career. So for three years they prayed and dreamed and dated and sometimes fought, as young people in love will. Then came the knowledge that Wanda would have to go to Italy, on loan to 20th Century-Fox, to make *Prince of Foxes.* Being a contract player, she had no other choice.

Before she left for Italy, Wanda and Audie almost yielded to impulse, almost sealed their love in marriage. They talked of eloping by plane to Mexico, of how they could avoid all the fuss and pomp of a big wedding, of the blissful honeymoon they could have. . . .

But even as they talked, Audie saw something in Wanda's eyes that made him decide that a swift elopement to Mexico was not for them. All her life she had dreamed of a church wedding, with a beautiful wedding gown and music and flowers . . . and all the little things that mean so much to a woman.

"If a thing can't be done right," thought Audie, "I guess it shouldn't be done at all."

So they parted at the airport in Inglewood, after clinging to each other in a farewell embrace that would have to last them almost half a year. They knew they wouldn't be able to see each other again till *Prince of* (*Continued on page 95*)

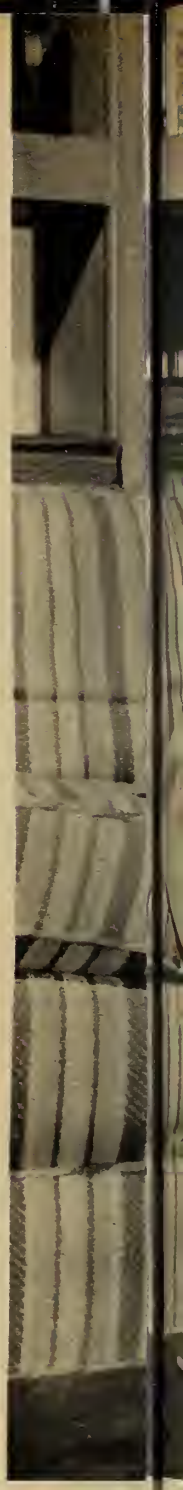
a woman's place...

Rosalind Russell's home mirrors her vital personality . . . poised and elegant— but gay as Spring flowers.

By JACK WADE







Above: Rosolind Russell bought her French Provinciol home from Mory Bolond five yeors ogo ond hos been decorating it ever since.

Above right: Georgion stoirwoy corries out house color-scheme of blue, green ond yellow in its wollpoper design.

Right: A view from Roz's bedroom. Formol gordens, thickly plonted with cypress ond olive trees, surround the hedge-bordered pool.





The book-lined den is sturdily furnished for work and play. Here, five-year-old Lance and his mom work out a mechanical problem.

■ Rosalind Russell's Beverly Hills home is a stately French Provincial house in which Roz has mingled her own New England heritage with the continental traditions of her Danish husband, Freddie Brisson. In this setting the Brissons have composed a pattern of family life that is a fine blend of elegance, comfort, dignity and hilarious fun.

The house itself is set in a mass of trees, bordered with hedges. It is completely private, from the curbing in the front to the swimming pool edged with stately rose gardens in the back. Beyond the pool Roz has a three-room guest-house hidden among rustling palms. Cary Grant stays here sometimes. More often Roz and Freddie hide away here for long, peaceful hours far from the bustle of the big house.

As soon as you step into Rosalind's house, you get a feeling of spaciousness. Roz hates doors. Simply will have *none* of them. From the curving stairway in the front hall, you can look into every room on the downstairs level. Throughout the house, the basic color scheme is the same. This makes the furniture of the various rooms interchangeable. According to Rosalind, it gives a feeling of coherence

a woman's place...



Plant life is found everywhere in the Russell home—in wall brackets, lamp bases and end tables. Raz is gifted with a pair of green thumbs —and all this decorative vegetatian comes fram her awn greenhause.

and unity which a large house very often lacks.

Roz bought her house from Mary Boland five years ago. She has been plastering, painting and puttering in it ever since she moved in. She started right out with Freddie's room. He liked it the way it was but, like most wives, Roz just couldn't see the man was happy.

"Darling, what color scheme would you like?" she asked, walking up to him with an armload of wallpaper patterns. Freddie's eyes took on that glazed, vague look men get when they aren't really listening at all. "Blue, I guess," he said absently. Roz knew he would say blue. All men say blue. So she wrote down "sunny yellow." And that's what he got.

"I knew what I was doing," Roz confided, her dark eyes crinkling at the corners. "Freddie's room has a northern exposure, so just plain blue would have been much too chilly. So I did the bed and matching built-in couch in nubbly yellow cotton. Just to make sure that he'd think it was masculine enough, I practically turned it into a stable with all the horsy decorations I could think up. I got him hand-painted horses' heads for the couch cushions, riding-boot book-ends, and hunting prints for the walls. Fred thinks it's fine. Forgot all about that 'blue' stuff."

Brown piping on draperies and pillows is repeated in the nut-brown carpet of this functional room, equipped with deep easy chairs and a sturdy mahogany writing desk.

After Freddie's room, Roz got to work on her own. She furnished her own quarters in tones of deep cream, gentle green, (*Continued on page 82*)



The living room is often the scene of gay parties, where usually-dignified guests are given stray bits of material and feathers and asked to design hats—in the dark. Bill Powell's an expert at this.

Her dressing table holds only a part of Roz's perfume collection. The mirrored walls do double duty when she has a dress-fitting.



The Brissons dress for dinner every night, and are often hosts at small, formal dinner parties. Frequent guests are the William Powells, Loretta Young and Tom Lewis, and Irene Dunne and her doctor-husband.



Fred announced he wanted a blue bedroom, but Roz did it in warm shades of yellow and brown. Hand-painted horses on the sofa cushions carry out the horsey motif of which he's so fond.

■ A few months ago, the Hollywood columns were filled with brisk speculation about a new romance Hedy Lamarr was said to be having with a mysterious San Francisco millionaire. One columnist stated that every weekend the infatuated fellow was flying to Hollywood to be with Hedy. Another knowingly announced that it was only a matter of time before Hedy yielded before his cyclonic advances and murmured "Yes." It seemed clear to another authority that this admirer had the inside track to Hedy's affections.

What did this burning romance actually amount to? Nothing.

It's true that Hedy and the millionaire—and he *was* a millionaire—did meet at Lake Tahoe, where Hedy was having a holiday with her children. The stranger admired her beautiful youngsters, got himself introduced to Hedy—and then asked permission to take a picture of the tots. Permission was granted, he snapped his camera, said thanks a lot—and that was that. Yet the little incident was enlarged upon by Hedy in her own mind, given romantic trimmings by onlookers and gossips, and represented as a mad passion by the eager press. (*Continued on page 104*)



Reginald Gardiner, the British comedian, spent lots of time with Hedy and it was rumored that he'd become her second husband. Reggie is now happily married to Nadia Petrova.

Strange loves of HEDY LAMARR

by sheilah graham

She still seeks
the man she needs—
this strange
woman of legendary
beauty . . . and
strange and legendary
loves . . .

Hedy has recently finished Cecil DeMille's *Samson and Delilah.*





Hedy seemed to have found happiness with her third husband, John Loder—but her career stood in the way of a successful marriage.



There was a real romance between Hedy and George Montgomery. But their engagement was short-lived and soon after George took Dinah Shore for his bride.



Gene Markey, now married to Myrna Loy, was Hedy's second husband. Her divorce suit stated he neglected her.

end of the beginning



Mark Stevens (on the ground) and Rory Calhaun in a scene from *Sand*.

He was so loaded with luck it broke his back. His luck's still the same, but now Mark has learned how to take it.

BY JACK WADE

■ One morning last summer when Mark Stevens was on location for *Sand* near Durango, Colorado, he bounced out of bed bright and early. The sun was shining, the sky was blue, the air like wine. He felt swell and he couldn't wait for the cameras to roll. He even hummed a tune as he bumped along the road to the shooting site. His wife, Annelle, gave her blithe mate a sleepy glance.

"You seem pretty cheery and chipper for so early in the morning, dear," she said.

"Tip-top and right as rain!" Steve replied. "What a day!"

Well . . .

In the very first scene he dived under a barbed wire fence and laid open a long gash in his neck. No sooner was that patched up than a wasp buzzed up and let him have it in a particularly tender spot. Mark rallied to stage a slam-bang movie slugfest with Rory Calhoun. Rory muffed his timing and a ring on his finger laid open Mark's eye. He slapped collodion on that and noticed that he felt dizzy and hot. "High altitude sunburn," explained a local citizen. Mark stepped to a tumbling mountain stream, slopped water on his face and drank. Pretty soon he had belly pains and they wobbled him off to bed. He was laid up three days with dysentery.

"Honey," croaked Mark to Annelle, as she spooned him milk toast in the motel, "you are married to a guy who's loaded with luck. The trouble is—it's all bad!"

Mark Stevens isn't really so depressed as all that about his shake out of life. Actually, come to count it up, he knows he's one of the most fortunate characters on this earth. His terrific talent got a break where he could prove it. No one knows better than Mark about the thwarted thousands bruising

For the first time since their morrioge, the Stevens hove a cozy home of their own ot Toluca Lake. Junior is two.

their fists against the brassy gates of opportunity (as he did for years all over Canada and the U. S. A.) trying to get a "come in" from Hollywood, or Broadway, or practically any place in the show-business world.

But there are times when Mark is convinced that if someone handed him a horseshoe it would drop on his toe and smash it. What other actor, Mark points out, ever had a lake full of trout stealing his scenes? What other jinxed Hollywood Joe ever got chewed by a horse?

Mark was emoting for *Sand* up there in the Rockies with crystal Lake Molas for a backdrop when he suddenly quit cold. Director Lou King asked him why. "I don't mind supporting a wild horse in this picture," explained Mark, "but my contract doesn't say anything about fish." Behind him, all over the lake, rainbow trout were leaping and splashing—and who'd look at even Mark Stevens with such (*Continued on page 99*)



Life used to moke o donkey out of Mork, but not now. (Eors ore on optical illusion—just plont leoves!)

by erskine johnson

the awkward age:

curse or blessing?



It happens to everyone . . . and to movie kids it used to mean "all washed up." But now more and more of them are breezing through the awkward age—with long term contracts.



Now grown up, Mitzie Green ond Jackie Coogan have been unable to capture the public fancy as once they did when they were storred together in *Tom Sawyer.*



Shirley Temple is a fine proof that kid stars need not fade after adolescence. Her roles grew up with her, and helped her through the awkward age to new fame.



Mickey Rooney is the only still-popular member of this group. Jackie Cooper is making grade B movies, while Freddie Bartholomew is now entertaining in night clubs.

■ Seven years ago, five-year-old Margaret O'Brien hit the popularity jackpot in *Journey for Margaret.* Since then, in one success after another, she's become the youngest major star in pictures. Now, at 13, she's confronted by a hurdle that few child stars in the past have managed to survive.

Margaret O'Brien is facing that classic bugaboo, "the awkward age"—the age when lovable tots begin to grow into rangy, sprawling creatures with knobby knees and angular elbows.

At the moment, Margaret's doing fine. Having finished one of the major roles in *Little Women,* she's now busily engaged in *The Secret Garden.* She's bigger box-office than ever.

And yet—is she slated, in a year or so, to fade into screen oblivion?

Time was when that would have seemed a foregone conclusion. It's by no means that today. For the truth is that "the awkward age" has of recent years been rapidly losing fright-power as the horrendous prospect it once was. There are any number of cases to prove this fine fact. There's Shirley Temple. There's Elizabeth Taylor. There are, among others, Mickey Rooney and Judy Garland and Deanna Durbin and Peggy Ann Garner and Jane Powell.

We'll get to them in a minute. First, let's examine some of the sad cases in the past that have justified the general fear of this bugaboo.

One of the first that springs to mind is that of Freddie Bartholomew. Freddie was an extraordinarily appealing and talented ten-year-old when the public fell in love with the little guy after *David Copperfield* in 1935. His next role was in Garbo's *Anna Karenina*—and from then on he received star billing. For a while, his fan mail at MGM exceeded that of Clark Gable. By 1939—Freddie's career was finished. At 14 he was a long, gangling string bean, all wrists and neck. "If the cinema tired of me," the youngster said as he set out to salvage what he could with a personal appearance tour, "I should keep my chin up and carry on with other things." Freddie kept his chin up, all right, but he's still trying his best to make a screen comeback via summer stock, vaudeville and night clubs. At this writing, he's making night club appearances in Australia.

Take the two Jackies, Cooper and Coogan.

Jackie Cooper was launched into pictures by his uncle, director Norman Taurog, a shrewd man who knew all about Hollywood. When Jackie was coining the money with roles like *Skippy,* Uncle Norman saw to it that the boy's income was salted away for the rainy days.

It's a good thing he did. Today Jackie is still on the screen, but he (*Continued on page 109*)


No time for FUN

Personal appearance? People think it's a glamorous tour. Jane Powell knows it's just plain work from coast to coast and home again . . .

by florence epstein

■ She'd finished her engagement at the Greek Theatre in Los Angeles. *The Student Prince,* her first complete operetta, had gone over well. After that she'd headed East on tour. Cincinnati was behind her, and so was Chicago. All that remained was two weeks at the Capitol Theatre in New York. It was a busy schedule, but New York lay waiting like a giant mardi gras, and a 19-year-old girl could really have herself a time. Only the way it turned out for Jane Powell, there was no time at all.

There was, to begin with, a cold. It took place in the Sherry-Netherlands Hotel on the ninth floor. Jane's mother sat in one corner of the suite, worrying. Dorothy Day, of the M-G-M publicity department, sat by the phone and cancelled appointments. And Jane stayed in bed, downing cold tablets.

The whole p.a. (personal appearance) was Jane's idea, though. She could have stayed home and experimented with the 16mm camera her father had just bought. Up until now, all the pictures had come out unrecognizable.

She could have stayed home and dated Geary Stephen. Geary used to be Sonja Henie's skating partner, but he'd given up the ice for the real estate business. Now he was in Hollywood, willing to give up the real estate business for a screen career. Janie could have made it easier for him. She could have sung to him every night while they were out dancing. . . .

But Jane had thought the tour was a good idea. Apart from the money, there was the experience, and there was the thrill of playing to a live audience and having them in the palm of your hand. The cold, though, was unplanned.

The rest of her time in New York was planned too well. There were five shows a day, and in between the shows she was interviewed. In between the interviews she nibbled on sandwiches, and in between sandwiches she thought how nice it would be to go shopping. To keep from being depressed she embroidered cats' faces on turkish towel bibs—presents for some babies she knew in Hollywood.

The sad fact was, she had only one date and *that* was arranged. Tom Rogers, who handles radio appearances for M-G-M stars, escorted her to Radie Harris' CBS show. Jane was the guest star. And that night Tom took Jane to the opening of Madeleine Carroll's new play, *Goodbye, My Fancy,* and to the Stork Club. Tom was lovely. But Jane kept wondering about Geary and whether he was lonesome, too . . .

continued on next page



The beginning of a wild dash: Jane, above, consults her watch while waiting for a cab. Below, a frenzied conference at the Capitol Theatre.



Shep Fields' orchestra accompanied Jane during her two-weeks engagement. Here, Shep and Jane rehearse downstairs at the theater between shows.



No time for FUN



Between shows there were interviews. Here, New York Post columnist, Earl Wilsan, visits Jane in her tiny dressing-room. Magazine and newspaper writers beat a path backstage.



Whenever Jane stepped into the street, fans surrounded her —she always abliged. This was outside the swank "21," on ane of the rare accasions that Jane left the Capitol to dine.

If she had thought back to her New York experiences of last year, she might have chosen to stay home this time. Last year she lost ten pounds (that left eighty-eight) climbing to and from her dressing-room upstairs at the Capitol. And everytime she turned around, someone had a question, or was pointing a camera at her.

This year it wasn't much different—except for the dressing-room. The stagehands at the Capitol had built her a sort of lean-to, covered with burlap. It stood backstage against the rear wall and it was the noisiest place in the city.

The few people she met went out of their way to please her. Tony Canzoneri, the former ring champ who was on the same bill with Jane, called up all the restaurants near the Capitol one night, to find out who served *pizza*. (*Pizza* is an Italian pie made of cheese and tomatoes.) And if no one thereabouts served *pizza* it wasn't his fault. If Jane had to eat soup it was because that's what they served around the corner from the Capitol half-an-hour before showtime.

There was the little boy whose name she never learned—he was too shy. But all day, every day, he waited near the stage door with a bouquet of flowers in his hand. When Janie came dashing out, he gave her the bouquet and helped her into a taxi.

The closest she ever really came to New York was when she sang to New Yorkers from the stage: At night, after the last show, she saw it from her window—the lights, the cars, the flavor of glittering excitement. But the view was all—there had been no time for fun. THE END



Caught in the act:
Jane wowed 'em all with tunes from
Date With Judy, Luxury Liner.

Portrait of JENNIE



IN "PORTRAIT OF JENNIE," THE LOVE OF JOSEPH COTTEN FOR JENNIFER JONES TRANSCENDS TIME AND SPACE.

Picture of the Month

■ *Portrait of Jennie* is the story of an ethereal love affair between a young artist (Joseph Cotten) and a strange girl (Jennifer Jones) who comes to him from beyond the bounds of time. He first encounters her as a child playing in the snow in New York's Central Park. She disappears but returns—and disappears—recurrently over a span of months, on each reappearance having aged several years. When he sees her for the final time, she has grown into a lovely young woman. In the course of this fugitive association, he finds in her the inspiration that brings to life in him his great but dormant talent—and he paints a marvelous portrait of her to establish his career.

David Selznick and his associate, David Hempstead, have done a remarkable job in turning Robert Nathan's exquisitely-shaded novel into a film. Even those who look askance at fantasy will find it a rewarding experience, so convincingly and deftly is the gossamer dream-stuff woven into the fabric of recognizable reality. This poetic fable, aside from the ephemeral spirit-girl, is peopled by very realistic folk moving in the solidly factual world of Manhattan in the 1930's. And the climax comes in the wild and terrifying actuality of a New England hurricane.

Jennifer Jones gives a beautifully illuminating performance in the many-sided role of the heroine; Joseph Cotten blends spirituality with forthright virility as the artist; and the best supporting cast of the year does all anyone could ask in helping make *Portrait of Jennie* an extraordinary film.

continued on next page



1. As *Portrait of Jennie* begins, Eben Adams (Joe Cotten), a penniless young New York artist, meets a strange 10-year-old named Jennie who leaves him with the request that he wait for her to grow up.



2. Some days later, Eben sells a sketch of Jennie to art dealer Henry Mathews (Cecil Kellaway) and his assistant, Miss Spinney (Ethel Barrymore). Mathews asks Eben to do a portrait of Jennie.



3. Eben celebrates the sale at a tavern run by Mr. Moore (Albert Sharpe). Eben's friend Gus (David Wayne), a hackie, gets Moore to give Eben free meals in exchange for painting an Irish mural.



4. A few weeks later, Eben meets Jennie skating in Central Park. She seems older this time, but he thinks it must be the clothes. She's vague on her background, but agrees she'll pose later on.



5. Soon after, Eben sells more sketches of Jennie to Mathews. But he can't begin the portait—he doesn't know where she lives. He works on the mural while Gus tries vainly to locate her.



6. Then one day she comes to Eben's studio. He now learns she died years before he met her and, being lonely, has come to him out of eternity. She leaves, he seeks her at her convent school.



7. In octuality, she hod been ot the convent long ago—but Eben sees her there nonetheless. She returns to the studio, the portroit progresses.. Soon, the young girl hos become a grown woman.



8. Eben and Jennie go out in the country for o picnic. This is to .be their lost doy of hoppiness together—at leost, until they ore finolly joined deathlessly on onother plone beyond this earth.

9. Jennie appears once again—at a lighthouse on Cape Cod in the course of a howling hurricane that sweeps her from Eben's arms.



Dan River's Wrinkl-Shed Cotton really sheds wrinkles—gives you more days wear between washings.*

Wear it, pack it, give it all kinds of crushing treatment—this special cotton cord springs right back to smoothness. Fast color. Sanforized†. Dan River Mills, Inc.

*Dress by Kay Windsor. Grey, brown, green. Sizes 10 to 20. About $11 at Jordan, Marsh Co., Boston; D. H. Holmes Company, New Orleans; Scruggs-Vandervoort-Barney, St. Louis; B. Gertz, Jamaica... *Trademark †Fabric shrinkage not more than 1%*



spring comes early to fashion

connie bartel, fashion editor

■ Even if there is still a lingering trace of snow on the ground, it's spring as far as fashion is concerned. The designers are always ahead of the first robin, and the fashions you'll be wearing this spring and summer are planned long before the crocuses show up.

In this issue we concentrate on two typical signs of spring—new shoes, and print dresses.

As for shoes, we've always believed the shoe makes the costume. Cute shoes pep up the simplest dress; but the most important gown in the world is ruined if your feet look dull. In the belief that nothing, but nothing, can make or break your outfit like shoes—we give you a shoe show, beginning on page 74. There is every kind of shoe you can think of—high heeled and low heeled, wedgies, platforms, ballerinas, louis heels—and lots of shoes which will be available in bright colors. If these don't keep you foot-happy for the rest of the season—we don't know what will!

Was there ever a girl who didn't crave a fresh bright print just around Washington's birthday? We've never heard of one, so beginning on page 78 we show you three prize prints—guaranteed to give you a lift like a daffodil.

Have you caught our Spring fever?

janet blair says hello to spring in bright plaid

■ Janet Blair blooms like a rose in a fresh spring plaid with a demure look to the ruffle-edged yoke and a bit of fresh white at the throat. The skirt is pleated. Dan River cotton plaid, in blue or green. Junior sizes 9-15.

By Peggy Paige, about $8.95.

For where to buy, see page 86.

modern screen fashions



the shoe makes the costume

1. BLACK PATENT CROSS strap pump, with new scallops. By Modern Miss. $6.95.

2. SCALLOPS (very new) on a suede baby doll pump. By Mary Jane. $5.99.



1



2



4



3



5

3. SQUARED INSTEP ballerina flat. Black suede gold edged bow. By Mary Jane. $2.99.

4. TRIPLE STRAP green leather pump. Louis heel, high back. By Mode Art Jr. $10.95.

5. CLASSIC spectator in white suede with blue calf trim. By Prom-Spec—$10.95.



6

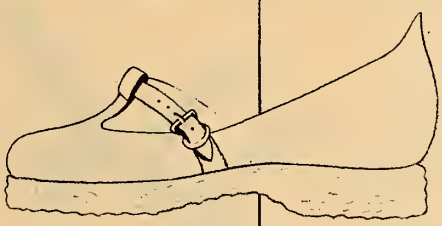


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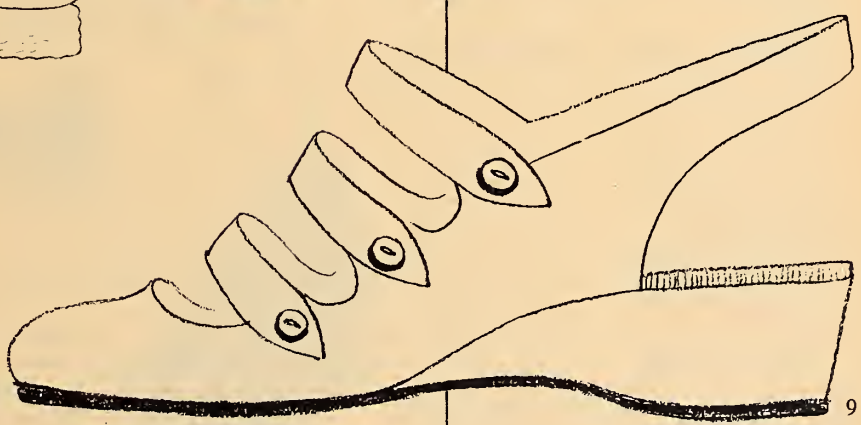
6. BOW TIE double strap green calf pump. Many colors. By Mode Art Jr.

7. LATTICE pump with wedge sole, especially for sizes 1½-5. By Cinderella of Boston. $9.95.

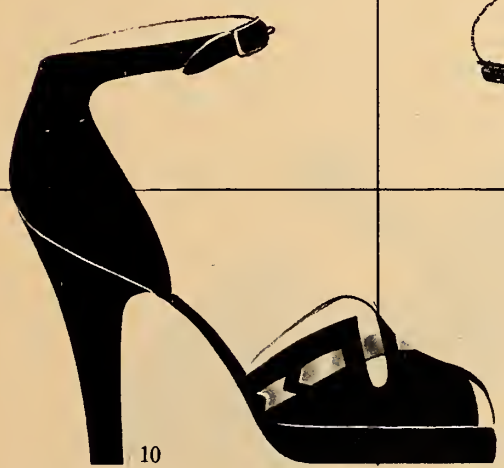
8. CREPE SOLES—new and smart after long absence. Red calf with T-strap. By Modern Miss—$6.95.



8



9



10

9. THREE-BUTTONED strapped wedgie. Black or copper suede. By Trim Tred. About $10.00.

10. PLATFORM ankle strap pump in grey, blue or black suede with leather contrast. Sizes 1½-5. By Cinderella of Boston. $12.95.

11. PALE GREEN calf open work pump, fastened with tiny removable strap. By Trim Tred. $8.



11

for where to buy see page 86

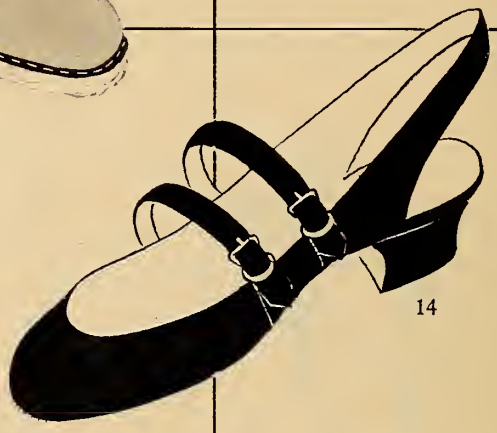
12. BUCKLED straps on a calf play shoe with new crepe soles. Green, tan, wine; also red and tan with white. By Laconia Debs—$6.95.

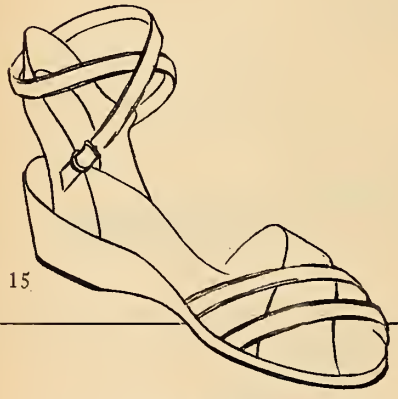
13. SQUARE perforations on gay elk leather playshoe. Bright multicolor, or white with multicolor trim. By Parkhill Casuals—about $4.

14. DOUBLE STRAP calf pump in black, brown, red or white. By Valentines. $8.95.



the shoe makes the costume









15. GOLD EDGED strapped sandals in suede-like arrabuk. Black, white, multi-colored, or all gold. By Parkhill Casuals. About $3.

16. LOUIS HEEL on a smart single strap suede pump. By Twenty-Ones. $10.95.

17. TWO COLORS, two straps on an open calf pump. Tan with brown heels or all grey. By Queen Quality. $12.95.

for where to buy see page 86

straps are very high fashion in shoes. They can be single, double, or triple. They can circle your ankle, or, smarter, cross your instep. They can either buckle or button (buttonhooks are coming back!) To put your feet in fashion, wear straps!

heels go to all heights. For sheer fashion, the louis heel is super-smart. It curves in gracefully, flatters the foot, and gives even a simple opera a new look. Watch for a return of the Cuban heel, too, as a medium between very high and familiar flat.

soles are newest in crepe; newest of all in a bright color to contrast with the upper. Crepe rubber disappeared during the war, but now it's back for all those girls who doted on it for sport and play. However, wedges, platforms and soft ballerinas are still favorites.

Lovely Dresses Given to You!

and EARN up to $23 WEEKLY BESIDES



If there's one thing every woman can always use, it's a NEW DRESS! Especially when it's beautifully made in the latest style and the newest colors and fabrics—such as those shown on this page. How would you like to receive one, two, three or even more lovely Spring dresses, *without paying a penny of cost?* That's right, without paying out a single cent in cash! Well, here's your chance. It's a remarkable opportunity offered by FASHION FROCKS, Inc., America's largest direct selling dress company. Our dresses are bought by women in every state, and nearly every county. *We need new representatives right away* to take orders in spare time and send them to us. Any woman, even without previous experience, can act as our representative. Whether you're married or single—housewife or employed woman—you can get the chance to obtain stunning dresses as a bonus—*dresses that will not cost you a penny.* In addition, you can make splendid weekly cash commissions—up to $23 and $25 a week, or more! You simply take orders when and where you please for FASHION FROCKS—gorgeous originals of exquisite fabrics, unbelievably low-priced down to $3.98. For every order, you get paid in cash on the spot. It's really a cinch.



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Desk B3054 Cincinnati 25, Ohio



Lois Butler, appealing star of Eagle Lion's film "Mickey", personally selected 8 styles from the exquisite Spring line of Junior FASHION FROCKS.

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*Age*_____ *Dress Size*_____



For a pretty girl—a puffed-sleeved, flounced dress in Ameritex's wonderful "gaslight" cotton print, inspired by an old engraving. Aqua blue, moss green or pink. Sizes 12-18. By Ted Cohen, $5.98. At Gimbels, New York.

New scalloped pumps by Mary Jane.

print dress!



For a sophisticated girl—a striped rayon print with new rounded shoulders, shawl collar and little pearl buttons. Gold, grey or navy with multicolored stripes. Sizes 12-18. By Town & Country Club, $10.95. Oppenheim Collins, N. Y.

Colored suede sandals by Velvet Step.

For where to buy these Modern Screen fashions, see page 86

For other stores carrying this Modern Screen Fashion, see page 86.



Two shades of Spring

—and it's a half-size

Smartest half-size in town—a two-tone butcher rayon with new shawl collar, rounded sleeves, and a dramatic applique. Grey with yellow; navy with pink; cocoa with blue. 12½-18½. By Peg Palmer, $12.98. Famous-Barr, St. Louis.

"It's simply amazing!"

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"It covers blemishes, makes my skin look more youthful and stays fresh-looking from morning to night."

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Ann Sothern

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IN FIVE COLOR HARMONY SHADES AND TWO EXCITING SUN TAN SHADES $1.50

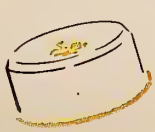
Only Hollywood's Make-Up Genius could bring you a make-up like Pan-Stik. In an instant it creates a new, delicately soft complexion. Your skin looks flawless, fascinatingly beautiful...feels gloriously natural...even refreshed. Pan-Stik takes only seconds to apply...yet lasts for hours without retouching. The new revolutionary swivel-stick means quicker, easier application. Pan-Stik is convenience itself...it's all you've dreamed of in a make-up..."It's simply amazing!"

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***ROUGE**...to harmonize with your Lipstick...correct for your type...adds color, and accents your beauty.



LIPSTICK...3 flattering shades for your type: Clear Red, Blue Red, Rose Red. Correct for your coloring, correct for your costume.



Beauty is my business—

SAYS BEVERLY BURTON, FASCINATING COVER GIRL

and SWEETHEART Beauty Care Keeps My Skin Looking Velvety Soft, Radiantly Young—and Helps Prevent Chapping!

• "I'd be through as a model if I had rough, chapped skin. That's why I changed from casual skin care to SweetHeart Care. For it helps prevent chapping," says Beverly. "And in just one week, my complexion looked far lovelier. Yes, so much softer, smoother, and younger!"

You can expect the same glorious results! Yes, *this time next week you can have a lovelier complexion.* It's easy! Simply change to SweetHeart Beauty Care today.

Each night . . . each morning, massage your face with SweetHeart's rich, creamy lather. Rinse with warm . . . then cold water. One week from today you'll see an amazing difference! Your skin feels softer . . . smoother. It looks radiantly fresh—actually younger!

Beauty is my business, too!

• At 10 months, Nadine Koehne is already a model! And she has always been bathed with pure, mild, fragrant SweetHeart Soap.

For baby's bath—for your family's tubs and showers—you can now also get SweetHeart Soap in the new, large bath size.

IT'S A REMARKABLE ACTION!

That soft, billowing SweetHeart lather has a Floating Lift. Countless bubbles bathe the outer pore openings . . . *lift off—float away*—dirt and rough skin flakes. This heavenly gentle action is so kind to delicate skin.



SWEETHEART

The Soap that AGREES with Your Skin

A WOMAN'S PLACE

(*Continued from page 58*)

and shell pink. The same functional lines prevail here, as in Freddie's room, but the striped chairs are feminine-looking. The burnt-glass coffee table and the blond wood desk would fit in anywhere in the house.

"I believe bedrooms should be adaptable to general living, not just places to sleep. I keep a silver tea service here for entertaining my women friends, and I do all my household business at my desk."

The contents of Roz's desk are typical of Roz. Practical, sentimental, and studded with humor. She has neat pigeon-holes for her bills, but above them is a conglomeration of books, ceramic horses, a tiny American flag, and the bronzed baby shoes of son Lance—now five.

Roz is essentially as romantic in nature as she looks in person. Her cloud of soft dark hair and vibrant pink skin give her the loveliness of a porcelain figurine. Her heart is easily touched, and she saves family photographs and souvenirs with the fierce, maternal protectiveness of a lady lion. But in Lance's upbringing she is determined to be unsentimental.

toughening process . . .

"I want to toughen him up to meet life, not soften him up," she said. "He has to learn, even while he's just a little fellow, that life has its disappointing moments. That way, he'll be able to face his bigger problems when they come along." To illustrate her point, Roz told of a crisis in Lance's life just recently.

She gave him a cowboy hat and belt with a gun in the holster. It was just a cheap outfit, for she feels that it is foolish to buy expensive toys for little children. The hat was just made of paper-thin cardboard, but Lance thought it wonderful. He stuck it on his happy head, and swaggered off to the park to show it to the other kids. But some of the other kids didn't like it at all.

"That's a crazy hat," said one.

"Where are your boots? You can't be a cowboy without boots!" jeered another.

"I can so be a cowboy!" he said stoutly.

"You can *not!*" said a hulking brute of seven. To give his words more emphasis, he reached out and pulled Lance's cowboy hat down over his eyes. There was a ripping sound, and Lance's furious red ears poked through the brim. An instant later his hat was on the ground and the boys were tangled in an angry whirl of arms and legs. Timmy Hartmann, Joe Pasternak's boy, Stephanie Wanger, and George Murphy's "Missy" watched with round eyes. Roz watched too, from a discreet distance. Instinct made her want to fly to her child's rescue, to beat off the other boy and tell Lance that it was *too* a lovely hat, and of *course* he didn't have to wear boots to be a cowboy. But she stood still on the gravel walk and waited for the battle to end. More important for Lance was a major lesson in disappointment and frustration.

The fight was over at last, and Lance was holding his battered hat against his bloody nose. Roz held out her handkerchief to him.

"Here, use this," she said gently, "and let's go home." She just won't be sentimental over her son, Roz says.

Being sentimental with her husband is something else again. When Freddie comes home in the evening, his blue eyes alight with happiness at just being home, Roz enters into the spirit of celebration. She always dresses for dinner. Some-

times she wears a silver brocaded jacket over a cloud-grey chiffon skirt, or a flame-gold lamé gown with a matching stole lined with jade green. For Fred, like most European men, likes formality and ceremony in the evening—dinner gowns, candlelight and wines.

Dinner parties are held in the blue-and-green dining room with its polished pine table that seats 12. Shining silver pieces on the English buffet sparkle against the mirrors, and scintillate with the conversation. Frequent guests are Loretta Young and Tom Lewis; William Powell and Diana Lewis; Cary Grant; Irene Dunne and her husband, Dr. Frank Griffin; and Bette Davis and her husband, William Sherry. Danish-American dishes find high favor, and Roz goes over each detail with her cook before serving-time. Her favorite dinner menu consists of Danish *blinis* (savory pancakes with caviar), clear turtle soup, a light fish course served with cucumbers, breast of chicken in cream sauce accompanied by tiny peas, and ginger rolls for dessert.

While the men chat over their brandy and cigars in the dining room, Roz takes the girls up to her room for a good gab-fest. Then, the formal part of the evening over, they all troop into the living room for old-fashioned parlor games.

The living room invites the eye with its soft, deeply-cushioned couches and chairs in lime green. White Ming horses prance over the burnt glass coffee tables. Huge square mirrors on the walls reflect the mirrored corners on either side of the antique Dutch chest. These corners conceal a radio on one side, a movie projector on the other. Chinese trees with clear jade leaves trace a pattern of loveliness against the mirrors.

relax, relax! . . .

Roz has definite ideas about entertaining her favorite people. She believes that there is nothing more dreary than a party where the guests sit around nursing their drinks and coming out with abrupt statements of what they said to the boss, or why their movie company should never have made that last picture. "No shop talk" is the rule of the Brisson household, and Roz is alert to enforce it. Tired movie producers, worried writers, tensely glamorous actresses find renewed vitality after an evening of fun with Freddie and Roz. Before they know it, they have shed their tension with their hats, and are busily popping their own popcorn.

After dinner they romp through a session of games. Roz tugs open the drawers of the old Dutch chest and distributes handfuls of felt, feathers, ribbons, and gaudy ornaments. Then the lights are put out, and amid muffled giggles, the Powells, the Lewises, and their assorted friends struggle in the darkness to concoct the best-looking or funniest hats out of the materials Roz has given them. Lights on again, the hat-makers are forced to wear their creations for a full half-hour. Muffled giggles turn into shrieks as Bill Powell usually turns up the winner wearing some fearful contraption of lace and opulent plumes.

They play other games, too. They draw funny faces on paper bags and wear them over their heads. They team up, and with the ends of a piece of dental floss in their mouths, they chew vigorously towards a spinning piece of candy strung across the center. The first to get there is the winner! They feed each other popcorn from tablespoons while blindfolded—and find that ears have a way of being mistaken for mouths and that noses get smacked smartly with spoons. They play Indications and Charades. When everyone is exhausted, Freddie plays the piano.

Frequent guests are the Carl Brissons,

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NEW!
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NEWEST OF LIPSTICKS...
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to dresses, blouses, children's clothes, housecoats, men's shirts, curtains, bed and table linens. Directions on every LINIT package. All grocers sell LINIT.

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now touring in the East. The senior Brisson is only 17 years older than his son. His youthful blue eyes and terrific breadth of shoulder have kept him looking like Freddie's older brother. Lance has learned to speak Danish through the little-pitcher method of listening to conversations not intended for his ears. So his grandparents have resorted to spelling things out—in Danish.

Lance's room has plenty of growing space. His walls are a plain off-white without any nursery designs, and though he has a fondness for stuffed animals, he is leaving these behind as he moves forward into more fascinating mechanical mysteries. He still insists on his bedtime story, and only Roz can read it to him. To the little boy in the sturdy striped pajamas, the story hour is his highlight of the day. Afterwards Roz knows that she has drawn a little closer to her son.

For a movie star, Rosalind's clothes closet is surprisingly simple. Her Travis Benton suits are hung in orderly rows. Her hats are filed in three shelves. Shoes are her pet vanity.

"I have one pair of brown-and-white spectator pumps that I bought 14 years ago," she admitted. "Though I paid $65 for them, it wasn't really extravagance, because they are just as good today. During the war, I didn't buy a single pair."

fragrant setting . . .

Roz has an oblong, mirror-walled dressing room between her bedroom and bath, which is a dream of ingenuity and beauty. She can see herself from any angle, which is fine for adjusting skirt lengths or having wardrobe fittings. Her dressing table glitters with crystal and silver bottles. Roz hoards perfumes of all fragrances and brands, like a sniff-happy squirrel.

Only in a bathroom belonging to Roz Russell would you expect to find philodendrons twining their leaves towards the window. But knowing her sheer delight in growing things, and finding at least three greenhouse products in every room of the house—well, you're not surprised to meet philodendrons in her bathroom. Roz has a tub equipped with a glass-and-chrome shelf which runs across it and holds her bath accessories. With this gadget on hand, she can cream her face, remove her nail polish or set her hair while bathing. This is real movie-star stuff and ties in with the glass shelf above the bathtub which shimmers with jars of bath oils.

Their life around the house is just as important to the Brissons as that which goes on inside. The whole Brisson family takes an interest in the garden. Freddie spades up the rose bushes, Rosalind putters in the greenhouse, and Lance has his own little garden. At the moment, Lance's fraction of an acre poses quite a problem. According to the directions which Roz read to him from the seed packet, he was supposed to plant his corn two feet apart. But when his mother wasn't looking, Lance dumped in a few packages of nasturtium and carrot seeds, as well. Now he confronts the devastating problem of what to weed out.

The son of the house is as round and brown as a sunburnt pearl. He has Roz's fine sense of humor, and her forthrightness. He has Freddie's blond good looks and charming manner. Lady visitors swoon with delight when Lance bows to them with one chubby hand on his stomach, his tow-head bowed almost to the floor. He is all Danish then, the Continental charmer, the smoothie. Then, like as not, he will straighten up and say: "Gee, Mom, kin I stay up tonight and hear Gene Autry on the radio? Kin I?"

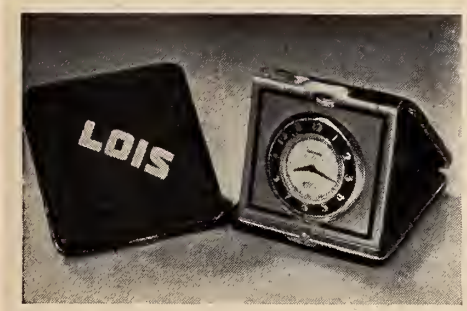
He's an all-American kid again.

THE END

stuck for a gift?



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(Prices on merchandise may vary throughout country)

Plaid dress with ruffle-edged yoke worn by Janet Blair in the full color photograph (page 73).

Write: *Peggy Paige,*
224 W. 35 St.,
New York 1, N. Y.

Shoes shown on pages 74, 75 and 76

1. BLACK PATENT cross strap pump

New York, N. Y.—*Stern's,* 41 W. 42nd St., Shoes, 2nd Fl.

2. SCALLOPS on suede baby doll pump

Philadelphia, Pa.—*Mary Jane Shoe Store,* 1009 Market St.—and all *Mary Jane Shoe Stores* throughout the country.

3. SQUARED INSTEP ballerina flat

Philadelphia, Pa.—*Mary Jane Shoe Store,* 1009 Market St.—and all *Mary Jane Shoe Stores* throughout the country.

4. TRIPLE STRAP green leather pump

Jackson, Tenn.—*Bond's,* 107 E. Main.

5. CLASSIC spectator shoe

Atlanta, Ga.—*Davison, Paxon Co.,* Peachtree and Ellis Sts., Shoe Dept., 3rd Fl.

7. LATTICE pump with wedge sole

Order by mail from: *Cinderella of Boston,* 59 Temple Place, Boston, Mass.

8. CREPE SOLES T-strap shoe

New York, N. Y.—*Stern's,* 41 W. 42nd St., Shoes, 2nd Fl.

9. THREE BUTTONED strapped wedgie

Write: *Roberts, Johnson & Rand, Division International Shoe Co.,*
1501 Washington Ave.,
St. Louis 3, Missouri.

10. PLATFORM ankle strap pump

Order by mail from: *Cinderella of Boston,* 59 Temple Place, Boston, Mass.

11. PALE GREEN calf open work pump

Write: *Roberts, Johnson & Rand, Div. International Shoe Co.,*
1501 Washington Ave.,
St. Louis 3, Missouri.

12. BUCKLED straps on plaf play shoe

Boston, Mass.—*Gilchrist Co.,* 417 Washington St., 3rd Fl.

13. SQUARE perforations on elk play shoe

Indianapolis, Ind.—*Wm. H. Block Co.,* Illinois & Market Sts., Shoe Dept., Downstairs

14. DOUBLE STRAP calf pump

St. Louis, Mo.—*Scruggs, Vandervoort & Barney,* 10th & Olive Sts.

15. GOLD EDGED strapped sandals

Akron, Ohio—*M. O'Neil Co.,* 226 S. Main St., Downstairs

16. LOUIS HEEL suede pump

New York, N. Y.—*Mary Lewis,* 746 Fifth Ave., Shoe Dept., 2nd Fl.

17. TWO COLORS, two straps, open calf pump

Louisville, Ky.—*Kaufman Straus Co.,* 427 Fourth Ave., Street Fl.

Gaslight print cotton dress (page 78)

New York, N. Y.—*Gimbels,* 33rd St. & Ave. of Americas, Daytime Dress Dept., 2nd Fl.

Striped rayon print dress (page 79)

Chicago, Ill.—*Chas. A. Stevens Co.,* 19 N. State St., Budget Sportswear

Indianapolis, Ind.—*L. S. Ayres & Co.,* Meridian & Washington Sts.

New York, N. Y.,—*Oppenheim Collins,* 33 W. 34th St., Budget Dresses, 4th Fl.

Half-size two-tone dress (page 80)

Buffalo, N. Y.—*Wm. Hengerer Co.,* 465 Main St.. Budget Dresses, 3rd Fl.

Houston, Texas—*Sakowitz Bros.,* Main & Rusk Ave., 5th Fl.

Memphis, Tenn.—*Goldsmith's,* Main & Gayoso Sts., Dresses, 3rd Fl.

New York, N. Y.—*Oppenheim Collins,* 33 W. 34th St., Budget Dresses, 4th Fl.

St. Louis, Mo.—*Famous-Barr Co.,* Locust, Olive & Sixth Sts., Daytime Dress Dept.

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Go to the store in your city listed in the Where to Buy Directory, and be sure to go directly to the proper department and floor, which are also listed.

To save even more time, take along the Modern Screen photo of the fashion you want. If you haven't the page from the magazine, be sure to tell the sales girl you saw it in Modern Screen.

If no store in your city is listed, write Connie Bartel, Modern Screen, Box 125, Murray Hill Station, New York 16, N. Y.

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HOW SWEET IS SIXTEEN?

(*Continued from page 53*)

"Maybe—maybe you're both a little young for those dresses," she ventured. "Your mothers might not like them."

"You don't know my mother," said Peggy indignantly, "she'll *love* it."

But apparently Peggy didn't know her mother either. Her mother did *not* love it. She pointed out that Peggy looked like a fugitive from a fancy dress ball. The bustle, she said forthrightly, looked like a battered sofa pillow after Peggy had sat on it. Furthermore, satin, draped over the hips, was not Peggy's type of material.

"But Mother—aqua's so *right* for me."

Mrs. Garner marshalled further arguments. There were dozens, nay hundreds, of aqua dresses in greater Los Angeles. If Peggy searched diligently, she'd be sure to find at least one more suitable to her age and figure. What's more, Mrs. Garner would personally assist her in the search.

Sadly, Peggy dragged herself to the telephone to confer with Liz. Liz had her sorrows too.

"Mother says I have to send *mine* back!"

Yep—when you're sixteen, darn it, you're still not quite ready to handle things as a woman of the world. Take the matter of dates. For instance, the time she wanted to go to the football game with Chuck, and Alan asked her first. Peggy said she would go if she could. Could they keep the date tentative for a few days? Because Chuck had sort of mentioned something about the next game . . .

enter chuck . . .

Then, later that day, she met Chuck on her way to study-hall. He stopped her and spoke with superb dignity.

"I hear you are going to the game with Alan. I *was* going to ask you to go with me." And, nose in air, he strode on by.

But sixteen has its great moments, too. Peggy Ann dined at Romanoff's with a school friend, Clark Hardwick. Peggy's hair was braided smoothly on top of her head, and she wore a long, pleated skirt of navy blue with a matching stole. Peggy had qualms inside, as she dug into her fruit cocktail. Qualms that perhaps she didn't look as elegant as she felt. Maybe she just looked like a girl trying to appear older—and that's fatal! Her hands froze, and her smile trembled a little as she looked up to see Sheilah Graham passing her table. Suddenly Sheilah halted.

"Good heavens, it's Peggy Ann! I didn't recognize you. You look so tall and slim!"

Peggy Ann seemed to grow two inches. Her heart felt as if it would burst with pride. This was the thrill of accomplishment, for by shaking her head at chocolate malts, she had lost 15 pounds in six months. Now Sheilah Graham had told her that she looked tall and slim. Those few words filled the room with quivering rainbows and the sound of far-off music.

Being able to feel this way—this was the best part of being sixteen. You may not be a full-fledged woman, a creature of stunning poise and mysterious depths—but, all in all, what a wonderful, wonderful age! THE END

The screen story of *The Big Cat*, Peggy Ann Garner's latest film, is a feature of the March issue of Screen Stories.

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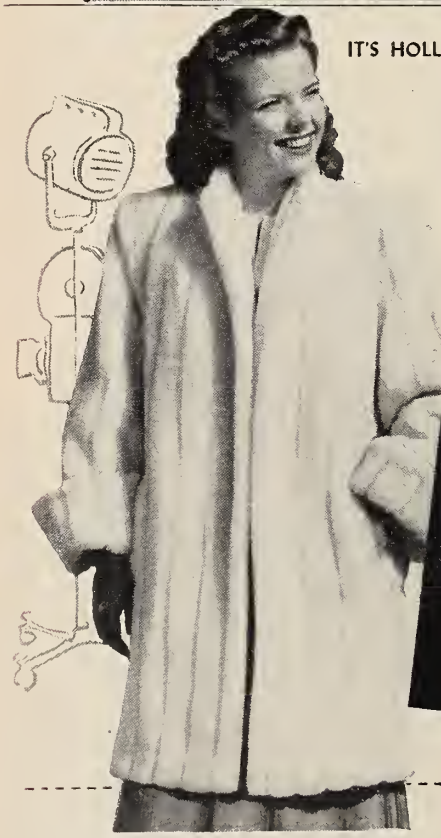
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LOIS BUTLER
Singing Star of
EAGLE-LION PRODUCTION
"MICKEY"

VENUS IN BLUE-JEANS

(*Continued from page 45*)

to be. Instead of growing up at 18, it took me longer. Before, a man had to be the crush of the ages or I just wasn't interested. There was no in-between. Now I've reached the point where I can simply be friends with men, which is a sign of maturity—I hope. Howard's my good friend. I feel comfortable with him. It's not a romance. If it were, what would we be waiting for?"

As for kids, she feels that no woman's alive till she's had children. She stops to ogle strange babies on the street. At the drop of a hint, she'll drag out pictures of her seven nieces and nephews, and crow happily that an eighth is on the way. Long distance calls to the family in North Carolina are a pet extravagance. She writes faithfully to the children, remembering how as a little girl she loved getting letters from her sister in New York. Mary Edna, 13, inherits her sweaters and skirts. Ava wrote her about the gorgeous costumes in *Great Sinner*. Also about the corset that pulls her waistline in to 21 inches.

Mary Edna grew slightly apprehensive. "How on earth can your waistline be 21 inches? Mine's 31. I hope you put on a little weight, Ava, or your clothes won't fit me."

great-aunt ava . . .

They all call her Ava. At eight she battled for the title of Aunt and lost. This bout was waged with nephew Al, 18 months her junior. Ava coaxed, implored, threatened and bribed. Nothing worked but the bribes, and they didn't work for long. Al's married now, and an expectant father. "Bribe me," he says, "and I might let the kid call you Great-aunt."

What she misses most in Hollywood is the closeness of the family together at home. Of them all, only Beatrice (called Bappie) lives in Hollywood.

Every chance she gets, she's off to North Carolina. Last time, her train arrived late. She and her sisters gabbed all night till the men started stirring, then rolled up their sleeves and cooked nine breakfasts. Her idea of a perfect holiday is to yak with the folks, bathe and feed the babies, observe how the older children have developed. These teenagers put her into a glow. "They don't want to know how it feels to kiss Clark Gable or what Lana Turner's like. They ask grown-up questions about the industry, radio, politics. At their age I was a child. They're thinking people."

This atmosphere of domestic warmth and serenity is the kind she grew up in. Though marriage hasn't yet worked out for her, she still believes in the love that lasts a lifetime—a faith she owes to her parents. Head over heels in love, they married young and had seven children. One little boy died. Ava was the baby, with a gap of seven years between her and her next older sister.

Though money was scarce, the happiness of her parents made her childhood happy. Never once did she hear their voices raised in anger, never knew anything but perfect understanding between them. On all issues, Molly and Jonas Gardner were one. If Jonas thought something was wrong, Molly thought it was wrong. In addition to love, each commanded the other's respect. Time served only to deepen their love and need for each other.

All this Ava took for granted as a child, but it left its mark. She knows now that the greatest formative influence on her

life was that of the mother who died five years ago. . . .

Molly Gardner was a person of rare sweetness and strength, an outgoing person with an endless capacity for love. Jonas was shy about displaying affection. Molly felt no such constraint. At 13, Ava was still climbing into her lap to be petted. When the girls married, their husbands became Molly's sons. She adored them all, including Mickey Rooney. He kidded and teased her. She was ill, and he made her laugh, and she responded to his fun as she responded to every good thing in life. When she wrote to Ava, she'd add little letters for Mickey. Ava knows that their break-up hurt her, but Molly blamed neither one. There was no room in her heart for condemnation.

jonas came first . . .

She gave her children all the affection they needed, but mother-love never shut her husband out. On the contrary, it was Jonas who came first. You could tell by the tone of her voice and the look in her eyes and the things she did for him and the way she did them. It was through the heartbreak of his final illness that Ava learned the meaning of devotion. They'd moved to Virginia, just the three of them. Jonas had been obliged to give up the farm and the little store, and in Newport News, Molly ran a boardinghouse for teachers. It was pure drudgery, and you could seldom get help. For the last year of his life Jonas was bed-ridden. With all the rest of it, Molly took care of her husband. Night after night she sat up with him. Day after day, at the sound of his bell, she'd drop whatever she was doing and fly upstairs. "Let *me*," Ava'd cry, but Molly'd go by without hearing. It was Molly he wanted, and she couldn't get to him fast enough.

"I've seen this woman so wracked, so worn, so exhausted," her daughter recalls, "that I'd think, she can't go on another day." Sometimes, as the bell tinkled, her young nerves would revolt. "He rings it unnecessarily!" Next second, she'd hate herself for thinking so. Now, from the perspective of time, she understands that her protest was normal, if childish. That the bell was a welcome call to Molly. That her one comfort during those heavy days was to lavish all her tenderness on the man she loved. That from every minute together, she drew the needed strength to go on.

When Jonas died, they went back to Smithfield. Molly took her loss quietly and with courage. But it left an emptiness that was never filled. . . .

Because of her beauty, because of the parts she's played, you think of Ava as a sophisticate in the worldly sense. She's not. To this day, she's self-conscious about entering a roomful of people. She stands at the door and stiffens terrified lest she do something wrong, make a fool of herself.

It sounds idiotic. How can a girl who looks like that be anything but sure of herself? According to the girl, looks aren't enough. Poise doesn't come from looks or clothes or beaux. It comes from an inner security that Ava lost at the age of 11.

Till then her skies were cloudless. She was wrapped in the safety of family love and the peace of family life. Her three eldest sisters were like mothers as well as sisters. Every Sunday Molly'd cook a fabulous dinner—fried chicken and ham and half-a-dozen vegetables—and the clan would gather. Till Ava turned 10, Al was the only grandchild, and he was a boy, scornful of babying. His aunt felt well-protected in her little place. After dinner the grownups would wash the dishes and gossip, while Ava ran out to play with the roughneck characters who appreciated

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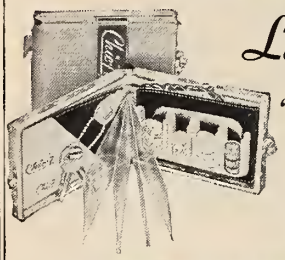
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her prowess as a tomboy. But there was always the cozy nest to return to.

Newport News changed all that. It marked Ava's initial contact with harsh realities.

Compared with Smithfield, Newport News was a big town. The kids made fun of the way she talked. She was the country cousin, the oddity, the one among many, and didn't know how to fight back. So she turned shy and withdrawn. Besides, the Gardners were poor. There wasn't much money for clothes, and most of the girls were far better dressed than Ava. As she entered high school, that fact loomed large; she couldn't cope with it. In high school you paid a $3 fee each semester. which admitted you to all the football games, the school plays, the dances. Ava loved dancing, but she couldn't afford the fee.

Her first date didn't help any. She was a sophomore, he was a senior and divine. His very divinity heightened her sense of inadequacy. She had no ready patter, no coquetry. At home all she ever did was talk, yet she couldn't find a word to say to this god. Tongue-tied she met him, and left him the same way. "He'll never ask me again," she wept to her pillow, and he never did. Other boys asked her, but more often than not she'd turn them down. It was easier to stay home than to agonize over clothes or over being a conversational dud.

complex at college . . .

By the time she returned to North Carolina, she'd grown a healthy inferiority bump, which her year at college failed to reduce. At college it was smart to live on the campus. Ava lived at home. It was smart to go in for academic training. Ava was taking the practical commercial course. She had dates, it's true. Boys are no dopes, and whenever she went to a dance, she'd be rushed off her feet. But she never went without inward turmoil and terror. Maybe this was the one time they wouldn't break in. Maybe this was the time she'd commit some social blunder that would start them tittering like the school kids in Newport News. . . .

With the pattern of insecurity established, she set off for Hollywood. How she got her contract—through photographs made by Bappie's husband—is a tale too often told to be repeated here. Except for Bappie, she was leaving behind all the people who loved her. Even then, Molly wasn't too well. Besides, Bappie'd lived in New York so long, she was more experienced. "With me," Molly said, "it would be the blind leading the blind."

They were all at the station to see her off. So was Ava's little boy-friend, who startled her with a kiss. He'd never kissed her before, and she couldn't help wondering how it would sit with Mother. Molly wasn't the preachy type, but you know how she felt. "I never kissed Daddy," she'd said once, "till we were engaged." But this she didn't seem to mind. In fact, she was smiling as if she thought it rather sweet. Then her arms went round Ava. "Be a good girl, honey." That was how Molly always said goodbye. When you left for school, when you went out to play—"Be a good girl, honey." That was all she said now. If she cried, it wasn't where anyone could see her. And Ava kept her own tears till the train pulled out. . . .

At 17, history repeated itself. Again she was plunged into alien surroundings, frightened and lost. Only this time it was worse, because the limelight was on her and she had no shelter to retreat to. The insecurity, born in Newport News, reached a climax in Hollywood.

Few adolescents understand themselves, and Ava's adolescence was prolonged by

Your letters . . .

THE WRONG CHRISTMAS

Gentlemen: I have just finished reading "The Christmas I'll Never Forget," by Alida Valli, in the January issue.

In what I thought was a rather inspiring article, I was surprised to find that twice during the telling, Miss Valli mentioned that her experience took place on Christmas, 1944. With this I cannot agree.

As an American sergeant with the Air Forces, I spent the Christmas of 1944 in Rome. No German patrol bothered me, and I doubt if any bothered Miss Valli. You—and she—should know that on June 4, 1944, the U. S. Fifth Army and the British Eighth Army occupied Rome.

J. S. Wicks, Trenton, N. J.

(Clearly, Miss Valli forgot that her unforgettable Christmas was actually in 1943.—Ed.)

WHAT BECAME OF SALLY?

Dear Editor: I used to be a devoted fan of Sally Eilers and saw almost every picture she was in. Could you tell me what has happened to her?

Allen Stearn, New York City

(Sally Eilers is still hard at work in Hollywood. She recently appeared in Coroner Creek, *and you can hear her on the radio. She was guest star of the "Skippy Hollywood Theater" which is heard throughout the country every week.—Ed.)*

ACTORS ARE HUMAN, TOO

Dear Editor: One of your readers wrote how disgusted he was by the Mitchum affair, and set it up as a cause of juvenile delinquency. How any person could blame a particular man for the existence of juvenile delinquency is beyond me.

Most of us have too many faults of our own to judge those of others. Usually, the very ones who are most critical are the first to ask and expect forgiveness for their own misdeeds.

Ruth Wilson, Los Angeles, Calif.

HONEST, JOAN!

Dear Editor: I am sick of sending in your Questionnaire box every month without receiving a free subscription. I am beginning to think that this is a put-up job.

Joan Furst, New York City

(Scout oath—we're on the up-and-up. You just have to be among the first 500, Joan.—Ed.)

special conditions. She floundered in her own immaturity, in the razzle-dazzle of movieland, in her passionate need to belong. To belong, you had to do what others did. Parties and night clubs and clothes, dancing and dates. If you got a mad crush on a man, you married him, blinding yourself to the fact that temperamental differences might cause friction later. Day by day, she drew farther from the values of her own background. The big idea was, don't give yourself time to think. From thinking came trouble. From thinking, heaven forbid, you might even realize what a mixed-up, unhappy person you'd grown to be. . . .

That was Gardner once, but isn't Gardner today. Within the last two or three years, Ava's found herself. How this came about would make an involved dissertation. Suffice it to say that she finally did give herself time to think—a painful business, to begin with, but worth the pain. The character of her background reasserted itself. She discovered that you don't have to run with the crowd.

It's been like coming out of a stifling rat-race into calm, fresh air. She knows what she wants now—books and music and friends whose ideas stimulate her. Artie Shaw used to shove books at her, and she'd shove them away. Now she reads like mad, her thirsty mind working overtime to make up for the drought. Anything, everything—child classics like *The Wind in the Willows*, which sent her scooting to *Alice in Wonderland*. Shakespeare, whose very name would have scared her once. Charlie Laughton started that. On the set of *The Bribe*, he read aloud from Shakespeare. "Oh, my lost high-school years," moaned Ava, and sat up half the night with *Romeo and Juliet*.

words and music . . .

Music was always in her blood, but as long as the radio blared with good jazz or swing, that was for Ava and you could keep the rest. Now she buys records. Now Debussy, Ravel and Sibelius send her, and she looks forward to the day when she'll understand Beethoven. The ex-playgirl can have a heavenly time, eating dinner alone, listening to records and reading. Or spending an evening with a few like-minded friends, whose interests range far beyond Hollywood and Vine. Except for Duff and the Van Heflins, they're not movie people. Three years ago she'd have thought it would bore her silly to sit quietly, talking the hours away. Now she finds that nothing makes her feel more alive than the process of stretching her mental horizons.

Maybe you can best judge the change in her by her new attitude toward marriage. "I used to think it would straighten out every problem, drive fears and loneliness away. Which is absurd. You can't expect your husband to do for you what you must do for yourself. It's too great a burden to put on anyone."

She admits she likes her career, but doesn't feel she'd be making any tremendous sacrifice in giving it up. After all, it was never the dazzling goal of her childhood—the whole thing happened almost by accident. She thinks the ideal set-up would be marriage plus one picture a year.

"My mother had the secret," she says, with that special softness in her eyes when she speaks of Molly. "Even after Daddy died, she was left with beautiful memories, not ugly frustrations. When I compare the happiness of those two with some of the misery I see in Hollywood, there's no question of choice. For their kind of love, I'd give up fifty careers." Her smile breaks through. "At least I know now what I'm after—and I don't propose to settle for anything less." THE END

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SHE'LL NEVER STOP FIGHTING

(Continued from page 39)

know that much about cattle?" he wondered out loud.

"I don't," Ginger came back. "But I can sure tell what I like when I see it."

I've known and admired Ginger Rogers long enough to know that's a level statement of fact from a very gutsy gal. Ginger knows what she likes and what she doesn't like when she sees it, what she wants and what she doesn't, what's for her and what isn't. She's the most down-to-earth, straight-shooting, frank-and-honest, All-American girl I know in Hollywood.

The other night I risked life and limb skinning the hairpin turns up to Ginger's mountain-top house, perched like an eagle's nest over Beverly Hills, to congratulate her on finishing *The Barkleys of Broadway,* to say goodbye before she took off for her Rogue River ranch and to catch up on a hard-to-catch girl for MODERN SCREEN.

wrong foot . . .

I started off on strictly the wrong foot. I said it was a swell relief to see my favorite star back in a wonderful picture with Fred Astaire after those three straight turkeys she'd made.

Ginger bristled like a Fuller brush. "Now, wait a minute, Hopper!" she yelped.

"You know *The Magnificent Doll* was *The Magnificent Flop,*" I baited her.

"I liked it," said Ginger stubbornly.

"And—"

She didn't even let me get started. "Name me one star in Hollywood," challenged Ginger, "who hasn't guessed wrong and made bad pictures. Just one!"

"Uh—" I began.

"I've made no worse pictures than anyone else in this business," Ginger went on heatedly. "In fact, I've made darned less fewer!"

"Is that grammar?" I asked her.

"Maybe it's not grammar," grinned Ginger, "but it's the truth and it's what I mean—*darned less fewer!*"

That's what I love about the gal. She's a scrapper; she sticks by her guns and she hits hard, win or lose.

And come to think of it, she's dead right about that career of hers. In spite of her three strikeouts in recent seasons, Ginger's batting average is very high indeed. In my book, her smash hits in those wonderful old Astaire-Rogers combines like *Roberta, The Gay Divorcée* and *Flying Down to Rio;* her great performances in *Stage Door, Bachelor Mother, Vanishing Lady, Tender Comrade,* and—especially—her marvelous *Kitty Foyle,* are unforgettable, and Hollywood classics. No Academy Award was ever more popular than Ginger's for playing *Kitty,* the white-collar girl, and when she got it—to her stunned surprise—she did what came naturally to an emotionally honest person like Ginger—she burst into loud, uncontrollable sobs, right there at the banquet!

It would take a rugged individualist like Rogers to live where she does—a place that should have St. Bernard dogs or at least a troop of Boy Scouts to lead a wayfarer over the pass. I get dizzy every time I try it, and this last time I stalled my car and almost rolled back to Kingdom Come (which, come to think of it, would be an interesting new name for Beverly Hills). I was really unnerved when I tottered inside her front door—which Ginger opened. (I've never seen a servant in her house yet—must be, but Ginger always greets you.)

But she's a pioneer there—built her house back in 1936, and has lived in the clouds ever since. It's a beautiful place really, with freedom to view all over Beverly Hills, Los Angeles, Hollywood and scattered California communities. There's a championship tennis court and swimming pool outside, and the big screened-in bed where Ginger and her husband Jack sleep outdoors seven months out of the year. Inside is a cozy, comfortable home that could belong only to Ginger. Her personality is stamped everywhere—in the six-foot-square (I swear) coffee table, cluttered with her sentimental knick-knacks and old magazines. ("I can't bear to throw them away until I've read them all—and I never get time," she sighed. "I'm a Scotchman.") And in the huge sofa which surrounds that on three sides, long enough to seat any imaginable number of dropper-inners. In the enormous fireplace dancing with flames, the great beamed ceilings painted a soft blue—

"That's *green,*" said Ginger. I started again, "Bl—" "*Green!*" she repeated. It's green.

Ginger has her personal treasures scattered around the house. In her studio are her sculptures which she still hacks away at, and cleverly too. The prize is a head of her mother, Lela, and right now she's working on Jack's profile with a chisel (in marble, that is!) whenever he'll sit still. She showed me two gold medals, proudly mounted on velvet in her studio. One announced her the Charleston Champ of Texas, 1925, and spelled her name "Jinger." The other, dated 1933, proclaimed Ginger semi-finalist in the women's ping-pong championships. "Know who beat me?" grinned Ginger, "Alice Marble." She trotted out a still life painting she was working on—she's proud of her artistic efforts and frank too. "I'm making all the mistakes of beginners," she admitted.

When the fire that Jack built smoked us into tears and out of the front room, we trotted downstairs to Ginger's soda bar.

Sitting on those ice-cream bar stools under the candy-striped canopy of her soda fountain, with huge trays of nuts, candies and sugared cookies all around, I wondered, as I do every time I see her, at the perpetual girlhood of the Ginger Rogers who perched beside me in black slacks, bobby socks, beige turtle-neck sweater and another, royal blue, over that.

When Jack Briggs dropped in to kiss her goodbye I actually thought, "She looks like his kid sister!" although Jack is younger than Ginger. He was off to Oregon on ranch business—that tall, grinning super-handsome hunk of man, and my cheeks burned to watch them hug goodbye. I remembered what Ginger had told me five years ago, "He's everything I ever dreamed of, Hedda." Believe me, he still is, and so is Ginger to Jack.

But I've got a bunch of cards with Ginger's scribbles on them to prove that her heart beats in another way, besides to the rhythm of sweet romance. One reads: "*Hedda, dear—may these little posies in some way speak what I find difficult to express. Love, Ginger.*" Well, I found it difficult enough to fathom the red roses that came with this one. But soon, another day, came another: "*Belated thanks for your sweet story. Fondly, Ginger.*" And with that, orchids.

What story? That puzzled me. I hadn't mentioned Ginger's name in my column for weeks. (She's not the kind of star who makes news—she never gets in or out of trouble, kicks up her heels, puts on a publicity act. She's no party gal. She's far from a columnist's delight.) I riffled through the week's clippings and found a human interest piece I'd done—about a star of yesterday and a kindness that had brought her some happiness she deserved. That, I found out, was what Ginger sent me the flowers for, that was why she thanked me—because she liked that item.

If that's happened once it's happened a dozen times. White orchids from Ginger Rogers and a note, "*Thank you, Darling, for writing that.*" Writing what? Never anything remotely concerning Ginger Rogers. I've done that too of course, and I've also lectured her sometimes—and whether I toss brickbats or bouquets at her, I never hear a peep from Ginger.

secret heart . . .

Yep, she has a heart. Doesn't wear it on her sleeve, and sometimes with her dukes up and her stubborn little neck stiff to back up her convictions of right or wrong, you might think it isn't beating—but it is. Take animals—she loves them. Her woolly, dusty sheep dog, Fudgy, for instance, goes wherever Ginger does, riding high and mighty in the front seat beside her whenever she speeds between her Rogue River ranch and Hollywood. No chair or sofa's banned to Fudgy in Ginger's house, no matter how expensive or plush. He hops right up on a stool at her soda fountain bar with his paws on the counter and yelps for his ice cream—gets it too, no matter who's there. He's a member of the family.

Ginger's Oregon home is in the heart of famous hunting country but she's never squeezed a trigger. She wouldn't hurt anything that lives for all the money in Hollywood.

Ginger loves every rock and twig on Rogers Rogue River Ranch. She's happiest when she's there with Jack—and usually her maw, Lela, too—working from dawn to dusk on the place. She even gets lyric about it. Last July I got a letter from Ginger. "I probably should be home in Hollywood pounding on producers' doors to get me a job," she wrote, "but the beauty of the countryside is at its peak now. Oregon never looked lovelier!

"*The cattle are fat, the hay's in the bale*
The cream's thick as that, *on the Oregon trail.*
The birds nest and sing; the fish bite my string,
There's nothing missing—on the Oregon trail.

"See—" scribbled Ginger, "that's what can happen to you when you stay up here."





Mrs. Eugenia Roberts of Atlanta had a dry skin problem. "Now," says this lovely young mother, "I use Noxzema as my all-purpose cream, my night cream and powder base. It certainly helps keep my complexion looking soft and smooth."



"I apply Noxzema before putting on make-up and use it before retiring after a day outdoors," states this charming Baltimore sports enthusiast, Jean Patchett of Preston. "I also use Noxzema to help protect my hands against chapping."

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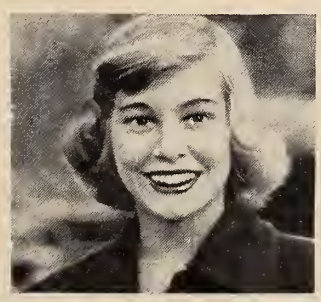
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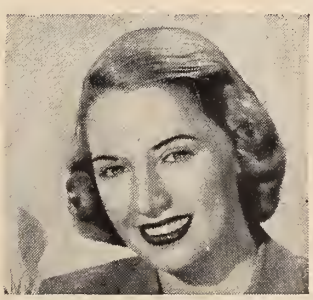
Follow this new routine faithfully morning and night. See if you aren't amazed at the astonishing way it can help your skin. At all drug and cosmetic counters, **40¢, 60¢, $1.00 plus tax—*Trial Size also now on sale.***



"My hands were dreadfully chapped. A friend recommended Noxzema and today I use it for everything," says Shirley O'Hara of Los Angeles. "It's my complexion and hand cream—all in one."



Cute blonde Mrs. Sonia Dorsey of Cambridge, Mass. uses Noxzema as her all-purpose cream. She says, "I have unusually dry skin. I've found Noxzema helps keep my skin soft and lovely."



"I put a wonderful-feeling 'mask' of Noxzema on my face before retiring. It's done so much for my skin, I've been recommending it to my friends," says glamorous Jan Barker of Cleveland.

Well, Ginger got her job, the one she's wanted for a long, long time, without pounding on producers' doors—and, as usual, when she had a crack at what she wanted she didn't hesitate a second. I know, because I had a little something to do with that, too. I'm talking about Ginger's return as the lovely-lady half of the greatest box-office team that ever existed, back again dancing with Fred Astaire—after ten long, too long, years—in *The Barkleys of Broadway.*

what effort? . . .

With *The Barkleys* just finished, Ginger told me, "It's the best story Fred and I ever had." The story's about a Lunt-Fontanne type pair of dancers on the Big White Way, and not since *The Castles* has Ginger stepped so high, wide and handsome with her twinkling toes. I wanted to know if her calf muscles ached. She hadn't tripped a toe professionally since *Lady in the Dark,* six years ago, and that but briefly. "All that effort—rehearsals—"

"Effort!" Ginger exclaimed. "Can you name me anything I'd rather do than dance?" Nope, I couldn't, not offhand. As much of a natural-born stay-at-home as she is, Ginger would still be out whirling around dizzily every night on a dance floor if that were Jack Briggs' dish. But it's not. Ginger's been siccing him on Arthur Murray and Veloz and Yolanda persistently since they've been married—but it just won't take. He hates dancing!

Ginger Rogers has the reputation of being a lone wolf in Hollywood and it's true—she is and I know why. The gossipy, artificial, fame-and-money caste system of Hollywood is not for her; she's too honest. She acts like a movie star only on the screen. I've never heard her make a catty remark about anybody. If she likes you, she'll give you the hat off her head (as she did me once—took one off I admired and handed it right over!). She always comes to my parties, but I rarely see her around elsewhere. She can count her close friends on her fingers. They've got to be real ones.

She's a gal to call a spade a spade when she's making a picture and all was never peaches and cream between her and Fred when they shared starring honors, nor was it with any star Ginger batted up against. She went all out for her rights—as she still does. Not very long ago, during the filming of her latest movie, *The Barkleys* at MGM, Ginger had a difficult, quiet but emotional scene to handle and the director asked her beforehand, "Is it going to disturb you, Ginger, to have visitors on the set?" "Yes," she replied frankly, "it will." Well, it *would* happen that that very day was the one Judy Garland picked to visit the set and watch Ginger playing the part she'd had her own heart set on, but which illness had denied her. It was a ticklish situation when Judy, MGM's long-time darling, showed up at the stage door and the assistant told her, "Miss Rogers would rather not have anyone on the set. Can't you come back some other day?"

Judy said no she couldn't and stamped away in a rage, and that was natural, too. She thought Ginger had snubbed her. Ginger never learned anything about the incident until later, when she was very upset—but, being Ginger, she couldn't do anything about it. Something in Ginger Rogers' proud nature just naturally won't allow her to be beholden to anyone.

Ginger was getting ready the night I saw her, to shake Hollywood and its headaches for the pristine peace of her ranch at Eagle Point, Oregon. She bought it seven years ago and this last Christmas made the fourth she has spent there.

To hear Ginger talk, it's her edge on the future. "Someday when my lovely beef is selling in the market and I'm making a living up there, then I'll tell the picture business goodbye," she told me. "I'll say, 'you've been awfully good to me and I love you dearly—but I'm through'." I think she's talking a long, long distance ahead, myself—but anyway that's the provident way she feels about the Four-R. "It's for my old age and it's strictly business," Ginger's told me time and again. Okay, I'm beginning to believe her.

Ginger's the official owner but Jack Briggs is the working boss of the Four-R. "He's up before I'm even awake," Ginger told me proudly, "and usually I'm asleep before he drags in." Last summer, in haying time, Ginger didn't see Jack except with the rest of the ranch hands when she rustled up dinner for the crew in searing weather that, as she said, "fries your insides and makes you keel over quick."

There's no swimming pool on Rogers R. R. Ranch, no tennis court either—not even a ping-pong table. The tenant farmer's house is bigger than Ginger and Jack's, which is a tiny cottage made into a living room and library sealed in sugar pine, with three bedrooms and a bath tacked on. Ginger chuckles every time anyone thinks she gallops around her place like "Hopalong Cassidy in a silver saddle." When a Hollywood gal recently gushed, "Oh, Ginger, how you must love to ride the trails on your lovely ranch," she let her down with, "We've got one work horse, and he's too busy pulling things around to have me on his back, too." The lone car's a pickup truck and Ginger herds it over the dirt road into Medford three times a week to stock up on vittles. Rest of the time—"Just say I've got a chronic case of aching back and housemaid's knee," she told me. "I'm a busy woman."

handy woman . . .

She does all the ranch laundry on a beat-up old washing machine. She cooks the meals and washes the dishes. "I wash," Ginger explained, "Lela wipes and Jack keeps us apart." She chases around in faded Levis, plaid shirts, tennis sneakers and pigtails, rambling all over the 640 acres. She perches on corral rails at stock auctions all over the county. She's yanked her share of scrappy steelhead out of the Rogue and shot its dangerous rapids twice in a bobbing boat. But she's never shot anything else—not even the fat pheasants which swarm in her fields. Incidentally, Ginger thinks the Briggs family will belong officially to the Oregon Trail at last when Jack gets appointed a deputy sheriff. "That's important up there," she said, "and you've got to be an old timer to rate."

But Ginger Rogers has rated right here in Hollywood for almost two decades now and I'm betting on her to add another ten-stretch at least before she goes home on the range for keeps.

I was thinking with a chuckle as I waved her good-luck and rolled down that scarey hill homewards, of the time Ginger met Greta Garbo. She'd wanted to for years and years but—well—Garbo doesn't chum up easily with anybody. One day, in a Westwood Village shop, Ginger and her German maid, Irma, were picking up some things and tossing a few words of Deutsch back and forth in the process. Another customer looked up, intrigued by the foreign tongue. It was Garbo—and Ginger thought, "Now's my chance." But Garbo quickly averted her eyes.

That burned Ginger because she knew Greta Garbo knew who she was. So she stepped up, stuck out her hand and said, "Hello, Miss Garbo. I'm Ginger Rogers."

"How do you do?" Gee-Gee replied grudgingly, then turned and stalked away. But Ginger was satisfied. She'd met Garbo whether Garbo wanted to meet her or not. Ginger told me afterwards, "I made up my mind she'd say 'hello' or else. If she hadn't, by Golly, I'd have tripped her!"

And, knowing Ginger Rogers, I'm sure she would have, too! THE END



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BOY GETS GIRL

(*Continued from page 55*)

Foxes was finished. Since most of the picture would be shot outdoors, the warm sun of Italy would be their friend. If it shone frequently, she'd get home quickly. Rain, fog and clouds would be their enemies, delaying the shooting of the picture and their reunion.

Letters flew back and forth between Italy and America, telling of their love, of their impatience, of their determination never to let anything like this happen to them again.

Since he was not yet well established in pictures, his salary was small. Though he couldn't really afford long distance phone calls, he just *had* to hear Wanda's tender, gentle voice over the phone and know she was safe and well and still in love with him. (Wanda's current film is called, appropriately enough, *My Own True Love.*)

Over thousands of miles her voice traveled. To hear it, Audie paid the phone company $10 a minute, and it was worth every penny. But at the end of every conversation there was a feeling of frustration and of longing to be together. Audie knew that Wanda was working hard in Italy, and he wished that circumstances had been different, so he could have saved her from the trip. There are not many times in his life that Audie has wished for real wealth, but in these moments he often wondered if things might not have been different if he had been able to say, "I have plenty of money and can take care of both of us very well indeed. You won't have to go to Italy."

not too strong . . .

Knowing that he and Wanda would have to struggle for years, he hadn't felt he could make that plea. But when Wanda admitted she was tired, visions of her looking pale and fragile haunted him. She is healthy, but not too strong, he says. (In his heart he's fiercely protective of her.)

Over the long distance phone she promised him, "I'll never again take another trip like this. I miss you terribly."

So that it might be a memory that Wanda would cherish all her life, he decided that the wedding must be held in the church to which Wanda always goes, Unity Church in San Fernando Valley. And in the flower-decked church, with their friends and Wanda's parents present, they took their vows. Paul Short, the producer, who had faith enough in Audie to give him his first important part, was best man; Audie's cousin, Elizabeth Lingo, was maid of honor, and Mary Lou Van Ness, secretary to the stars at Paramount, was bridesmaid. It was a double ring ceremony.

Wanda's wedding gown, designed for her by Paramount designer Edith Head, was derived from the styles of 1830. Of white slipper satin, it was slightly high-waisted, with a full skirt, a high neck and a tiny, stand-up collar. Wanda's little cap and the veil just reaching to her shoulders were made of white lace which she bought in Italy.

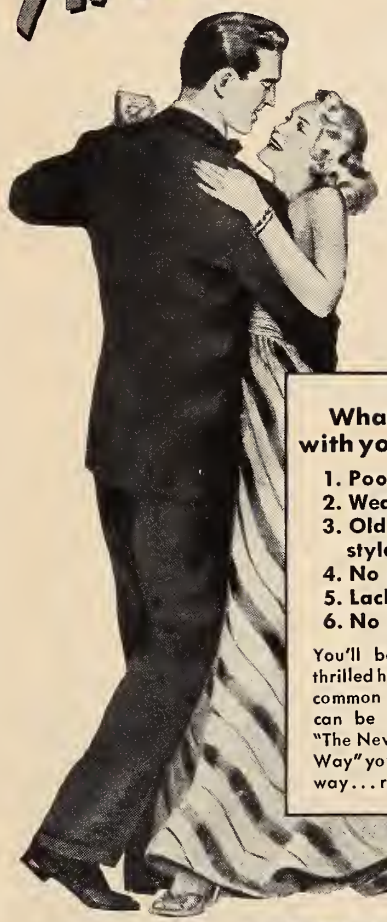
And as his bride came down the aisle, Audie thought, "Isn't it strange the way fate works—here I am in Hollywood and Wanda is walking down the aisle toward me because of two magazine covers. . . ."

The first magazine cover was a picture of Audie on the July 16, 1945 issue of Life. James Cagney saw it, and at once offered him a contract. Audie hesitated, for he hated to look as if he were "cashing in" on his war record. But when Army buddies all over the country wrote to him urging him to go ahead, he signed.

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Mod. Sc.—Mar.

Please lady, listen



Please don't walk away or turn a deaf ear, gentle lady! There's big news in the air and you may find it just as important in your life as it has proved to millions of other women all over the world—not once, but thirteen times a year. . . . As you already have guessed, the subject under discussion is a wholly feminine one—monthly sanitary protection.

NO BELTS
NO PINS
NO PADS
NO ODOR

But the "big" news deals with a *very* tiny product indeed, no longer than your little finger! It is called *Tampax* and it is worn internally. This principle is well-known to doctors and it has many advantages. Tampax frees you from the tyranny of belts, pins and external pads. It causes no odor or chafing. Quick to change and easy to dispose of. Tampax is only 1/9 the bulk of older kinds and you can shower, tub or swim without removing it!

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And then Audie and Wanda were sitting together in the guest house at the Cagney home, where the party was given, and the glowing firelight shone on her lovely, delicate face, on her blue eyes and her soft dark hair. A phonograph was being played. Audie wished he could ask Wanda to dance. But his wounded hip still gave him trouble, so he contented himself with watching her and talking to her, lightly, smilingly.

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Would he like to come! All evening he had been working toward asking her for a date—and now he fairly leaped at the invitation.

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"Of course not!" said Wanda. "Why do you say that?"

"Well," said Audie, "I sort of thought . . . Well . . ."

Wanda sighed. "Men are such strange people," she said. "How about some tea and cookies?"

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"Let me read what you've written so far," begged Wanda. So he gave her pages of stuff to read, and watched the glow that came into her eyes. "Why—why, this is *wonderful*," she said. "Audie, you *must* keep on with it. It's real and it's honest, and I'm sure you'll find a publisher for it." (P. S. She was right. The book will be published very shortly by Henry Holt and Company under the title, "To Hell and Back.")

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And as for his career in pictures—she continued to believe and insist that Audie would some day get a good part and make good. "Never mind what they're beginning to say about your chances!" she told him. "I *know* you'll come through if you keep on trying!"

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If Wanda taught Audie to have faith, Audie in turn taught Wanda to have firmness, and to fight everyone who tried to mold her life differently from the way she wanted it. One of the things that upset Audie was the knowledge that Wanda, acting on others' advice to go out with as many eligible young men as possible, was being seen each night with a different date. This was strictly for publicity purposes, but Audie felt it was all wrong. "If you're making money for a studio, no studio will cut you off its contract list because you go out with anyone you choose," he told Wanda. Since by this time they knew they cared only about each other, she admitted he was right—and then stuck by her guns. The publicity dates were eliminated from her social life.

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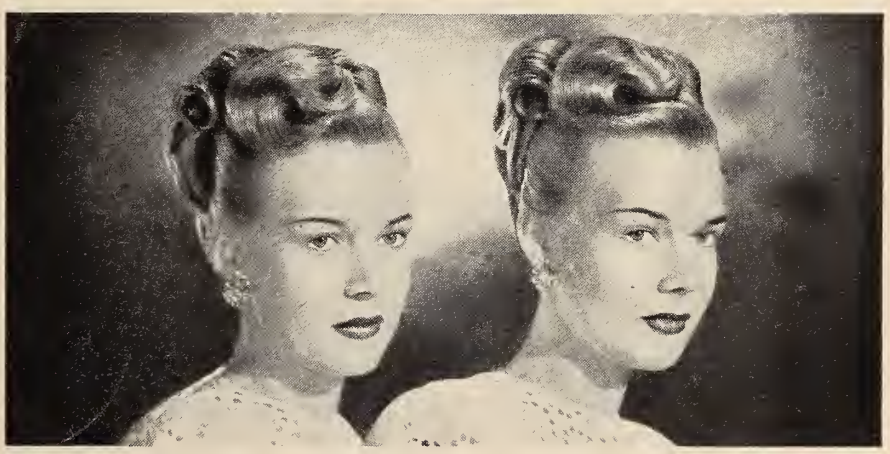
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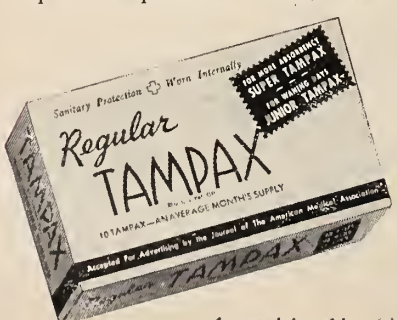


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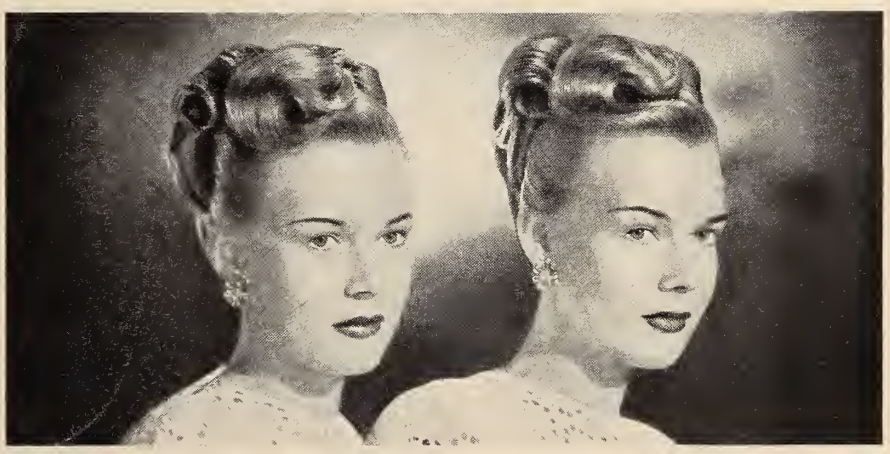
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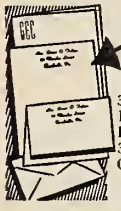
The latest fashion — these



These are two blocks of sterling silver inlaid at back of bowls and handles of most used spoons and forks of Holmes and Edwards silverplate. They make it finer, different... keep it lovelier longer. Fifty-two piece service for eight $68.50 with chest, also 76-piece service for twelve at $99.95. (No Federal Tax.) *All patterns made in the U. S. A.*



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the fans

MODERN SCREEN FAN CLUB ASSOCIATION



GLORIA LAMPERT
director

BEV OTT
associate

News: We know it's long past new year's day, but the Lizabeth Scott club has come up with some fine resolutions, and other clubs might take notice. They offer 30 page journals, on time, and a money back guarantee if you're not pleased . . . The Buddy Rich and Dinah Shore clubs are sending out calls for COOPERATIVE members. How about some of you go-getters signing up? There's plenty of work to do in the writing and drawing end of journal production . . . Joan Caulfield club sends out a real news-filled bulletin in addition to its regular journal. It gives the clubbers news on current movies and fan magazine articles on their favorites . . . The Jimmy Wakely club has undergone a prexy change and the new prexy is Bea Terry, Box 273, Greenville, Texas . . . Club Friendship dedicated to making life a little brighter for shut-ins, is sending its monthly CARE packages to needy European families . . . **Happy Birthday** to the Alice Frost fan club. This club has recently celebrated its first anniversary with a lovely journal. Alice is the radio actress in the Mr. and Mrs. North Series . . . Darlene Foreman has taken over Eddy Hardin's club for Frank Sinatra while Eddy makes a trip to Hollywood.

We'd like to correct an error previously appearing in the FANS. The Movie Fan Diary which is being offered by Dorothy Fenger can be gotten by writing to her at 1402 Superior Ave., Sheboygan, Wisc. Many of you may have written to Michigan and not received a reply . . . The Glenn Vernon club is offering half-price memberships to the first five people from each state who write Betty Komenda, 19 Enjay Avenue, Catonsville, Maryland . . . One of the nicer journals we've seen recently was sent by the Radio Stars club. Its prexied by Virginia Haywood and features a variety of radio and television people in each issue . . . Nelson Eddy Music club will have its annual convention in New York in April. Convention is only open to members, so now's your chance to join . . . N. Y. members of the Burt Lancaster fan club recently met their honorary and thought he was really swell . . .

Any of you hep cats want to join a really hep club? We've got a new one for the Page Cavanaugh Trio and here's a swell chance to join and get in on the ground floor . . . Speaking of **Mimeograph Services,** and if you're a clubber or a club prexy, chances are that you were, we have a whole slew of people who do nice work at reasonable prices. They're all tried and true and not fly-by-night outfits that are out to make money. Pick one in your own area and we're sure you'll be satisfied. In the Pennsylvania area, we have the Wallachs who not only print journals, but have an information bureau. There's Clover Hutchings in Florida who puts out the Autry and Crosby journals and has recently set up a new service for MSFCA clubs. If you are a new club and don't know how to budget your money in order to get out journals, snaps and incidentals, Clover's your girl. On the West Coast, Loretta Verbin, once prexy of the Jack Carson club, has a mimeo service which is new and should do nice work. There's Nelda Clough in Indiana and Virginia Haywood in Minnesota. We'll be happy to send you their complete addresses in exchange for a self-addressed envelope . . . Taking a lesson from the UN, the MSFCA has decided to start its own **Board of Advisers.** This board is composed of prexies our Trophy winning clubs and their chief function will be to settle your problems. We realize that nobody knows as much about fan clubs as an honest-to-goodness fan, and that's what these prexies are. Each prexy will serve 12 months and then be replaced by new Trophy winners. You'll probably agree that this is a natural outgrowth of our Trouble Clinic because we think the impartial judgment of the prexies will be better appreciated. So if you as an individual clubber have a problem or complaint about any club, let us know and we'll turn it over to our Board. If your club has any problem which can't be solved (even after straining) let us know and we'll try to help. The decision of the board remains final, and its decisions will be published, whenever necessary.

New Prizes: You lucky fans who are winners in the THIS IS MY BEST CONTEST have another surprise in store for you. Each of you is the winner of a wonderful ENGER-KRESS billfold. Its name is Candlelight and they come in wonderful shades of pink, yellow, green, blue, and red. They're genuine leather and carry coins, snaps, and passes, as well as folding money. So, come on, all you would-be writers. Now's your chance to win some points for your club as well as a swell prize for yourself. HELENA RUBINSTEIN's FOUR-CAST lipstick sets are almost all gone, and we know you who have won them are so pleased. Remember, each set is made for your particular hair coloring and costume. In addition, we have wonderful TANGEE TRIP KITS just jam-packed with their super cosmetics in a handy carrying case. For boys and runner-ups, we have subscriptions to all Dell mags, as well as collections of Dell mysteries. This is only the beginning!!

9th semi-annual TROPHY CUP CONTEST

This Is My Best: (100 points) "Fairy Tale for June," Marie Damiano, June Allyson journal. "As Old As You Feel," Jeane Holder, Warren Douglas journal. "Searching," Donna Dawson, Nina Foch journal. "Afraid of Music," Kathy Bellows, James Melton journal. "What Is An American?" Lenore Becker, Lon McCallister journal. "How The Cat Became Domesticated," Patrick Cordier, Jane Wyman journal. **Best Journals:** (500 points) League 1, Jane Wyman journal. League 2, Joan Crawford journal. League 3, James Melton journal. **Best Editors:** (250 points) League 1, Margaret and Joy Nicholin, Nelson Eddy International Club. League 2, Ruth Schweitzer, Allan Jones journal. League 3, Dwayne Armstead, Robert Preston journal. **Best Artist:** (150 points) Robert Breslin, Ella Raines journal. **Best Covers:** (250 points) League 1, none qualified. League 2, Joan Crawford journal. League 3, Robert Preston journal. **Best Correspondents:** (50 points) League 1, none qualified. League 2, Red Jones, Jimmy Lloyd Club. League 3, Ginger Bagnall, Jack Berch Club. **Most Worthwhile Activities:** (250 points) League 1, none qualified. League 2, (tied) Jeanette MacDonald Club (Fund for crippled children in U. S.) Farley Granger (food and clothing parcels to England, Belgium, Holland). League 3, (tied) Dick Contino Club (Rosenthal) (collected toys for underprivileged children). Club Friendship (CARE box for Polish family). **Membership Increases:** (100 points) League 1, none qualified. League 2, Mel Torme Club. League 3, June Allyson Club. **Candid Camera Winners:** (100 points for first prize, 50 points for others) First Prize, Dorothy Abramovich, Bingites. Don DeArmond, Ron Randall C. Cathy Pirofalo, Dick Contino C. Rita Lo Rossa, Danny Scholl C. Kaye Criss, Jack Smith C. Maude Summerfield, Frank Sinatra C.

END OF THE BEGINNING

(*Continued from page 63*)

a fascinating sports carnival going on.

Then, back in Hollywood, what should happen but that *Jubilee*, the wild stallion they had for *Sand's* action scenes, got mixed up with the docile horse-double who worked in closeups—so when Mark walked up to him, the critter took a chunk right out of his shoulder!

As Mark danced around the set in pain, he was swearing and laughing at the same time. "Bitten by a horse!" he yelped. "It could happen only to me!"

But the very fact that moody Mark Stevens can survey such hotfoots of fortune today with a sense of humor is one of the many up-to-date indications that he's finally come into his own and is on his way. The furrows of his freckled brow are gone and you can see assurance, confidence and the capacity to have some fun out of his success, sticking out all over him. Physically, he's almost on the chubby side, he weighs 167, a pick-up of 18 pounds for his tall frame. But it looks well on him, despite what the studio comptroller thinks.

This financial watchdog was going over his bills one day while Mark was away on that location trip. When he came to one particular bill he blinked, studied it carefully, and then called Mark's agent. "Say," he inquired, "has Mark Stevens got his kid with him up there in Colorado?"

"Do two-year-old babies go on Rocky Mountain location trips?" the agent came back.

"Well," argued the efficiency expert, "what's a grown man doing with this milk bill for 35 bucks?"

his aching back . . .

It's taken more than milk to restore Mark Stevens' health, to iron out the misery in his aching back and banish the dark depressions which used to mire his spirits in the old frustration blues. When I first saw Mark three years ago, you could tell at a glance he was expecting his Hollywood good luck to blow up in his face.

Once we were talking about New York City and he said he'd spent some time there—"around Central Park."

"Central Park West, East, or South?" I asked. "There're some wonderful hotels and apartments located around the Park."

"In the middle," he said drily. "I slept on a bench."

Certainly Mark's screen start was not designed to bring him peace and soothe his restless nature. On the contrary, after he'd banged his stubborn head against the old Hollywood brush-off, his good luck, when it finally came, seemed only to tease and torment him. He finished *The Dark Corner* on a physical dare, ignoring the stabbing pain in his back from an old spine injury that was infected and eating his nerves to pieces. The minute the picture was over they wheeled him to a hospital, sliced him open, and scraped his spine. For a year he did nothing more in Hollywood except watch the parts they had programmed for him go to other and luckier guys. He had two more painful, risky operations and health kick-ups of all sorts. He couldn't tell you which was more agonizing—the surgery or the mental torture of seeing the breaks he'd battled for go glimmering—or so he thought.

Life wasn't much fun then for Mark; he was like a racehorse in hobbles, ready to gallop off in all directions the minute he could bust loose. Eventually he did cut loose, but Mark discovered that running off in all directions wasn't much fun



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either. He did some things he was sorry for.

But he made up for them and that was that. Things are different now. And the reason is no secret.

I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now solidified his success, and his hit in *Street With No Name* has made Mark Stevens the hottest new male star on the 20th Century-Fox lot. If his performance in *The Snake Pit* gets the critical acclaim the studio expects, then Mark will no longer feel the pressure he's been under to prove that he wasn't necessarily a false-alarm actor, a morning glory and a one-picture rave. And he's as steamed up, himself, about his work in *Sand.* All in all, it looks as if Mark Stevens could relax now for the first time since he left Montreal and could start enjoying himself for a change.

For one thing, Mark and Annelle are having some family life at long last. It's really a rare occasion when the Stevenses are seen outside of their little English house out on Toluca Lake. It isn't their Mister Blandings dream deal by a long shot (they, too, have some of those plans hidden away for lower building costs), but it's much cosier a set-up than the hectic housing they've had since they hit Hollywood.

Mark and Annelle's honeymoon house, for instance, was a tiny, cold and cramped apartment up over a guest-house garage across from Pickfair. Mark came home there from his first critical operation while Annelle was expecting the stork and feeling miserable most of the time. It was the best they could do, what with post-war apartments rare as hen's teeth. After that, they rented a Bel-Air place which didn't fit their family, and squabbles with the landlord went with the lease. That was where Mark Richard, their baby boy, came home from the hospital with all the disturbing family adjustments a baby brings; it was where Mark had another flare-up with his aching back—and with his mixed-up emotions, too.

But now at Toluca Lake, for the first time since their marriage, Mark and Annelle have a place that's designed for living. "In fact," chuckles Mark, looking across the Lakeside golf course which runs along the front, "the only worry I have here is that some day Bing Crosby will slice his drive and smash the front window."

marco dampens all . . .

I don't think, however, even such a catastrophe as that would make hot-tempered Mark Stevens do much more than grin, in the new mellow mood he's in. He stood the test the other day when little Mark Richard messed things up pretty thoroughly. Mark was at home making a picture sitting—which he hates—and there were all sorts of people fussing around, posing him here and there and dressing up this and that. It took hours and Mark's patience was wearing thin when the deed was at last done to everyone's satisfaction. At that point, "Marco" or "Marcola," as Mark is likely to call Mark Richard at any time, picked up the garden hose, turned the tap and let fly. Before anyone could stop him he'd ruined the picture plates, and so damped down everybody in on the project that repairs had to be made and the whole tedious business done over again.

Did Mark turn the atmosphere blue? He did not. He smiled indulgently and said, "Well, that's one wetting a diaper won't fix!"

Mark's pretty crazy about that kid of his, now that he's grown into a little human being with a personality all his own and now that Mark has had a chance to get acquainted. Mark Richard looks like his mama in the eyes, but the rest of his fast-shaping little map is a carbon copy of Mark's—same ginger hair, straight nose and stubborn chin. Already, too, like his dad, he's always asking for trouble—trying to ride every big dog in the neighborhood when he gets out of the backyard pokey each afternoon for a stroll with Miss Ray, his English nurse. Luckily, the local bowsers—consisting of a boxer, a police dog, a collie and Mark's French poodle, Pepi (son of Cornel Wilde's pooch, Punch)—are gentle. They let him maul them around to his heart's content. Like Mark (says Mark), actors bore Marco. When Mark took him on the set of *Sand* not long ago, the kid yawned and promptly drifted off to dreamland! But there isn't much question about the fun Mark Stevens is getting out of his boy.

While Mark was working in *Street With No Name* in Washington, D. C., last year, he and Annelle had a second honeymoon in the capital. And when he went on that location trip in the Rockies last summer, Annelle went along too. Mark and Annelle Stevens' reconciliation after they'd been on the brink of divorce a few months before, has been considerably strengthened and sealed by those two picture-making second honeymoons they had in Washington and Colorado. Doing D. C. together, with Mark happily busy, and Annelle doing what a Texas girl always likes best, seeing sights, they found just the right spot to banish the memory of those mixed-up disagreement days out of their minds. But it was up in the mountains that they really found again the old happy boy-and-girl fun they'd known before they turned bride and groom, before Mark's aches and pains and carcass carvings and career trouble started turning the sky black, before the cares of parenthood sobered them both.

In the turquoise setting of the famous Four Corners region at the corners of Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona and Utah

from **play** to **film**

The trouble with screen writers is they do things the hard way. Following, for instance, is the easy way to make a film out of a play. You simply take the word PLAY, and, changing one letter at a time, form a new word each time according to the definitions until you reach the word FILM. Turn to page 112 when you've finished.

P L A Y

To kill— — — —
A lath— — — —
A narrow opening— — — —
smoke dust— — — —
kind— — — —
a stronghold— — — —
a golf warning— — — —
a conflagration— — — —
solid— — — —

F I L M

—than which there's nothing more beautiful—it was pretty hard to miss having a wonderful time no matter what happened.

There were dozens of thrilling excursions for Mark and Annelle to take in the scenic Four Corners wonderland on off days—to Silverton, the old ghost mining-town where $110,000,000 worth of gold ore poured out of the now-abandoned mine shafts in the 1870's and where the expensive mahogany bar still stands, riddled with bullet holes. "Just like a Western set at the studio," mused Mark.

Once you get in the groove and start looking on the upside of life, it's funny how many things you can find to do and have fun with. Mark was always active as a jumping jack and twice as ambitious before bum health and black cats ganged up on him. Now he's started boxing again to tone up his neglected muscles. And he even took a fling at polo a while back, progressing to a three-pony string and a fair stick-and-ball game—until his doc heard about it and warned, "Whoa, Mark—you know you're just asking for another operation on that spine if you keep up this saddle stuff!" So Mark quit, because he has too many other bright projects he'd hate to watch go glimmering.

great expectations . . .

For one thing, Mark wants to be right and ready for his next screen job, *Quicksand,* which he'll make in Hollywood for J. Arthur Rank, the British film tycoon. For another, he has a script of his own up his sleeve that he's dying to produce in France, in both French and English. Then Mark's lined up next fall to make a picture for his boss, Darryl Zanuck, a Royal Canadian Mountie epic he's dreamed about doing for years, up in his home country, Canada.

But Mark's really not satisfied with being just a star now that he again feels up to his old ambitions. Fact is, he'll shock you out of your socks by saying right out, "Most actors are phonies and I'll be one too if I keep on acting. Someday I want to produce."

These days it's strictly a case of Stevens Unlimited. There's nothing he considers impossible or even improbable after he gets wound up like a dollar watch. In fact, when Mark gets that way he just naturally *has* to do something or he bites himself, like a scorpion, and suffers accordingly. "When I'm loafing," Mark admits readily, "I go crazy. I call my agent and gripe. I snap at Marco. I pester my secretary and pick on my wife. I tell people off, speak out of turn and generally make an obnoxious ass of myself." So you can't blame him for soaring off on energetic enterprises. It's sort of in self-defense.

Yes, he's an unpredictable character, this mercurial Mark Stevens guy—either up in the clouds, when the going's right, or six fathoms below sea level when it's not. But maybe a rapid emotional range is what makes a mere actor an important star—as Mark Stevens is today. The truth is, Mark's got a full head of steam up all the time and some simply has to leak out now and then to plummet him down deep or rocket him up high. Right now, though, Mark looks to be in for a steady, heady ride through the Hollywood stratosphere—on a long, long overdue raincheck.

But whether that will make Mark Stevens permanently, purringly happy or not is another kettle of fish. He knows he's blessed—or maybe cursed—with what the critics call a "divine discontent." Or as Mark himself puts it, with a crooked grin: "Right now I'm looking over a four-leaf clover. But frankly, I wouldn't be at all surprised if it handed me hay fever."

THE END

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HOLLYWOOD FILM STUDIOS
7021 Santa Monica Blvd., Dept. M-85, Hollywood 38, Cal.

(Continued from page 41)

taken lightly (especially by Clark himself when asked about it). Any suggestion that love has so much as given him temporary pause raises a quick laugh. And to imply that he could possibly be carrying a torch for anyone—ridiculous!

Yet, there are certain facts to this parting that can't be just poofed away, and when these are added up, the pointer on the scale moves exactly in that direction!

First of all, of course, you have to consider Virginia: tall, blonde, beautiful, and talented enough so that her picture career may still blossom into top stardom. When you look at her, it's easy to understand why so many people in their circle believe that Clark was devoted to her.

not one of those things . . .

How devoted? Well, this much can be said: When that which is known about the two, and that which is indicated by the nature of the bond between them, is pieced together, it makes up into a definite romantic pattern—not just "another Gable thing."

The attachment they had for each other was different in that it was not displayed much in public. While it is true that their names were frequently mentioned in the news, actually they were never out together more than three or four times since the day they first met when he, still an Army Air Force major, ran into her at Jill Winkler's home and kissed her—though they had known each other but casually up to then. It just so happened that right from the start their interest in each other revolved closer to their homes and the home kind of living, and bloomed stronger that way.

Instead of going out together, they visited each other. They talked, they took Sunday rides, they helped fix up each other's houses; they seemed to enjoy each other in this sort of "togetherness." Sometimes you would see Clark's Cadillac convertible pulled up outside the fence of the Van Nuys airport of a sunny afternoon, and the two would sit contentedly watching the take-offs and landings. Maybe Virginia wasn't interested in planes, as Clark undoubtedly is—but it was enough to be near him.

Afterward, they would drop in anywhere for a bite to eat—maybe a diner, or just a hamburger joint for a bowl of chili and a glass of buttermilk. It wouldn't make any difference, just so it wasn't where you had to eat Chinese food—Clark's pet hate.

And like as not the day would be topped off by an hour or two at a golf driving-range, with Clark hitting towering drives (with a tendency to fade off) and remarking philosophically, when they went higher than further, "That'll bring rain!" And he'd give Virginia pointers on the game.

Even more—for the full five years they never missed dining with each other on any high holiday; never a Thanksgiving or Christmas in that period without "Paw" and "Ginny" (yes, their names for each other!) at Clark's dinner table together. Clark would carve. He would give Virginia the dinner bell to ring for the next course. "Here, you be the hostess," he would say happily.

These sessions, and others before his fireside as he oiled his guns or talked of his boyhood, were warm scenes—hardly to be tossed aside as the background of just a casual affair, as Hollywood well knows.

It is admittedly difficult to understand how Clark could pitch himself into the intimacy of this phase of his life entirely oblivious, as always, to the fact that one half of the world was speculating on the chances of Anita Colby or Iris Bynum becoming his wife, while the other half favored Dolly O'Brien or "Slim" Hawks. Maybe that's just Clark Gable. Was Virginia oblivious? Nobody ever knew . . . except for one thing she was once heard to say in reply to a friend's comment.

Said the friend: "You're always with him, even while all that talk is going on about the others! He does go out with the others—but he always comes back to you. Why, it's like the story of . . . of . . ."

"Like the story of *Back Street?*" prompted Virginia, when her friend had hesitated as if loath to come out with it.

"Yes!" came the confirmation. But Virginia had nothing more to add. It was just as if she wanted to indicate that she *had* been thinking about it.

Clark Gable kissed Virginia Grey in 1943, but he first saw her in 1936 when she was hardly started on her film career. It was the day after Jean Harlow died and Virginia Grey was being considered by MGM heads to play Jean's part in *Saratoga Trunk*, which was only three-quarters completed. It was Clark who said, "Test her," when the producers were undecided about Virginia. And it was Clark who made the tests with her and insured their success—even though, at the last moment it was decided to release the picture as originally made, with Harlow, plus certain added scenes using a double to round out the story.

from that day on . . .

From that day on, Virginia and Clark used to see each other around the studio—but only in passing. Yet when Clark made *Test Pilot* and *Idiot's Delight*, Virginia got good parts in them and, as she admitted to friends, she knew it was he who had recommended her. They weren't friends—they wouldn't see each other for months sometimes, and then only by chance—but it was as if he had a continuing interest in the girl he had originally given a professional boost.

This slight contact between them was broken when Virginia left MGM for a contract at Universal and Clark joined the Air Force and was assigned to filming bombing operations over Germany. But their paths were to come together again. The date set by fate for this was December 21, 1943—a rainy, pre-Christmas afternoon. On that day Virginia, who had just finished decorating her Christmas tree, got a call from Jill Winkler, who asked her to drop over. Jill is the widow of Otto Winkler, Clark's publicity man and close friend who was killed in the same airplane crash that took Carole Lombard's life.

When she got to Jill's house, she learned that Clark had come back from Europe just the day before to cut and edit his bombing films, and that he was on his way over to see Jill. A little while later the bell rang and Clark entered, dripping wet. Jill was barely starting to present the two to each other when Clark took action to make this unnecessary. He cried out recognition in high glee, strode over and took her in his arms.

Inasmuch as he had never exhibited that kind of warmth to her before, maybe Vir-

ginia should have entered a protest right then and there. But she didn't. Maybe she was just nonplussed by the suddenness of it. Or—well, it was wartime, Clark was in uniform, and wasn't it a thing between girls those days that getting into the Army and Navy seemed to be having an unusual effect on fellows, and one had to be tolerant with them? One thing is definitely known. Virginia considered Clark's demonstrative greeting as a flash of the moment, soon to be forgotten.

She was wrong.

Clark's enthusiasm for her didn't abate a bit. Before he left he had won from her an acceptance to have dinner with him at his place the next night. She accepted, went and had a wonderful time. It was not only fun, not only an event to be commemorated by a whopping bottle of Chanel No. 5 which he insisted she take as a souvenir of the occasion, but the first of many other similar dinners and many other happy days together.

She got to know a lot about Clark. She saw, and is quoted as reporting, that while the places of the fashionable had an attraction for him, he found them too cobwebby underfoot for permanent comfort. He was a man who had never denied his simple background nor accounted for his success by any other words than, "How lucky can you be?"

He told Virginia about his boyhood, when he loved to go ice-skating and return home to have his mother stick his half-frozen feet into a tub of hot water and feed him gingerbread. This story, she decided later, was a sort of alibi for the frequent presence on his dinner table of his favorite dessert—gingerbread.

Clark's house stands on a 15-acre tract of land. After the death of Carole he talked often of selling it. But the idea seemed to fade after he met Virginia. She admitted quite freely to her friends that she had talked against it; that she had told Clark he was a homesteader at heart and would find himself missing the place the moment it was no longer his. And Clark must have listened because he would quote her when his friends asked if he were going to dispose of the house. "Ginny thinks I ought to keep it," he would reply simply.

Watching them, hearing of their activities, their friends decided they were *both* homesteaders. Clark has a fence around his house and corral. Virginia helped him whitewash it—a job that took five days. His driveway is lined with oleander bushes. Virginia helped select and plant them. For that matter, when she bought piping to lay under her lawn for a watering system, it was Clark's turn to help her and he carted every foot of the pipe to his place so he could cut and thread the ends to fit. He's handy that way.

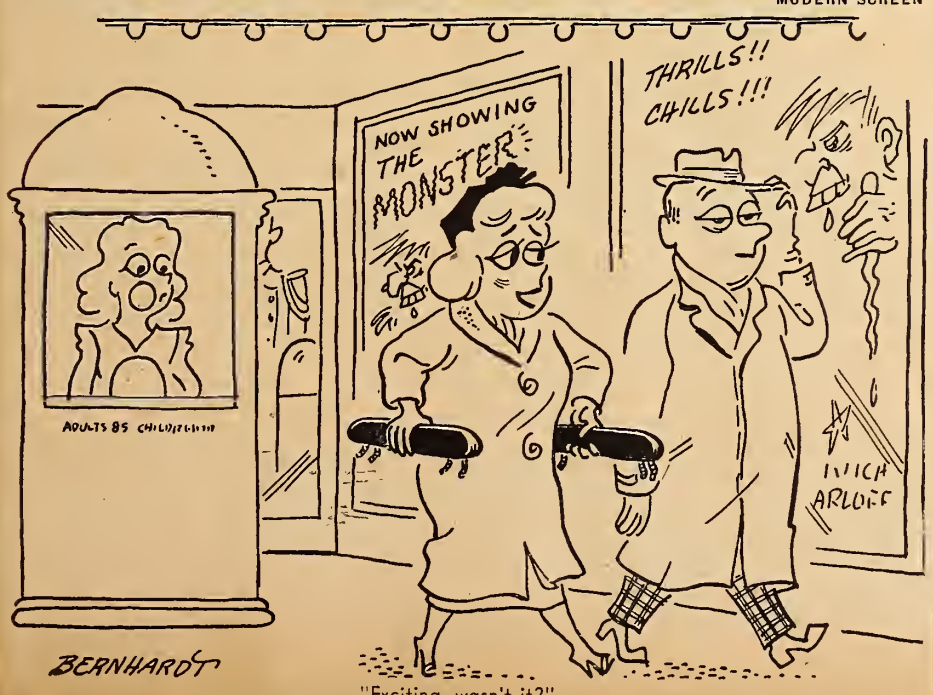
It was all fun. They were fun. Being together was fun. That's why those who were close enough to them to see this, find it difficult to think of them permanently apart now. It isn't that they suspect Clark's heart is breaking but that they know he loved being with Virginia, loved being able to be himself when he was with her—which is perhaps more important for him.

Some of his friends catch themselves watching him for an indication of how he feels about the split-up. They know that a happy Clark shows the world how it is going with him—he carries his disposition on his sleeve, if not his heart. In a figurative way, he loves to take off his shoes, curl up his feet and expand into amusing talk if he is happy. If he is unhappy, he makes this plain too. He may be with the most beautiful girl in the world but the tell-tale actions mean the same thing. He sits up severely straight, he tightens and jerks at his necktie, he clock-watches and, if he talks at all, he bites his words until they come out raw and encourage no answers.

But it is Virginia and her reasons for seemingly being able to take the break-up in calm stride (if she didn't actually precipitate it, as some hold), that intrigues most of their friends. Did anything new in their relationship form the basis for the change in her attitude which formerly had seen her ready to run to him whenever and however he beckoned? Had she once loved him so much that it had made no difference who else he was seen with—and now, is this love gone?

Or is it the reverse? Did this love grow until it could no longer share him, could no longer be all of her life and just a part of his—and moved her, in desperation, to finish it?

THE END

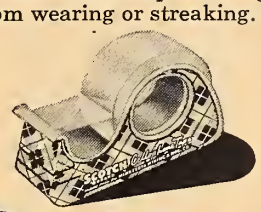


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THE STRANGE LOVES OF HEDY LAMARR

(Continued from page 60)

And the strange thing is, there's been nothing more than that to many of Hedy's so-called "flings." The public hears—sometimes from Hedy, sometimes from others—that certain men are crazed with yearning for her—indeed, they wish to marry her. Then, sadly enough, nothing develops.

In the realm of stern reality, Hedy has had three unfortunate marriages—to Fritz Mandl, when she was only a young, inexperienced girl of 17; to Gene Markey, with whom she actually had little in common; and to John Loder, with whom, for a time, she seemed to have found happiness—until fundamental issues arising in part from the inequalities of their careers put the marriage on the rocks. And aside from her ill-fated matrimonial ventures, she has had several affairs of the heart that were by no means mere newspaper rumors. Somehow, these too have all ended on an unhappy note.

Why has this fabulous woman been unable to find the right man to love—the man who can give her the deep, stable devotion she so clearly needs in her life? Why does Hedy Lamarr, one of the most hauntingly beautiful women that ever walked the earth—wealthy, famous, intelligent, admired and envied all over the world—why does a woman of such legendary attractiveness have so little success in her most vital relationships? That very question, in the various forms it takes, is a mystery that has titillated Hollywood for years. The incident with the San Franciscan simply added new fuel to the old fires of curiosity.

to please the public . . .

Like any major star, Hedy has been to a great extent a victim of that curiosity. It goes without saying that the public has an insatiable appetite for fresh-from-the-oven tidbits concerning the private lives of celebrities; and the newspapers, in supplying this demand, are under a natural pressure to make the most of such items as may come along. Thus, the strange and over-blown accounts of Hedy's affairs are, much more often than not, no fault of hers.

It sometimes has happened, however, that fanciful reports about her have been given their initial impetus by Hedy herself. She's a very candid, honest person. She says what she believes to be true. If her belief in the validity of a "romance" leads her occasionally to make unguarded statements that later on appear to have been exaggerated, you really can't hold it against her. Every one of us is controlled, far more than we imagine, by the workings of our subconscious. And Hedy, with a deep and understandable need for the devotion of the man who could fulfill her life, seems sometimes impelled to mistake her own wishful thinking for reality.

Recently, George Sanders was reported to be wildly avid for Hedy. Soon afterward, I watched them do a scene together for *Samson and Delilah*—in which Hedy, as the champion siren of all time, made love to George. When the panting scene was over, he calmly walked away from her without a word. I was amazed—for Hedy herself had told me that George had even planned where they'd spend their honeymoon—in New York and Europe.

A little later I heard a different version of the Lamarr-Sanders relationship from the fascinating Zsa Zsa Gabor. Of course, Zsa Zsa might have been faintly prejudiced—she was engaged to marry George at the time!

"They had two dinner dates," she said. "That's all there was to it. In fact, he left Hedy in Hollywood to come to me in New York, without even saying goodbye to her."

Then there was the strange case of Billy Wilder, the very eligible and top-flight director. I saw him with Hedy at a big movie première. Billy was being very attentive and Hedy was beaming—obviously loving the attention. For weeks afterward, the columns were filled with rumors of impending wedding bells.

"I hear you and Hedy are getting married," I said to Billy when I encountered him at Romanoff's.

"Don't be ridiculous," he smiled. "I've had one date with her."

As I've already indicated, Hedy can't be held responsible for all the romantic items about her that appear in the public press, since sometimes even the wildest fantasies are grist for the hungry columnists' mills. An example of this was the coupling of Hedy's name with Cary Grant's in the papers for a time. Well, Cary didn't have even *one* date with the lady. Possibly he wanted to—but it never happened.

But the fact remains that Hedy herself has on a number of occasions given currency to such fictions. I asked her not long ago the routine question, "What's new in your life?" She hesitated—then said, "Oh, I've met a fascinating Frenchman—Jacques François. He calls me all the time."

It so happened that I was lunching next day with some people at Universal-International when Jacques François joined us. After coffee I said lightly, "How's Hedy?"

Jacques looked surprised, and then said, "I don't know. We had one dinner date three weeks ago—but I haven't seen or heard from her since. I must have bored her—she hardly spoke to me all evening.'

Now, why did Hedy want me to believe she was interested in Monsieur François?



critic's corner

WHAT PAPER DO YOU READ?

The best fiction film ever made about extra-sensory perception has opened at the Paramount Theatre under the spectacular name of *Night Has A Thousand Eyes*. What it will do to the peace of mind of those who experience it has stimulated this department's comparatively feeble powers of prediction. Approximately one thousand newly fledged mentalists will be leaving the theater after each break. The rest, along with this observer, will be cursing their own blunted extra senses . . .

Archer Winsten
The New York Post

For a time this account of a fake vaudeville mental wizard who becomes endowed with prescience of terrible events is mildly fascinating. It settles too soon for the customary contrivances of a mystery melodrama of the shrieks and clutching-hand variety . . .

If *Night Has A Thousand Eyes* gives you pause, it is because of a preposterous theme and a lame ending rather than eerie overtones . . .

Howard Barnes
New York Herald Tribune

Some might attempt to explain it by saying that Hedy is so used to having men swoon at her feet that she feels rather undressed, unless at any given moment, she can say that some man is pursuing her. Nonsense! Hedy isn't like that at all. She *is* used to having men swoon at her feet—so used to it that she attaches slight importance to it by this time. She'd certainly never go out of her way to impress a columnist with the already universally-known fact that men find her attractive. Why on earth should she?

No, I think the reason is the one I've given—that it's simply her great and very natural longing to find the right man that drives the honest Miss Lamarr—with no deliberate intent to falsify—to suggest romantic situations where actually none exist.

Last summer Hedy informed me in great excitement that her first husband, Fritz Mandl, had telephoned her from South America to say he was coming to Hollywood to marry her all over again. "Of course I shan't let him," Hedy told me.

Nothing ever came of it—I believe that at the time of his telephone call, Mandl was still married to someone else. But it made a good story and Hedy enjoyed telling it to columnists.

Aside from the mystery of why so many of Hedy's "romances" evaporate into nothingness, there's the deeper mystery of why her well-authenticated romances with no quotation marks around them, end so unsatisfactorily—and this includes her marriages.

they parted friends . . .

Soon after her arrival in Hollywood, it looked as if Reginald Gardiner would be her choice for a second husband. The brilliant, young English comedian was a witty, intelligent companion, plainly devoted to her. For a while they were together constantly. Then they parted—as friends.

Back in 1942, Hedy and George Montgomery made no bones about their plans to get married—"as soon as we both can get enough time off to have a honeymoon." Yet, after a brief engagement, they went their separate ways.

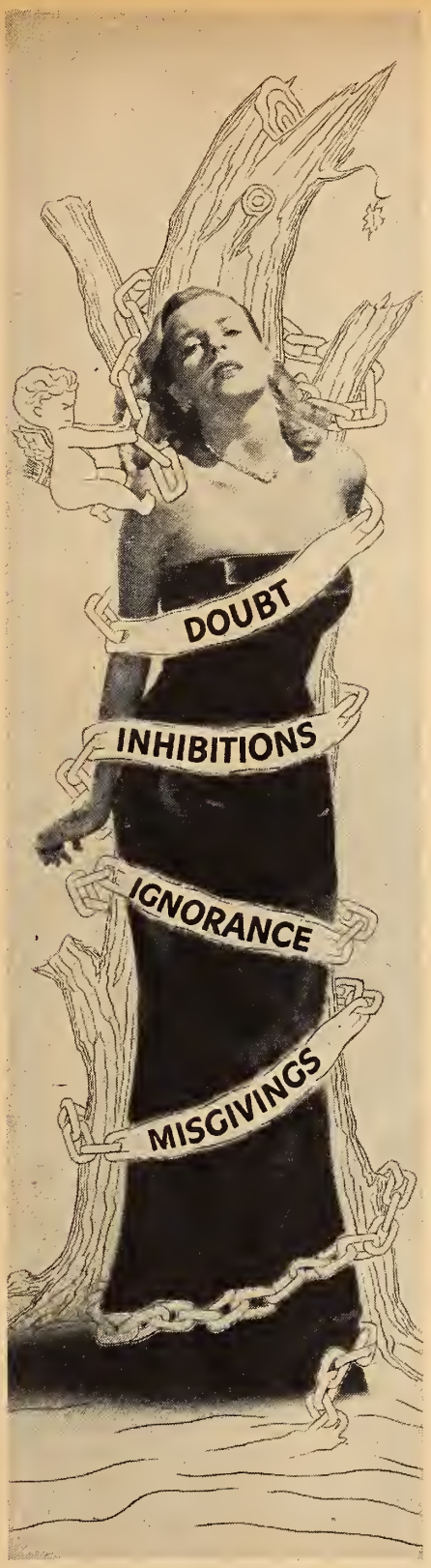
I saw Hedy the day after she married Gene Markey. "We are going to buy a farm and raise chickens," she told me. She'd always longed for life on a farm—perhaps because she'd never had one. Anyhow, Gene had other ideas. He wanted to show off his beautiful bride in fashionable restaurants and night clubs. Hedy far preferred a more intimate domestic existence. So they were divorced, with Hedy accusing Gene of neglecting her.

The big problem in Hedy's marriage to John Loder was the disparity in their earning powers. Aside from that difficulty, things for a time appeared outwardly smooth. John was willing to raise chickens, children, or anything else Hedy wanted. But after one separation, a reconciliation, and several bitter battles, he lit out for New York. At the time of the divorce John stated, "I don't know what's the matter with Hedy. She's so mixed up that I can't even reason with her."

When I saw John recently in Manhattan, he told me Hedy had called him to ask him to return home for a visit with the children. John, however, preferred to remain in New York.

The Mark Stevens episode still has Hollywood—and Hedy herself—baffled. "I just don't understand," the very bewildered Miss Lamarr told me. "One week he says he loves me—and the next week, when I telephone him, his manager answers and says that Mark doesn't want me to call him and has gone back to his wife."

Don't get Hedy wrong on the Stevens



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romance. She had nothing to do with Mark's leaving Annelle and didn't date him until after he'd left his wife. But when he flew to Lake Tahoe to be with her and then, on their return, kissed her publicly for the waiting photographers, who can blame Hedy for believing that Stevens intended to marry her when he was free?

You'd think that almost any man would consider the bright and beautiful Hedy to be the perfect mate. She's an interesting and varied conversationalist—and she listens when the other person talks about his or her problems. She reads everything and has a lot of shrewd horse-sense. In addition to beauty and brains, she's got a rollicking sense of fun, considerate kindliness, and a flair for domesticity. She's proved herself to be a fine mother.

Hedy Lamarr's romantic difficulties are deeply mysterious indeed. Yet there must be an answer to the unhappy riddle. And here's what I think it is:

Hedy, I'm afraid, tends to be very overanxious about the state of her health. She has more ailments in a week than even Sidney Skolsky has. So perhaps it's this excessive self-concern that upsets her life. It's been my personal observation that most men aren't too happy with women who constantly complain about their aches and pains.

too possessive? . . .

I've also heard it suggested that Hedy is too possessive. I don't think that's so. I believe she desperately wants a man who'll boss her around. But one great stumbling block to that is the fact that Hedy earns many times the salary of the men who might marry her—and is many times more famous. Because of this, she finds herself the dominant member of the partnership and quickly loses interest.

And then, it could be that Hedy's longing for a mate she can love is too obvious. Nothing usually scares off a man so quickly as knowing a girl is eager to marry him. One writer I know was wildly in love with Hedy. He met her at a party and thereafter wrote her a sonnet every day—all of which he filed away in his pocket.

They were good—he read me one. I urged him to go ahead and send them.

"But—but won't she be insulted?" he asked doubtfully.

"Send them," I insisted.

Next thing he knew, Hedy had telephoned him. And next thing *I* knew, the courtship was over.

Hedy is also very sensitive. She takes offense easily. At one time she tried to write. She called a famous author who had taken her out a few times, to get his opinion on a story she had written.

"I'm terribly busy today," he told her. "How about my coming over tomorrow?"

Hedy slammed the receiver down in his ear. She thought the man was giving her a brush-off. Of course he wasn't—but nevertheless, the incident ended his interest in Hedy.

Sensitive, self-concerned, eager for devotion—here is an incredibly beautiful woman with a number of very human failings, failings that are heavily overbalanced by her rare qualities of personality and character and mind. She is a woman of profound and restless loneliness, longing for love and marriage with the right man—one she has yet to find.

My own guess is that someday she'll find him. But until then, Hedy Lamarr will remain a woman who seems strange to and in Hollywood, about whom will continue to flower many myths and legends—and those of her loves will be the strangest of all. THE END

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FROM THE MOVIES

KISSING BANDIT—"Siesta" by Xavier Cugat* (Columbia).

SLIGHTLY FRENCH—"Let's Fall In Love" by Hank d'Amico (MGM).

WHEN MY BABY SMILES AT ME—"The Birth af the Blues" by Bing Crosby* (Decca), Guy Lombardo (Decca); "Say Si Si" by Andrews Sisters (Decca); and the title song by Ted Lewis himself (Decca).
As we pen these lines, musicians all over the cauntry are flocking ta the recarding studios, committing the latest hit songs to wax—and not a mament too soon! After eleven and a half months of the recarding ban, things had just abaut reached the paint where our "From the Movies" sectian would have had to be eliminated fram this column. All the Decca items listed above, incidentally, are reissues.

WORDS AND MUSIC—Album from the sound track of the picture* (MGM), featuring Lena Horne, Betty Garrett, Mickey Rooney, June Allyson, Judy Garland, Ann Sothern, Lennie Hayton and the MGM studio orchestra.

POPULAR

FOOLS RUSH IN—Billy Eckstine** (MGM).
One of the greatest sides yet by America's greatest male ballad singer. (Frankie's opinion, and plenty of other singers' taa; also yours truly's honest belief.)

LITTLE LEARNIN' IS A DANG'ROUS THING—Frank Sinatra and Pearl Bailey (Calumbia). Double-sided ditty by a powerful team. Mildly amusing, but could have been great with stronger material.

PIANO REFLECTIONS—Claude Thornhill* (Cc lumbia).
A pleasant album of eight sides by Claude with a rhythm section. Definitely dream music, including Noel Coward's "Someday I'll Find You," and the dreamy maestra's own "Memory af an Island," written during a stay in Hawaii.

TARRA TA-LARRA TA-LAR—Bing Crosby* (Decca); Dean Martin* (Capital); Frankie Laine (Mercury); Alan Dale (Signature); Dinah Shore (Columbia); Johnny Desmond (MGM).

"BOPULAR"

BEBOP—An Album of Modern Jazz* (Victor). Eight sides featuring four different all-star bands, including the Dizzy Gillespie orchestra in his famous Afro-Cuban opus, "Cubana Be" and "Cubana Bop." Others are "From Dixieland Ta Bebop," a musical satire by Lucky Thompson's Lucky Seven; "Jumping For Jane," your correspondent's own opus as performed by Coleman Hawkins' group; and "Royal Roost," by Kenny Clarke's boppers. A must for bop fans.

WOODY HERMAN—The Goof and I** (Columbia).
More modern jazz by the cleanest and most exciting band playing it today.

CHUBBY JACKSON—Dee Dee's Dance** (Rainbow).
Recorded a year or sa ago in Sweden with the great sextet Chubby took over there. Small-band bop at its fastest and most fantastic.

ILLINOIS JACQUET—Embryo* (Victor).
Star man with this bunch is trombonist J. J. Johnson; wish he were featured more.

JAMES MOODY—Tropicana* (Blue Note).
Nice combination of bop solos, Cuban percussion and exotic tune.

REFUGE FOR LANA

(Continued from page 47)

couple of times I was rewarded by a really good look.

Want to know something? (And this is from a cynic.) She's truly *something!* Don't you believe the reports that nowadays she looks like a suburban housewife. She's showy, spectacular-looking. Even in slacks and moccasins and a suede jacket she just doesn't look like a country girl or a housewife. She's Lana Turner, no matter what she has on, and looking at her no one could possibly forget it.

She has given out no interviews to the two main newspapers in the area—the Greenwich Time and the Stamford Advocate—but from the people in the stores, from the high-school youngsters who follow her around when she shops on Saturdays, and from the neighbors, a portrait of Mrs. Robert Topping emerges that is perhaps more colorful than any that could be drawn from just a regular interview.

At H. L. Green's five-and-ten store, a youngster named Katharine waited on her one day. Katharine goes to Greenwich High School, works part-time to get money for clothes. "There was a kind of lull," says Katharine, "and I was straightening out the paper bags and thinking about the Christmas play at school when a nice deep voice said, 'I'd like some of those chocolate kisses.' I looked up, and it was Bob Topping. Everyone in town knows him. 'Give me a lot of them,' he said. So I weighed out a pound-and-a-half, told him it would be $1.20—and then I saw her. I remember *exactly* how she looked and what she had on. In the first place, she's little. I never realized she was such a half-pint. She had her hair parted on the left side and curled around, and she was wearing dark glasses. The thing I noticed most about her was her mouth. You know how hard some theatrical people's mouths get to look. Well, hers is rather gentle. She had on sort of a cowboy jacket—you know, with fringe on the sleeves, and dark slacks and moccasins. And she looked cute. Bob handed her the candy and she gave him a big smile. She said 'Mmm, thanks!' And when they walked out I noticed that they were arm in arm." And Katharine was a heroine at Green's for at least an hour afterward.

the brush-off . . .

Charlie Piro at the Greenwich Time had a slightly less mellow story to tell. Reporters from his paper had twice tried to get a story from her and had been rebuffed. Not pleasantly rebuffed, it seems, but genuinely brushed off. Said one of the reporters: "Now, Henry Fonda's a nice guy—you can get him on the phone any old time. Not *her*. You can't break through the barrage of butlers even to hear her say 'no' in person. And there's a girl that could *use* some good publicity, too."

At the Stamford Advocate, the word is that Lana will talk to anyone, that she's easy-going and friendly as a puppy—but that Bob hates publicity and doesn't want her interviewed. Considering Lana is off-salary at the moment at MGM, her time is her own and Bob's, this doesn't seem such an unreasonable attitude at that. And the fact that Lana is willing to go along with Bob in spite of her own feelings, substantiates the opinion of some of her close friends that this time Lana's marriage comes so far ahead of her career that the career doesn't even show.

For a neighbor's-eye view of Lana, you must drive north from the town of Greenwich eight miles or so. The Topping estate is set in a really beautiful section of rolling hills and green meadows, crossed and criss-crossed by dozens of old stone walls. Before you reach the house, you pass a country store—the kind that belongs on a cover of the Saturday Evening Post—and a lovely white New England church. There are a couple of farms—with red barns and cows and all the props—and then there's a small modest sign that says TOPPING.

You can see the house from the road, and it's a mansion, nothing less. An English-style brick house with five enormous chimneys, it dominates the scene for acres around. There are 29 rooms, a tennis court and a swimming pool, and numerous small buildings. At one end of the 202 Topping acres, Jack, the youngest boy, built a house and kept a string of magnificent horses (Palominos are his hobby) but this has been sold.

house for sale . . .

Last winter Bob's mother, Rhea Topping, a beautiful and much loved woman, died, and after her death the boys put "Dunnellan" up for sale. The house was her house, her love, and for the boys it holds hundreds of wonderful memories, but it represents a way of life that scarcely exists any longer. Nowadays when Lana goes into N. Y., it is not in splendor, with Mr. Steele, the head chauffeur who once drove for Bob's grandfather, at the wheel of the town car. Instead, Lana drives in with Bob in either the yellow Cadillac convertible with the California license plates or in the incredible red thunderbolt Chrysler 16. This is a low-slung, completely streamlined, special body job. Made in 1941, it cost around $6,500, and there are only 14 of them in the world. (Jack Topping has one of the others.) But Mr. Steele still polishes the town car, dreaming of the good old days, and wondering what's to become of this house he's known and loved so long.

Bob offered the house and ten acres to the town of Greenwich for $275,000 for use as a school, but although a school is needed back there in the hills, the house is just too big and would require too much remodelling. Rumor has it that Rockefeller is dickering for it for use as a memorial to his mother—whether as a school, a hospital or what, doesn't seem to be known. At any rate, future buyers will have to be fairly well-heeled, as the assessed value of the place is just a few dollars under half-a-million.

It's a little hard to picture Lana in this setting. Lana—who likes to kick off her shoes and relax; who has been called many things, but never stuffy. The neighbors have a little light to shed on this subject. She still isn't stuffy. She goes around the place in slacks—her favorites being a light blue pair. Sometimes she drives down to the store with Bob—the top down on the car more often than not, even on chilly days—her yellow hair bound up in a bright scarf. When they have guests, which isn't very often, Sunday night is their favorite for entertaining, they do it informally and they prefer small groups to great mob scenes. (The neighbors can tell by the number of cars.) Many of the younger women I spoke to in Greenwich talked mainly about her beauty, but a lot of the older ones were more concerned with the report that Lana's blood is Rh negative. They'd read that there was a chance that the Topping

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baby might have to have its entire blood supply changed at birth and they hoped she had the very best possible doctor. I think it's safe to assume she will have.

At the Round Hill Store where the Toppings do some of their shopping, the proprietor, Mr. Strain, said that their market list is no more exotic than the next person's and that they were much more likely to come in for a loaf of bread and a couple of cans of soup than for peacocks' tongues. He'd gone to school with Bob, he said, had known him all his life and genuinely liked him.

One young woman who had moved away from Greenwich and was back visiting her family said that her father, a real dyed-in-the-wool Yankee, thoroughly approved of young Mrs. Topping for two reasons—"She's sure pretty and, what's more important, she minds her own business."

All the people in the surrounding country who've known the Toppings all their lives feel that Lana must be okay or Bob wouldn't like her. "He never liked just any old girl," one woman reminisced. "They had to be special." The Topping boys, it's obvious from all reports, were well-liked. As youngsters they went to the Round Hill School, a small public school near their house, and it never occurred to most of the neighborhood kids that they were particularly wealthy. (Bob's grandfather parlayed a clerk's job in a foundry into one of the country's great fortunes.) One woman whom I cornered while she was out for a walk with her little girl said: "It hit us one year when we were about eight that those Topping boys must have all the money in the world. It was Hallowe'en and we went to their house for apples and stuff. The butler let us in and gave us punch and sandwiches in a room as big as my whole house. Then Bob's mother came in in a lovely long dress, and she said she wished to goodness she'd known we were coming—that she'd have dressed up and gone along with us. Next year when we went back, she was all dressed in a clown suit, for years after that she dressed up and went with us."

I heard some other little things about Lana that made her seem very real, very appealing to me: At a party, she doesn't latch on to a man and monopolize him. Maybe she did before she became Mrs. Topping, but no more. She's much more likely to talk to the women present—and guess what she talks about. Babies. Birth weights and formulas positively intrigue her. The wives of Bob's friends all like Lana. . . . She loves cheese, and has a tremendous sweet tooth. . . . She's mad about magazines and subscribes to dozens. What she doesn't get through the mail she buys at the Greenwich Stationery Store. (And, incidentally, she's a great one for browsing through an entire issue before she even gets it out of the store.) . . . Except for an occasion, she wears little jewelry—although Bob's bought her quantities of it, beginning with that fantastic engagement diamond. (He still sends her flowers.) . . . Her complexion even without make-up is absolutely flawless. . . . She used to use a hot-water bottle, but has recently invested in an electric blanket, which she loves. . . . And when she was getting ready for a recent visit from her mother and her little girl Cheryl, she was as excited as a 15-year-old preparing for her first date. . . . Momentous trivia about a legend who is also a very cute gal.

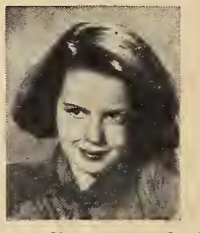
One of these days, the Topping home will be sold or Hollywood will beckon, and Lana will move away. She hasn't been in this neighborhood very long—but do you know, something tells me we're going to miss her.

THE END

new faces



STEPHEN McNALLY *was enjoying a nice peaceful movie career as Horace McNally when someone thought it might be a good idea to change his name. That probably wasn't the reason he catapulted to stardom, but Stephen's career is no longer peaceful. He once wanted to become a lawyer, and after six years of training, tossed it aside for a stage career. Stephen was born in N. Y. on July 29. He's married and has a four-year-old son. After a wonderful performance in* Johnny Belinda, *he's now in* Criss-Cross.



BEATRICE PEARSON *was born 28 years ago, the daughter of an itinerant construction engineer, and spent most of her early life in California. At the age of 18, she took her life-savings of $85 and lit out for the New York stage. Working with the WPA theater, she finally landed walk-ons in* Liliom *and* Life With Father, *and was offered contracts by several movie scouts. The trip back to Hollywood was made eventful only by the fact that she refused all the roles that were offered. Now, Beatrice is co-starred with John Garfield in her first movie,* Force Of Evil.



MARTA TOREN, *who was such a sensational hit in her very first movie,* Casbah, *was born in Sweden May 21, 1927. Since Sweden has proved to be such good hunting grounds for Hollywood scouts, Edwin Blum, screen writer, thought he would try his hand at it too. Marta was the result. After studio execs saw her impromptu screen test, they wired Marta to take the next boat. She's 5'7" tall and has blue eyes and brown hair. You'll see her soon in* Rogues' Regiment *with Dick Powell.*



BARBARA BRITTON *always wanted to be an actress, but didn't do too much about it until a Los Angeles photographer snapped her picture during the annual Tournament of Roses. Paramount signed her and a series of tiny roles followed. It wasn't until Maureen O'Hara became ill, that Barbara got her first big break and was co-starred with Ray Milland in* Till We Meet Again. *She was born in Long Beach on September 29, 1920, and is married to Eugene Czukor. Her latest is* Cover-Up, *with Dennis O'Keefe.*

THE AWKWARD AGE

(Continued from page 65)

has never approached the heights he knew as a child.

The saddest case of all was that of the other Jackie—Coogan, that is. Coogan was worth five million dollars before he could balance a full-grown bicycle. When he was eight years old, he rode around in his own $10,000 Rolls Royce.

All Coogan has left from those days are a few press clippings and that Rolls Royce. He still drives it, and once in a while it pays for its own gasoline by being rented to the studios for a special scene. Bad money-management broke Jackie Coogan. Today he and a partner have an air field and he sells airplanes. His picture bid has been made in company with Jackie Cooper in the Kilroy Series, which hasn't set any worlds on fire.

Take Mitzi Green. She was one of the biggest child stars in the early 1930's. She's never made it back to pictures. But Mitzi found another medium. She's been entertaining in night clubs, slaying the people with her visual comedy.

yesterday's children . . .

I've mentioned a few of yesterday's children who saw their names up there and reaped a share of moviedom's gold. Here are a few more. How many of them do you remember? How many of them have survived the awkward age?

Virginia Weidler, Cora Sue Collins, Baby Jane Quigley, Jackie Searle, Spankie McFarland, Dickie Moore, Jimmie Fay, Billy Lee, and Baby Peggy Montgomery.

Yes—it's an imposing list. But let's take a look at the other side of the ledger—at some young Hollywoodites thereon, who have taken the awkward age in stride.

Shirley Temple was the greatest child star there's ever been. She had already scored a sensation for the Fox studios by singing "Baby Take A Bow" in *Stand Up and Cheer* when Paramount borrowed her in 1934 for *Little Miss Marker*. Thereafter, for four straight years—from 1935 to 1938—the incredible moppet was national box-office champion.

When she left Hollywood in 1937 for a jaunt to Bermuda, 20th Century insured her for $1,685,000. They tell a little story about those days to show what Shirley meant on the lot at the time. Seems one morning two steam shovels began digging up the street near the executives' building. By the next day, the excavation was 40 feet wide and 20 feet deep. On the third day, the steam shovels were puffing away well below the surface in a hole 50 feet deep. Two vice presidents of the company happened by on their way to a conference. One of them had just returned from New York and asked the other what the digging was for. "I understand," he replied in hushed tones, "that Shirley Temple lost her ball."

In 1940, when she was 12, Shirley said to her mother, "Don't you think I'm getting too big to be cute?" Mother thought so, and Shirley retired with a $3,000,000 trust fund. It was planned that she'd not return to film-making until she was at least 16. But a year later, when she gave no indications of becoming lank and graceless, she made *Kathleen*. And, a year after that, *Miss Annie Rooney*. Following this, Shirley really did retire—for two years. But the major reason for this was educational—her parents thought a spell of uninterrupted schooling was for the best. Then, in 1944, David Selznick wanted her for the young daughter in *Since You Went Away*. So Shirley was added to the Selznick roster and has been active since.

You scarcely can say that Shirley is now reestablishing herself. Shucks, she never was un-established. All the awkward age did to Shirley was give her a brief breathing spell—and she didn't *have* to take it.

Back in 1942, a pretty little girl named Elizabeth Taylor, with bright blue eyes and a charming English accent, was one of the things that helped make *Lassie Come Home* an over-all delight. Born in London in 1932, Elizabeth had come with her parents to Beverly Hills to live at the outbreak of the war and *Lassie* was her first film. The next year, she graced *The White Cliffs of Dover* and *Jane Eyre*. (In the latter, Margaret O'Brien and Peggy Ann Garner were among her acting colleagues.) Then MGM began looking about for a talented child, who could ride and who had an English accent, for *National Velvet*. Elizabeth seemed to have all the qualifications—except that she was too short for the role. Suddenly she began to grow. In a few months she had sprouted three inches, and the part was hers. After they'd seen the film, so was a vast public.

Elizabeth continued to grow. Into awkwardness? Into one of the most beautiful girls Hollywood has ever seen. In no time at all, she bloomed into graceful physical maturity. At 14, she played a 16-year-old in *Life With Father*. Now, after a series of adolescent roles, the 17-year-old beauty is slated for grown-up starring assignments from here on in, beginning with *The Conspirator*, which she's making in England with Robert Taylor.

Awkward age? Never happened to Liz!

debut at two . . .

Then, of course, there's Mickey Rooney. He—Hollywood believed—was washed up at 12! Making his stage debut as a toddler of two in the variety stage show his parents were with, he toured in it for three years before his mother hauled him off to Hollywood. His first screen appearance was as a cigar-smoking midget in a Colleen Moore film called *Orchids and Ermine*. Then he beat out 275 other candidates for the lead in the Mickey McGuire comedy series when Mama dyed his yellow locks black with liberal rub-ins of burnt cork. He made 78 Mickey McGuires in the next six years—and then was considered superannuated. His starring days supposedly a thing of the past, he was relegated to bit parts. But somehow he landed an awful lot of them—in 18 months he flitted through 40 pictures for MGM. Then MGM broke down and gave him a contract in 1934. After he'd been loaned out to Warners in 1935 to play Puck in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, the industry began to sit up and take notice. Robert Montgomery described him as the greatest scene-stealer in the business. Came 1937—and a low-budgeter entitled *A Family Affair*. The big name in the cast was Lionel Barrymore, playing a character called Judge Hardy. And Mickey, of course, played his son Andy.

The studio was baffled when this turned out to be a box-office bonanza, with the exhibitors reporting customers raving over Andy. The MGM executives, with no great enthusiasm, thought they might as well do a follow-up of this probable flash in the pan. Lionel Barrymore—perhaps because he'd been fed up with Mickey's

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irrepressible hi-jinks during the making of the first one—was replaced by Lewis Stone and attention in the next story was concentrated on the character of Andy. So *You're Only Young Once* was made—in 18 days, at a cost of $181,000.

The success of this was even more tremendous—and the Hardy Family became a series. It's been the most profitable venture MGM has ever undertaken. When it wound up with *Love Laughs at Andy Hardy* in 1946, it had grossed about $27,000,000—and, in the course of it, Mickey had been box-office champion for three straight years—1939-40-41.

And there's an old friend of Mickey's who's another excellent case in point—Judy Garland. When Judy applied for a job with MGM back in 1935, she was right in the middle of the awkward age. Three other studios had already refused employment to the chubby 13-year-old with the long legs and impossible posture. But the MGM execs detected something in the girl the others had missed behind the coltish ungainliness—a wistfully humorous charm—and when they heard that astonishing, stadium-sized voice coming from the 4-foot-10 kid, they signed her at once. Her first assignment was a short subject, *Every Sunday Afternoon,* in which she was teamed with Deanna Durbin. After the studio failed to lift Deanna's option, and Deanna went right over to Universal to become a box-office phenomenon in *Three Smart Girls,* Judy was known around the lot as "the girl they kept when they let Deanna Durbin go."

Then 20th Century-Fox borrowed her for an epic called *Pigskin Parade,* a Grade B but very funny musical football satire in which Judy, in the role of a leather-lunged hill-billy, almost destroyed the sound apparatus with her all-out rendition of "It's Love I'm After." When Judy saw herself on the screen in this, she cried all night. "I look like a fat little pig in pigtails," she moaned. However, her low opinion was not shared by the press or public, who found her delightful. Judy had scored her first big hit.

She scored a much larger hit when, after she'd sung "Dear Mr. Gable" at a 1937 studio birthday party for Mr. G., the studio had her give a repeat performance in *Broadway Melody of 1938.* This firmly established Judy on the way to one of the most spectacular successes in Hollywood.

And it was just that way with Deanna Durbin. *Three Smart Girls* made her a star at 13—and throughout the years of adolescence she was box-office dynamite. Deanna has lately had career troubles—as recounted in last month's MODERN SCREEN—but long before those difficulties got underway, Deanna was well out of the awkward age.

Jane Powell's another who began her screen career in the midst of a theoretically terrible period. She was 14 when, on a vacation in Los Angeles from her home town of Portland, Oregon—where the citizenry were already cheering her wildly on her own radio show—she sang an aria from *Carmen* on Janet Gaynor's Hollywood Showcase program. The very next day she was signed as a guest on the Edgar Bergen-Charlie McCarthy madhouse. On this she created a national stir and, one week later, Jane was signing an MGM contract. Loaned out to United Artists, she made her debut in *Song of the Open Road.* Then, on her home lot, came *Holiday In Mexico, Luxury Liner* and all the other triumphs for Janie.

Peggy Ann Garner, having started in 1938 in *Little Miss Thoroughbred* with Ann Sheridan, and having gone onward and upward in such memorable flicks as *The Pied Piper, Jane Eyre* and *The Keys of the Kingdom,* was a Hollywood veteran by the time she was 12. As does Margaret O'Brien today, Peggy Ann faced the awkward age. And what happened? *A Tree Grows in Brooklyn* happened. The bugaboo has held no fears for Miss Garner—who, at 16, has one of the brightest movie futures of any young actress around.

And so, ladies and gentlemen, we give you Peggy Ann Garner, Shirley Temple, Elizabeth Taylor, Mickey Rooney, Judy Garland, Deanna Durbin and Jane Powell—all living, breathing proofs that the growing-up period need not devastate a screen career. It is, we'll grant, still a problem—and yet, as every year more and more of the Hollywood young fry progress smoothly through the awkward age, the problem is becoming less and less a bugaboo.

Are you worrying, Margaret O'Brien? Then stop it! There's life in the old girl yet!

THE END



"Hey, Boss—Guess who's here again!"

SOLDIER OF GOD

(Continued from page 43)

anyone, any time—if he or she is serious and she can be of help. Great names in the industry, to whose homes and parties she is being invited with increasing frequency, are just beginning to know her. But down in the most dingy part of Los Angeles she has long been known by others—by broken, shambling men who gather in the Union Rescue Mission where she labors to help them find what she has found herself.

She has spent much time preparing for her work. At the Hollywood Presbyterian Church she not only attends two services on Sunday and a prayer meeting on Wednesday, but every Saturday morning at six-thirty (this early because the others have jobs to go to) she meets with a special group of young people to learn how better to serve in the path she loves.

Anyone who meets Colleen Townsend almost always asks the same questions. How came this girl to be as she is? Under what especially cloistered circumstances was she brought up? In how intensely religious an atmosphere did she live? And at what tender age was she tutored directly into the ways of the church?

Well, the answers run something like this. As to her home, it was broken up when she was a tot. Her parents separated and Colleen went with her mother, now Mrs. Stella Wilhelm, who promptly went to work to support them both. Colleen was born in Glendale, a superb of Los Angeles, but was raised all over the city, the location of her home changing almost from year to year as her mother pursued that which is still the city-dweller's dream—reasonable rentals.

As to cloistered atmosphere, with her mother at work Colleen was mostly alone all day, mostly on the street, occasionally with her grandfather for company. As to religious atmosphere, mother and grandfather believed in church but were not churchgoers; there was little time to go and less occasion to talk about it.

Colleen was then left to develop mostly by herself. At three she mastered roller-skating. At four she was proudly exhibiting new panties to all the neighbors in the block because they matched her dress. At six she started school but entered in the third grade (she didn't start at five because she would have had to go to and from school alone and her mother thought her a bit young for that). At seven she began to get a liking for sturdy sports and became a cycling expert—on borrowed bikes.

By degrees she worked up to rougher activities. When she was 12 and her mother moved to West Los Angeles, Colleen met the boys of the Barry Street football team—and immediately demanded a place on the team. The boys laughed merrily—but they just didn't know Colleen. Finally, to get rid of the pest, they allowed her to scrimmage. After a few plays Colleen became the new fullback.

But, after all, this sort of thing could last only so long. Up to now she'd paid scant attention when people called her a tomboy. Then it began to bother her. By 14 she compromised: She gave up football.

turning point . . .

Colleen was only 15 when a turning point came in her life, with two developments; the world began discovering her beauty and she discovered something else—a need for spiritual comfort. Her religious devotion came that simply: no soul-shaking experience or tragedy that shook her inwardly, just a seeking and a finding.

The world discovered her beauty this way: She was standing on a downtown street corner with a friend, waiting for the traffic light to change, when a man approached her. He was a little embarrassed, but very earnest. He wanted to know if Colleen would give him her address so he could call on her parents and discuss the possibility of her working in television plays. She didn't know for a moment what to do; then, after exchanging perplexed glances with her friend, she gave the fellow her number and told him to talk to her mother. A few weeks later Colleen was a member of the dramatic company presenting playlets over W6XAO, pioneer television station in Los Angeles. Some months later, a Warner Brothers talent scout saw her telecast and the next morning she had been signed by that studio.

It was while she was at Warner's that she began turning in various directions trying to establish some aim in life that would satisfy her growing spiritual unrest. She asked the teacher assigned to the studio by the state to give her a course in sociology and, in her spare time, she began doing volunteer work at the California State Orphanage. She found a happiness she had never known before in helping children.

At Warner's she played in a number of pictures and completed her studio high-school course. Then, when a shift of studio policy occurred, Colleen, who by now was 16, was released from her contract—seems she was considered too old for kid parts and too young for romantic roles. Her reaction to this was a decision to continue her studies in sociology.

By this time Colleen had an agent and he wanted to submit her to other studios. But Colleen would not be diverted. She found what she wanted, scholastically, in Brigham Young University at Provo, Utah, and left for there with enough money to keep her going for one semester. Where she would get the rest of the money for the course, she didn't know but she hoped that either she'd be able to find work in Provo, or that something else would happen.

Something else did—in the form of a



that's hollywood!

Yvonne de Carlo tells about the starlet who met another starlet and said, "Darling, you look wonderful. What happened?" . . . Description of a producer's wife, "She's so fat she outnumbers herself two to one." . . . Speaking about a pet hate, Ella Raines hissed, "If they'd cast her as Lady Godiva, the horse would steal the scene!" . . . "I guess it's true that men find beauty in a girl's mind, but it isn't where they start looking," remarks Judy Canova . . . "She looked good enough to eat," says Irving Hoffman. "And boy, *did* she!"

from "Hollywood Merry-Go-Round" by Andrew Hecht

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THE ELMO CO., Dept. 115, Davenport, Iowa

commercial photographer whose name is C. A. Peterson. He happened to see a Warner Brothers' publicity still of Colleen and went to the studio looking for her.

Meanwhile, things had started off rather badly for Colleen at Brigham Young University. She liked the place but the other students seemed to shy away from her. Most of them were extremely strait-laced and Colleen soon discovered that they looked with narrow-eyed suspicion on a person coming from California. When, in addition, a person happened to come from Hollywood—which, they'd heard, was a sink of wild revelry and sin—well, there were two strikes on her!

It took time to overcome this nonsensical prejudice—three semesters, in fact—but Colleen accomplished it. She was even elected "Friendly Queen" and given quarters in the honor house.

But that's getting a little ahead of the story. Three semesters took more money than Colleen had brought to Provo. That's where photographer Peterson comes in.

Peterson showed up at the university and talked Colleen into posing for some commercial shots that he thought he could sell to magazines and advertising agencies. He was right. Colleen made the covers of a dozen of the country's top periodicals. Her face and form began to appear in newspaper ads and on billboards. The money she got went for her tuition. But life still couldn't be lived lavishly. And that's what got Colleen and her roomie, Betty Clark, into trouble.

It was the second summer, and a hot day, when Colleen and Betty fell to talking about swimming. But neither of them had bathing suits. Colleen sighed and said she thought she'd go for a walk. Before she left she looked at the chintz curtains over the window. They were white with a green flower design. "Wouldn't that make up into dreamy swimsuits?" she murmured. Betty also looked at the curtains—and nodded slowly.

solid seamstress . . .

Does the rest of this incident have to be told? The day got warmer. Colleen returned. There were big missing gaps in the chintz and Betty was the most industrious little needlewoman you ever saw, sewing the gaps into bras and shorts.

So the girls had their swim. That evening, when the depredation was discovered by the house mother, both of them were thrown out on their pretty and still water-logged ears. Life got a little tougher. The two girls, and three others who happened to be roomless at the time, had to move into a two-room basement apartment.

It was on a vacation home from school that Colleen happened to visit the Presbyterian church several times and experienced a sensation that she explains only by saying, "I just felt that I was in the right place . . . that I was where I belonged."

She was still thinking of this toward the end of her third semester in Brigham Young when her money ran short again and she knew she'd have to leave school. Some time before, she had received word from her agent that he thought he could place her in a studio but she had declined again. She had even received a note from Ivan Kahn, head talent scout of 20th Century-Fox. He had wanted to know whether she was taking dramatic lessons and whether she'd be interested in a picture career. She had replied that she was not studying dramatics and was intent on continuing her school work.

Now she fished out this note from Kahn and wrote him again, asking if he would like to have her drop in and see him. She got an immediate and affirmative reply and a month later, when she returned home, she made two quick visits. The first was to Hollywood Presbyterian Church. The second was to Kahn.

She began her church mission activities and her studio work at the same time. She found she loved them both, but that some people couldn't understand the combination.

"They are so far apart," they said. The curious notion that there's something sinful about acting is a widespread belief.

She was troubled about that for a long time. Then she thought she had the answer. "If I felt that if it was God's will that I shouldn't be in the business I would leave it," she told her mother. "I love acting and see no reason, unless He leads otherwise, why I should drop it just because some people have the absurd idea that it's a naughty business."

And from what has happened since, Colleen feels even more certain that she is obeying God's will. She had minor parts in a few pictures and then was notified to take riding lessons because she was to be starred in *Green Grass of Wyoming.* For five weeks she was at the riding stables daily—and then the word came that Peggy Cummins was to get the part instead. It was in executive Ben Lyon's office that she was told and Ben prepared for tears after his announcement. But there were none.

Colleen was calm. She was already telling herself that this was the will of Someone who knew better. It would turn out as He desired.

There was no going home to be comforted by her mother or friends, no hysterics or mourning over hard luck or lost opportunity. There *was* a Christian College Conference going on at Redlands, California, where she could be helpful. She left for it immediately.

It was while she was at the Conference that she was summoned to answer a long-distance telephone call. It was Ben Lyon. It was true that she was not going to star in *Green Grass,* he said, but there were other plans. She was to get a top role in *Walls of Jericho,* and after that a star-making part in *Chicken Every Sunday.*

Colleen was thankful as she returned to the meeting after the call. She had come to help others and she had found out that she had been helped herself.

That, Colleen Townsend is convinced, is God's way. THE END

Solution to **from play to film**
(page 100)

We told you it was easy! Hope your definitions match the ones below.

PLAY	FORT
SLAY	FORE
SLAT	FIRE
SLOT	FIRM
SOOT	FILM
SORT	

You'll find the screen story of Colleen Townsend's newest movie, *Chicken Every Sunday,* in the March issue of Screen Stories Magazine.

STATE OF THE REUNION

(Continued from page 19)

means pretty tough going, but John and I love each other—and now we really think we can make a success of our marriage."

John is to earn his $60,000 a picture and Gloria is to earn her $1,500 a week. All monies earned are to be pooled in common bank accounts or common investments for the mutual need of the family, and under no circumstances are Gloria and John to let their professional careers impinge on their home-life.

"In the whole history of Hollywood there have been very few professional couples who made a go of their marriages," said one of John's friends recently. "What Gloria and John are trying to do is a very difficult thing. Gloria's only 23. She's going to try to be actress, mother, and housewife, all in one. If those kids don't make some iron-clad rules, they're sunk. When they come home from their studios at night, they've got to park their careers in the garage right next to their automobiles. . . . They were, you must remember, married under a misapprehension, and it's taken them time to get adjusted."

mistaken idea . . .

Now, the "misapprehension" referred to was the belief on the part of John Payne when he married Gloria in 1944 that she was fully prepared to renounce her career, as promising as it was, for matrimony.

"I discussed it with her," John has said, "and she told me very definitely that it was marriage she wanted, not a screen career. I should have suspected at the time that she was just being carried away by the newness of her feelings. But I didn't, and that's the basis on which I married her.

"I thought she'd given up her career for good. After our first baby was born, however, it became clear to me that Gloria wasn't satisfied with being just a mother and a wife, and that's when our disputes started. She wanted something more."

And she wanted it badly, too, because despite her promise that her career, compared to marriage, meant nothing; despite the fact that she knew her return to film-work might upset John, she took the lead opposite Mickey Rooney in *Summer Holiday.*

That did it. Quibbles developed into quarrels. There was a fundamental breach in the marriage. Temporarily, life in the Payne household became unbearable and Gloria, with her nine-month-old daughter, left home and checked into the Beverly-Wilshire Hotel.

Eventually, she effected a reconciliation. In a few months she was pregnant again, and any thought she had of continuing her screen career were submerged by thoughts of the new family addition.

After Tommy was born in February 1948, there began to surge through Gloria once more that goading, driving, compelling desire to act, to sing, to get before the cameras. Gloria took inventory of herself. She was only 23. She had plenty of beauty, plenty of talent, plenty of experience.

"I've got show business in my blood," she explains. "I can't help it if I'm not content with cooking and taking care of children. I love John but we're two different people. We come from two different strains. John's folks come from Virginia and a settled, home-loving atmosphere. My people come from show business, and it's only natural for me to want to be in it."

Up until a few weeks ago, John Payne didn't agree with that premise which was why he and Gloria were separating every few months.

Stubborn by nature, Payne is a tough boy to move when he thinks he's right.

But he's also very fair-minded.

He is not unalterably opposed to separate film careers. He is merely wise enough to know that the divorce rate among married couples having separate movie careers is tremendous, and he doesn't want a divorce.

Basically an intellectual, John realizes that acting is tough work, that it frequently exhausts and irritates a man, that when an actor such as he comes home tightly-strung and tired, he likes to have a wife ready and able to calm and relax him. What sort of married life will he and Gloria have when they both come home tired and on edge? What sort of married life will they have when he's on location and she's at home and vice-versa?

John used to think that if he could keep Gloria happy at home, their marriage would be a success. Apparently, that isn't true. Some married women need two careers and can manage them. "In the past," says John, "I didn't think that Gloria could."

Now, however, Gloria has convinced John that she's entitled to the opportunity to prove that she can. At this moment in her life, as much as she loves John, Gloria simply cannot see staying at home day after day. Constitutionally, she just can't—not when she can become a great screen star, not when she can have her name flashing on theater marquees throughout the nation, not when she can stroll down Wilshire Boulevard or Broadway or Main Street with dozens of kids tugging at her sleeves for autographs, not when the whole dazzling world of success and admiration awaits with open, beckoning portals.

Belatedly, reluctantly, hopefully and with misgivings, John Payne has given in—and his wife is on her way to stardom. Whether Gloria will now rise to heights greater than her husband and lose him in her wake, whether she will win fortune and lose her heart, as so many have before her—no one at this point can say.

The fact remains that Gloria's state of reunion at this writing is not only a reunion with the man she so passionately loves but a reunion with the career she so passionately wants. THE END

I SAW IT HAPPEN



Jimmy Durante arrived in town recently for a photographers' benefit. As he got off the train, Jimmy and the press exchanged exuberant greetings. Mr. Durante would rush forward, shake hands vigorously and shout, "I LOVE reporters." While this was going on, a little old lady was standing in the background, wistfully watching the gay commotion. Jimmy Durante spotted her, dashed over and said, "Are you a reporter?" She shook her head. "No? Well, I love you anyway." Then he gave her a great big hug which left her blushing and beaming. What a big moment Jimmy gave to a little life!

Margaret Ann McGuire
New York City



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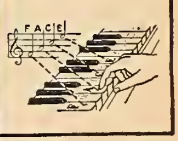
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GOOD SKATES

(*Continued from page 50*)

than I do. We hustled over to the bright little stand that a fellow named Homer Shields runs. The aroma of sizzling frankfurters and frying doughnuts and hot coffee was almost too much to bear.

Homer's been doing a roaring trade for 15 years and it's easy to see why. He knows almost everybody in Hollywood who's ever been on skates, and he knows if they like coffee with or coffee without.

Soon as he spotted Donald O'Connor he whipped out a toasted bun, loaded it with mustard, popped in a frankfurter and handed it over without a word. For Gwen, he omitted the mustard and drew out a chocolate peanut bar.

"And coffee, please," said Gwen.

"Without sugar," said Homer. "And that goes for Marsh Thompson, too."

Marsh Thompson, at the moment, was going for Barbara, and almost dropped the cup.

time out . . .

Armed with paper napkins and spoons and popcorn and nuts and sodas and 'burgers and whatever else we could lay our hands on we marched off to the benches and started eating as if we hadn't for three months.

As we ate, we watched the professional skaters practicing. There were a few kids in their 'teens who'd been skating here every day for the past five years in the hopes that this year Sonja Henie would choose them for her show.

"I wonder how long it would take me to make the grade," mused Roddy.

I looked at him pityingly and offered him a peanut.

"No kidding," he said. "Maybe if I practiced real hard this afternoon . . ."

"We'll send a wire to Sonja," said John Derek. "Ask her to come down and watch."

"There are a couple of guys ahead of him," grinned Farley, pointing to the rink.

Roddy bit thoughtfully into his hot dog. Suddenly he said grimly, "Here goes," leapt to his feet and made for the ice. Lurching crazily, he scooted onto the rink.

"Look at me," he shouted. "No hands!"

"No feet either!" yelled back Marsh Thompson.

That unnerved poor Roddy completely. He careened toward a plump matron who was pulling a small red-headed boy by the hand, lost his balance completely, and skidded up to her feet, where he lay.

"Why, it's Roddy McDowall!" squealed the lady incredulously. "Look, Billy, it's Roddy McDowall!"

Billy gazed at the inert mass which finally raised itself on one elbow.

"How do you do," said Roddy feebly.

"Can I have your autograph?" demanded Billy.

"If I can still use my hand," said Roddy politely, struggling to get up.

The plump lady and her little boy clutched Roddy's waist and heaved him to his feet. Immediately, the three of them began to swing round in a circle. Faster and faster they spun until it seemed as if they'd surely take off.

By this time Donald O'Connor, Marsh Thompson and Farley Granger had dropped their hot dogs and dashed to the rescue. First they pried the little boy loose from Roddy; then they stopped his mother in her mad flight and separated *her;* then they managed to evade Roddy's wildly clutching arms and led him to the side railing.

But that was not the end. The plump lady approached Roddy menacingly.

"Young man," she announced, "I've never taken a spill in my life."

While Roddy thought of an answer to that one, the little boy inquired nastily, "What about that autograph?"

"Of course," said Roddy. "Delighted. Delighted." He hastily found his pen and scrawled a few lines which he handed to the boy's mother.

The effect was amazing. The matron beamed. "Oh," she cooed, "Oh, that's lovely."

Roddy had written: *"To Billy: One of the finest skaters I've ever met. You have a great future, kid."*

And that was that.

The rest of the afternoon was almost an anti-climax. Roddy stayed off the ice.

A few of us sat around just watching the skaters and talking a little. Barbara and Marsh told us about their wedding plans—the formal satin gown, the flowers in the church, the honeymoon in Mexico . . .

And they told us about this peculiar car of theirs that doesn't fit into any garage—or else maybe garages have shrunk lately. Anyway, they can't find a place to live because of this automobile—but it's their precious possession and they'd sooner sleep on Laguna Beach than part with it.

Meanwhile, out on the ice, Corinne Calvet had gathered an audience of admirers. She'd swung into the center of the rink and was improvising a little ballet. The way she did it you pictured a whole *corps de* behind her—or else the very lake in northern France where she'd first learned how. Then she stopped, a little surprised that people had been watching, and glided over to us for more coffee.

Before Roddy could talk her into giving him a lesson, Corinne and Pati were caught up in a discussion of their lives in Paris before they came here and married their American husbands. It must have been a fascinating conversation, even though it was in French, and so fast that the rest of us couldn't catch a word.

Suddenly, Pati put her hand over her



HOW TIME FLIES!

■ Robert Taylor was starring in *The Crowd Roars,* which our reviewer called "the best prize-fighting picture ever to come out of Hollywood." Of Taylor's performance it was said: "His bag punching and his expert handling of the gloves will win him many admirers among men."—*From a 1938 issue of Modern Screen*

* * *

On the set of *The Son Of Frankenstein,* the director asked Boris Karloff to please regain his composure so the scene could be shot. "I can't," giggled the monster, "Lugosi's making faces at me."—*From a 1938 issue of Modern Screen*

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mouth. "Oh, excuse me," she said, "I forgot I was talking French."

"Cela m'est égal," said Roddy with a nonchalant Gallic shrug.

"Well, *I* can't understand a word," said Geraldine Brooks. *"Parlez* English, please."

In English it was easy; it was noisy and confused. Geraldine and Farley went off for a spin, which made room for Bob Arthur on the bench. He borrowed Roddy's pen and drew a plan of his new house for Barbara and Marsh to look over. It was a modern style house on the top of a hill with a center pillar holding it there.

"We'll rent it," said Marsh.

"We'll buy it," said Barbara.

"I haven't built it," said Bob. After the threats had fallen, Bob promised to let them have the plans when the place was actually finished.

And then they all took a last turn on the ice—Bob and Betty, Don and Gwen, John and Pati Derek, Corinne and John Bromfield, Marsh and Barbara—that left Roddy and me warming the bench, sighing wistfully.

"I tell you—" Roddy said.

"I know," I answered wearily, "I know. It's really easy—like riding a bicycle . . ."

THE END

I'M NOT MARRIED

(*Continued from page 21*)

with whom I grew up around Bakersfield. I'm not a very envious guy—but a few weeks ago when I heard from Danny, I sure did envy him!

He told me that for the past year or so he'd been working in commercial abalone fishing in Laguna Beach. You know—wearing a rubber suit and diver's helmet, and pulling the abalone shells off the rocks and reefs along the shore. Six months ago he met a girl in Santa Ana, which is only about 15 miles from Laguna. When he phoned me the other day, it was to announce that he'd married his Phoebe, and he kidded me about all the talk there's been about Gail and me.

"Brother, how long, how long?" he asked. "I'll be a father before you're a husband, if you don't hurry up!"

I didn't try to explain, but I did ask him how often he'd seen Phoebe during the six months. He seemed surprised. "Why . . . every day, practically!" he replied. "What else?"

What else? Well, I remember when I first met Gail. I was visiting the Paramount studios and she was entering with Billy De Wolfe. Billy and I know each other and he introduced us, naturally. Seemed to me that Gail took the introduction quite casually, and this kind of hurt, because I'd been wanting to meet her for a long time. When I was in the Navy I saw her in *Our Hearts Were Young and Gay.* There was one scene in which she stood on a balcony, her eyes following the flight of pigeons all about her, and that stayed in my memory from then on.

But there she was . . . just casual . . . so I guess I tried to act the same way. Nothing might have come out of it if I hadn't run across her at a party weeks later. Her attitude seemed about the same but this time I decided to find out if I stood a chance. I asked her for a date—and the answer was yes!

That was to be our first date together—only I wasn't able to keep it. While shooting a bathtub scene, I slipped and both sprained and gashed my ankle. I sent word. There was no reply.

The next time we saw each other was when Gail was picked up by some friends

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of mine and taken to visit me in my apartment where I was laid up. When we did get around to our first night out together I was on crutches and not much fun, I guess.

Ever since, it's been pretty much that way—what with pictures, play and production schedules coming between us. In the past year Gail has made six pictures, each taking about six weeks. (The next one of hers you'll see, by the way, is *El Paso.*) In that time I've made two pictures, spent eight weeks in summer stock in New England, spent six more weeks in Texas, Oklahoma, San Francisco and New Orleans. How much time do you suppose this has allowed us to have together?

The most frequently-used greeting we have when we meet is, "Howdy, Stranger!"

Even my own father doesn't seem to understand our situation.

"I was 22 when I married your mother," he points out. "She was only 18 and *we* went together less than half a year."

If Gail and I had married six months after we met, it would have meant that we'd have to have gone before the altar after having seen each other only about five times!

a nice plan . . .

Recently I made *When a Man's a Man* for Allied Artists. Some of the scenes were shot on location in Arizona at a ranch about a hundred miles from Gallup, New Mexico. I learned from the shooting schedule one afternoon that I'd have a day free the following week—and that day was Gail's birthday. I wrote her I was "coming in on Tuesday"—but without mentioning I knew it was her birthday. I wanted that, and my present, to be a surprise.

Everything looked swell. Then Gail checked at the home office of Allied in Hollywood to make sure there was no change in the schedule and I'd be able to make it. Somebody stood on his head to look at the calendar and told her she must be mistaken—that instead of getting in the following Tuesday, I'd be in the Tuesday after that. Gail sighed . . . it was so typical of the way things go with us.

Well, I drove the hundred miles to Gallup on Gail's birthday and then took the four-hour plane trip to Hollywood and, I thought, Gail. But when I phoned on my arrival she wasn't home. I was pretty sore at first. But then I cooled down. Experience told me that something neither one of us could control must have gone wrong.

It took me two hours to locate her. Some friends had taken her out for a small birthday party at one of the valley clubs. We had a half hour together and then it was time to go back to lonesome Arizona.

Of course, Gail and I *can* see each other when we're making pictures. But it doesn't work out very well. If we wait until evening, there's hardly time to talk since we've both been up since dawn and generally have two to six pages of script to go over, and sometimes memorize, before we can close our eyes for the day. And generally you're too tired when evening arrives to go stepping—feel more like going to bed as early as you can so that the next morning won't come around too soon.

Early last summer, Gail and I had a wonderful invitation to make a Honolulu trip with two couples we know. The husbands and wives concerned have been close to us for years. The chances are they knew something like this would be our only opportunity to have a vacation together, safe from the interruption of work.

Boy! I remember how I pictured Gail and myself lolling around the beach at Waikiki! We talked about it excitedly, decided to accept, made hurried preparations.

And on the day the boat sailed, I was en route to New England for my stock work and Gail was rehearsing a new film!

We don't even kid each other about that Honolulu trip we never made. It's too touchy a subject. And nowadays we hesitate a long time before we plan any kind of a time together; Nothing is surer than elaborate planning as a guarantee we'll be apart when the time comes!

Okay. It's time for a natural question. In fact, a friend put it to me the other day:

"If you really care for each other, why do you let yourselves be split by your careers?" he asked. "Why don't you make up your minds that it's to be a married life together or your career—one or the other—and act accordingly? One of you could quit the profession—and that would solve the whole problem."

Should I quit?

If I did, the first thing I'd have to do is say goodbye to Gail—because it would take me years of work in any other line to establish myself to a point where I could marry and offer any sense of security.

Should I ask her to quit?

She's in the midst of a career into which years of hope and work have gone. Should I insist that she upset this status—which, after all, offers her a secure, comfortable way of life ahead—until I can, with reasonable assurance, guarantee the same sort of future?

Now, I'm not saying that Gail puts her career before anything else. In fact, I'm pretty sure she wouldn't let it stand in her way if she made up her mind to marry. But I want her to have that career—I wouldn't feel right taking it from her.

Of course, if I quit, that doesn't mean that Gail couldn't go on and be tremendously successful. And with your wife a big star a fellow wouldn't have to worry about money. But I'm just not that way.

I want to get married once—and once only. I want to support my wife and family, and I want to *support* them, not play at it. I think Gail agrees with my feeling in the matter.

It's not easy to go on like this—but we haven't any other good choice. All we know about ourselves can be said in a few sentences. We know we're young. We know we're interested in each other. We know we're interested in our careers. What else can we do but work it out from that point on?

THE END



"Miss Bennett, please! Just *read* that letter back to me."


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Junior model Mary Mohr shows how it can work for you, too





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APRIL, 1949

modern screen

the friendly magazine

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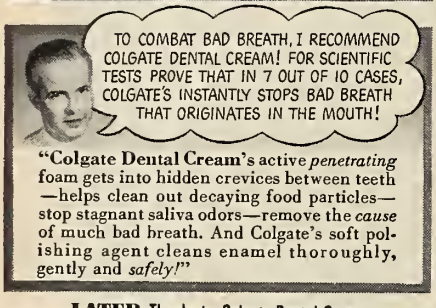
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BUSBY BERKELEY
PRODUCED BY
ARTHUR FREED

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Don't Parents Ever Grow Up?





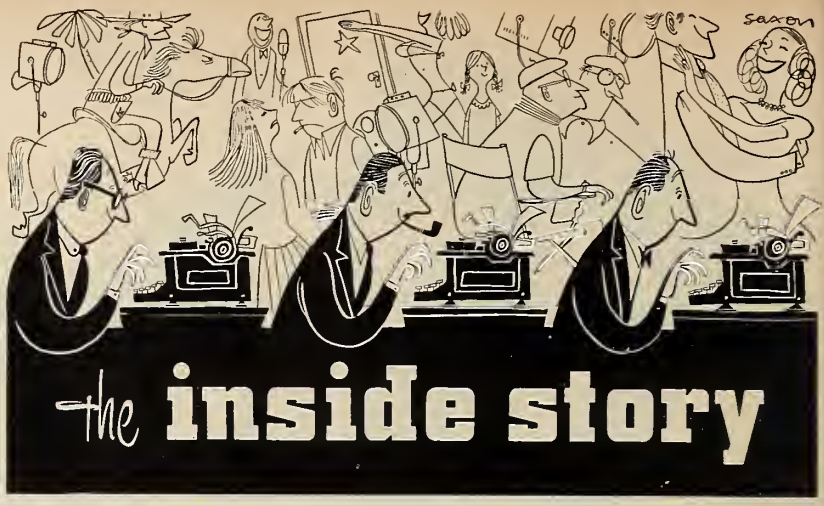


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IT ALL STARTED when someone casually mentioned that Shirley Temple would be twenty-one in April. We congratulated each other and went down for our daily lunch. Little did we suspect that thereafter our hamburgers would be far between. That very afternoon we were lowered into the file cabinets. "When may we come out?" we wistfully inquired. No one answered. Several weeks later, breathing heavily, we staggered into the office with twenty-one years worth of Shirley Temple pictures in our arms. (They're now on pages 37 to 53.) Sitting in what had formerly been our chair, busily engaged at what had formerly been our typewriter, was a handsome stranger. Mournfully, we reached for our hat. Before we'd made the exit we felt a gentle pressure on our arm. It was the stranger. "My name," he said, "is Jay Gorney." We blinked. We stepped back. "Jay Gorney!" we whispered. "Why, *you* discovered Shirley Temple!" He bowed politely. We threw our hat into a corner and waited while Mr. Gorney finished his story. It's on page 38, the first piece in our Shirley Temple Birthday Issue, all of which we present with pride—and a little prejudice. For we've thumbed through this issue ourselves. We've found "scoops" (Shirley's first by-lined story on page 44); we've found "exclusive" pictures (of the Agars' home on page 48); and we've found that with Shirley Temple's kind cooperation our little book is just about the way we'd planned it. So Happy Birthday, Shirley—and happy reading to all of you . . .

WE WONDER HOW Farley Granger does it. There isn't a beautiful girl in Hollywood whose number he hasn't got—or a beautiful girl who wouldn't give him hers. Farley takes them all very calmly. Even when he goes out dancing he leaves his heart at home—with his movie scripts. Really. Turn to "No Love Lost" on page 60, you'll see what we mean . . .

TEA LEAVES DON'T make sense to Hedda Hopper, but diamond bracelets tell her plenty. (See page 62.) The one on Greer Garson's wrist tells her Greer's dotty if she doesn't marry Bud Fogelson in a hurry. Fact is, if Hedda were on the prowl, she'd have Mr. Fogelson at bay in his own backyard—and it isn't because he keeps oil wells there, either. It's just that Bud is one of the nicest guys around . . .

TEN YEARS AGO, Bert Parry dropped his banjo, said goodbye to the Reseda Wranglers (for whom he also crooned) and bought a camera. Bert Parry is now one of our photographers—has been for two years. At the beginning, he thought he'd be a cameraman for Warners. Warners thought he'd make a better messenger boy. For a while they were both mistaken. He was a messenger boy who kept looking for angles. Finally, he clicked with Warners! During the war he photographed planes for the Navy. After the war he photographed stories for Holiday, Collier's, True, Life and other publications. Then the stars came into his life. He camped in the Gotham hotel in New York and caught them coming and going. He was doing fine, too, except for his homesickness. We fixed that. We offered him a job in Southern California. He came. We figure if we can't keep him—the weather will . . .

IT'S THE CHEER LEADER OF THE YEAR!!



Loretta Young

Van Johnson

MOTHER is a Freshman

Color by TECHNICOLOR

WITH RUDY VALLEE

BARBARA LAWRENCE

ROBERT ARTHUR • BETTY LYNN • GRIFF BARNETT • KATHLEEN HUGHES

Directed by LLOYD BACON • Produced by WALTER MOROSCO

Screen Play by Mary Loos and Richard Sale • Based on a Story by Raphael Blau

20th CENTURY-FOX

LOUELLA PARSONS'

Good news

When Keenan Wynn and Betty Butler decided to elope, it was late Friday night. The banks were closed, naturally, and Keenan's business manager, who countersigns all his checks, was at Palm Springs for the weekend.

So what does Keenan do but "swipe" the funds from the Motorcycle Club, of which he is treasurer.

"I had the collections from the meeting of the night before," the bridegroom told me with a big grin on his face. "Guess there was about $75 in the kitty. I dumped all of it into my pockets, drove over to Betty's house and asked her parents if they would give her hand in marriage to an absconder. Then, jingling as though I had just robbed a juke box, we were off to Mexico.

"The money got us through the ceremony, breakfast at a drive-in, tips to all concerned and a full tank of gas for the trip back home."

I laughed, "Now all I want to know is—are you still treasurer of the Motorcycle Club?"

"I put the money back," Keenan said. "And in view of the unusual circumstances, I think I am forgiven."

Keenan brought his blonde bride over to call just 24 hours after their surprise wedding. Betty is a pretty little girl and I'm sure they will be very happy.

She thinks everything Keenan says is hilariously funny and just about dies laughing. As though this weren't flattering enough to keep any husband happy, she's a motorcycle devotee, herself, and never nags when her bridegroom goes around constantly risking his neck in cycle races.

P.S. When I first received the "tip" that Keenan had eloped, I called Van Johnson and Keenan's former wife, Evie, to see if they had heard anything about it.

"Oh, we doubt if it's true," they both told





Wondo Hendrix wed Audie Murphy on Jonuory 8th in North Hollywood's Christ Memoriol Unity Church. (Below) Vonesso Brown, Ann Blyth ond Mory Hotcher offer congrats. The Murphys delayed their honeymoon when both cought colds.

all the brides wore white







Marguerite Chapman and attarney
Bentley Ryan were wed during Christmas week at the
Santa Barbara Mission. The receptian at the
Bel-Air Hatel was attended by 300. (Belaw)
Father O'Taale and Lauella Parsans pase gaily
with the bride far a phatagrapher.



Marsh Thampsan and Barbara Lang cut
their wedding cake at the end af January
in the Westwaod Cammunity Church. (Belaw) Ricarda
Montalban and his wife, Geargiana Young,
wish the cauple lats af happiness at the small
receptian in the chapel.

says **JANE GREER:**

"My skin looks so Perfect_Satiny Smooth _with New Woodbury Powder!"



JANE GREER,
starring in RKO's
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LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD NEWS



Betty Grable poses with a National Brotherhood Week poster. The entire motion picture industry got behind this anti-bigotry drive.

me, very surprised. "He never mentioned any such idea to us." Just goes to show what good friends they have remained in spite of all the malicious gossip to the contrary.

* * *

I took on an ear-splitting reportorial job when I called Tyrone Power and Linda Christian by transatlantic phone to get their wedding plans straight from Rome. I can tell you that I have seldom talked with a happier or more excited couple.

"We'll be back in Hollywood in August," they both shouted from 6000 miles away.

"And I'm going to give you a party—a great big party," I promised.

"We're going to hold you to that!" they said.

Linda has been described as an ultra-feminine girl—and that I can believe. Though the telephone bill was running higher and higher she gave me a seam-by-seam account of her wedding gown—white satin, trimmed with tiny pearls and a seed pearl cap on her head. (*For Linda's description in her own words, see page 22.*—Ed.)

* * *

Dreamy—just dreamy—is the term for the breathtaking party given by Mary and Jack Benny in honor of Jack's new radio boss, William Paley, and Mrs. Paley.

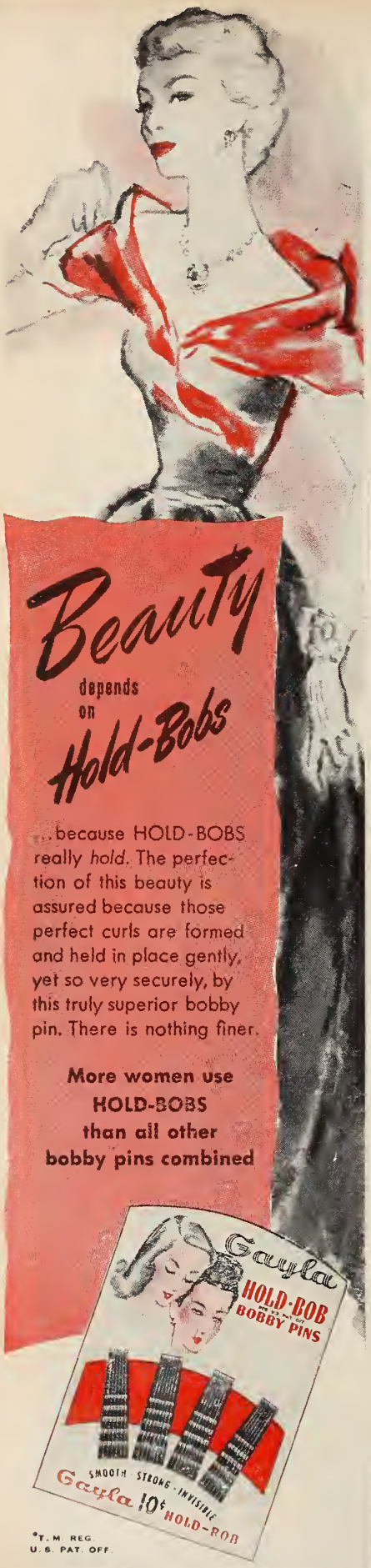
I can't remember seeing so many glamor girls at a single party—all looking so beautiful. "Maybe it's the candlelight," whispered Barbara Stanwyck as I passed by. Maybe Barbara was just being modest. (She was!)

The tent adjoining the house was lighted entirely by flickering candles. This happy idea belonged to William Haines, who did the decorations. Can you imagine a tent decorated by Hollywood's highest priced decorator?

Well, this was it.

Beautiful chandeliers, made completely of white flowers and candles, were strung from the ceiling. Individual tables, seating from 12 to 14, were covered with starched organdy that had glittering, brilliant stripes through the


"ALIAS Nick Beal"
No man ever held more Terrible Power over Women!
HE TEMPTED HER Into The Strangest Bargain Ever Made Between A Man And A Woman!
A Paramount Picture starring
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GEORGE MACREADY · FRED CLARK
Produced by ENDRE BOHEM · Directed by JOHN FARROW
Screenplay by Jonathan Latimer • Original story by Mindret Lord
PLEASE don't tell your friends who—"Nick Beal" really is!





Bing at his annual tourney with Beverly Wilson, polio victim cured by the Sister Kenny Foundation—to which part of the proceeds went.



Tournament was followed by a stag party at Monterey Country Club. Jimmy Durante, with ex-partners Jackson and Clayton, did an act.

material. The place cards were gold-bordered, and adorned with corsages of five gardenias strung with pastel-colored ribbons.

The whole effect was that of a scene right out of fairyland. No wonder the orchestra took the romantic cue and played so many Viennese waltzes.

Who looked the prettiest? You'll never get me to stick my neck out that far! But I will say that Jennifer Jones took every eye when she swept in on the arm of David Selznick in a low-cut gossamer blue gown which might have been designed for a young princess.

Hollywood's queen of beauty, Hedy Lamarr, seemed rather quiet all evening, sitting out most of the dances.

Since Mrs. Paley is on the official list of "10 best-dressed women in America," naturally everyone was interested in what she wore. It was a dark, almost black, plum-colored satin, very form-fitting, except for a big flounce at the hipline. She wears her hair high on her head and was one of the few women present with long hair.

Where our own "best-dressed" stars were concerned, the majority seemed to prefer very pale blue or French gray. In addition to Jennifer, among the many who favored delicate, light blue were Jane Wyman, Joan Fontaine, Mrs. Charles Vidor, Mrs. Ray Milland and Dinah Shore.

Our hostess, Mary Livingston, was in filmy white lace, and Joan Bennett was another belle who looked beautiful in white—white tulle, embroidered in silver.

Clark Gable came all by himself, which is always so encouraging to the eligible gals. Just everybody was there—the Ronald Colmans, the Danny Kayes, the Van Johnsons, beautiful Deborah Kerr, Jimmy Stewart and Rosalind Russell. Rosalind was in pale yellow, very becoming to her brunette beauty.

But where was Judy Garland, who didn't notify her host or hostess that she could not attend, and was responsible for the vacant chair at the table of the guests of honor?

* * *

Joanne Dru, herself, told me several days before she made up her mind to divorce Dick Haymes, that Nora Eddington Flynn had nothing to do with the break-up of her marriage to Dick.

Joanne, who came from the set of *All the King's Men*, looked straight at me with those big black eyes and said: "It wasn't until after I had decided that Dick and I couldn't be happy together that I kept hearing that Mrs. Flynn was seeing my husband. I read in the newspapers that she and Dick were dining and dancing together.

"I asked Dick, when we were talking over the arrangements we planned to make about seeing our children, if it were true. He admitted that he admired Mrs. Flynn very much, and had been seeing a great deal of her."

I was very glad to hear Joanne say that Nora Flynn had not come between her and Dick. The Haymes' separated once before. Then, it had to do with her career. Now, it has to do with Dick's career.

The first time they parted, Dick wanted her to stay home with the children. There were two children then. She agreed, and had another baby. Then, strangely enough, Dick relented and told Joanne to go ahead with her work if she still wanted to be an actress.

At that time Dick was very successful professionally, and Joanne had been in one picture, the not-too-successful *Abie's Irish Rose*. Then fate played an ironic trick, and Joanne soared to the top in *Red River*, which is now being followed by *All the King's Men*.

Dick's career met a slump, and he's had a comparatively unprogressive year.

I feel very sorry for Joanne. She's a very honest, sincere little girl. She loves Dick, and she's tried hard to make their marriage a success.

When I expressed this sympathy, Joanne said: "Give Dick some of your sympathy. He's had a bad year, and he doesn't know what he wants. I'm sure he loves his children—but, I'm sorry to say, I believe he subconsciously resents some of the success I have had on the screen."

As for what will happen with the Flynns, nobody knows. At this writing, Nora is living apart from Errol in her own house. I have talked to Nora on several occasions about her break-up with Errol Flynn. She says she loves Errol, but there's no doubt that she's had her trials and tribulations with him.

Even while she was protesting her great love for the handsome screen hero, she was in Palm Springs, and he was in the hospital, very sick. After she told me she felt their marriage was at a definite end, she upped and went to New York with him.

So, at this writing, although they are defi-

Beloved Belinda TALKS!

"I didn't have a word to say in 'Johnny Belinda'. But now I can't say enough about the wonderful time I have with David Niven in 'Kiss in the Dark'. There's something in 'Kiss in the Dark'—something as warm and special in its own way as 'Johnny Belinda' was. You're going to have a new story to talk about again."

Jane won 78 CITATIONS for 'Johnny Belinda' —and she does it again!



WARNER BROS. PRESENT A BIG NEW TRIUMPH!

DAVID NIVEN and JANE WYMAN

"KISS IN THE DARK"

with VICTOR MOORE · WAYNE MORRIS · BRODERICK CRAWFORD

DIRECTED BY DELMER DAVES PRODUCED BY HARRY KURNITZ

SCREEN PLAY BY HARRY KURNITZ • FROM A STORY BY EVERETT AND DEVERY FREEMAN

ORIGINAL MUSIC COMPOSED AND ADAPTED BY MAX STEINER

The Most Wonderful Story
A Nation Ever Took To Its Heart!



TWO GREAT STARS AT THEIR BRILLIANT BEST!

SAMUEL GOLDWYN
PRESENTS
GARY COOPER
IN
"THE PRIDE OF THE YANKEES"
STARRING
TERESA WRIGHT
WALTER BRENNAN
and BABE RUTH Himself
Veloz and Yolanda · Ray Noble and his Orchestra
Directed by SAM WOOD
Screen Play by Jo Swerling and Herman J. Mankiewicz
Original Story by Paul Gallico
RE-RELEASED by RKO Radio Pictures Inc.



Jone Powell recently announced her engogement to Geory Steffens. She met him three yeors ogo when he wos Sonjo Henie's skating portner.

nitely separated, and she is seeing Dick Haymes as often as possible, I wouldn't want to bet she won't go back to Errol.

However, I am glad to say that, in spite of her apparent interest in Haymes, Nora is not responsible for the matrimonial troubles of Joanne and Dick.

* * *

Personal Opinions: Perhaps it was just an accident—but Joan Fontaine should never have permitted the silly, scatter-brained married couple in *You Gotta Stay Happy* to be named Goodrich. Goodrich is the real-life married name of Olivia de Havilland and Marcus Goodrich. Isn't there enough bad feeling between the sisters without adding fuel to the flame? . . . The most modest comedian, of stage, screen or radio, is Jack Benny. He not only "feeds" other comics at parties, he laughs longest and loudest at their jokes. He's particularly good when he's egging on Danny Kaye to be funny. . . .

Several Eastern scribes have commented that Shirley Temple's shorter-than-short haircut tends to make her look "matronly"! Now I've heard everything! . . . I certainly got a new slant on Jayne Meadows after I met her. When she walked out on her MGM contract last year, I had set her down as a very temperamental young woman. When I met her, she told me she was just plain "scared." "All the stars at MGM are so glamorous and you get such glamorous treatment there," Jayne told me. "I'm just a plain Jayne who wants to act. So I bowed out." I predict Miss Meadows won't have to worry after you all see her in *Enchantment*. . . . Ginger Rogers is one of the few stars holding out for the long, shoulder-length bob. Most of us in Hollywood are shorn to the ears.

* * *

Not long ago I reported what our most attractive bachelors had "agin" gals they dated. Now it is the ladies' turn to say what gripes them about their escorts. Fire away, girls:

Joan Caulfield: "Name droppers! The man who insists on telling you how *he* told President Truman how to run the country, or Louis B. Mayer how to make movies!"

ON the eve of the gay Mardi Gras, Orson Foxworth, financial buccaneer, gave a dinner at world famous Antoine's for seven extraordinary guests. One was beautiful young Odile St. Amant, mysteriously ravaged by a cruel paralysis. An unkissed wife, she ached with desperate longing for the embraces of Leonce, her playboy husband . . . embraces given wantonly to others, yet denied her.

And at the table sat Odile's younger sister, voluptuous Caresse, even more sultry than her name. She resided with Odile and her husband in the family mansion and she drove Leonce to a maddening desire to put an end to his wife so that he could possess her. And Foxworth himself had reasons of his own for wanting Odile out of the way!

What a setting for a story when these people and five others as deeply involved with one another meet for dinner at glamorous Antoine's! All the color, romance and intrigue of New Orleans creole society is packed into Frances Parkinson Keyes newest best-seller, *Dinner at Antoine's*. This book, PLUS another popular novel, *Bride of Fortune*, is yours for *just a 3-cent stamp*—yes, BOTH for 3¢—if you join the Dollar Book Club now!

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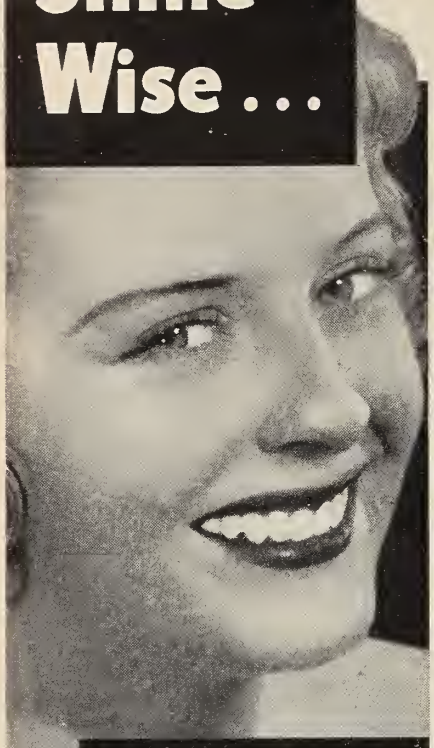
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LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD NEWS



At the Lino Ramay porty, Keenan Wynn, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Lind Hoyes watch Pete Lowford's reactian to o typicol Lucille Ball jest.



Joan Fontaine's daughter, Deborah Leslie Dazier mokes her camero debut ot three manths. Mom's storting *A Very Remarkable Fellow.*

Ava Gardner: "The casual, lounging type who just can't be bothered opening car doors, or pulling out a chair, or lighting your cigarette. I can't abide these 'no manners' boys."

Ann Sothern: "The athlete who just can't forget how many times he plunged through the line for the winning touchdown—no matter how fat his tummy is now!"

Jean Peters: "Men who criticize or gossip about girls they used to go with. Don't believe they are scarce! Just remember—you're next, sister!"

Jane Wyman: "The eternal debater. If you say it's a nice day—you get a bitter argument."

Joan Evans (14-year-old Sam Goldwyn discovery): "Neckers! That's all—just neckers!"

June Haver: "The good old rousing intellectual. Educational snobbery can be just as painful as any other form of looking down one's nose."

Doris Day: "The dancing 'snuggler'. Yep—the guy who makes an ordinary dance position look like something banned by the censors. He's the boy who gets my private booby-prize."

* * *

There's something so sweet about the way Wanda Hendrix and Audie Murphy are starting out married life. No movie-star trappings about their flat, which is a unit in a four-family building.

Audie, who is definitely wearing the pants, insists on paying all the bills and they are going to live on his salary or else.

I got a good laugh when I dropped in on the kids and Wanda said, her face beaming with pride: "Look! What talent Audie has as a decorator." She pointed to the cornices which were put on upside down over the windows!

"Talent?" sniffed Audie who had a cold. "I just couldn't get 'em up the right way!"

"That's how original ideas are born," the baby bride insisted.

It was a cold, rainy day and the bride and groom were bundled up in sweaters and mufflers. Wanda said, "I caught a bad cold the day we were married. Audie caught his from me—poor baby."

If I am any forecaster, I can tell you right now that "poor baby" is going to be one of the screen sensations of 1949. I saw him in *Bad Boy* and this boy is going places in a great big way.

* * *

Now that Aly Khan has publicly admitted that he wants to marry Rita Hayworth, I wonder if this will have any effect on the blasts of criticism Rita has been getting from every direction?

Never in my years of reading and writing about stars have I read such scathing editorials as the British press turned loose on Rita and her Indian prince before their engagement was officially announced.

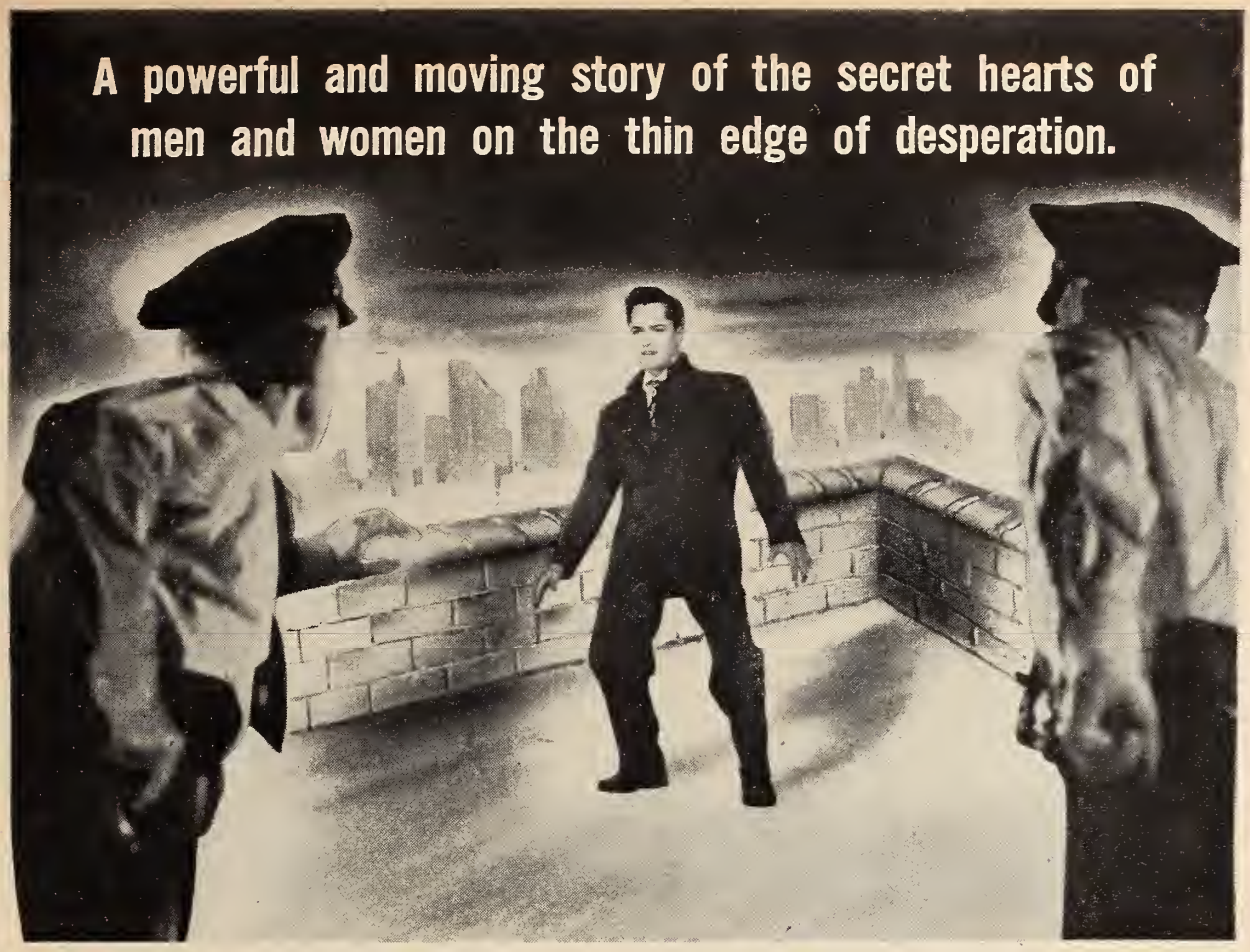
There was also a movement in women's club circles to boycott her pictures in this country.

Rita's boss at Columbia, Harry Cohn, may have said and honestly believed he was fighting mad at her because of her escapades. But I think he was more heartbroken than anything else.

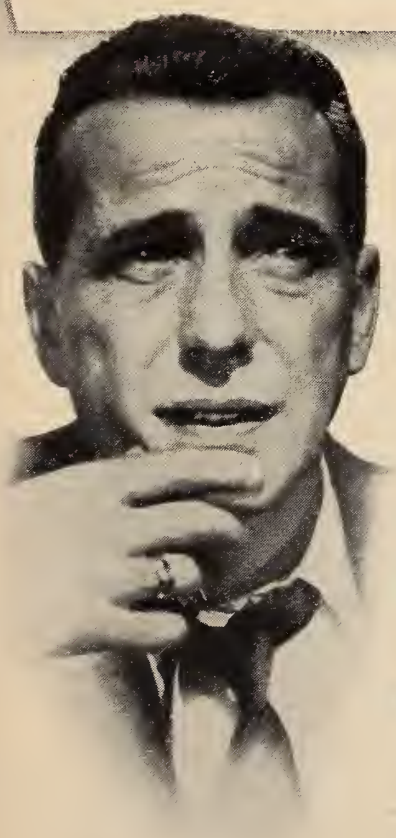
Harry sponsored her career from the time she was a Miss Nobody until she became about the most glamorous star of the screen. It was a sad thing to him, and to everyone who ever worked with her, that this girl who worked so hard to get to the top was apparently throwing away so much.

Let me repeat the story of what I heard happened. when a worried assistant went in

A powerful and moving story of the secret hearts of men and women on the thin edge of desperation.



"Pretty Boy" Romano nears the end of his trail.



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The Short Halo— created by Helen Hunt, famous Hollywood hair stylist. Make 3 rows of pin curls. Work clockwise from left part toward face. Pull hair slightly forward as you pin. Brush out hair upward, away from face. Let ends fall forward. Brush back hair upward.





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to tell Harry that the clubwomen were on the verge of boycotting Rita's pictures. The assistant delivered the bad news and added, "If this is true—we may lose a lot of money on *Loves of Carmen*."

They say Harry hit the ceiling. "Hayworth's movies have *made* us a lot of money, too," he yelled. "We've lost a lot more than MONEY!"

That's the way Rita's boss feels about her—or did, at least, before her marriage plans were definitely announced.

(*How does Rita's father, Eduardo Cansino, feel about his daughter and Aly Khan?* *See page 68.*—Ed.)

* * *

Bob Stack's best girl, Irene Wrightsman McAvoy, tossed a birthday party for him. Can you believe that the boy who gave Deanna Durbin her first screen kiss is now 30 years old?

Irene's rustic-type home on the Uplifters' estate, with it's huge windows looking toward the mountoins and the big open fireplace blazing away, is a wonderful setting for a party.

After the duck and wild rice dinner (Bob had gone hunting for the ducks), the guests turned loose and put on an impromptu show that would have been a riot in any night club.

Of course, Olga San Juan, who is expecting a baby in a few months, would never have done her wonderful Sponish songs and amusing dances anywhere in public. But she had the gay crowd convulsed doing some of the routines she did in a Bing Crosby picture—attired not in a Spanish costume but in a conceoling maternity gown and jacket.

Her husband, Edmond O'Brien, gave two marvelous recitations. He is really one of Hollywood's best actors on screen or in a living room.

But it remained for Peter Lind Hayes and Mary Healy to kill the people with an imitation of a movie star having lunch with an old friend from her home town in a studio commissary. Plenty cynical—but plenty funny.

* * *

Looking over this month's moil from you MODERN SCREEN readers—here is the score:

Wanda Hendrix came in for plenty of boosts. This little girl is really off to a big start. Running close among the newcomers is Janet Leigh.

Among the men, Montgomery Clift took the lead over Lew Ayres—but Lew is still getting plenty of attention on *Johnny Belinda*.

The consensus on Rita Hayworth is disappointment and disillusionment. But Ava Gardner is rating high in the glamor field.

Do I need add how much I enjoy your letters? Keep writing—and I'll see you next month!

THE END

FREE SUBSCRIPTIONS!

May, June, and July are going to be your favorite months if you win a free subscription to MODERN SCREEN. Just fill out the questionnaire below, let us know which stories you liked best—and which one you liked the least. If you have some favorite stars (and who hasn't?), list them in order and we'll try to have stories on them in the near future. Remember—the May, June, and July issues, absolutely FREE if you're among the first 500 to send back the questionnaire.

QUESTIONNAIRE

Which stories and features did you enjoy most in our April issue? WRITE THE NUMBERS 1, 2, and 3 AT THE RIGHT of your 1st, 2nd, and 3rd choices.

Mitchum on Trial ..... ☐
Secrets of the Bride (Tyrone Power-Linda Christian) ..... ☐
I Discovered Shirley Temple .... ☐
Living Legend (Shirley Temple) .. ☐
How Dear To My Heart by Shirley Temple ..... ☐
Curly-Top Today (Shirley Temple) ..... ☐
Made in Heaven (Baxter-Hodiak) . ☐
This Love of Ours by Esther Williams ..... ☐
What Price Glory? (Olivia de Havilland) ..... ☐
No Love Lost (Farley Granger) .. ☐
The Case of the Hesitant Heart (Greer Garson) by Hedda Hopper ..... ☐
Hollywood's Best Known Mystery (Howard Duff) ..... ☐
Can June Haver Find Happiness? . ☐
I Don't Blame Rita (Rita Hayworth) ..... ☐
Dear Daddy (Elizabeth Taylor) .. ☐
Louella Parsons' Good News ..... ☐

Which of the above did you like LEAST?.....

What 3 MALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them, 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.....

.....

What 3 FEMALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them, 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.....

.....

Whot MALE star do you like least?.....

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"Streets of Laredo"

Color by Technicolor

Produced by ROBERT FELLOWS · Directed by LESLIE FENTON

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STARRING IN
"FAMILY HONEYMOON"
A UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL PICTURE

PHOTO BY RAY JONES



LOOK in your mirror...study your complexion. Does it lack color?...Do tiny complexion faults mar your beauty?...Is it as lovely as you would like it to be?



TRY *Max Factor Hollywood* Pan-Cake Make-Up...see what a lovelier, softer, smoother, younger look it creates. Notice how complexion faults fade ...how new, delicate color in your complexion has added new glamour to your beauty.





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ROUGE...to harmonize with your Lipstick...correct for your type...adds color, and accents your beauty.



LIPSTICK...3 flattering shades for your type: Clear Red, Blue Red, Rose Red. Correct for your coloring, correct for your costume.

mitchum on trial

This is the dramatic story of a man facing his conscience before the world. Here are the facts as revealed in his trial.

BY LLOYD SHEARER

The following straightforward account of the Mitchum narcotics trial was written some weeks before Robert Mitchum appeared for sentencing. Now, as Modern Screen goes to press, the actor has been sentenced to one year in the county jail. He will be eligible for release on probation after serving 60 days of his sentence.

—THE EDITORS

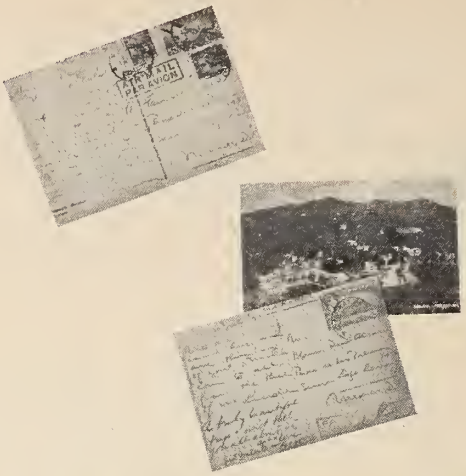
■ Two weeks before Bob Mitchum appeared in court to experience the most painful moments of his life—trial for a narcotics violation—the rumor had spread all over Hollywood that "a fix" was in.

At Romanoff's, at Schwab's Drug Store, at a dozen quaint, over-publicized eateries where the inside boys gather to mastermind the destinies of the movie-great, it was always, "Mitchum'll never be convicted," or "I don't care what kinda case they got against the guy. They can't make it stick," or "You don't think he's got Jerry Giesler as his lawyer for nothin'?"

And yet 51 (*Continued on page 85*)



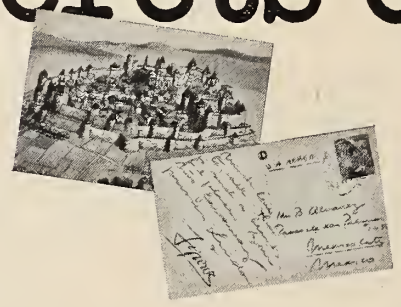
Bab Mitchum and his attarney Jerry Giesler at the caunsel table just befare Mitchum was canvicted af canspiracy ta passess marijuana.



Scoop! This exclusive story, based on Linda Christian's letters to her mother, gives an intimate view of a girl planning—and dreaming.

BY MAXINE SMITH

Secrets of the bride!



■ As this story is written, Tyrone Power and Linda Christian have just been married in Rome. In the past few months countless columnists and correspondents have been saying—publicly or privately—that this would never come to pass. But all along, those really in the know—and I've been one of them—have smiled at the reports about the "cooling" of the Power-Christian romance and the "easily readable signs of a break-up."

Months ago, Tyrone was eager to marry Linda. He was willing to by-pass conventions, the studio and California law—which forbids remarriage until the final divorce decree is granted. Tyrone's final decree of divorce from the French actress Annabella was scheduled for January 22, 1949. Ty didn't want to wait—he wasn't going to wait!

And then Linda's mother wrote to him: "My boy, waiting will give you that much more time to be *sure*. And waiting is best, for everything, present and future, in the life you and Linda will have together. Be patient, Tyrone, for all of us."

Ty stopped insisting. He had never been married to Annabella in church—therefore, the Catholic Church did not recognize his first marriage. Careful conferences with Roman Church bishops enabled Ty to obtain the consent of the Church. He would wait—but only until his divorce was legally final—no longer!

My knowledge of the way things were really going between Tyrone and Linda came from the intimate view afforded me as a close friend of Linda and her family and as an old friend of Ty. Just the other night I spent several hours visiting Linda's (*Continued on page 22*)



Ty and Linda visited the island of Gibraltar in July and snapped each other's pictures. Except for the heat, they thought it was terrific!



Linda, in Mexico City with her mother, Señora Blanca Amezquita, who recently became a mother again. Linda still hasn't seen her new brother.



Tyrone and Linda snapped while visiting the shrine of the Lady of Fatima near Lisbon, Portugal. Miracles are said to have occurred here. .



Tyrone Power and Linda Christian leave the Santa Francesca church in Rome after making final preparations for their wedding January 27.

Secrets of the bride!





Linda Christian's wedding gown of fitted white lace tulle was made at Fontana's, Rome's leading fashion house. Right: Part of a letter to her mother in which Linda sketched three views of her gown.

mother, Señora Blanca Rosa Welter de Alvarez Amezquita. You see, we both live in Mexico City. I sat in a bedroom of her beautiful home in the exclusive *Lomas de Chapultepec* district while Blanca, in a pale blue housecoat, reclined on the oversized bed and gave José René his 7:30 bottle. José René, then all of one week old, is Linda's brother—whom, of course, she has yet to see.

The feeding over, Blanca spread on the blue coverlet the treasures I had come to see—messages sent to her by Linda and Tyrone from Europe—cablegrams, photographs, postcards. Unfortunately, Blanca had thrown away all their letters—except the latest one, dated January 12, 1949. In this, Linda wrote from Rome: "Mumsy Darling: We are nearly bursting from anxiousness over you. Every possible noise like a car or motorcycle which comes up the hill where we live, we say, 'The baby!' . . .

"Right now for us—this is a very busy and confining time, too. The holidays were a mad rush. On Christmas Day, we had about fifty people in the house. The tree was lovely with all the presents around it. We came back from Venice with only two days to prepare everything and from then on there wasn't a spare moment. We had so much to do, and so many places to go.

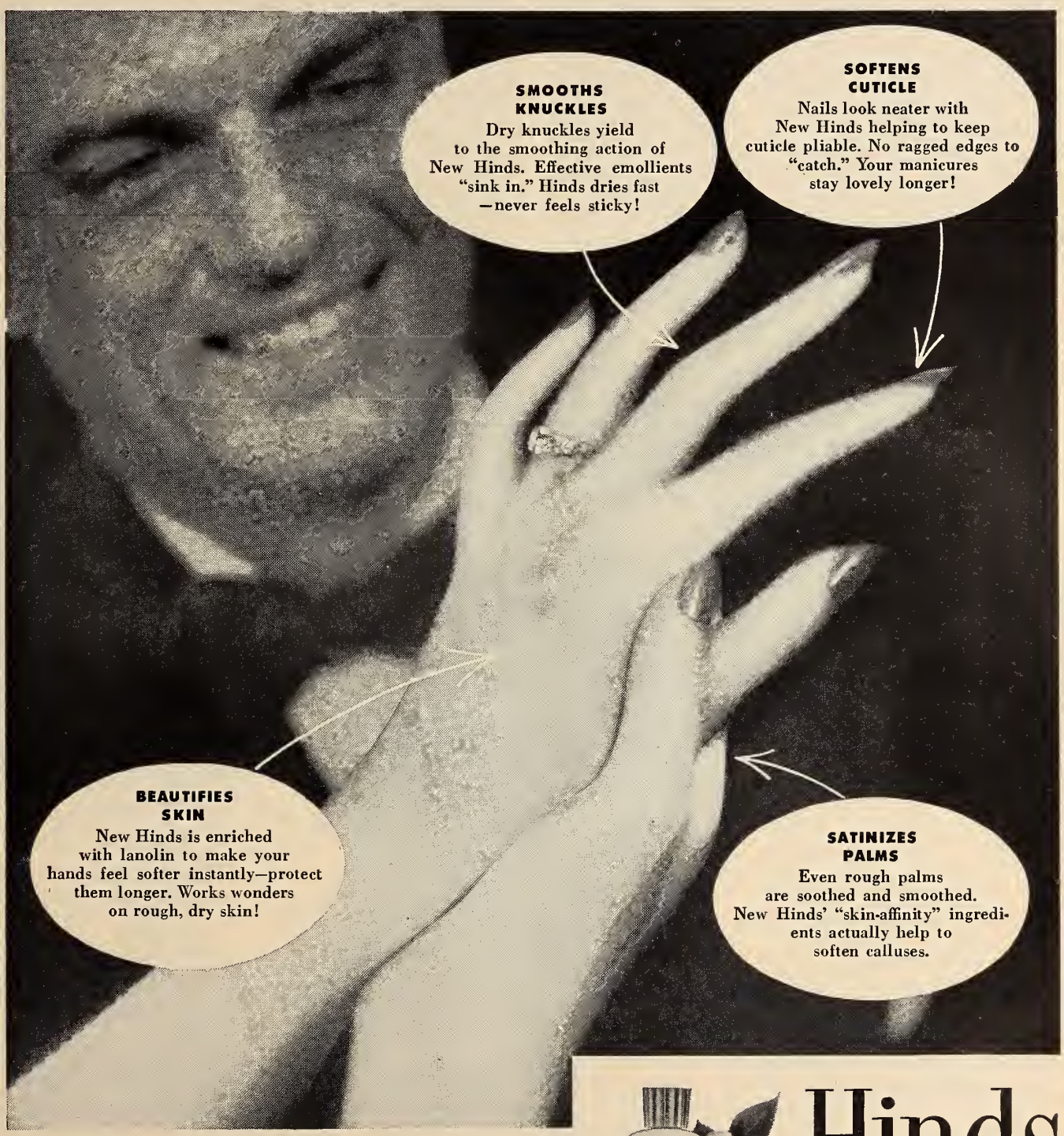
"We went to the opening of the Opera with all the 'other' important personalities of Rome. Every magazine cover has our picture and the newsreels are full of your three Pusses, too.

"New Year's was rather hectic and we kept on remembering our lovely '47-'48 and then Acapulco. This New Year's we spent in the snowy mountains of Austria near St. Anton, someplace. I persuaded Tyrone to go to Austria instead of Switzerland . . . it is much cozier there. . . .

"Now we are making all the arrangements for the wedding! We are waiting for a telegram from Tyrone's lawyer and if the 27th is all right, we are planning for that date. My dress is going to be a dream (white) with lace appliqued with seed pearls, tiny opal sequins and tiny, tiny beads. The dress will be fitted, but the train attached to the waist will flow freely."

At this point in the letter, Linda had sketched three different views of her wedding gown, with alternative bouquets and wedding veils. (*Continued on page 81*)

New lotion gives beauty protection to your WHOLE HAND!



WORKS WONDERS! Lanolin-enriched for *extra* effectiveness, New Hinds Honey and Almond Fragrance Cream keeps your *whole hand* feeling soft in spite of ravages of work and water. Use it to smooth elbows, arms and legs . . . try it as a powder base. Use Hinds to help protect babies' and children's tender skin from chapping! 4 sizes, 10¢ to $1.00.

PRODUCT OF LEHN & FINK



Hinds

Honey and Almond Fragrance Cream

NOW IN NEW LARGER BEAUTY BOTTLE



As *The Fan* begins, old Mrs. Erlynne (Madeleine Carroll) looks up old Lord Darlington (George Sanders) in London. He doesn't recall her until she mentions Lady Windermere—and reminds him of times past . . .



He'd met her a half-century ago when, with a friend (John Sutton), he was in a shop helping Lord Windermere (Richard Greene) choose a fan for Lady Windermere. Mrs. Erlynne was trying to crash Society.

MOVIE REVIEWS

by Christopher Rowe



Soon Lord Windermere was helping her. Lady Windermere (Jeanne Crain), upset at the scandal, almost ran off with Lord Darlington. But Mrs. Erlynne, with a noble gesture, straightened things out.

THE FAN

Cast: Jeanne Crain, Madeleine Carroll, Richard Greene, George Sanders, Martita Hunt. *20th Century-Fox.*

Gentlemen won't go for this, but ladies should. It's Oscar Wilde's *Lady Windermere's Fan*, with minor changes, and as pleasant a little comedy-drama of period manners and morals as you could ask for. Lord Windermere (Richard Greene) loves Lady Windermere (Jeanne Crain). Lord Darlington (George Sanders) also loves Lady Windermere. These titled fellows—they're friends—meet a beautiful adventuress named Mrs. Erlynne (Madeleine Carroll) in a shop where Lord Windermere is buying a fan for Lady Windermere's birthday. Next thing you know, Lord Windermere is paying Mrs. Erlynne's bills, renting a house for her, and attempting to help her crash Society. News of this gets around to Lady Windermere through the Duchess of Berwick (Martita Hunt), an old gossip who spends most of her time trying to marry off her daughter. Lady Windermere, enraged out of her almost excessive refinement, is about ready to run off with Lord Darlington, just to hurt her husband, when she's saved from this step by Mrs. Erlynne. Mrs. Erlynne vows that Lord Windermere cares only for his wife, that the Duchess of Berwick's brother, Lord Lorton (Hugh Dempster), is actually supporting her, Mrs. Erlynne. Lord Windermere's simply been covering up for Lorton, who's scared of his sister's displeasure. This isn't true, but it satisfies Lady Windermere; she returns to her long-suffering husband, and Mrs. Erlynne leaves town. Lord Windermere has known all the while, of course, that Mrs. Erlynne is his wife's mother, and *that's* the reason he's been so generous. (Years before, when Lady Windermere was a baby, Mrs. Erlynne left her husband—Lady W.'s father—to run away with some other man, and become the scandal of several continents, but she's never wanted her daughter to know the sort of woman mamma was.) *The Fan*'s cast is highly polished; it dispenses epigrams with marvelous correctness.

Are you in the know?



What's the best makeup remover?

- ☐ *Soap ond woter*
- ☐ *Cold creom*
- ☐ *Smooching*

Avast there, matey! Best you *first* slip make-up off with *cream*, wiping away with Kleenex* Tissues. Then wash your face. It takes cream to "fight" cream (such as most makeup bases are made of), and followed by soap and water, it helps keep blackheads at bay. Remove problem-day worries, too . . . with the aid of Kotex and that special *safety center*. An exclusive Kotex feature that gives you *extra* protection . . . self-assurance!



For the lowdown on that N. M. I. T.—

- ☐ *Reod his polm*
- ☐ *Pry into his past*
- ☐ *Ask your brother*

Before dating a New Man In Town, owl up on his character. Tea leaves or palmistry won't tell you, but you can depend on (guess who!) —your brother. Guys can size up guys, shrewdly. So ask your bro's advice about the mystery boy. As for girls, there are times when personal secrets must be kept. Then, you can depend on *Kotex*—for Kotex prevents revealing outlines. Those special *flat pressed ends* of Kotex don't show, don't tell!



Which "shortens" kingsize tootsies?

- ☐ *Shell pumps*
- ☐ *Buckles n' bows*
- ☐ *Dork-hued shoes*

You haven't a Cinderella-size foot? Any answer mentioned above can keep you out of her step-sisters' class! Shell pumps, with low-cut vamps. Big, silver or cut steel buckles, or soft perky bows—to flatter your instep. Dark shoes, to make these tricks more effective. Choosing the style that's for *you* is important—and so (on certain days) is your choice of Kotex absorbencies. Try *all 3:* Regular, Junior, Super Kotex.



What would you do in this situation?

- ☐ *Smile ond switch*
- ☐ *Keep on doncing*
- ☐ *Ploy deof*

You're swaying on a dream-cloud with the prom Heathcliff. So? He's tagged by a stag. Sharp gals never refuse a cut-in; thus you smile and switch to the lethal lad. When your *calendar* tries to cut in on your bookings—switch to the comfort of the new Kotex. Talk about a dream-cloud! Kotex has *softness that holds its shape*—because Kotex is made to stay soft while you wear it. Dance after dance, you stay comfortable!

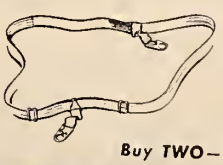


How to prepare for "those" days?

- ☐ *Be a blu gnu*
- ☐ *Breok your dotes*
- ☐ *Buy 2 sonitory belts*

Certain times are no time for moping at home. Brighten up! And freshen up—with careful grooming, immaculate clothes. And why not be prepared in advance with *two* Kotex Sanitary Belts—so you can change to a *fresh belt* when you change to dating togs?

You see, the *Kotex* Belt is made to lie flat, without twisting or curling. Your adjustable, all-elastic Kotex Belt fits smoothly; doesn't bind. That's why—for extra comfort, you'll want the new Kotex Sanitary Belt. Buy *two—for a change!*



Kotex Sanitary Belt

Buy TWO—by name!



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More women choose KOTEX than all other sanitary napkins*

3 ABSORBENCIES: REGULAR, JUNIOR, SUPER

"It seems there was a Traveling Salesman..."

. . . and naturally, when he came home from a long trip, Mrs. T.S. was *very* happy—*until she unpacked his bag.*

The clean white shirts he took away always came back with a "mourning band" of railroad dust ground into the collars and cuffs. And the job of getting those shirts white again was not only a test of wifely devotion—*it was very hard on the shirts.*

The happy ending to this story came the first time Mrs. T.S. tried Fels-Naptha Soap Chips. To use her own words, "I never had any white shirts come out any whiter—*and no rubbing!*"

P.S.—Golden Fels-Naptha Soap gives you **THE EXTRA WASHING HELP of TWO CLEANERS—MILD, GOLDEN SOAP and ACTIVE NAPTHA . . .** This better laundry soap turns out cleaner, whiter washes in less time, with less hard, tiring work. Look for the Fels-Naptha Bar or Fels-Naptha Soap Chips next time you're out shopping.



MADE IN PHILA. BY FELS & CO.



GOLDEN BAR OR GOLDEN CHIPS

Fels-Naptha Soap

BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"



Alias Nick Beal: Thomas Mitchell sells his soul to Roy Millond. Audrey Totter benefits.

ALIAS NICK BEAL

Cast: Ray Milland, Thomas Mitchell, George Macready, Audrey Totter, Geraldine Wall.
Paramount.

Paramount has wasted several good actors in this ridiculous story. The plot involves an emissary of the devil, Nick Beal (Ray Milland) who gets a good man (Thomas Mitchell) in his power. Mitchell's a District Attorney who likes a clean state and keeps it that way. His best friend is a minister (George Macready). Everything's going fine till Nick Beal comes along. Nick assists Mitchell in his fall from grace, and from then on Mitchell's doomed. His wife (Geraldine Wall) gradually loses influence over him while the influence of Audrey Totter (a girl of Beal's choice) increases. Gradually Mitchell loses all his friends—except Macready. The machines win him the governorship, and he can go on from there. But he doesn't. Once he's inaugurated he quits cold. Tells everybody what a reprobate he is. In what purports to be a stirring climax, Beal comes for Mitchell's soul, but Macready's standing by with a Bible. At the sight of it Beal sort of shrivels up and says, "Oh, no." Mitchell is left with his soul but not much else, since he's already sold his house to pay off his debts and salve his conscience, and since he's jobless as only an ex-governor can be. This simply isn't adult movie fare. The good people (Macready, for instance) are caricatures—bloodless and absurd; the bad people are menacing in the style of 1920, and the symbolism is about as subtle as the kind in "The Little Red Hen."

KNOCK ON ANY DOOR

Cast: Humphrey Bogart, John Derek, Allene Roberts, Susan Perry, George Macready.
Columbia.

Knock on Any Door is a social document, like *Dead End* or *Grapes of Wrath*. And it's very close to perfect. It deals with a boy named Nick Romano (John Derek) who grows up in a slum, his young mind seasoned by the evils that thrive around him. Nick finds robbery easier than working, he finds his hatred for law swollen by the treatment of a savage reform school, he finds himself, ultimately, dying in the electric chair for having shot a policeman. "Finds himself" is what I mean. He went



Knock On Any Door: John Derek (center) grows up omid evil and turns into a criminal.

the way he had to go, the signs were there for him to follow. Society pre-dooms and predestines slum children, this picture says. Not the brilliant ones, perhaps. Humphrey Bogart (Nick's lawyer and long-time champion) is supposedly a graduate of the same Skid Row that housed Nick. He got out. But the boys with average brains—like most of us—and average good intentions, aren't strong enough to make it. There are times when Nick tries. Bogart takes him to the country for a week, and everything's fine until Bogart's law partner mutters, "you can't make a tame canary out of a jailbird." In a fury, Nick steals some money and heads back for town. At another point, he falls in love with a small, gentle girl named Emma (Allene Roberts), different from anybody he's ever known, and he tries again. Emma, who lives with a drunken aunt, says Nick's the first thing she's ever had that was really her own, and she believes in him. They get married, Nick achieves a few honest jobs, but he's always first to be fired, because of his record, and so he returns to robbery. He leaves Emma, says he's no good for her, and she kills herself by turning on the gas. The scene showing Emma's poor little funeral leaving the funeral parlor while a wet-faced Nick watches from a roof across the street is pitiful enough to break you in half. Unfortunately, one of the picture's few flaws is an important one. We see Nick savagely pumping bullets into a cop (the crime for which he dies) but we're never given any reason for this cold-blooded action, except that Nick was running away, after a robbery. (In Willard Motley's novel, from which this was made, the dead policeman was a killer himself, proud of the notches in his belt, happy in his ability to terrorize the neighborhood, and understandably despised.) Anyhow, Bogart admits Nick's guilty. Guilty of seeing his best friend killed in reform school, guilty of being fatherless, guilty of being thrown together with thieves and prostitutes and derelicts, guilty of being murdered before he'd ever lived. Bogart says Nick's dying accomplishes nothing, because until society does something about the conditions which produced him, there'll be a hundred, a thousand, Nick Romanos to take his place. Just go to Skid Row, and knock on any door. . . . The acting is unbelievably good here. *Knock On Any Door* is painful, and emotionally exhausting, but it very much needs to be seen.

Mirror, mirror on the wall . . . is my hair fairest of them all?



Even on shampoo day
Rayve Creme Shampoo
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Yet Rayve costs no more than ordinary shampoos

See the miracle in your own mirror! Even on shampoo day, your hair does just what you want it to—when you use wonderful Rayve Creme Shampoo! Rayve leaves your hair silky soft, clean and lustrous . . . yet so easy to manage!

Here's the secret! Your hair has a natural body that helps keep it softly in place. Now, Rayve Creme Shampoo contains a special blend of pure lanolin with other important ingredients to help preserve the natural "life" and body of your hair. That's why Rayve makes hair behave *beautifully*—right after it's washed!

Rayve is not a soap. Yet it billows into fragrant, active lather. Rayve rinses quickly, too. Without special after-rinses! No dulling soap film, no flaky dandruff remains. The perfect shampoo before and after home permanents!

To make your hair behave beautifully use wonderful Rayve Creme Shampoo. See your hair shimmer with highlights—your curls lie softly obedient—the very day you use Rayve!



In handy tubes or jars at drug and cosmetic counters.

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Let Nestle Colorinse give your hair sparkling, *natural-looking* color and highlights. Not a permanent dye or a bleach, Nestle Colorinse washes out completely with shampooing. Delicately scented, easy and absolutely safe to use.

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Nestle - originators of permanent waving - Meriden, Conn.



Force of Evil: Beatrice Peorsan is sod at Jahn Garfield's numbers racket invalvement.

FORCE OF EVIL

Cast: John Garfield, Beatrice Pearson, Thomas Gomez, Marie Windsor. *MGM.*

John Garfield, a rich, devil-may-care lawyer for the biggest, crookedest numbers racketeer extant, gets thrown into sharp conflict with his brother (Thomas Gomez), a small, honest numbers racketeer. The fact that Gomez can hardly make ends meet, and that he loves his wife, seems to put the stamp of purity upon his business. Well, Tucker (that's the big racketeer) has decided to make himself a monopoly, and take over all the small "policy banks." Garfield's brother doesn't want to get taken over. Still, he has a weak heart, and he doesn't want to get ruined, either. So he strings along. Among the people who've been working for him is a girl named Doris Lowry (Beatrice Pearson). She falls in love with brother John. Tucker's sirenish wife (Marie Windsor) goes for John, too, but he doesn't reciprocate, just snarls something like, "You want a weak man? Go break your husband." Finally, Garfield's brother (whom Garfield's been earnestly attempting to protect) gets a little extra outspoken, and a little extra double-crossed, to boot, and is bumped off by a gangster. This enrages Garfield, he shoots up Tucker and the gangster both, and then goes out to take his medicine. After all, Beatrice is standing by. Beatrice, by the way, looks about nine years old, in her picture debut—much too young to be messing around with John. The acting's all okay, the dialogue's synthetic-tough, and a lot of passion is spent to no great avail.

A CONNECTICUT YANKEE

Cast: Bing Crosby, Rhonda Fleming, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, William Bendix, Virginia Field, Henry Wilcoxon. *Paramount.*

To say that a Bing Crosby picture doesn't quite come off is to put yourself in an awfully funny position, but I still claim this picture doesn't go anywhere, say anything, or even get funny on more than the lowest slapstick level. Since it is supposedly based on the great satiric novel by Mark Twain, it's a disappointment. Movie's about Hank Martin

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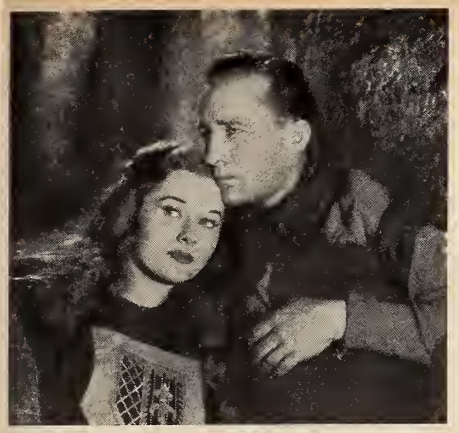


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Get hot, fresh, delicious Hi Pop Popcorn anywhere—the Nation's popular food confection. Served from sparkling Manley Popcorn Machines at your movie theatre and variety store or wherever good popcorn is sold. Ask your food store for Hi Pop in the red and white candy cane package. Make your own popcorn at home. Remember—Hi Pop is the same fine corn movie shows feature.





A Connecticut Yankee: Bing Crosby meets Rhonda Fleming at King Arthur's court.

(Crosby), a blacksmith who gets beaned on the head and finds himself transported back to the days of King Arthur. He discovers Arthur (Sir Cedric Hardwicke) to be a silly old man with a perpetually runny nose, completely under the power of his court magician, Merlin (Murvyn Vye). Merlin's a wicked soul, likes to keep the people poor, and himself rich, and intruders dead. Bing comes under the last heading, but he's from a much later century, and therefore knows a little magic of his own (like letting the sun shine onto his watch crystal, and aiming the crystal at the seat of Merlin's pants, with devastating results), so Merlin can't hurt him too much. Bing falls in love with the King's good niece, Alisande La Carteloise (Rhonda Fleming), Merlin lets Rhonda's fiance, Sir Lancelot (Henry Wilcoxon), know about it, Wilcoxon and Crosby meet on the field of honor (Bing working with a lariat) and Crosby still comes out top dog. Eventually, however, Bing talks the king into coming along on a tour of the country to see his oppressed people, and the two, along with a hopelessly idiotic knight named Sir Sagamore (William Bendix) set forth. Merlin; the king's wicked niece, Morgan Le Fay (Virginia Field); and a rotter of a knight called Sir Logris (Joseph Vitale) lay a trap, capture the travelers, sell 'em as slaves, and nearly get them beheaded, but Bing saves the day with a total eclipse of the sun which scares the whole country half to death. That's about it. Except it's in Technicolor and contains some fair songs.

THE ACCUSED

Cast: Loretta Young, Douglas Dick, Robert Cummings, Wendell Corey. *Paramount.*

Loretta Young is a prim school teacher who's happy, though repressed. One of her students, a brash young man named Bill Perry (Douglas Dick), makes a pass at her one lonely night, and she bashes his head in with a blunt instrument. Then, since they're down at the beach, she proceeds to pump water into his lungs, so he'll look as if he drowned. After this, she tosses him over a cliff, and goes home. Perry's guardian, Robert Cummings, in town to investigate his ward's conduct, discovers he's too late, but sticks around anyway, and conceives a deep love for Loretta. Maybe you think this is an



That "Left-Out Feeling" is no fun!

Get back in the picture, Sis! That's where a dream-girl like you belongs. And *never trust your charm to anything but dependable Mum.* For Mum's unique, modern formula works entirely for your daintiness—contains no water to dry out or decrease its efficiency. Be a safety-first girl. Get a jar of Mum today!

Mum-Safer for Charm ... Mum checks perspiration odor for the whole day or evening. Protects against risk of *future* odor after your bath washes away *past* perspiration.

Mum-Safer for Skin ... Gentle Mum contains no harsh or irritating ingredients. Doesn't dry out in the jar to form scratchy crystals. Mum is harmless to skin.

Mum-Safer for Clothes ...No damaging ingredients in Mum to rot or discolor fine fabrics. Quick, pleasant to use. Economical, too—no shrinkage, no waste.



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Product of Bristol-Myers



for hair men love to touch

Helene Curtis

creme shampoo

rich in emulsified lanolin



half pound $1 (LARGE REG. SIZE, 60¢)

more shampoo . . . more quality for the money

REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY — Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping — IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

Who knows what *shampoo* is best? Your beautician! Use this 2-to-1 *favorite* of professional beauticians. Leaves hair misty-soft, dazzling clean, manageable, glowing. Billows of foam instantly even in hard water. *No* soap film! Rich *emulsified* Lanolin prevents drying. America's *greatest* value.



The Accused: Loretta Young kills Douglos Dick when he gets much too affectionote.

embarrassing situation. You're right. For one thing, there's a detective—Wendell Corey—who doesn't think Bill Perry's death was an accident, and who's determined to find out why and by whom he was murdered. There are plenty of clues leading to Loretta, though it takes an unconscionably long amount of time for the police to absorb their significance, and in the end, even after everybody realizes she's the guilty party, there's nothing to worry about. Cummings is a lawyer, he defends her successfully—he says she was "afraid" and that explains it all. I wouldn't go around pumping water into anybody's lungs, expecting to get off that easy, if I were you, but aside from this whimsy, the picture's routinely suspenseful. Loretta blossoms into a loving woman under your very eyes (once you murder a man, you lose a lot of your inhibitions), and Wendell Corey is the best actor to hit Hollywood in months.

WAKE OF THE RED WITCH

Cast: John Wayne, Gail Russell, Luther Adler, Henry Daniell, Gig Young, Adele Mara. *Republic.*

Here's a big, noisy, lusty sea drama; what it hasn't got, sea drama needs. Life-long feuds, giant octipi, millions of dollars in gold—greed, sex, whee! A rich Dutch trader (Luther Adler) saves Captain John Ralls (John Wayne) from perishing in the Pacific Ocean. Wayne tells him of an island where there are pearls—the natives' pearls, of course, but who cares?—and they head Luther's boat in that direction. The island's got a French Colonial governor, or something of the sort. He's played by Henry Daniell, and his niece, Angelique, is played by Gail Russell. Ralls and Luther both want Gail; Gail cares for John, but gets promised to Luther by Unkie. John gets drunk, and nasty, and then the natives decide he's a god, and he has a fight with that octopus, and he gets showered with pearls, and quite by accident, he shoves Uncle into a pit of fire, and this upsets Gail so badly she marries Luther. Friends, the feud's on. John sees Gail a couple of times back in England—she knows now she's made a fearful mistake, and she even dies with his name on her lips (he carries her to the window

AMAZING!! NEW!!

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STOPS PERSPIRATION AND ODOR TROUBLES! Keeps you daintily pure, socially secure.

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a la Wuthering Heights)—and eventually, John sinks one of Luther's ships. With a fortune in gold bars. He refuses to tell Luther the whereabouts of the sunken ship, and they play a cat-and-mouse game all over the seven seas. When, at length, they meet again, a hapless lad named Sam Rosen (Gig Young) who's been sailing with John, falls in love with Luther's niece, Teleia Van Schreevan (Adele Mara) and they conduct a romance, while John and Luther badger one another. (There's a grudging admiration between them.) In the end, Luther makes a bargain with John, they sail away to rescue the sunken gold, and John dies like a dog when the sunken ship caves in, on and over him. Several miles above the surface, Luther's sitting sad-faced. "There'll never be a man like him again," he says mournfully.

STREETS OF LAREDO

Cast: Macdonald Carey, William Holden, William Bendix, Mona Freeman. *Paramount.*

Macdonald Carey, William Holden, and William Bendix are three outlaws roaming through Texas. Carey's the brains of the outfit, the other two are willing, but kind of dopey. They meet a kid (Mona Freeman) whose uncle has just been shot, and whose barn has just been burned down, by a smiling character named Charley Calico. Calico collects "protection" from Texans who'll pay it, and punishes Texans who can't or won't. Mona, alone in the world now, follows our threesome until they ditch her at the ranch of Pop Lint (Clem Bevens). She's very agreeable, settles down to keep house for Pop, and grow up. Years pass. Carey's caught by the Texas Rangers—they're attempting to bring law and order to Texas—and slung into jail. Holden and Bendix join the Rangers, figuring they can get him out from the inside. When Carey skips jail, however, he goes without his old pals. Left to their own devices, Holden and Bendix decide they like being Rangers, and by the time they meet up with Carey again, they're sold on the honest life. Carey's been figuring on using them. Rangers always know when there's going to be a gold shipment, etc. They don't want to play. He gets mad, and promises he'll force them out of the Rangers. His exploits become the talk of the country. He commits crimes right under

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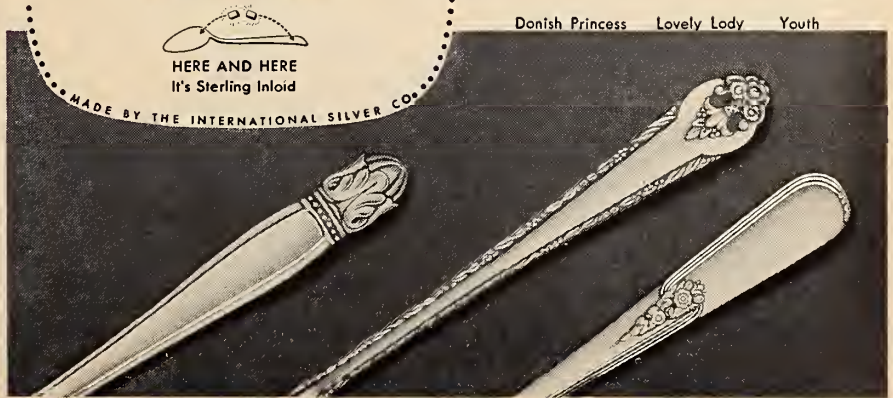
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Streets of Laredo: Bill Holden wins Mona Freemon in the course of much sixgun shootin'.

the Rangers' noses, and finally, Holden's given orders to go get him. He refuses, and is tossed in a cell. So Bendix goes to get Carey instead, Carey shoots him dead, and sends his body back to the Rangers. Now Holden's mad. He's willing to track Carey down. Carey's been hiding out at Pop Lint's place—Mona always nourished a secret yen for him—but after she sees him shoot Bendix, she decides he isn't a nice person. Holden cleans up Carey—and Charley Calico, incidentally—and gets the girl. He never seems to be the girl's first choice in a Western movie (Glenn Ford recently beat his time in *The Man From Colorado*) but he always comes out of it all just dandy.

BAD BOY

Cast: Audie Murphy, Selena Royle, Lloyd Nolan, Jane Wyatt, James Gleason.
Allied Artists.

Variety Clubs International, an organization of theater men, actually does run a Boys' Ranch in Texas, for the purpose of rehabilitating young criminals, and this picture is based on true stories of that ranch. Here we're concerned with a boy named Danny Lester (played by war hero Audie Murphy) who's caught trying to rob guests at a hotel where he's a bellboy. (Previously, he's committed 62 other felonies.) He comes up before a judge (Selena Royle) who wants to send him to reform school, but Marshall Brown (Lloyd Nolan) director of "Boys' Ranch," asks for his custody, and the judge grants the request. At the ranch, Danny remains a smart-aleck. He doesn't get along with any of the other boys, he makes himself cordially hated. Brown (convinced there aren't any hopeless delinquents) sets out to investigate Danny's background. He discovers that the boy's mother (Barbara Woodell) had suffered from a painful form of heart disease, but hadn't been allowed by her husband—a health cultist—to have a doctor, and that she'd died shortly after taking some sedatives which Danny, who couldn't bear to see her suffering, had stolen from the drugstore where he'd worked. His step-father'd accused him of killing his mother, and the boy, wild with grief, had run away from home. Thinking himself a murderer, he'd gone on to commit many small crimes. By the time Brown



Bad Boy: Audie Murphy, instead of being sent to prison, gets reformed at a ranch in Texas.

finishes tracking down this story, Danny's already sneaked into town from the ranch, and robbed a store. He gets caught, but now Brown thinks he understands the boy, and can really help him. First step is to assure him that his mother died a natural death, and relieve him of the terrible burden of guilt he's been carrying. From there, it's comparatively easy to help the boy make a decent life for himself. This picture states its case simply, the people involved in it seem honest, and you come away from it wishing there were more men like Matthew Brown, and wishing all bad boys had the chance that was given to Danny Lester. Acting's uniformly excellent; cast includes Jane Wyatt as Mrs. Brown, and James Gleason as Brown's chief aide.

PHOTO CREDITS

Below you will find credited page by page the photographs which appear in this issue.

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Abbreviations: Bot., Bottom; Cen., Center; Exc., Except; Lt., Left; Rt., Right; T., Top.

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Don't be Half-safe!



by

VALDA SHERMAN

At the first blush of womanhood many mysterious changes take place in your body. For instance, the apocrine glands under your arms begin to secrete daily a type of perspiration you have never known before. This is closely related to physical development and causes an unpleasant odor on both your person and your clothes.

There is nothing "wrong" with you. It's just another sign you are now a woman, not a girl . . . so now you *must* keep yourself safe with a truly effective underarm deodorant.

Two dangers—Underarm odor is a real handicap at this romantic age, and the new cream deodorant Arrid is made especially to overcome this very difficulty. It kills this odor on contact in 2 seconds, then by antiseptic action prevents the formation of all odor for 48 hours and keeps you shower-bath fresh. It also stops perspiration and so protects against a second danger—perspiration stains. Since physical exertion, embarrassment and emotion can now cause apocrine glands to fairly gush perspiration, a dance, a date, an embarrassing remark may easily make you perspire and offend, or ruin a dress.

All deodorants are not alike—so remember—no other deodorant tested stops perspiration and odor so completely yet so safely as new Arrid. Its safety has been proved by doctors. That's why girls your age buy more Arrid than any other age group. In fact, more men and women everywhere use Arrid than any other deodorant. It's antiseptic, used by 117,000 nurses.

Intimate protection is needed—so protect yourself with this snowy, stainless cream that smooths on and disappears. Arrid, with the amazing new ingredient Creamogen, is **guaranteed** not to crystallize or dry out in the jar, or new jar free on return to Carter Products, Inc., 53 Park Pl., N. Y. C. The American Laundering Institute has awarded Arrid its Approval Seal—harmless to fabrics. Arrid is safe for the skin—non-irritating—can be used right after shaving.

Don't be half-safe. During this "age of romance" don't let perspiration problems spoil your fun. Don't be half-safe—be Arrid-safe! Use Arrid to be *sure*. Get Arrid now at your favorite drug counter — only 39¢ plus tax.

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also showing . . .

capsule criticisms of films previously reviewed

ADVENTURES OF DON JUAN (Warners)—Errol Flynn, as a sort of Errol Flynn of Old Spain, outwits the enemies of his beloved Queen, Viveca Lindfors. It's neither art nor history—but it *is* quite a rousing load of fast excitement.

CHICKEN EVERY SUNDAY (20th-Fox)—Dan Dailey is a nice guy who does great things for his town but stays poor doing them while Celeste Holm, his long-suffering mate, keeps the family going by taking in boarders. Colleen Townsend's their daughter, admired by Alan Young and Bill Callaban. A warm and pleasant film.

COMMAND DECISION (MGM)—Clark Gable is an Air Force general, sticking doggedly to his heartbreaking task of sending bombers on high-casualty missions over Germany. The all-male cast includes Walter Pidgeon, Van Johnson, John Hodiak, Brian Donlevy, Charles Bickford and Edward Arnold. A grim, brilliant and completely absorbing drama.

CRISS CROSS (Univ.)—Burt Lancaster finds he still has a yen for his ex-wife, Yvonne de Carlo. So he goes into business with her new hnsband, Dan Duryea. The business is crime, and you know what that's like—it's noisy and gory and it doesn't pay. Maybe it's time Burt got into something else.

EVERY GIRL SHOULD BE MARRIED (RKO)—Cary Grant is finally overwhelmed by the all-out tactics of Betsy Drake, bent on matrimony. Diana Lynn, Franchot Tone and Eddie Albert get caught in the middle of the rumpus. A bright farce.

FAMILY HONEYMOON (Univ.)—Fred MacMurray marries widow Claudette Colbert—and then circumstances force them to lug her three tots, Gigi Perreau, Peter Miles and Jimmy Hunt, along on their honeymoon. The picture sags now and then, but there are some memorably hilarious points, too.

HIGH FURY (U.A.)—Madeleine Carroll, Michael McKeag, Michael Rennie and Ian Keith in a tight drama laid in the Alps. The climax comes in a mountain-climbing sequence that's one of the most terrifyingly exciting episodes in film history. Extremely well worth seeing.

JOAN OF ARC (RKO) — By no means a great movie, yet it does have its impressive moments—some supplied by Ingrid Bergman, but most of them by the Technicolor pageantry. José Ferrer is easily outstanding in the colossal cast.

JOHN LOVES MARY (Warners)—Ronald Reagan, to oblige pal Jack Carson, marries Jack's English girl, Virginia Field, just to get her back to the U. S., where he plans to divorce her at once and turn her over to Jack. Then it develops that Jack already has a wife and a child. What a fix—for Ronald's engaged to Pat Neal. It all works out, and very amusingly, too.

THE KISSING BANDIT (MGM)—Frank Sinatra, as a shy fellow who can't ride, goes out to early California where he's expected to be the dashing outlaw his father was. A diverting Tech. color song-and-dance romp that also employs the gifts of Kathryn Grayson, Ann Miller, Cyd Charisse, Ricardo Montalban and J. Carroll Naish.

KISS IN THE DARK (Warners)—David Niven, a longhair pianist, suddenly becomes owner of an apartment house. He's indifferent to the pleas of ex-owner Victor Moore to make it fit to live in until he meets tenant Jane Wyman, who teaches him about life and jazz music. The story's moderately original, it's nicely performed, and there are a number of chuckles in this so-so comedy.

LET'S LIVE A LITTLE (Univ.)—In the course of making up his mind whether to marry cosmetics queen Anna Sten or lose her million-dollar advertising account, advertising executive Robert Cummings becomes a patient of psychiatrist Hedy Lamarr. Lots of laughs here.

A LETTER TO THREE WIVES (20th-Fox)—A mischievous lady writes to Jeanne Crain, Linda Darnell and Ann Sothern to state she's leaving town with one of their husbands—which one, she doesn't say. This leads to a flashback examination of the girls' married lives with, respectively, Jeffrey Lynn, Paul Douglas and Kirk Douglas. A fresh and superbly executed comedy.

LIVE TODAY FOR TOMORROW (Univ.) — Jndge Fredric March goes on trial for the mercy-killing of his wife, Florence Eldridge. Geraldine Brooks is their daughter. If the makers had dared state any honest opinions in this film, it could have been forceful and dramatic. But though the acting's first rate, the result is pretty pointless agony.

THE LUCKY STIFF (U.A.) — An exceedingly involved murder mystery-comedy with Dorothy Lamour, Brian Donlevy, Claire Trevor and assorted corpses. If yon don't mind not knowing jnst what's going on, you may enjoy this.

THE MAN FROM COLORADO (Col.)—Glenn Ford and Bill Holden are Union officers who, after the Civil War, return to Colorado where Glenn's elected federal judge with Bill as bis marshal. Glenn has become kill-crazy in the war, and his reign as judge gets bloodier and bloodier. Finally his wife, Ellen Drew, Bill and most of the citizens tnrn agin bim. A fine Western with terrific pace.

MY OWN TRUE LOVE (Para.)—Ex-British Army officer Melvyn Douglas, a widower, is introdnced by daughter Wanda Hendrix to Phyllis Calvert, for whom he falls. His son, Philip Friend, retnrns from the war embittered and resents his old man's chance at bappiness. An interesting, medium-weight drama, well acted.

THE PALEFACE (Para.)—Bob Hope, Jane Russell, Technicolor, the Old West, and abont 16 loud laughs a minute. If you don't love this, we'll hate you. And oh, yes—"Buttons and Bows" originated here.

PORTRAIT OF JENNIE (Selznick)—A strange and beautiful love story in which Joseph Cotten, a struggling artist, finds his great inspiration in a young girl, Jennifer Jones, who comes to him in Manhattan from beyond time and space. Ethel Barrymore, David Wayne, Cecil Kellaway and Lillian Gish head a distingnished supporting cast. An extraordinarily fine film.

THE RED SHOES (Eagle-Lion)— A British-made Technicolor drama dealing with ballet people that rises to a magnificent peak in a full-scale ballet featuring ballerina Moira Shearer. This is something you could enjoy seeing over and over.

THE SNAKE PIT (20th-Fox)—Olivia de Havilland loses her mind and goes through the horrors of a typical state mental hospital. Mark Stevens as her husband and Leo Genn as a sympathetic psychiatrist are excellent, as are dozens of others in minor roles—but Olivia de Havilland is even better in one of the finest performances ever given in motion pictures. A great film in every respect.

SO DEAR TO MY HEART (RKO) —The ups and downs of a farm kid, Bobby Driscoll, as he strives to raise a tiny lamb to win a county fair blue ribbon. Burl Ives is his uncle. There are several cartoon sequences. One of the best movies Walt Disney has ever created—a thorough delight.

UNFAITHFULLY YOURS (20th-Fox)—Rex Harrison is a symphony conductor who suspects his wife, Linda Darnell, is carrying on with his secretary, Kurt Kreuger. As he conducts, he daydreams of various ways of dealing with the problem. Barbara Lawrence and Rudy Vallee are also present in this unusual Preston Sturges comedy.

WHEN MY BABY SMILES AT ME (20th-Fox)—Betty Grable, faithful wife of burlesque comic Dan Dailey, brings him back to respectability after alcohol downs him from the Broadway heights. A corny but effective tale of the Prohibition era, filled with first-rate dancing and songs.

WHISPERING SMITH (Para.)—Railroad detective Alan Ladd keeps on trusting his old buddy, Preston Foster, until Preston wrecks one train too many Plenty of action in this bang-bang Western.

WORDS AND MUSIC (MGM) —Based none too firmly on the lives of the famed songwriting team of Rodgers and Hart, this Technicolor musical is as full of good things as a fruitcake. Mickey Rooney and Tom Drake have the leads, and popping in and out to sing and dance are Judy Garland, Gene Kelly, Perry Como, Vera-Ellen, Cyd Charisse, Lena Horne, Betty Garrett and a horde of other talented and good-looking people.

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Which twin has the TONI?
The blond feather-cut curls belong to Marcelle and Jeanne Pastoret of Long Island, N. Y. Jeanne, on the left, has the Toni. She says: "I've never liked a permanent so much before. My Toni curls feel so soft and natural." And Marcelle says: "From now on we'll both have Toni waves!"



The wave that gives that natural look...Toni

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So do as Doctors advised. Stop improper cleansing! Instead, wash your face with Palmolive Soap three times each day, massaging Palmolive's wonderful "Beauty Lather" onto your skin, for sixty seconds each time, to get its full beautifying effect. Then rinse! That's all.

But 36 doctors—leading skin specialists—advised this way for 1285 women, and *proved* Palmolive can bring lovelier complexions to 2 out of 3 in just 14 days. Get Palmolive Soap and start today!

SHIRLEY'S 21!

■ On April 23, 1949, a girl named Shirley Temple will celebrate her 21st birthday. Newspapers and radio stations all over the world will devote thousands of words to her coming-of-age. For Shirley Temple is much more than a Hollywood actress: she's a living legend.

To aging men and women in the dark corners of the world, Shirley is a reiteration of hope, decency and the wonder of youth. To Americans in their thirties and forties, Shirley is like a daughter—a fine daughter who "grew up" in their time. To young people and children, Shirley represents a full realization of their own good young hopes and dreams.

When we of MODERN SCREEN noted Shirley's approaching birthday, we wanted to celebrate it in a big way. So, for the first time in its 18 years, the magazine is publishing a "special issue" dedicated to one star. Beginning here, you will find 17 pages given over to a comprehensive picture-and-text story of Shirley, her background and her life today. This is, in a way, a birthday present to Shirley, to John Agar and to their little girl, Linda Susan. It is also, though, a testimonial to a way of life that made these nice people possible; a way of life that was itself made possible by nice people everywhere.

Adele H. Nichols
EDITOR



Shirley and the scripts of every major film she's ever made. In all, the imposing array comprises 35 movies.



For the complete story of Shirley Temple, see the next 16 pages.





by Jay Gorney

I discovered SHIRLEY TEMPLE

Jay Gorney, composer, writer, film and theatrical producer, has written the scores and worked on the scripts of dozens of movies and Broadway musicals. Among his many song hits have been "The Stars Remain," "A Fellow and a Girl," and "Brother, Can You Spare a Dime?" Currently in New York, he bears the impressive title of Director of the Musical Play Department of the Dramatic Workshop of the New School for Social Research—and is producing a new edition of his famed revue, Meet the People.—THE EDITORS.

■ I'd never seen a more depressingly artificial little girl. Her hair had been bleached a dazzling platinum and stiffly curled, her cheeks looked rouged and, I suspected, even those long lashes had had a beauty treatment.

"All right, honey," said studio chief Winfield Sheehan, who was showing me, as a newly-hired composer, about the Fox lot. "Show Mr. Gorney what you can do." He smiled fondly.

And, with all the spontaneity of an animated doll, she went into an "imitation" of Mae West. Every inflection, every gesture, every smile was given with terrible and calculated archness.

At last the dreadful routine came to a close—"C'm up and *see* me sometime. . . ."

Sheehan turned to me, beaming. "Well, what do you think of our future star? Isn't she terrific? She's terrific!"

"She's—she's quite a youngster," I said. What else could I say to the head of the studio? We went on with the conducted tour.

When it was over, I dropped in on producer Lew Brown. "I've seen the great child discovery," I said.

"Fine!" said Lew. "She's wonderful, isn't she?"

"To put it mildly," I said, "I think she's unnatural, precocious, and revolting. If we're going to try to give the public a new child star, she'll at least have to (*Continued on page 112*)



In 1932, before her discavery, Shirley was making "Baby Burlesk" shorts far Educatianal.



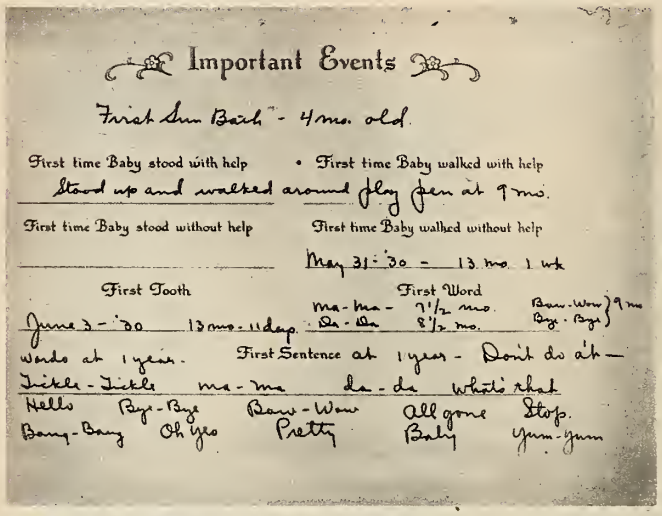
Stand Up and Cheer, with Warner Baxter, was Shirley's first Fax movie, and a personal triumph.

Shirley, who still retains all her early charm, stands before a portrait of herself as a child, painted by the late Di Gaggeri.

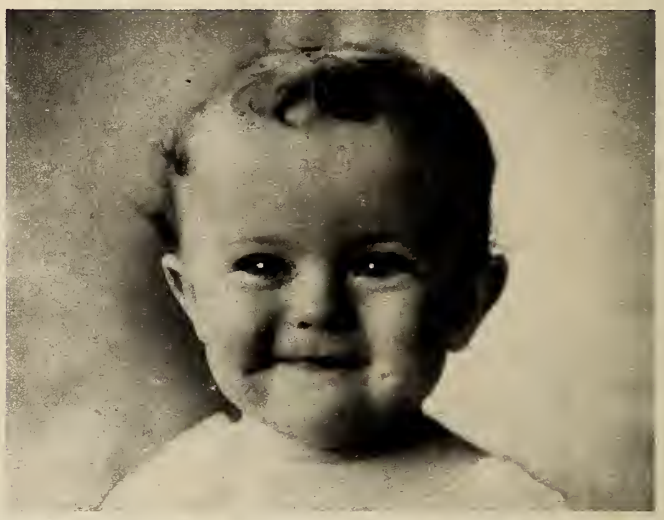
From baby to star to legend: this is the phenomenon of Shirley Temple.

LIVING LEGEND

■ With the possible exception of royalty, no single child in modern history has ever attracted as much attention as has Shirley Temple. Having been discovered (see preceding page) her star blazed up overnight. Fan letters poured into her studio. Her salary increased by bounds. She lent her name to dolls, dresses, toys and gadgets. Her face became familiar in the most remote parts of the earth. And as the years raced by, she transcended, through the medium of the movies, the position of a movie star. To millions of young women Shirley began to represent the American dream. To people of other lands she became a symbol of much that is phenomenal in American life. Today, at 21, Shirley Temple emerges a living legend.



1928: Shirley Temple was born an April 23rd, 1928, in Santo Monica, Cal. Her early records—like the obave—indicated her birth date ta be 1929. Shirley herself didn't knaw her real age until she was 12.



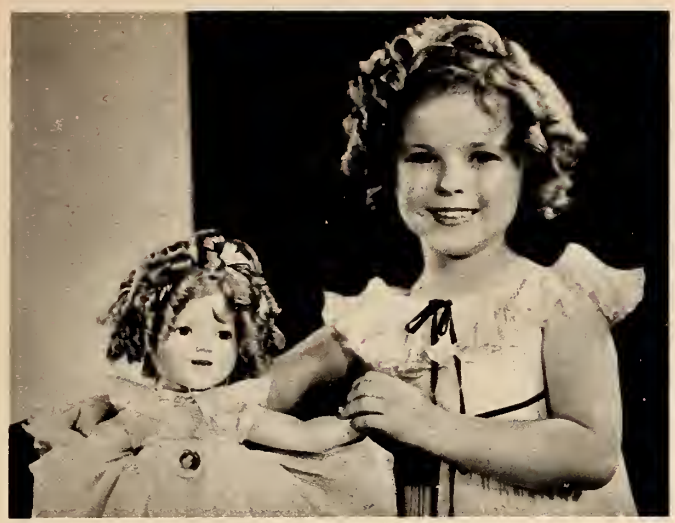
1928: Nat yet a year ald, Shirley already displayed her naw famaus dimples. Her vacabulary consisted of faur wards—"Mo-ma, Do-da, baw-wow and bye-bye." Holding an, she could walk in her playpen.



1934: After her discovery by Jay Garney (see poge 39), Fox offered Shirley $150 o week and a role in *Stand Up And Cheer.* Shirley ond her father seem quite hoppy os Mrs. Temple signs the cantract.



1934: Paramount succeeded in borrawing Shirley for *Little Miss Marker,* with Adolphe Menjau. After the picture's release her weekly salory jumped to $1,250 ond she was the darling of the Fox lat.



1934: As Shirley's popularity began to zoom to unprecedented heights, dozens of "Shirley Temple" dolls, toys, dresses ond occessories mode an oppeorance in shops throughout the nation.



1935: When she starred in *The Little Colonel,* with Bill Robinson, Shirley became Number 1 ot the box-office. Her fother, formerly o bank manager, was now her agent. Her mother took over as monoger.



1935: The American Legion commissioned Shirley os its youngest Honorary Colonel. Shirley snappily solutes Colonel Reginold Borlow of Hollywood Post No. 43 as he hands her the certificate.



1935: Shirley, who won o speciol Academy Aword, talks it over with Claudette Colbert—who copped the Oscar for *It Happened One Night.* By the end of the yeor, Shirley had made 11 major pictures.



1938: Still First Lody of the box-office, 10-yeor-old Shirley is visited on the set of *Little Miss Broadway* by onother First Lody, Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt. Later that yeor, Shirley met the President.



1940: *Young People* ended the little-girl phase of Shirley's career. A sturdy 12-yeor-old ond growing rapidly, Shirley wos retired for about 14 months to better her educotion at the Westloke School.

LIVING LEGEND



1942: Tempororily out of films, Shirley studied earnestly, mode "B" grades at the Westlake School. Her professionol work was limited to radio oppearonces, chiefly in the CBS *Junior Miss* show.



1942: Although Shirley received her first screen kiss in *Miss Annie Rooney* from Dickie Moore, her mother refused to allow pictures mode of the event. This photo is from the actual movie negotive.



1944: Servicemen visiting the glamor-filled Hollywood Canteen found Shirley a pretty and willing waitress. During the wor, she also appeared in mony radio ond camp shows to aid home-front morole.



1944: Following o brief obsence from the screen, Shirley signed a contract with a new boss, David Selznick, ond *Since You Went Away* marked the beginning of o new upsweep in her coreer.



1944: Shirley hod her first reol beau—Roy Hotchkiss of the U. S. Army, who squired her around whenever he could get leave. Though she'd met John Agar the year before, Roy was still her favorite.



1945: Shirley was 17 and starred in *Kiss and Tell*—which put her firmly back in the groove. She announced her engagement to John Agar, the son of a well-to-do Beverly Hills widow.



1945: Crowds gathered for blocks around Hollywood's Wilshire Methodist Church when Shirley and John were married on September 19. Chums from the Westlake School acted as Shirley's bridesmaids.



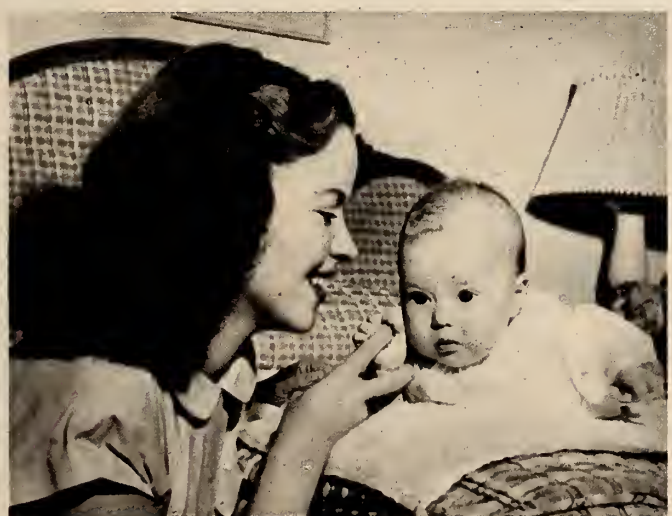
1945: The wedding was delayed half-an-hour by the late arrival of David Selznick (shown here with Mrs. Temple). Another distinguished guest was Governor Earl Warren of California (also late).



1946: Shirley's work in *The Bachelor and the Bobby Soxer* (Cary Grant, Rudy Vallee) emphasized her comedy talents. In this picture she had her first movie drink, satisfied critics by making a face.



1947: Shirley was the first kid star to receive a special Oscar in 1935—and 12 years later, she Oscared Claude Jarman (*The Yearling*), right, and Harold Russell (*Best Years of Our Lives*).



1948: The birth of Linda Susan on January 30, aroused even more interest than Shirley's marriage. The child was born after Shirley completed *Fort Apache*, which also starred John Agar.



1948: More than any other picture of Shirley Temple, the photograph above marks the completion of an amazing cycle. No longer child or adolescent, Shirley the woman is publicly kissed by her husband.



I remember Daddy reading the Oz books . . . and when I was five I fell in love. I remember making cement pies . . . and the first night I danced with Jack.

How dear to my HEART

by Shirley Temple

Through all her 21 years, Shirley Temple has always held secret a part of herself, refusing—until now—to tell her own story in her own words. The appearance of the following story is thus not only a long-awaited event in publishing and a signal honor for which MODERN SCREEN *is duly grateful, but also an exciting experience for readers, who can now share Shirley's own feelings as she recalls with fondness the treasured moments in a crowded and wonderful life.*—THE EDITORS.

■ First thing I remember is my brother Jack pushing me to the grocery store in a Taylor-tot—the kind I just bought for Linda Susan. Seemed to me we were going pretty fast—and, knowing Jack, we probably were. . . . And it must have been 'round about then that I started not liking cats very well. Because once while I was napping, my eyes opened, and a cat who'd been curled in a corner of the room was halfway to me, and next he was up on the couch, staring right into my face. No privacy at all. (The other night we went to James Mason's house, with dozens of cats around—well, anyway, eight—and I thought, ye gods, what'll I do? But I minded my own business and they minded theirs, which was a nice arrangement. Just the same, I've always liked dogs better and always will.'

I remember clearing the dishes off the table. Mother believed—as (*Continued on page 95*)

←Dolls have been sent to Shirley from all over the world. A small part of her vast collection is shown here.



Along with groceries, Shirley stores the prints of all her movies in the Agar cellar. The collection is complete but for on early comedy—she's still seeking thot.



Shirley's press clippings have been preserved through the years in scrapbooks by secretories Gwladys Drake (center) and Ynez Hendricks.



Curly-Top TODAY

by Kirtley Baskette

Adult beyond her years, Shirley at 21 is poised and competent.

■ When Shirley Temple and John Agar were married, three years ago, newspapers all over Europe bannered the glad news in headlines—but the pictures of Shirley they printed were taken when she was seven years old.

This hatched a swarm of indignant letters which flew to her mother, Gertrude, like stinging bees.

"How could you permit such a horrible thing to happen to your precious child?" they demanded in various languages. "What goes on in America anyway?" The angry implication was plain: Ozark child-bride weddings had spread to Hollywood, with the world's dimpled darling the innocent victim.

Shirley was almost 18 when that happened, is now the mother of a year-old child, and this April 23rd attains her majority of 21 years—at which time she can vote, sue and be sued, qualify for jury duty and even be hanged if she murders somebody. And yet in her public's mind, obviously, it's no fair for Shirley Temple to grow up.

She has made seven adult pictures in the past five years—yet she still receives dolls for her collection from all over the world. The other day, driving her blue Cadillac a fraction over the speed limit, a traffic cop wailed her down and handed her a ticket with a sheepish grin.

"You really weren't going so fast," he admitted, "but I couldn't resist the chance to tell my kids I'd arrested Shirley Temple."

Living down the "Princess Shirley" legend is a large order for Shirley Temple, grown up or not. Luckily, she enjoys it. Luckily, she finds it a challenge, especially since she's picking her own pictures, planning her own career, handling her own deals, running her own house, and in general paddling her own canoe—very swiftly, too. Luckily, the inevitable changes in Shirley's face and figure, her likes and dislikes, tastes and temperament, private and professional life have dimmed not a whit the world-wide worship which still wells up at the very mention of her name.

Recently a foreign wire service asked her to talk over the transatlantic telephone to Paris. She agreed and the alert was flashed to France: "Shirley Temple will talk to you at such and such an hour, such and such a day."

Shirley was immediately flooded with cablegrams from



Shirley's cottage in Brentwood is just down the hillslope from her parents' house. Here on the lawn are the Agars, Lonny (their collie) and Chris (Mrs. Temple's boxer).



Jack and Shirley try out the floor in the downstairs playroom of their house. This photograph is one in an exclusive series that continues on the following pages.

CURLY-TOP TODAY: These exclusive pictures tell the story of the Agars' quiet life.



Shirley's miniature lamp collection is kept in her bedroom. Last New Year's Eve, Jack filled the lamps with lighter fluid—a nice surprise until all the shades caught fire!

other countries. "If Shirley Temple will talk to Paris, why can't she talk to us, too?" She ended up spending two weeks, off and on, gossiping globally to foreign capitals from Helsinki to Cairo, and enjoying every minute of it.

At 21, Shirley Temple is an amazingly unchanged adult edition of the golden-curled goddess who ruled Hollywood in the thirties. She's still cute, round, sunny, sweet, merry and bright. Her face retains the smooth, doll-baby beauty and bisque skin, the agate-brown eyes, the naturally-delicate eyebrows, the pen-point dimples beside her mouth. Only lipstick and powder feature her makeup, and she uses clear nail polish. Her hair has darkened a touch from the honey-gold of her famous curls to a bronzish red.

Shirley today has a throaty laugh, a speaking voice on the contralto side. Smiles, chuckles and merry mannerisms punctuate her personality. She carries herself ramrod-straight, walks briskly, talks breezily. Her figure is daintily round, although definitely mature and feminine, especially since she (*Continued on page 51*)

The Agar living room is one of the largest in Hollywood. Furniture groupings divide it into den, music nook and dining room.



Shirley's bedroom doubles os study. Except for o guest room (now Lindo's nursery) nothing hos been odded to the cottoge, but Shirley redecoroted the entire inside.



At dinner time the Agors move to this corner of their French Provincial living room. Shirley went to cooking school ond wos o good pupil, but now she hos time only to prepore menus.



The sodo bor wos moved downstoirs when their cottoge, built in 1940, wos remodelled. Beyond it live the dolls—1,500 in oll. Shirley herself vocuums them twice yeorly.

CURLY-TOP TODAY



Shirley's home life centers around baby Susan's needs and amusements.



Linda Susan (called Su-Su by her adaring parents) is na prablem child. She eats happily and daesn't mind a bath ar a new diaper.



Su-Su daesn't find dressing up much fun, but she enjays having her hair brushed and going for a fast whirl araund the living raam.

(*Continued from page 48*) became a mother. She looks swell in sweaters, trim in her favorite Adrian-tailored suits. Her normal weight is 103 pounds. She wears a size 9 dress, but her 4½ shoe has spread to a 5 since Linda arrived. She stands five-feet-two —which, in combination with her dainty features, makes her an oddity in the Temple family: her brother, Jack, is six-feet-four and brother George, the ex-Marine who wrestles professionally, is six-feet-one and weighs in at 220 pounds.

A sharp and sometimes impish sense of humor spices almost everything Shirley does, just as it did in her childhood. She adores gags, practical jokes and plain jokes, and always has. She had one juvenile killer she used to slay them with around Fox in her moppet days.

"What's one and one?" Shirley'd ask practically anyone she could catch.

"Two," they'd calculate.

"What's one and one again?"

"Two."

"Who wrote 'Tom Sawyer'?" came next.

"Twain." (*Continued on page 101*)



Susan hasn't walked sola yet—but it's only a matter af days.





Anthony Ugrin, who made all of Shirley's famous portraits when she was a kid, poses her again during the shooting of *Mr. Belvedere.*

"Then and now" pictures tell a graphic story of Shirley's growth.

■ One sentimental day a few months ago, Shirley Temple came back to work for her old studio, 20th Century-Fox. It was a great day for her but an even greater one for studio employees. Prop men, sound engineers and technical advisers all turned out to greet her. Many of them had worked with Shirley on such movies as *Bright Eyes* and *The Littlest Rebel* when she'd been everybody's darling—and especially theirs. They'd missed Shirley. But there was one former Fox associate present—Mary Lou Hurford—who had kept right on being Shirley's stand-in as the two little girls grew up. Then someone dug out a few stills of Shirley that had been in the files for more than 15 years. Besides some of Shirley with Mary Lou, there were ones of her with still photographer Anthony Ugrin and sound engineer Gene Grosseman. It was a simple matter to take shots of them operating professionally with Shirley just as they had years ago. The results you see here.





Shirley has always had the same stand-in, Mary Lou Hurford. Left: making *Stowaway* in 1936. Right: at 20th-Fox two months ago.





Shirley asked engineer Gene Grossemon to let her listen to the sound track in 1934—and she did again while making *Mr. Belvedere.*

In RKO's *Baltimore Escapade,* Shirley's a 1905 girl crusader for the Rights of Women. Here she goes for a spin with Michael Shea.

Shirley's screen future is brightened by two comedies.

■ Simple, unsophisticated comedy is obviously the best bet for Shirley Temple today. Happily, that's just what she wants to do and what her employers are currently giving her. Both *Baltimore Escapade* and *Mr. Belvedere Goes to College,* her latest pictures, allow full scope to the forthright charms the young star retains from her childhood days. Both films sparkle with the sunny hilarity so cherished by U. S. family audiences. In the prospect of a long series of films of this character, Shirley Temple at 21, still the most beloved motion picture personality of all time, is possibly on the threshold of the brightest chapters of her phenomenal and matchless career.



Clifton Webb, *Sitting Pretty's* Mr. Belvedere, is pursued by co-ed reporter Shirley in 20th-Fox's *Mr. Belvedere Goes to College.*

THE END

MADE IN HEAVEN

"They have nothing in common," columnists wailed when John Hodiak and Anne Baxter were married. But today their marriage is regarded as perfect.

BY LOUIS POLLOCK



John spent hours explaining his roomful of fishing equipment to Anne, and now she's an authority. It's only one of many interests they've learned to share. Anne is in *Yellow Sky*. John, *Command Decision*.

■ When Anne Baxter was six years old, her mother gave her a copy of The Settlement Cook Book, a longtime favorite in the American kitchen. On the cover of the book was an illustration showing a long line of little-girl cooks all bearing trays of steaming food and walking toward an enormous red heart in the background. To leave no doubt that this big heart was that of MAN there was a printed line of explanation reading, "The Way To A Man's Heart."

Her mother didn't have to tell Anne the significance of the book. Anne *knew*. She treasured it from then on. On the first morning home after her honeymoon with John Hodiak, she got up early, propped the book up in the kitchen, checked the contents of the refrigerator, took a quick look around to see if everything else was ship-shape—and then marched back to the bedroom where her brand new husband was still sleeping. She patted his cheek gently until one eye came open.

"I've got a big surprise for you," she said. His eye blinked. "Yes," she went on, "you just tell me what you like for breakfast, *anything at all*, and I'll make it for you."

This was the moment she'd dreamed about ever since she'd been given the cook book almost 14 years before, so she almost bubbled over in anticipation of the big, pleased smile that would break over his face.

She saw John's eye stare at her for a moment and then slowly close.

"John!" Anne said. "Didn't you hear me? What's your favorite breakfast? I'm all ready to make it."

"Fav'it bek'fiss?" he mumbled.

"Yes."

"Coffee," he replied. "Jus' coffee."

Anne went back to the kitchen, seized The Settlement Cook (*Continued on page 93*)





MS SHORT
FEATURE

I could think of
a thousand things to say
about our love.
They might sound corny,
but to Ben and me
they'd all be new and true
and wonderful.

This love of ours

BY ESTHER WILLIAMS

Esther in her dressing room on the set of *Neptune's Daughter*. She expects to have her first baby in August.





Ben Gage and Esther designed and decorated their own Santa Monica home. Ben even helped build that essential item—the *Swimming Pool.*

■ As long ago as my freshman days in high school, I dreamed up my own special if maybe not too original version of Prince Charming. He was tall, blond and handsome. (*Blond*—I guess that part was a little original.) He was sweet and considerate. He had a wonderful sense of humor and a hearty, contagious laugh to go with it. And, as far as he was concerned, Esther Williams was the only girl in the world.

So when, a few years later, someone said casually at a party, "Esther, this is Ben Gage," I said to myself (not so casually!), "Esther, I've got a hunch this is the lad."

For he fitted all those dream specifications perfectly, except the last one—and I set to work on that deficiency at once.

Looking back on the three-and-a-half years since our marriage brings to mind all the old clichés that I may have scoffed at when others used them. Old chestnuts like "it seems like three weeks instead of three years" and "when you're in love, the days fly." But I've learned an amazing thing about those clichés: People keep saying them because they're true!

Though neither of us has ever put it into words, our love is a complete sharing of each other's dreams and hopes, problems and interests. We enjoy being together every possible moment. We're miserable when we're apart. Many marital experts look on such absolute dependence as being unwise, claiming that happy marriages are more solidly built on frequent holidays apart, on the husband's having an occasional night out with the boys, and the wife pursuing a hobby of her own.

Well, could be those experts are right.

But that's not our idea of a double order of happiness. I don't mind admitting that whenever Ben and I are separated for more than hours, I'm lost. And I think he is, too . . . otherwise, why should he keep showing up every few days whenever I'm away on tour?

Once last spring when I went East for personal appearances, he turned up in four different towns and, being Ben, he'd have to make each surprise visit (*Continued on page 104*)

Olivia de Havilland,
the year's most honored star,
can take over
as First Lady of Hollywood
if she chooses—but will
she want to play the part?

BY PRESTON WALLACE



what price glory?



If Olivia de Havilland were to become Hollywood's first lady, these quiet, homey scenes with husband Marcus Goodrich might be disrupted.

■ It looks very much as if from here on in, Olivia de Havilland may be having a rugged time living her life the way she wants to.

Whether or not Olivia cops an Academy Award—as so many seasoned observers think she will—for her spectacular performance in *The Snake Pit,* she'll still emerge as the year's most honored thespian. She has already been acclaimed top actress of 1948 by the National Board of Review, by the New York Film Critics, and by the San Francisco Drama Critics Council.

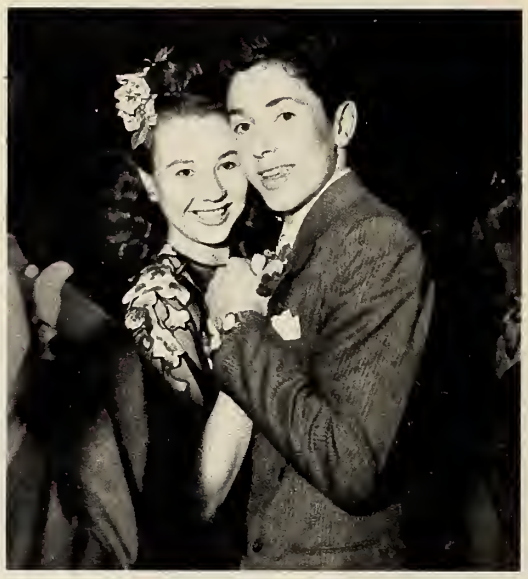
All this, added to the prestige she gained with her Oscar for *To Each His Own* a couple of years ago, has lifted the girl into position to step onto a glaring pinnacle as First Lady of Hollywood—a status in which she inevitably will be under the fiercest sort of pressure to engage in the public whirl she hitherto has managed to avoid. From here on in, if she accepts the distinction and all that goes with it, the shy but strong-minded little fighter will have a real battle on her expressive hands to keep the world from an unwanted intrusion into the quiet, happy existence (*Continued on page 115*)



They don't have to brief him on
night-spots, or on how to kiss a girl—
Farley Granger's been around.
But no matter where he goes, he always leaves his heart at home.

BY CARL SCHROEDER

No love lost



1943: Forley met Jane Withers when both worked in *North Star*—his first film. They doted at the Palladium, ottended school together, were friends—nothing more.



1944: June Haver come into Forley's life while he was moking *The Purple Heart*. Then the Novy took him to Howoii where he reod of June's coming morrioge.



1946: Cothy O'Donnell storred with Farley in *Your Red Wagon*. They soon discovered they had one love in common—work. They were pals, but Forley never proposed to Cathy—and she never wanted him to.

1949: Forley admits he's concentroting now on Shelley Winters—but whether or not they're in love is something he's been keeping to himself.



1948: Geraldine Brooks lived near Farley in Laurel Conyon, ond when they hod time they had dinner together. Rumors obout romonce were *only* rumors.

■ Farley Granger is on a spot.

Abruptly, Farley has become a Big Man of 1949. It's true that he didn't see the miracle coming, and as he faces the heavy barrage from people who now want to pry into the intimate details of his life, he doesn't know whether to hide and shut up, or stand still and give out.

This six-foot-one-and-a-quarter-inch, heavy-browed, cleft-chinned, sturdy actor from San Jose, California, has never backed up in his life. Yet, he faces a problem as he inherits the mantle once worn by such men as Bob Taylor, Tyrone Power and Van Johnson when they were Hollywood's most romantic bachelors.

Farley Granger protests that he is not one of Hollywood's m. r. b.'s.

"Hell's bells!" he explodes. "When these reporters bear down on you, you're really target for today. Look at this clipping!"

It was a brief item: "Farley Granger is in love with two women! He is now dating and apparently swooning for Geraldine Brooks, but directly after he finishes *Roseanna McCoy,* he's dashing to England to see Pat Neal. He will then make up his mind which woman he loves and which gets his proposal."

When Farley saw this paragraph in print, he turned a color of red not yet invented for Technicolor. He'd lived through the not-too-gentle lambasting an actor gets in the Navy. He'd even ceased to be self-conscious about the necessity of wearing his hair over-length for certain roles. But how could he explain that (*Continued on page 107*)

columnists ask:

"IS SHE IS OR IS SHE AIN'T?"

The following items are from Hollywood news columns and trade papers.

APRIL 19, 1948: *"Begins to look like an honest-to-goodness romance between Greer and Texas oil millionaire, Buddy Fogelson."*

APRIL 30, 1948: *"Other night Greer and her new boy friend, Buddy Fogelson, showed up at Cafe Gala, took one look at Richard Ney with Ruth Brady, and flounced out of the joint."*

MAY 3, 1948: *"Trills that her dates with Buddy Fogelson, the wealthy Texan, are gossamer things."*

JUNE 28, 1948: *"Greer Garson's in love again. How do I know? She's changed her telephone number."*

JULY 9, 1948: *"Greer Garson has said yes to Texas oil millionaire, Buddy Fogelson . . . I am positive she will marry the Texan once her divorce from Richard Ney becomes final in September . . ."*

AUGUST 11, 1948: *". . . is sizzling over the report that she is engaged to Buddy Fogelson . . ."*

AUGUST 16, 1948: *"After our story about her romance with Buddy Fogelson, Greer was ready to take to the tall timber, there were so many calls. Well . . . I still stick to my story of her marriage."*

AUGUST 30, 1948: *"will not marry Buddy Fogelson for a year at least, if at all."*

SEPTEMBER 27, 1948: *"Everyone in our town is asking the same question—is Greer going to marry the rich Texan, Buddy Fogelson, or isn't she? . . . in a few months if both feel as they do now, they will marry."*

OCTOBER 7, 1948: *". . . I don't believe it will be long before she becomes Mrs. Buddy Fogelson."*

OCTOBER 11, 1948: *"Greer's loading up on new clothes and/or a trousseau."*

OCTOBER 22, 1948: *"Buddy Fogelson and Greer Garson hosting her mother at La Rue."*

NOVEMBER 5, 1948: *"Buddy Fogelson's friends in Texas are betting as high as $20,000 that he and Greer will marry before 'The Forsyte Saga' starts."*

DECEMBER 11, 1948: *"Buddy Fogelson . . . keeping the telephone wires hot to Greer Garson."*

DECEMBER 13, 1948: *"Garson and her bridegroom-to-be Buddy Fogelson, buying Xmas pretties together at the silver shop next to Romanoff's."*

JANUARY 2, 1949: *"Garson wedding postponed to June."*

JANUARY 17, 1949: *"Greer has promised Buddy Fogelson, the moneyed Texan, that she'll set an early Spring date and stick to it."*

the

CASE OF THE HESITANT HEART

by hedda hopper



Both of Greer Garson's previous marriages ended in failure. Her second, to Richard Ney, was a war-time marriage and they were often away from each other.



Buddy Fogelson, who may be Greer's next husband, is well-liked by all in Hollywood. He recently gave her a spectacular bracelet.

By the time this is printed, Buddy Fogelson and Greer Garson may be man and wife. Up to press time, as we huddled expectantly around our pipeline to Hollywood, the lady still hadn't said yes to her Texan admirer. "Honest to Betsy," we kept yelling to Hedda at the other end, "we don't see how she resists this guy." "That's what I said," *yelled Hedda. Yes, that's what Hedda had said—in the following straight-talking story.*—THE EDITORS.

■ "See here, Greer!" I exclaimed, "if you keep this wonderful man dangling much longer I'm going to take him away from you—and," I added, "if *I* can't, I'll find someone who can!"

By golly, if I were 10 or 12 years younger, I wouldn't have been kidding, either! In fact, I'm not so sure that I was. The way the Duchess of Garson keeps putting off marrying Buddy Fogelson is strictly a case of cruelty to male animals—and in this case to one of the best.

I was at Mike Romanoff's cocktail party when I decided to take off my gloves and try to connect somewhere over the heart, over two hearts for that matter, two that seemed to tune up romantically in three-quarter time and then settle down to a draggy "Someday, Sweetheart." First pair I spied when I walked inside were Greer and Buddy.

I went right over to them and as I was saying hello something on Greer's wrist suddenly caught the light and twinkled like a Fourth of July sparkler. I looked closer and—*wow*—I never saw such a bracelet! A solid band of diamonds at least two inches wide, with huge roses in sapphires on top. I didn't have (*Continued on page 118*)

Columnists have speculated about the Greer Garson romance. Here's the truth of the matter.

by sheilah graham



Who is Howard Duff, what is he and why is he?

There, my friends and fellow sleuths, is the beginning of a mystery story whose solution would baffle even radio's Sam Spade—or would, if it weren't for the fact that Sam Spade is played on the airways by Mr. Duff himself.

The more you know about Howard, the less you know him. Some columnists describe him as a nice guy. Some term him a so-and-so. One day you read that he's quiet, peaceful and friendly. The next, you read that he carries an explosive chip on his shoulder and is fond of asking other males at parties and nightclubs if they wouldn't like to step outside and do battle. You hear that he's very eager to get ahead with his career—and hear also that he's highly uncooperative in the publicity matters so important to his career's progress. You read that he and Ava Gardner are a pair lost in love—and you read that they have frequent tiffs and that neither will discuss the possibility of their getting married.

Yes—Howard Duff is the best-known mystery in Hollywood!

Like any good detective on a fascinating case, I first look for clues. The most obvious—and the most beautiful—clue to Howard Duff the man is Ava Gardner the woman.

"She treats me like a dog," Howard once told me (*Continued on page 91*)

Howard Duff and Yvonne De Carlo (below) were engaged soon after they met. That was before he'd really learned to know Ava Gardner (right).



hollywood's



Even his best friends have a tough time figuring out all the conflicts in Howard Duff's baffling behavior.

best-known mystery



June Haver and Dr. John Duzik do not plan to marry until she receives a special dispensation from Catholic Church officials in Rome.

Can June Haver find happiness?

Her first marriage was a tragic, impulsive mistake. Now June seeks another chance with the man she really loves.

by florabel muir

Among the many marital tragedies of Hollywood, none in recent years has held the poignance of June Haver's. A very young girl indeed, and luckily in love with the "right" man, she somehow slipped into a quick, headlong mesalliance with another man who proved very wrong for her. Now, two years later, she is within days of winning a final divorce. She may also win that rarest of good things—a chance to go back and start over again. This story tells how.—THE EDITORS.

■ June Haver has her ideal man, Dr. John Duzik, and is all ready to walk down the bridal aisle with him after March 25, when she will have her final divorce decree from band musician Jimmy Zito.

But there is one great obstacle to be surmounted first: Before she remarries she must, as a devout Catholic, have the consent of the Congregation of the Rota, which is made up of a committee of cardinals of the Catholic Church in Rome.

Her petition for this dispensation has been filed by the Diocesan officials in her home parish in Beverly Hills, and is based on alleged evidence that before the marriage Zito withheld facts about himself and that, accordingly, (*Continued on page 111*)



Apartment house bought by Dr. Duzik is called Duhoven Manor. June (next to be seen in *Look For the Silver Lining*) supervised the decorating.

June with her sisters Dorothy (left) and Evelyn and her mother (right). Her mother insisted June was out of her element when she toured with a band.





June and Jimmy Zito (above) knew each other for seven years and were finally married in March 1947—but after a year of separations and reconciliations, they divorced.

I don't blame rita!



by eduardo cansino

I have seen my daughter fall in love before, and each time I wished her well. For I know she loves only from the heart, and would do nothing wrong.



In the Aga Khan's chateau near Cannes, France, Rita poses between the Aga and his wife, Her Highness the Begum. In the rear are banker J. G. B. Campbell and Aly.



Rita's daughter Rebecca, four, accompanied Rita and Aly to Murren, Switzerland, where they were joined by Aly Khan's two sons. At this time, the world still speculated about their plans.



Shown here on a road in Murren, Rita and Aly Khan left soon afterward for his father's Riviera chateau, where Aly announced his intentions.

No proposed marriage since that of Edward the Eighth to Mrs. Simpson has created such world-wide stir and controversy as that of Prince Aly Khan to Rita Hayworth. We asked Rita's father, Eduardo Cansino, to state his views on the matter. He does so in the following forthright story. —THE EDITORS.

■ When Rita Hayworth came back to Hollywood after her vacation in Europe last year she called me right away, as she always does, and we chatted a long time, catching up on each other's lives.

Of course I'd read the newspapers. So—"What about your romance with the prince?" I teased her. "What goes on?"

"I can't tell you anything definite—yet," she laughed.

But that was before she'd met and had been approved by Prince Aly Khan's father, the Aga Khan. Now it's been announced that Prince Aly is to be her husband. That will make him my son-in-law and that will make me very happy—not because he's a wealthy man and a prince, but because my Rita loves him.

Since I'm her father, people of course ask me, "How does it feel to have Rita engaged to a prince of India? What do you think of it?"

And I answer, "I think it's wonderful and I am for Rita all the way." I love my daughter and it has always made me happy to see Rita happy. The way I feel this time is as I have felt each time Rita has given her heart—"She is in love. She should marry him." (*Continued on page 105*)



It's as simple as *that*...to glorify waffles—(pancakes, French toast, hot biscuits and fritters, too).

Everybody loves the rich, maple-y flavor of KARO* Syrup, Green Label...as a spread and in cooking. Try it both ways, *soon*.

2 EXTRA • SPECIAL SUGGESTIONS *for serving* GREEN LABEL KARO

HOT-BUTTERED KARO

Place 1 cup Green Label KARO and ¼ cup butter or margarine in sauce pan. Bring to a boil and stir until sauce is well blended. Serve hot over pancakes, waffles or fritters. Makes about 1¼ cups.

DESSERT SAUCE

Place ⅓ cup brown sugar, firmly packed, ¾ cup Green Label KARO, 1 tbsp. butter or margarine and 1 tbsp. water in small sauce pan. Mix well. Place over medium heat and bring to a boil, stirring constantly. Boil rapidly one minute. Remove from heat. Serve warm over waffles for a delicious dessert. Wonderful as a sauce for puddings, ice cream and other desserts!

Just mail a post card, with your name and address, for FREE booklets giving many new and exciting ways to use *all three types* of KARO Syrups in cooking, candy-making, canning and freezing. Address KARO, Dept. K, Box 1541, Trenton, N. J.

KARO Syrups are available in 1½, 5 and 10 lb. sizes.



*KARO is a registered trade-mark of Corn Products Refining Co., N. Y.

Letters to her fath from Liz Taylor

"Dear Daddy"

■ *The following letters from Elizabeth Taylor to her father in Beverly Hills were written while she was in England recently making MGM's* The Conspirator *with Robert Taylor. Arranged by Ted and Jane Morris, these notes reveal the warm and delightful nature of a girl who is, clearly, one of the nicest persons in the movies.*

THE EDITORS.

Monday

Dear Daddy,

Guess what? I'm going to the Film Command Performance the end of this month—and I'm going to be introduced to the *King* and *Queen*—isn't that wonderful?

I'm going to try to talk the studio into letting me wear that beautiful pink evening dress to it. You remember the one Helen Rose made for the picture. Oh, I hope they let me wear it, for it would be just perfect.

Princess Elizabeth had her baby—everybody is *so* excited about it. That's all they talk about.

We sure do miss our Daddy. Do you miss your little girls? It must be nice to be tucked away in our cozy little house in *sunny* California—not that it's really cold here, but it gets a little lonesome and sort of depressing at times. I guess we're homesick.

We drove out to Raspet Hill for tea yesterday afternoon and I have never seen anything so beautiful in all my life as the countryside clothed in its autumn colors. And you should have seen the sunset—it was just as if the whole world was on fire. And as the sun was going down, the moon was coming up on the other side of the sky, so there was a moment when one side of the sky was a fiery red, and the other was



turning silver. It was so beautiful it made you want to cry. If you hung such a picture at the gallery, people wouldn't believe it.

We love you and miss you, and Howard [Elizabeth's brother] too. Hugs and kisses, lots of them, from your,

Liz

* * *

Wednesday

My dearest Pappy,

The picture actually started shooting and everything seems to be going along beautifully. You should have seen my dressing room on the opening day. It was simply *packed* with dozens and dozens of the most beautiful flowers from just *everyone*. One bouquet had 23 orchids in it!

Well, I reckon I better go study my script for tomorrow's work. "Maw" says to tell you she's still unpacking trunks and will write tomorrow. Call Ima and Ralph up [Mr. and Mrs. Davis] and give them my love and tell them I'll write *real* soon, I'd have written before but we've been so busy.

All our love, Daddy dear,

Lizabeth

* * *

Saturday

HI PAPPY,

Mother and I are sitting in the windows, here at the Dorchester Hotel—mother in the bedroom and I in the bathroom—watching the crowds waiting across Park Lane where the royal pavillion has been erected, for the King to arrive to review the "Territorials." The band is playing and you never *saw* so many people.

8:30 a.m.: I didn't get to finish this yesterday, there's so much to do—and you

Eliminate guesswork in your next home permanent



Her "Rayve Number" is 13
Find yours on the Dial-a-Wave

The New **Rayve** *HOME PERMANENT*

brings you the exclusive **Dial-a-Wave**

that personalizes your wave

At all leading drug and cosmetic counters



COMPLETE RAYVE KIT. *Everything you need for a perfect permanent. Includes 60 improved "easy-wind" plastic curlers, the "Dial-a-Wave", and simple step-by-step instructions in booklet form.* $2

REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

RAYVE REFILL KIT. *Complete except for curlers and bands. Includes "Dial-a-Wave".* $1



A Rayve wave is faster, yet gentler . . . far easier, too!



There's nothing hit or miss about your Rayve cold wave. It's *personalized*. The "Dial-a-Wave" quickly gives you the professionally correct timing procedure for *every* kind of hair. With Rayve, you can be sure of the finest permanent you've ever had.

Rayve waving times are up to twice as fast as old-type home permanents. Yet Rayve's improved formula makes waving action noticeably *gentler*. Over 50,000 women pretested Rayve . . . found it far easier, more comfortable.

A Rayve wave is long-lasting—yet softer, more natural. No frizz or fuzzy ends . . . even from the first day. So much more natural looking . . . so easy to fix in becoming hair styles . . . that once you've tried Rayve, you'll never again be satisfied with *any* other kind of wave.



Your "Rayve Number" is your guide to the one righ wave for your kind of hai

The new, easy-to-use "Dial-a Wave" that's in every Rayv package takes the guesswork ou of your home permanent. Yo simply set the dial for the tex ture and condition of your hai and the kind of wave you lik best . . . and find *your* "Rayv number". This number is you guide to the individual timin procedure that's best for you particular kind of hair.

FROM THE FAMOUS PEPSODEN LABORATORIES

"Soaping" dulls hair— Halo glorifies it!



✓ Not a soap, not a cream—cannot leave dulling film!

✓ Quickly, effectively removes dandruff from both hair and scalp!

✓ Gives fragrant, soft-water lather even in hardest water!

✓ Leaves hair lustrously soft, easy to manage—with colorful natural highlights!

Yes, "soaping" your hair with even finest liquid or cream shampoos hides its natural lustre with dulling soap film

✓Halo—not a soap, not a cream—contains no sticky oils, *nothing* to hide your hair's natural lustre with dulling film. Made with a new patented ingredient, Halo brings out glossy, shimmering highlights the very first time you use it! Its delightfully fragrant lather rinses away quickly, completely in any kind of water—needs no lemon or vinegar rinse. For hair that's naturally colorful, lustrously soft, easy to manage—use *Halo* Shampoo! At any drug or cosmetic counter.



Halo reveals the hidden beauty of your hair!

know, darling, I have to write to Glenn....

The parade was wonderful—thousands and thousands of "Territorials" all in uniform, with their different bands. Then our car and *our* driver came for us and we went for a drive to show Miss Anderson [Elizabeth's school teacher] the sights. Then back to the hotel where we ordered dinner and got it—two hours later!

You should see the pandemonium. We are cooped up in such a little bedroom, mother and I and all the luggage. There's an automobile show in town, the first since the war, and every room in every hotel is taken. Mother says we'll probably go dotty before they find us something better. And to make it funnier, everyone sent us large bouquets of chrysanthemums which we have in vases on top of the trunks—and every time we walk by, the vases fall over. Last night we laughed until we *cried*.

That's all for today, Daddy, from your little dotter,

Elizabeth

* * *

Monday

Hi Daddy, Hi Howard,

We are sitting in the dressing room at the studio waiting for make-up. Everyone is so nice here. The supervisor couldn't be nicer. She's going to bring us in a hot plate so we can make soup and tea. There's a commissary where we get lunch—the food everywhere is much better than last year. Not that there's much meat—just fish or fowl—but it's sort of fried, not just plain boiled—last year it was all plain *boiled*.

Later: Jeepers, I didn't think we'd ever finish with school today. That's one thing—school is the same here or anywhere.

We miss you, both of you, and love you so much.

Liz

* * *

Tuesday

(*At the bottom of a letter from Mrs. Taylor.*)

P.S. Hi, Daddy, it's just little me. I'm going to a Film Star's ball tonight, and I'm wearing the orchid Glenn sent me yesterday and the *Date With Judy* evening gown.

* * *

Wednesday

Dear Daddy,

I got Glenn's "A" pin today! Call Ima right away, Daddy, and tell her. I was so excited, I guess I screamed for joy. Everyone came running to our dressing room to see it. I'll write to Ima, so will Mother, the minute we have time—but you call her, Daddy and tell her how hectic it is.

The part is a very emotional one and I have *pages* to learn every night. Mother says it takes a lot out of both of us!

Nigh-night, Daddy, hugs and kisses, dozens, from

Liz

* * *

Sunday night

Daddy darling,

It's bedtime—we've just finished dinner and I'm trying to pep Mother up. She's awfully lonesome.

We went for a drive this afternoon on the road to Guilford. We have a big black Buick and a nice chauffeur. This morning he took us to Petticoat Lane and Cutler Street. It's a sort of Caledonian Market Place—we got some *darling* old silver lockets and chains and some gold ones.

Oh, before I forget, would you send us some lipstick and nail polish for Catherine Delaena (a girlhood friend of Mrs. Taylor's). It's the kind I get at the drug store in Beverly, the one on the corner near Newberry's, and it's called "Pink Ribbon" by Naylon. Get three lipsticks, Daddy, and two nail polishes—we want to take them with us when we go to visit Catherine.

Do you see Ima and Ralph? Mother and

I are so tired and feeling so dull tonight, we wish we were with you. I don't know *what* I'd do without Glenn's letters.

Ever so much love,

Liz

* * *

Thursday

Dearest Daddy,

Bob Taylor was just telling us about a marvelous vet they have for their dogs, Dr. Cooper, on Beverly Blvd., east of Chassen's. He gave their dog penicillin shots and cured him of a fungus skin condition that sounded like the same thing Spot and Twinkle had. I think it should be good for Tweeny's ears. Does Tweeny miss me?

The studio *is* going to let me wear the pink gown to the Film Command Performance. *Isn't* that super?

We miss you so much. Much love,

Liz'beth

* * *

Sunday

Dearest Daddy,

Today we went to see Culver and Gladys [the Taylors' former chauffeur and cook] and their children, Ruth and Richard, and took them some of our candy—from the boat, and cigarettes, salted nuts, mother's grey cloth coat and some red sweaters we can manage without.

Daddy, they were *so* happy to see us. Gladys made tea and we had to have it. They said they had their tea but I doubt it, tea is terribly rationed. Gladys said she had enough money to pay their way to America and they are crazy to come to us. You can imagine mother, she practically has them installed already. Wouldn't that be grand? We *could* manage, couldn't we, Daddy? Say yes.

They're calling me now. Bye, bye. Ever so much love,

Liz

* * *

Wednesday

Dearest Daddy,

I'm doing a scene where I tear out of the house and down the stairs. It went on for forty-five minutes—someone did something wrong every time and we had to do it over and over.

Daddy, I'm so excited about the Command Performance. I'm just sorry the King won't be there. Today Mr. Jack Hulbert, the famous English comedian, rehearsed and rehearsed us. There are forty of us to be presented and Laurence Olivier will act as master of ceremonies. We each have to say something. The little speech they gave me was to say how *ripping* it was to be back in England. But no American girl would really say that, would she? So I asked them to let me make up something of my own. We just about *froze*, I kept on my coat—we all did. Mine was the black and white plaid and Joan Caulfield was crazy about it.

Wish you were here for the big night. Lovingly,

Liz'beth

* * *

Friday

Dearest Pappy,

It's all over and oh! it was wonderful! I was so excited that quite truthfully I can't remember one word the Queen said. But she looked lovely all in white georgette with diamonds. All I remember was turning to Myrna Loy and telling her I felt violently *ill*. If she hadn't taken my arm and steadied me, I'm afraid I'd have *disgraced* myself just as the royal party reached me.

Bob Taylor says the Queen asked if he and I were related! Princess Margaret was there too. She's very cute.

Anyhow, I didn't disgrace us. Much love,

Liz

THE END



Gail Russell Told me The Truth about Men!



Men never got serious about me.

One date, or two—but nothing more. I couldn't understand it 'til I read Gail Russell's words: "A man wants his special girl to be *feminine* . . . wants her hands to be soft and romantic." The magazine said Gail Russell uses Jergens Lotion on her hands, so—

I decided to try Jergens too!



What a difference! My hands felt smoother, looked lovelier overnight. And soon, Bill noticed! "Such beautiful hands!" he said. And tonight he told me so again *. . . when he slipped his ring on my finger!*

Your own hands can be so much lovelier—softer, smoother—with today's finer Jergens Lotion. Because it's a liquid, Jergens quickly furnishes the softening moisture thirsty skin needs. And no stickiness! Still only 10¢ to $1.00 plus tax.



Hollywood Stars Use Jergens Lotion 7 to 1 Over Any Other Hand Care

Used by more Women than any other Hand Care in the World!

Dan River checks you from head to hem

It's checks this Spring for that crispy flower-fresh look. And it's Dan River's Starspun, the gingham weave that's fast color, pre-shrunk, always comes up laughing on wash day. Dan River Mills, Inc.*

Dress and hat by Lady Alice of California. Heliotrope, green, blue or black. Sizes 12 to 20. Both dress and hat about $13 at The Hecht Co., Washington, D. C.

*Residual shrinkage not more than 3%



fashion looks ahead to summer

connie bartel, fashion editor

■ If your calendar seems to say that it's much too early to think about summer clothes—your calendar doesn't know much about fashion. Believe it or not, now's the time to think about hot weather.

Fashion, you see, is always a jump ahead of the weather. The prizes of any designer's line are always the ones that are featured first. The result is that the most attractive summer clothes invariably make their appearance in early spring. The minute Easter comes and goes, your favorite shop windows will begin to take on a summery look.

Naturally, there will be plenty of summer clothes later, too, but somehow the cutest and prettiest are always snapped up ahead of time. The summertime sweetheart on the opposite page, featured right this minute, will give you an idea.

Same goes for undies. The prettiest for spring and summer are ready for you now—fresh, crisp and delicious! So on pages 76 through 78 we show you the pick of the crop—the very latest and laciest lingerie for the coming season. Our idea is that as long as you'll be buying summer undies anyway, you might as well be smart and buy now while you have the widest choice. And don't forget, slips and nighties make super Easter gifts, too.

allyn mclerie symbolizes summer-to-come

Allyn McLerie, whose zing and sparkle have earned her a triumphant personal success in the New York smash musical "Where's Charley?" illustrates our point that the prettiest summer dresses always turn up ahead of time.

If you're looking ahead to being a sweet girl graduate—a bridesmaid—or just a girl with a heavy romance in June—here's your dress.

It's a fine yarn dyed combed cotton chambray by Bates. Comes in moss rose, forget-me-not blue, pussy willow grey or aqua. Junior sizes 9-15.

By Lil' Alice of California $12.95.

Wanamaker's, New York City
Olds, Wortman & King, Portland, Oregon, Buffum's Long Beach, California.
For additional information see page 79.

modern screen fashions







Easter undies

pretty underlings for Spring clothes!

1. Nylon taffeta half-bra, by PETER PAN, $4. Back-buttoned cotton batiste petticoat by MISS SWANK, $2.95. **2.** Hi-there bra with wonderful outside elastic bosom-raiser, $3. Satin and satin lastex contour crotch girdle, $7.50. Both by FORTUNA. **3.** Satin bra, $1; satin girdle, $3.50 by MAR-GRO. **4.** Four-gore crepe slip, $1.98, by STARDUST. **5.** Rayon satin bra, $2; with all-over elasticized girdle in figured leno with front satin panel, $5. Both by PERMA LIFT. **6.** Front-laced strapless plunging bra in satin, $2, by EXQUISITE FORM. With lace-flounced half slip in Bur-Mil crepe, elastic top, $3.98, by SEAMPRUFE. **7.** Fitted lace-trimmed princess slip in rayon two-bar tricot, $2.95, by STRUTWEAR. **8.** Frou-frou slip with ruffles of nylon lace on hem and bodice, $2.98, by POWERS MODEL.





9. Rayon-cotton bra with nylon net inserts, $1.50, by BESTFORM. Worn with heart-sprinkled satin lastex pantie girdle, $5, by YOUTHCRAFT. **10.** Jersey slip with molded lace top, $2.98, by BLUE SWAN. **11.** Bow-trimmed satin slip with ribbon run through beading on lace neckline, $2.98, by MONTEREY. **12.** Baseball bra with faggoting in contrasting color, $1.50, by BEAUTIS. Worn with tummy-tucker nylon power net girdle, $5, by YOUTHCRAFT. **13.** Plunging neckline bra in nyralon, $2.50, by FLEXAIRE. Pantie girdle has removable crotch plus extra crotch, $10.95, by FLEXEES. **14.** Gay Paree strapless crepe slip with built-in bra, $6.98, by SHO-FORM. **15.** LIFTEES bra with front eyelets and adjustable uplift strap for individual cup fit, $1.98, by WEGMAN. Jersey panties, 59c, by MONTEREY. **16.** White camisole top crepe slip with navy, black or brown slit bottom, $5.95, by RO-JENE.

For where to buy these Modern Screen fashions, see page 79.

Dream Boats







1. Short and sweet—cotton batiste briefie with lacy collar, eyelet and ribbon. Pink, blue, white By Gracette. $2.98.
2. Sleeping beauty with off-shoulder cap sleeves and shirred waist. Rayon jersey in pink, blue, maize, white. By Blue Swan. $2.98.
3. Bare midriff from the Arabian nights—shirred top, separate floating skirt. Blue, yellow or pink rayon jersey. By Strutwear. $4.95
4. Dots to dream in—on crinkled cotton crepe. Tiny ruffle, waist-molding midriff. Blue or red dots on white. By Strutwear. $3.95.
5. Charming calico—styled like a dress, and decked with tiny fluted ruffling. Blue, gold, red, green. By Tommies. $5.95.





For where to buy these Modern Screen fashions, see page 79.

WHERE YOU CAN BUY MODERN SCREEN FASHIONS

(Prices may vary throughout country)

Summer-to-come pink dress worn by Allyn McLerie in color photograph (page 75)
Long Beach, Calif.—*Buffum's*, Pine Ave. & Broadway, Teen Shop, 3rd fl.
New York, N. Y.—*Wanamaker's*, Broadway & 9th St., Mimi Shop, 3 fl.
Portland, Oregon—*Olds, Wortman & King*, 921 S. W. Morrison St., Town & Country Shop, 2nd fl.

Lingerie shown on pages 76 & 77

(#1) Peter Pan nylon taffeta bra
Brooklyn, N. Y.—*Abraham & Straus*, 420 Fulton St., Lingerie, 2nd fl.

(#1) Miss Swank half slip
New York, N. Y.—*Wanamaker's*, Broadway & 9th St., Lingerie, 2nd fl.

(#2) Fortuna hi-there bra and contour crotch girdle
New York, N. Y.—*Blackton Fifth Ave.*, 5th Ave. & 36th St.

(#3) Mar-Gro satin bra and satin girdle
Boston, Mass.—*Jordan Marsh Co.*, Washington & Avon Sts.

(#4) Stardust four-gore crepe slip
New York, N. Y.—*Gimbels*, 33rd St. & Ave. of Americas, Downstairs

(#5) Perma Lift satin bra and elasticized girdle
New York, N. Y.—*McCreery's*, 5th Ave. & 34th St., 3rd fl.

(#6) Exquisite Form front-laced strapless bra
Brooklyn, N. Y.—*Abraham & Straus*, 420 Fulton St., Lingerie, 2nd fl.

(#6) Seamprufe lace-flounced half-slip
New York, N. Y.—*Bloomingdale's*, 59th St. & Lexington Ave., 2nd fl.

(#7) Strutwear rayon princess slip
Portland, Oregon—*Meier & Frank*, 621 SW 5th Ave., Street fl.

(#8) Powers Model lace trimmed slip
New York, N. Y.—*Bloomingdale's*, 59th St. & Lexington Ave., Basement, Underwear.

(#9) Bestform rayon-cotton bra
New York, N. Y.—*Gimbels*, 33rd St. & Ave. of Americas, Downstairs

(#9) Youthcraft heart-sprinkled girdle
New York, N. Y.—*McCreery's*, 5th Ave. & 34th St., 3rd fl.

(#10) Blue Swan lace top jersey slip
New York, N. Y.—*Saks-34th*, 34th St. & Broadway, 3rd fl.

(#11) Monterey bow-trimmed satin slip
Write: *Monterey Undergarment Co., Inc.*, 118 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

(#12) Beautis baseball bra
New York, N. Y.—*Gimbels*, 33rd St. & Ave. of Americas, Main fl.

(#12) Youthcraft tummy-tucker pantie girdle
New York, N. Y.—*McCreery's*, 5th Ave. & 34th St., 3rd fl.

(#13) Flexaire plunging neckline bra and Flexees pantie girdle
New York, N. Y.—*Saks-34th*, 34th St. & Broadway, Foundations, 5th fl.

(#14) Sho-Form gay Paree bra-slip
New York, N. Y.—*McCreery's*, 5th Ave. & 34th St., 3rd fl.

(#15) Liftees bra with front eyelets
Order by mail from: The S. J. Wegman Co., 9 East 45th St., New York 17, N. Y.

(#15) Monterey lace trimmed jersey panties
Write: *Monterey Undergarment Co., Inc.*, 118 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

(#16) Ro-Jene camisole top crepe slip
New York, N. Y.—*Wanamaker's*, Broadway & 9th St., Lingerie, 2nd fl.

Nighties shown on page 78

1. Gracette cotton batiste shortie
New York, N. Y.—*Oppenheim Collins*, 33 W. 34th St., Street fl.

2. Blue Swan shirred midriff jersey gown
New York, N. Y.—*Stern's*, 41 W. 42nd St., Lingerie, 2nd fl.

3. Strutwear bare midriff jersey gown and
4. Strutwear polka dot gown
Portland, Oregon—*Meier & Frank*, 621 SW 5th Ave., Street fl.

5. Tommies calico print gown
Baltimore, Md.—*Hochschild, Kohn & Co.*, Howard & Lexington Sts., 4th fl.

Sophisticated polka dot half size dress (page 80)
Boston, Mass.—*Jordan Marsh Co.*, Washington & Avon Sts., Main Store, 4th fl.
Brooklyn, N. Y.—*Abraham & Straus*, 420 Fulton St., Daytime Dresses, 2nd fl.
Kansas City, Mo.—*Emery, Bird, Thayer Co.*, 11th & Grand Sts., Home & Town Shop

HOW TO ORDER MODERN SCREEN FASHIONS

1. Buy in person from stores listed.
2. Order by mail from stores listed.
3. Write Connie Bartel, MODERN SCREEN, Box 125, Murray Hill Station, New York 16, N. Y., for store in your vicinity.



DIANA LYNN,
in the
Hal Wallis production,
"BITTER VICTORY",
for Paramount . . .
featured in Strutwear's
wispy nylons, knitted
in reverse for extra-
sheer, dull beauty.

Strutwear . . . For the girl with a flair

REVERSE KNIT PROPORTIONED **NYLON HOSIERY**

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STRUTWEAR, INC., MINNEAPOLIS 4, MINN. • GOWNS • SLIPS • PANTIES • PAJAMAS • HOSIERY

easter polka dot



and it's a half-size!

■ For a sophisticated spring—
French crepe polka dot
with expensive looking faggoted tucks
on bodice—a march of buttons
to the hem. In navy,
copen, grey or coral.
Half-sizes 14½-24½. By Pam Paterson,
$8.95. Abraham & Straus, Bklyn.
Jordan Marsh, Boston.
Emery, Bird, Thayer Co., Kansas City.
Other information page 79.

A MODERN SCREEN FASHION

SECRETS OF THE BRIDE

(*Continued from page 22*)

"I don't know yet," the letter continued, "whether a short veil or a very long one. (See drawing No. 3.) As the dress is not ready yet, we have not been able to judge. On my head will be a (Juliet) fitted cap, also embroidered. Maybe you can help me as to whether I should have a tiny bouquet of flowers (see Sketch No. 1)—a big one (Sketch No. 2) or, instead, an embroidered muff (Sketch No. 3) with three white orchids on it. This would be quite different and in keeping with the dress. What do you think? I must tell you that the embroidery is so fine that it looks like spun glass and makes it glitter very faintly."

"I wrote her I preferred the muff with the orchids, and a *short* veil," her mother said. "Now, we'll see if she takes my advice!"

(Linda's actual outfit was a compromise: She wore a Juliet cap, a long veil, the white satin gown as described—embroidered with lace, sequins and beads—and a muff covered with white orchids.)

The letter went on: "Arias [Ariadna, her sister] and Lulu will be the bridesmaids. [Lulu is an old school friend of Linda from Florence, Italy.] They will wear dainty dresses of lace—white, with pink petticoats (Lulu) and aqua or pale blue (Arias). We haven't completely decided yet. . . .

love from the pusses . . .

"Before I forget, would you ask René to insure my diamond (engagement) ring of 8¾ karats, first color—round cut. I think $4,500 would be enough. It is set in a platinum setting with two small baguette diamonds. You won't forget, 'cause if I should lose the ring—it would be catastrophic!"

"Catastrophic indeed!" smiled Blanca, refolding the letter. Then from a huge envelope, Blanca extracted a cablegram and handed it to me. It was from Linda and Tyrone in Rome, addressed to JOSÉ-RENÉ ALVAREZ, and read: "WELCOME JOSÉ-RENÉ HOPE TO MEET YOU SOON OUR LOVE TO YOUR FATHER AND MOTHER. (Signed) THE THREE PUSSES."

The third puss was Ariadna, Linda's 18-year-old sister, who had been living with her in Rome.

Leaving the pile of souvenirs for a later moment, I urged Blanca to go over the details of her daughter's exciting romance as she had seen it first-hand in the past year.

"Well," she began, "if I recall your first story about my 'Pusses'—in last April's MODERN SCREEN—it ended with Linda and Tyrone together again in Hollywood after spending New Year's with us here in Mexico City and in Acapulco last year."

I nodded, and she continued: "I went to Hollywood to visit Linda and Tyrone last February and also again in May. My first night with them, on my first trip, we all had dinner together at Tyrone's home in Brentwood. His lovely mother was there. She is a delightful, very intelligent woman and I was very happy to meet her. Linda was living in Westwood with an old family friend, the Countess Rose Van Horn, whom we have known for many years. It was nice seeing her again, too. And it was even nicer to watch Tyrone being so kind and thoughtful and considerate of me and our friends, whom he didn't know.

"Tyrone would kiss me 'hello' when we would meet, 'goodnight' when we would leave his home. He loves the

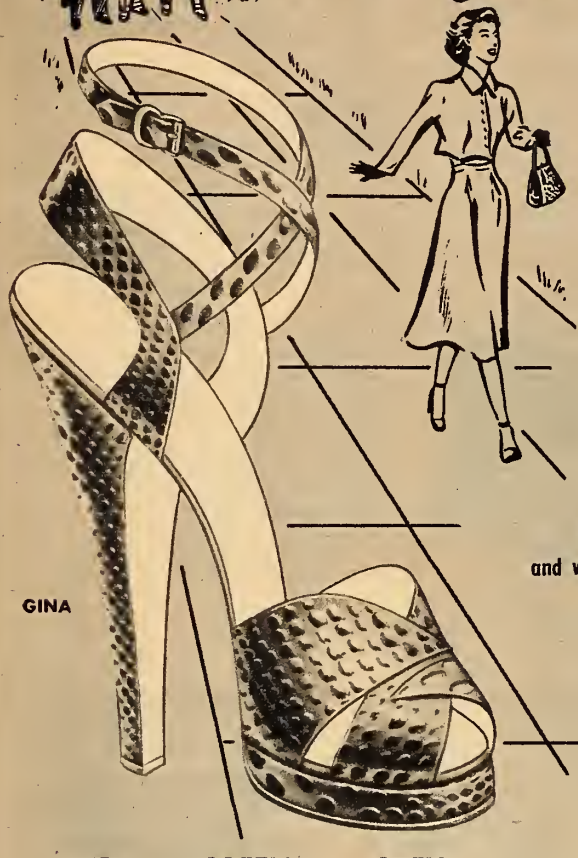
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'family feeling' and seems content to have dinner at home, spend his evenings at home—especially when he is making a picture, which is practically always. But he does enjoy traveling when he isn't working.

"While I was there in May—I had gone to Hollywood this trip to say *au revoir* to Linda and Tyrone, who were leaving for Europe in June—Tyrone gave a farewell dinner in his home. The guests included Mr. and Mrs. Gary Cooper; Clark Gable and Anita Colby; Mr. and Mrs. Rex Harrison; Clifton Webb and his charming mother; Prince Mike Romanoff; Van Johnson and his new wife, Evie—and a number of other celebrated people.

"I did the cooking, and the table—buffet style—was laden with shrimp in mayonnaise (I made the mayonnaise, Dutch style) there was a string-bean salad, and I don't remember what kind of dessert, and coffee. Everybody went crazy over the string-bean salad, which was made from another old Dutch recipe of mine.

"Tyrone was like a little boy on a picnic, watching his guests return to the buffet time and time again for refills. He kept telling them proudly, 'Yes, my future mother-in-law is a *wonderful* cook—don't you think?'"

On June 20th, Linda and Tyrone flew to Lisbon aboard a Trans-World Airways Clipper. Then began the stream of letters and postcards which they sent to Blanca and the family in Mexico City. The first postcard, dated July 7, 1948, was from Lisbon, with a picture of the centuries-old "Batalha Monastery" and the following scribbled message: "Much love from both of us. Your loving rabbit—Linda."

The next one, dated July 8, 1948, was from Madrid, Spain, and featured a colored picture of the Virgin of Hope. The message: "Much love to all. This is such a beautiful place. Your two faraway Pusses. Linda." (Also signed separately by Ty.)

royal road of romance . . .

Then came a wonderful, romantic photograph of the two of them standing on the Rock of Gibraltar, dated July 10, 1948.

Postcard number 4 was sent from Barcelona, dated July 20, in Linda's handwriting, signed by both Linda and Tyrone: "Hello there! This is quite a place, with very excitable people! As Ty says: 'The natives are restless tonight.' We are having so much fun and hope you, too, can join us in Spain, and that everything is well and [you're] both as happy as we. Love, Linda and Tyrone."

From Nancy, France, on July 24, 1948, they sent the following postcard: "Tomorrow we leave for Ste. Paul—remember, from last year? It's close to Nice. We are having a perfectly heavenly time. Love to all. Your loving—Rabbit." Tyrone adds this note—"Just to add my love and to say again that we wish you were with us. By the way, we *had* Spain! Always, Tyrone."

Two weeks later, on August 8, they sent another card from Portofino, Italy, with a fantastic photograph of the dream city at the edge of the lake. They wrote: "Just a 'hello' from this lovely little place. Your loving—Rabbit." (Tyrone signed it, too.)

They were making this trip from Lisbon to Rome in an extremely roundabout way, like ordinary tourists. With them was Linda's sister, Ariadna, who was on vacation from her finishing school in Lausanne, Switzerland, and who had met them at the airport in Lisbon. They toured in Tyrone's new Mercury sports car which he had thoughtfully shipped to Lisbon ahead of them.

Many more postcards came during this period. Tyrone's latest picture, *Prince of*

Foxes, filmed entirely in Italy, took him and Linda and Ariadna on location jaunts to such enchanting places as San Marino, Florence and other historic spots. The castle at San Marino, atop a towering, jutting, sea-pounded rock, fascinated them. Tyrone wrote to Blanca, telling her of the exciting scenery and of the odd little Republic of San Marino—smallest in the world—with its *six* policemen! They were there for three weeks and were continually under the spell of the place.

The next two weeks found them on location in Florence, where Linda was constantly surrounded by her former schoolmates from the "Poggio Imperiale," a young women's finishing school located in an old castle of the Medicis in the mountains at the edge of Florence. Legend claims that "once upon a time," when Bacchus (the god of wine) was returning to Paradise, he took Ariadna (the goddess of the Straight-and-Narrow) to these mountains for the purpose of introducing her to the heavenly wines of Tuscany. (Linda's sister, Ariadna, was named for this goddess.)

They returned to Rome to film interiors at the studios, and *Prince of Foxes* was completed January 6.

On January 4th of this year, Tyrone organized a world premiere of his picture, *That Wonderful Urge* (in which he is co-starred with Gene Tierney), at the *Cinema Barberini* of Rome. The cream of Rome's society was on hand, headed by Italy's Premier de Gasperi. The benefit was for Italy's poor children and the campaign fund was under the name of *"Ragazzi di Don Bosco."* This Don Bosco was Italy's patron saint of poor children (*ragazzi*). Ty's première was a great financial success.

coming events . . .

When Tyrone stepped to the stage to make a brief announcement before the collection boxes were passed, a news photographer snapped a picture of Linda together with Premier de Gasperi—and the picture hit page one of one of Italy's leading news magazines. (She sent the front cover to Blanca—for the collection.)

Insofar as Blanca had told Linda, Tyrone and Ariadna that she and her husband already had a name selected—in case the new baby were a boy—the three European globe-trotters made a game of selecting a name for the baby—in case it were a girl. Linda wrote:

"We have been thinking terribly hard about a girl's name. Tyrone likes 'Maya' Alvarez Amézquita. Sounds lovely! I like 'Nora' and Ariadna likes 'Fiamma' (Flame) or 'Fiorella' (Little Flower) in Italian."

In a revealing letter to me from Rome, dated January 16, Linda wrote: "Dearest Maxine: Your letter arrived this morning—so I want to drop you a line. . . . We are getting married the 27th of this month. . . . . our honeymoon . . . we plan to spend in the snowy mountains of the Austrian Tyrol! (*Deep dark secret!*)

"I can tell you already that it will prove quite interesting—being the first time that I will try *skiing!* . . .

"This is a hectic period, believe me, and I don't know if I am coming or going. Tyrone will make another film beginning in March—*The Black Rose*—in North Africa and Scotland—to be finished in London. We are looking forward to it.

"We were delighted with our new brother, José René! Ariadna is staying in Rome to make a film for an Italian company, as she already has mastered the language. Besides, she did a nice little scene with Tyrone in *Prince of Foxes*.

"Excuse my dreadful scribble, but I did want to drop you a line. How is the hubby? Please give him my best. And

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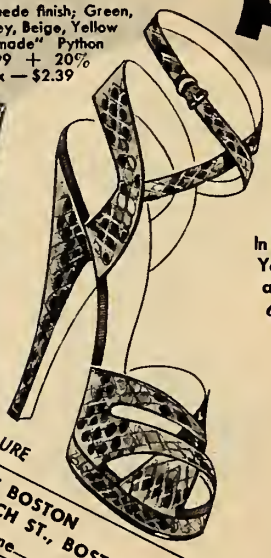
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for *you*, a great big 'abbrazzo' (hug). Love, Linda."

Tyrone adds this footnote:

"Dear Maxine: Just a line to say hello and to wish you all the best of everything. Always affectionately, Tyrone."

With Ty's new picture coming up, it will be several more months before he and his new bride can see her family—either in Mexico City or in Hollywood, but in the meantime there will always be the letters, the photographs and the cablegrams and postcards for the family album.

When I asked Blanca what this marriage would mean—what Linda could give to Tyrone—she said simply:

"Linda will try to be a good wife and a good mother, because Linda *loves* him! There is no substitute for love in a happy marriage. It is the thing that enables us women to be patient, to overlook faults.

"There is no question about Tyrone's being famous and important. And certainly, Linda loves glamour and glitter and fun. She is young. But she is a good, serious and honest girl who truly loves Tyrone. Yes, she will give him the thing he has always wanted—a happy, comfortable and loving home. She will give him love and complete understanding. These months together in Europe have given them both time to know each other. They are not questioning anything about the future. They are not confused. Each has a deep respect for the other—and mutual love."

Linda's mother also told me another bit of inside news. Linda and Tyrone are trying to persuade the long-time family child governess, Annie Stainer, to return to the States with them, and care for their children—just as she cared for Linda and her sister and brothers. Annie now lives in the little village of Gabletz, near Vienna. She was with Linda's mother until 1939, in Yugoslavia, but had to return to her native Austria when war began.

In a recent letter, Linda wrote her mother: "We will send Annie to you—on a sort of a loan—for the new baby when it comes. But, you must understand this will be a *loan* because we hope to be needing Annie ourselves, eventually."

From 'way down Mexico way, so far from the quiet church in Rome and from the snowy mountainsides of the Austrian Tyrol, we send Linda and Tyrone a very warm and sincere prayer for a lifetime of married happiness—complete with the "family of three" which they both desire.

THE END



"Two together?"

MITCHUM ON TRIAL

(*Continued from page 19*)

minutes after he strode into the Superior Court of Judge Clement D. Nye, Bob Mitchum was found guilty of conspiring to violate the state narcotics law, a crime for which he might have been sentenced to six years of hard labor behind the walls of San Quentin.

Now, how did this come to pass, this great hiatus between conjecture and actuality, this tremendous gap between anticipation and reality?

Why did this young, likeable actor with the straight brown hair and thin, sensitive mouth—why did he abandon his Constitutional right to trial by jury and throw himself and his future on the mercy of the Court?

Of the 30 persons who were available for jury duty on the day of his trial, 24 were women. He could have had six, eight, perhaps ten women in his jury. With women in the box and shrewd veteran Jerry Giesler to defend him, he might have won an acquittal.

But he wouldn't make the try; and the reason was that he knew the evidence was overwhelmingly, incontrovertibly against him.

"Robert Mitchum," the Judge said, "are you willing to waive trial by jury and let the Court decide this case?"

no defense offered . . .

Mitchum rose slowly. He was dressed in a conservative pin-striped suit of brownish-gray. His hair, ordinarily long, was neatly trimmed. He wore a dark shirt and a maroon tie. He looked like a young bank clerk. His voice was firm. "Yes, Your Honor."

And then Jerry Giesler, one of the most famous trial lawyers in the United States—a man who has defended Errol Flynn, Charles Chaplin, Alexander Pantages and a score of other well-known persons—rose slowly from his seat. It was so silent in the courtroom you could have heard a spider spin.

"If it please the Court, Your Honor," he began, removing his spectacles and chewing on their edges, "if it please the Court, the defense stipulates that the evidence produced at the Grand Jury hearing be submitted as the sole evidence in this case, and that no defense will be offered."

Those of us in the courtroom knew immediately what that meant. Bob Mitchum was not going to take the stand. Giesler was not going to let him testify. There would be no cross-examination. No fireworks! Nothing sensational!

Mitchum was throwing himself on the mercy of Judge Clement Nye. And it was all right with the two special deputies from the District Attorney's office. They had the goods on Mitchum, and they knew it.

Sitting there watching Bob, you couldn't help but feel sorry for the boy. Lila Leeds, a 20-year-old blonde who had been arrested with Mitchum, sat at his left. From time to time, she sought to catch his eye. But Mitchum didn't turn towards her. He kept his eyes focussed directly ahead. His face showed no visible signs of emotion. Lila laughed and blew a smile to the gentlemen of the press when the Court announced that Vicki Evans, one of the other defendants, had wired that she was broke in New York and unable to appear in California for the trial. But there were no smiles from Mitchum, only one small, embarrassed grin when he was quoted in the testimony as exclaiming, "Oh, daddy!"

There was a minute before the repre-



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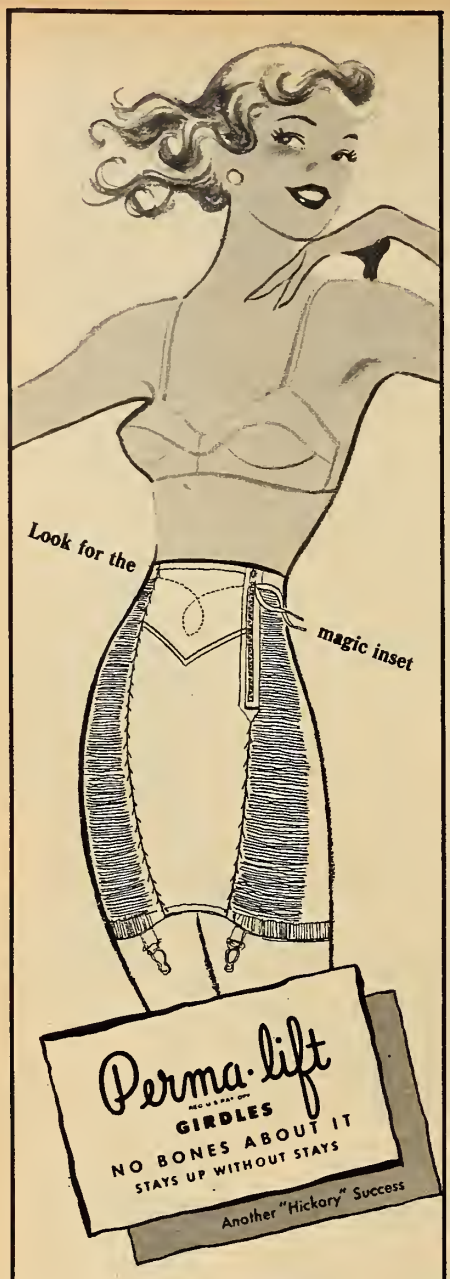
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sentatives of the People of the State of California began to introduce the evidence against Robert Mitchum on the single count of conspiracy to possess marijuana. In that single minute, many of us in the press section wondered what thoughts were passing through Bob Mitchum's mind. When the trial was over, I went up and asked him precisely what he was thinking about at that moment. He said softly, "I was just wondering how I ever let myself get into such a mess."

The answer was fairly simple, I thought. How do most kids get into such a mess? For the most part, they have come up the hard way, with few advantages. When they need society badly, society deserts them. When they need parental supervision desperately, such supervision isn't present. Mitchum's early life is a case in point.

When Bob was three, his father died, leaving the family penniless. Bob grew up a child of the depression. At 16, when he was bounced out of high school, he was bitter, tough, cynical and disillusioned. He began to bum around the country. He looked for work. He tried to learn a trade. He rode the freights. Half the time he was hungry and cold. Once in Georgia the police picked him up for panhandling and rode him out of the state.

Life to him became a ceaseless battle of wits, an endless struggle for survival in a world of economic insecurity. The only break he ever had in his early years was when he bummed to California and landed a job as business manager to an astrologer.

This gave him a thin ray of hope and a modicum of money, and he married. But soon after, he lost his job, and his wife announced that a baby was on the way.

Luckily for him, jobs were plentiful by then. The war was on. Bob became employed at Lockheed Aircraft operating a drop hammer. In 1942, when an agent found him a bit in a Hopalong Cassidy film, he left Lockheed. He appeared in eight Westerns and then began free-lancing. Things for the Mitchums were picking up, but then Bob was drafted and sent to Camp Roberts for eight months. When he got out, Phil Berg and Bert Allenberg, two high-pressure agents who handle Clark Gable, Loretta Young, Alan Ladd, and many other stars, put him under their wing.

They sold him to Selznick. It wasn't long before Mitchum, who had never had a spare ten-dollar bill in his life, was earning $1,500 a week, then $2,000, then $3,000.

The boy began to play too hard, too dangerously. On the night of August 31, 1948, he drove to his "reefer" rendezvous, and eventually to the commission of the crime which brought him face to face with Judge Clement Nye of the California Superior Court.

Following Giesler's statement to the Court, Judge Nye asked Special Deputy Adolf Alexander to read the proceedings of the Grand Jury that had indicted Mitchum. Alexander began to read the testimony, excerpts from which follow:

Q. Mr. Barr, are you a police officer of the City of Los Angeles?.

A. I am, sir.

Q. Are you attached to the Narcotics Detail?

A. I am.

Q. Are you one of the arresting officers in this case?

A. I am, sir.

Q. And where and when was the arrest made?

A. On the 31st day of August, 1948, at [*address deleted*] in Hollywood at approximately 11:45 and 12:00 P.M.

Q. Did you go there with anyone?

A. My partner, Officer McKinnon, J. B. McKinnon. . . .

Q. And who came into the house . . . ?

A. The door was opened by Miss Leeds, and Robert Mitchum, known as Bob Mitchum, entered the house first, followed by an unidentified man at that time, later identified as Robin Ford.

Q. And where were you when the two men arrived?

A. At this rear window, that I stated was equipped with a French window which was open—and I was on the outside of this window at the rear of the house, looking directly toward the front door.

Q. Now, will you go ahead and tell us what you saw and what you heard . . . ?

A. It appeared that the phone rang . . . and Miss Leeds went around the bed and picked up the phone and sat down on the edge of the bed and talked over the telephone.

Q. Could you hear what was said? . . . What did she say?

A. She says, "Okay, boys, come straight up the hill and hurry. The lights are on in front of the house. You can't miss it. It has a long stairway." And she hung up.

Q. After ringing off, did Miss Leeds say anything?

A. Yes, she was turned around to Vickie and she said, "That was the boys. They are lost at the bottom of the hill, and they are on their way now, and are they loaded."

Q. Now, will you go ahead and tell us what you saw?

A. As Mr. Mitchum entered, he came in the house a few feet. [*According to Officer Barr, the following conversation transpired between Mitchum and Lila Leeds*]: Mitchum: "Hello baby." Lila:

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"Hello, I hope you brought some good stuff." Mitchum: "We always got good stuff." Lila: "Oh, you've got brown ones and white ones. I want some of the white ones."

Barr [*continuing*]: At that time I saw Lila raise a cigarette—what appeared to be a cigarette—in her hand and put it in her mouth. . . . and as she turned around she faced me and I could see Mr. Mitchum at that time. . . . Lila struck a match and lit. . . . She held the cigarette in her mouth, oh, I estimate, three or four seconds, and handed the cigarette to Mr. Mitchum. He took the cigarette and put it in his mouth, and she blew the smoke directly towards me. And at that time I overheard Miss Evans say, "Oh, this tastes funny. What if it knocks me out?" And Mitchum said, "Oh, daddy!"

Q. Where was your partner at that time?

A. He was around at the rear of the house at first, sir, then he left and then he returned. . . .

lawful entry . . .

It was at this point, Officers Barr and McKinnon testified, that they decided to break down the door of the little cottage.

"What happened then?" Special Deputy Henderson asked.

A. Well, we were going to kick the door in, and in doing, monkeying with the latch, why we made a small noise. And we heard a voice, later identified as the voice of Vicki Evans, state, "It is those - - - - dogs at the kitchen door."

So we heard footsteps and the door became open, and as it opened, I drew my gun and I had it in my right hand and my flashlight in my left, and as she opened the door I grabbed her by placing my left arm all around her and I said, "We are police officers," and simultaneously I pushed her into the front room. I took her with me. As we entered the front room I shoved her to the right and I said, "We are police officers. Stay where you are and nobody will get hurt."

Q. Were there other people in the front room?

A. Miss Lila Leeds was reclining with both feet on a—I believe it is called a chaise longue. . . . Mr. Mitchum was seated on a dark red davenport. Between two fingers he had a brown cigarette; and at that time I couldn't tell whether it was brown or white. But he had a cigarette, because of the fact there was a red glow on the end of it, extremely red glow. He held that cigarette in that position for a split second. And as he looked at me, he took it and crumpled it and put it down by his left side . . . and at that instant, I said, "I will take that," and I placed my revolver inside of my belt and

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Eileen Creelman
The New York Sun

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my flashlight in my left pocket and I immediately recovered that cigarette just as Mr. Mitchum had had it between these two fingers [*demonstrates*]. And as he placed his hand down, he crumpled it and partially the fire fell on the davenport, and as he opened his hand, the cigarette was practically in his hand but was falling on the davenport. I recovered that cigarette, and as I did so I burned my right index finger as the ashes were hot.

Q. What did you do then?

A. I turned around to Miss Leeds and I observed her at that time with her right hand down between what appeared to be the arm of her chair and her right hip . . . and she was putting her hand down further. And I said, "Let's see what you have got in your hand." And I went over and I took her hand from beside her, and as I took it, she opened it and she had two brown paper cigarettes, a small portion of a white paper cigarette and a small portion of a brown paper cigarette commonly known as roaches.

I said, "What is your name?" And she said, "Lila." And I said, "Lila Leeds?" And she said, "Yes, how do you know?" And I said, "I have known you for a long time, Lila. I have been working on you." And she said, "I might as well give you the rest of it." And she reached into her pocket . . . and withdrew a paper . . . and I opened it and found within, a piece of Kleenex, eight tablets which in my opinion were benzedrine, from seeing them before, and three brown paper cigarettes. And I says, "Is this all the stuff you have got, Lila?" And she said, "Yes." And she said, "This is awful!"

Q. What did you say to Mitchum and what did he say to you?

According to Detective Sergeant Barr, the following conversation took place between him and Mitchum:

Barr: "How long have you been smoking marijuana?"

Mitchum: "Oh, I have been smoking since my early youth, two or three years."

Barr: "When is the last time you were smoking besides tonight?"

Mitchum: "I was blasting weed last week."

not blaming anybody . . .

Barr: "How much of this cigarette did you smoke tonight?"

Mitchum: "I only got a few drags of that tonight when you came in."

Barr: "Who lit your cigarette, Bob?"

Mitchum: "I don't know."

Lila: "I lit it."

Barr: "That is right, Lila. I saw you light it. It seems we are going to get along all right."

Mitchum: "There is no use getting excited."

Vicki: "Well, this is just like the movies."

Mitchum: "It is not like the movies to me. This will ruin me. This is the reason my wife left me."

Barr: "You have no one to blame but yourself. This has been going on for some time."

Mitchum: "I am not blaming anybody. I was smoking it tonight. I know it. I just didn't realize how serious it was and the chances I was taking. This is it, I'm through."

After listening to all the testimony of the arresting officers and accepting as evidence the 19 sticks of marijuana, the eight benzedrine tablets, and the two "roaches" or marijuana cigarette butts found in possession of Mitchum and the two other defendants, Judge Nye quickly announced his decision.

There were no dramatics and no one stood up. The judge merely said, "I find the defendants guilty on the count of conspiracy to possess narcotics. Sentence will be passed on February 9, at which time disposal will be made of the first count."

Mitchum was indicted on two counts, possession of marijuana and conspiracy to possess marijuana. Before the trial got under way, his attorney asked for a severance of counts. The State agreed to try the actor on the second count.

When Mitchum had been declared guilty, Giesler immediately announced his intention to file a written application for probation. The attorneys for Lila Leeds and Robin Ford followed suit.

When the trial was over, I went up to Mitchum. We both knew he was facing a possible 90-day stretch in jail, and I asked him how he felt about the trial.

"I made a mistake," he said, "and I'm big enough, I hope, to realize that and pay for it."

"How will this affect your relationship with Mrs. Mitchum?" I asked.

"That's the only wonderful thing about this entire horrible business," Bob said, smiling a little. "Before I came down this morning Dorothy told me that she'd stick by me, win, lose or draw. If I'm grateful for anything, it's for my wife. Nobody could ask for a better, more loyal girl."

I threaded my way through the crowded courtroom toward the stolid, balding Jerry Giesler. Flash-bulbs glared behind me as the photographers circled around Mitchum. A plump, sweating man in a sports jacket brushed against me, grinned, and said, "I don't get it. I figured Jerry would fight. I sure don't get it."

When I reached Giesler, I asked him if he would appeal the sentence if Mitchum were placed in the county jail and not probationed.

"No," said Jerry, "we won't appeal. We're going to abide by Judge's Nye's sentence." He slipped into his overcoat, moved over to Mitchum and rescued him from the pressing, crowding photographers.

With Giesler at his side, Bob Mitchum walked down the center aisle of the court. He seemed visibly relieved now that the strain was over. As he reached the door, a little wisp of an elderly woman clutched at his sleeve. I had noticed her before. She had waited from 6:10 A.M. until 9:00 in order to enter the courtroom.

"God bless you, boy," she said.

Mitchum stopped and looked at her.

"Thank you," he said. "Thank you, ma'am."

He turned away quickly, evidently embarrassed by his emotions. A moment later he opened the door and lurched headlong into the mob of screaming fans.

THE END

When he is not writing for the screen, radio, or the magazines, Lloyd Shearer, author of "Mitchum on Trial," may be found in Romanoff's Restaurant playing chess with its fabulous proprietor who, Shearer insists, won the Boer War singlehandedly.

Despite this allegation, Shearer at 30 is regarded in Hollywood as a frank and honest writer. He is therefore carefully avoided by the movie colony's timid, and ardently cultivated by its truthful.

In this latter category he places Bob Mitchum of whom he wrote us two days after the trial: "Mitchum may be serving time when my story of his trial appears in print, but he has the strength and fortitude to take it, and the character to come back. Let's hope Hollywood and the public will let him."

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FROM THE MOVIES

MY DREAM IS YOURS—"My Dreom Is Yours" and "Someone Like You" by Doris Day* (Columbia).
A dreamy ballad and a bright rhythm number from Doris' new picture. She's one of the few ex-band vocalists who didn't "commercialize" or otherwise ruin her vocal style for the screen. Too many good singers have been "developed" by Hollywood into mediocre ones.

GIVE MY REGARDS TO BROADWAY—"Let a Smile Be Your Umbrella" by the Andrews Sisters (Decca).
Strictly for the older folks with a taste for nostalgia, and I con't guarantee they'll like it either.

SO DEAR TO MY HEART—album* (Capitol).
Strictly for the younger folks with a taste for Disney, and I can guarantee that they'll find it delightful, with members of the original cast plus music by Billy May. It's an effective adaptation of the movie, featuring Bobby Driscoll, Beulah Bondi, Ken Carson, John Beal and Luana Patten.

WORDS AND MUSIC—"Slaughter on Tenth Avenue" by Lennie Hayton** (MGM). "Where or When" by Lena Horne (Victor).
In addition to the original cast MGM album listed last month, you can get the above single release featuring two sides of "Slaughter" from the sound track, with Lennie's great MGM studio orchestra, proving that the music sounds just as fine when it isn't sharing your attention with Gene Kelly's and Vera-Ellen's dancing. Lena's Victor record is an earlier version of the song she also sings in the MGM album.

JAZZ

LIONEL HAMPTON—"How High The Moon"* (Decca).
During my "How High The Moon" week on MGM I aired 36 versions of this No. 1 jazz tune. In case you're one of the many who collect records of it, don't miss other recent "Moon" releases by Ziggy Elman (MGM) and Howard McGhee (Black & White), the latter thinly disguised and retitled "Oodie Coo Bop".

COLEMAN HAWKINS—"Rifftide"* (Capitol).

WOODY HERMAN—"Sequence In Jazz" album** (Columbia).
Here's some beautiful modern music, an album you'll treasure for years; Ralph Burns' two great compositions "Summer Sequence" (on four sides) and "Lady McGowan's Dream" (two sides). No matter what your taste in jazz may be, I'm sure you'll agree this is thrilling stuff.

JUST JAZZ—"Groovin' High,"* "Blue Lou,"* "One O'Clock Jump,"* "Just You Just Me"* (Modern).
All recorded at jazz concerts in Hollywood. First two tunes take up two sides each; the other two run into four sides apiece, each in an album. Best moments are provided by such stars as Benny Carter (alto sax on "One O'Clock"); Wardell Gray, the new Benny Goodman tenor sax discovery; and the superb Errol Garner piano on "Blue Lou." Recording is better than usual for these affairs, and the audience noises don't interfere too much.

STAN KENTON—"How Am I To Know" (Capitol).

JAMES MOODY—"Tin Tin Deo"* (Blue Note).

HOLLYWOOD'S BEST-KNOWN MYSTERY

(*Continued from page 64*)

with a rather pained grin. And I heard that when he telephoned Ava a little later, and the maid said Ava wasn't home and asked who she should say had called, Howard replied: "Tell her 'Rover'!"

So I deduce they have their quarrels.

Maybe they have them mainly because Howard wants to marry Ava and she won't say yes. But neither will admit a marriage possibility—although they see each other regularly, at least three times a week, and always during the weekends.

Ava does appear devoted to Howard, even though she kind of plays cat and mouse with him. At Christmas she gave him a pair of beautiful cuff-links made from old Grecian coins that she'd searched California to find. "What did he give you," I asked Ava. A dreamy look half-closed her eyes. "A big bottle of perfume," she told me, and named a famous brand. "He remembered that a long time ago I said it was my favorite. He's very thoughtful."

That's putting it mildly.

two in new york . . .

When I recently asked Howard how he met Ava, it was interesting to discover a slight change in his previous all-enveloping reticence. He actually told me! Usually, when you ask Howard anything personal he draws that cloak of mystery about him and clams up.

"I was first introduced to Ava on the set of *Brute Force*," he said. "She dropped in to see Burt Lancaster and the three of us had a few laughs. I liked her immediately. I didn't see her again until I was in New York making *The Naked City*, when Mark Hellinger brought her over to our table in 21.

"After that, I called her and took her down to the Village for a lobster dinner. . . . It was my first visit to New York—in fact, the only time I was ever there."

I believe it was also Ava's first visit to Manhattan—a solid link for two people who are attracted to each other, as any movie detective can tell you.

The strange part of Howard's being attracted to Ava on the set of *Brute Force* is that this is the picture which resulted in his brief but stormy engagement to Yvonne de Carlo. Howard had never met Yvonne, either, until he began work on *Brute Force*. His first scene with her was a violent kiss. It embarrassed him to pieces. He soon got over *that* and in no time at all had slipped a big diamond ring on Yvonne's important finger and, to everyone's mystification, was engaged to the girl! It couldn't last, of course, the glamorous Yvonne and the somewhat intellectual Mr. Duff just aren't each other's type.

When I corner Howard and ask him, to use a fresh phrase, the $64 question about Ava, he squirms, then says in that mystery-drenched baritone, "Who knows? I think I'd like to get married very much—if I could find the right combination." The boy tries to be cagey, but gives himself away completely with, "Ava's a very intelligent girl. She's vivacious without being phony, very down to earth and *the* most beautiful girl I've ever seen." I ask him what they talk about—not to be nosey, but to get a clue to Howard's character. I draw a blank. A little diplomatic prodding and I learn: "We both like music—Ava especially. Me, I have a tin ear. I'm not very hep to classical music. I'm not much of a man on the dance floor either, as Ava will vouch for."

She did indeed. "He's a very bad dancer," said Ava with her usual frankness when we discuss Howard. But she softened the criticism. "Very few men are good dancers—even Artie Shaw, and you'd expect him to be good, wouldn't you? But he was terrible—always anticipating the beat."

From further investigation of Mr. Duff, I learn that there's one column item guaranteed to infuriate him—the paragraph in which he's made to look like the amorous suitor who's always been rejected—usually by Miss Gardner.

"He's a pretty sensitive kid," I am told by his best and closest friend, Mike Michakoff. Howard and Mike were in the Army together. He is now Howard's agent and they share the same house. "Publicity embarrasses him because it's about himself," says Mike. "He's covered with confusion when he has to talk about himself." And that brings us a little closer to solving the mystery of Mr. Duff.

We're all of us the sum total of our experiences. It's what happened to us yesterday that makes us what we are today. What happened to Howard to make him cagey, contradictory, and psychologically afraid of people? (He has talked more to me, I believe, than he has to anyone else, except Ava and Mike.) Why does he give the impression of not liking people or trusting them?

Well, here's what I have dug up about Mr. Duff—I mean about the events that shaped the man before he came to Hollywood. His family background was very poor. Sometimes his father had a job, but usually not. The Duffs lived in a very modest bungalow in Seattle, always in the shadow of insecurity. Howard learned early to regard fate as a fiend who knocks you down, just when you think you're riding high.

acting comes first . . .

"I got out of high school in the middle of the depression," Howard told me. "It was in 1932. I had to get work right away. I landed a job as a bus boy in a big chain restaurant. I was fired after two weeks because I broke too many dishes." He was paid all of $14 a week.

"And," says Howard, "it was rather a tragedy—because I really needed the money. Eventually I got another job—as a pick-up boy in a store, bringing the window trimmings to the guy who fixed them. I was acting at night at the Seattle Repertory Playhouse. I lost my job in the store because they had a sale and wanted me to work late at night and I told them I couldn't, because I had a performance at the theater." (He will always put acting first—even, I think, before Ava.)

Then came radio work in San Francisco and Seattle. He was paid $15.00 a week as a disc jockey, toiling for 12 hours a day. At night he was constantly working in little theaters. "Then, just when I was beginning to feel that I was ready to do exactly what I'm doing today—Sam Spade on the radio and leading roles in pictures—I was drafted."

He began in the infantry, went to Saipan—"but I was never in any terrible danger,"—and wound up in the Armed Forces Radio Service. After Howard was discharged, director Jules Dassin, who worked with him in the Actors Lab started him on the road to Hollywood success in *Brute Force*.

"I get sick in my stomach when anyone calls me lucky," Howard tells his

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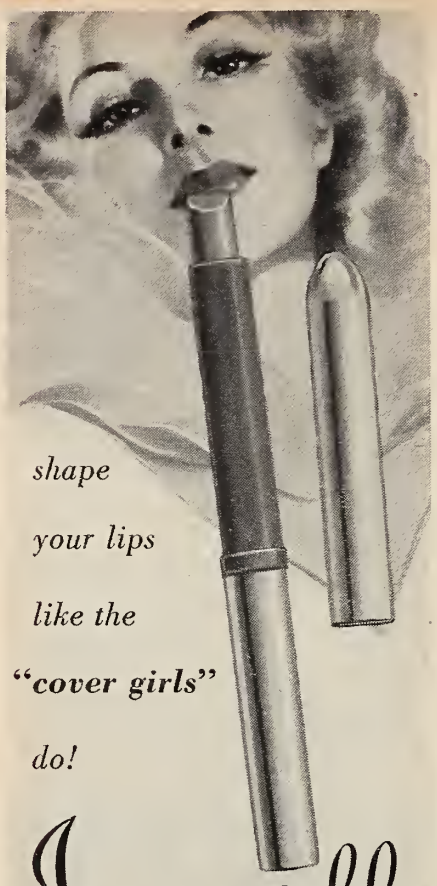
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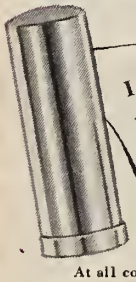
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friends. "I don't believe in overnight success. I've worked tremendously hard all my life."

Howard has always been so busy working to become a top actor that he's more or less neglected to learn the slick patter that makes group conversation easy, or how to accept graciously the adulation that automatically goes with being a successful movie star.

He was happy in New York when he did *The Naked City*—"because no one knew me then." It was different when he was in San Diego recently. He loathed the gawkers and the autograph seekers and was shy and difficult with the press and the public. When he arrived at the airport, a girl dashed up to him and said, "Pardon me, I'm supposed to welcome you." "That's nice," said Howard awkwardly and shook hands. "No, no!" said the girl. "I'm supposed to *kiss* you." This happened three times with three different girls. "My, you sure have a lot of welcoming committees," the confused Mr. Duff finally muttered to an angry-looking gent who introduced himself as the President of the Chamber of Commerce. "Sir," said the dignitary, "I am the welcoming committee."

Howard is sometimes unpopular with people who don't understand that some of his harsh remarks are caused by his lack of glibness. He's still trying to explain to the smouldering citizens of Kanab, Utah, that he didn't really mean his published crack—"My God, don't go to Kanab." He recently devoted a whole broadcast to plugging Kanab. You know how it often is—you want to say something funny and, since you're not Bob Hope or Milton Berle, it comes out crude and graceless.

when do we eat? . . .

After questioning pal Michakoff, I learn that while Howard doesn't have an inch of fat on his body, he eats like a wolf. (But he certainly doesn't behave like one!) "He fancies himself as a cook," says Mike. "He loves to fix his own breakfast and makes a big production out of eggs, bacon, toast and coffee."

"He'll eat *anything*," says the girl who perhaps knows the 31-year-old bachelor best—Ava, of course. "He's always hungry. The other night my sister was cooking and she said, 'We've got all this food, what'll we do with it?' 'Don't worry,' I told her, 'we can always count on Howard.'" (I wonder if Ava really can?)

Ever since he has lived in Hollywood, Howard has searched for the right house to harmonize with his personality. While he waited, he rented a house at the beach. This was nice for the neighbors, for during the summer they could view Gardner in a bathing suit every day that she wasn't working. "Now," says Howard, "I have found the ideal house for me. It's in just the location I like—high up in the hills." (A fine setting for a mystery!)

Another thing he likes is to get into bed with a bottle of beer and read until two or three in the morning—even when he's working. And, Howard frequently dashes off on long trips by car all by himself.

"Sort of trying to get away from himself," is the way one of his few intimate friends explained it to me. "And," he added, "his acting is really an escape from himself."

Personally, I don't know why he should try to escape from himself. In my opinion, there's nothing wrong with the world of Mr. Duff that outstanding success and security—which obviously are coming his way—won't cure.

And that winds up the Sheilah Graham casebook on Howard Duff—Hollywood's best-known mystery.

Well, I love a mystery—especially when he's Howard Duff. THE END

the fans

MODERN SCREEN FAN CLUB ASSOCIATION

We're only human and that's why we'd like you to help us. Most of you have received our activity reports and know exactly how to use them, but for new clubs in our midst, we'd like to urge you to fill them out very carefully and send them in at the very end of each month. Don't forget to write in the number of members you have and please list any activity (no matter how small) in which your club took part. Many of you feel that your good deeds are overlooked and the best way to overcome that is to send in your activity reports promptly. **News:** We have new clubs for Richard Widmark (prexy June Cornetta), Peggy Lee (prexy Jeanne Mundell) and Howard Duff (prexy Bob Ingle). We'll send the full addresses to any one sending us a stamped envelope. . . .

9th semi-annual TROPHY CUP CONTEST 2nd Lap.

Our ENGER-KRESS wallets really must be seen to be appreciated. They're genuine leather and come in beautiful shades of blue, green, yellow and red. The wallet is called Candlelight and it has various compartments for money, coins and papers. We know you'll love it just as we do. For you editors, we really have a super prize. It's a REVLON KING'S RANSOM set consisting of one gold lipstick holder plus 7 refills *all* in different shades and handsomely boxed in black velvet. You lucky MSFCA correspondents are really going to get a break this time. For you we have ELGIN-AMERICAN compacts with large clear mirrors, and finished in jeweler's bronze guaranteed to wear and wear. Every girl will want one of these. And for you talented club artists there are TANGEE TRIP KITS. A handy carrying case for that trip you've been planning, filled to the brim with TANGEE'S terrific cosmetics. (Of course, we'll make suitable changes for boys who win.)

This Is My Best: (100 points) "Blind Singer," Rosemary Carley, Whitemore and Lowe Journal. "Autumn Tide," Beverly Grime, Philip Reed Journal. "The Little Things That Count," Ginger Bagnall, Alice Frost Journal. "Why, of course—," Betty Fitzgerald, Charles Korvin Journal. "How To Make Democracy Live," Connie Tannenbaum, Sinatra's Crusaders (Bradley). "Dear Johnny," Joyce Clegg, John Garfield Journal. **Best Journals:** (500 points) League 1. Gene Autry Journal. League 2. (tied) Bob Crosby Journal and Contino-Peck-Melari (Diefenbach) Journal. League 3. Charles Korvin Journal. **Best Editors:** (250 points) League 1. Jean Meade, Roy Rogers Journal. League 2. Margaret Staley, Perry Como Journal. League 3. Rita La Rossa, Danny Scholl Journal. **Best Covers:** (250 points) League 1. Roy Rogers Journal. League 2. Musical Notes Journal. League 3. Dave Willock Journal. **Membership Increases:** (100 points) League 1. Nelson Eddy (Mottola). League 2. Jeanette MacDonald (Riley). League 3. June Allyson. **Worthwhile Activities:** (250 points) League 1. Gene Autry (Charity check, CARE packages, gift to "shut-in"). League 2. (tied) Jeanette MacDonald (Riley) (Xmas donation to charity). Rise Stevens (Donation to Red Cross). League 3. (tied) Dorothy Shay (Contribution to Sister Kenny Fund). Arthur Kennedy (collected stamps, tinfoil and Xmas Cards—cancer fund donation). **Best Artist:** (150 points) Lois Robinson, Cornel Wilde Journal. **Candid Camera Contest:** (100 points to first prize winner, 50 to others). Joyce Moison, Sinatra Bowtie Club. Shirley Warren, Richard Jaeckel Club. Kathy Campbell, Darryl Hickman Club. Beverly Bush, Melody of Frank Sinatra Club. Ron DeArmand, Ron Randall Club. Evelyn Fish, Peggy Lee Club. **Best Correspondent:** (50 points). League 1. None qualified. League 2. Ruth Ness, Bing Crosby Club. League 3. Pat Bellinger, Penny Edwards Club. **Leading Clubs So Far:** League 1. Gene Autry 850, Jane Wyman 700. League 2. Joan Crawford 850. Contino-Peck-Melari 600. Bob Crosby 600. League 3. James Melton 700. Charles Korvin 700.

MADE IN HEAVEN

(Continued from page 54)

Book and slammed it, little-girl cooks, big red heart and all, into a cupboard.

This little side-note of frustration was the first indication to Anne that her marriage wasn't going to fit the dream mould she'd made for it—but was going to develop along its own lines. And she soon saw she'd have to change to keep up with it.

She has. So has John. Now, rounding out their third year, they're giving every evidence of being one of the happiest young partnerships in Hollywood's boy-girl history. In achieving this state, they've had to contend with other issues besides John's being a no-breakfast man. Some of these issues they've settled, some they've compromised on, and the rest—well, as Anne reports, they're "working on them."

A whole, handsome skin-full of problems is presented to an impulsive girl like Anne by a husband like John who skips breakfasts, deliberates before making decisions (with some exceptions to be noted later in the story), instinctively dislikes social to-and-fro'ing and the clothes that go with it, and always prefers to leave well enough alone. On the other hand, a wife like Anne—independent, hating routine, loving to do herself up at the slightest excuse and go out and mingle, and full of ideas of the Onward and Upward type—well, she's a threat to the emotional equilibrium of a fellow like John. When a pair like this can get along so well, they must have something.

the winner always loses . . .

Anne doesn't try to drag John along to her way of thinking—she works hard and carefully to make him *want* to come along. And John doesn't try to make Anne stay put—he tries to calm the restlessness of her soul so she'll be content to linger longer in between leaping. Which reveals what they have—a realization that it's impossible for either of them to win his or her way in any argument without both of them losing something far more important.

Here was Anne during the first year of her marriage wanting her husband to appear as neat and spruce as a Man of Distinction. And here was John showing up in an old pair of slacks every day—the *same* old pair of slacks, for that matter! What to do? Jump him for being careless about his clothes? Nope—that wasn't it. Instead, she skipped the clothes but lost no opportunity to ring in a word about how well he looked no matter what he wore. From that she went on to the subject of his general handsomeness. Later, she lightly remarked upon how few men there are who can do clothes justice and how lucky she felt that John was one of these men.

And—oh, boy!—it began to work. He passed up the droopy slacks for a day . . . and then two and three days at a stretch. Soon he was thinking in terms of an outfit when he dressed—matching ties and socks. Then, in time, it became a regular habit with him—and she knew she'd won. And it was not only a sweet "together" kind of victory that they can discuss and laugh about now—he's grateful to her for it!

Here was John, the man of the house, yet realizing that his Anne had lived alone for five years and was in the habit of running her household and attending to any needs without a thought of consulting anyone else. No wood in the fireplace? Anne would come staggering in from the back door almost keeling over from the weight of an armful of logs. The front door bell

"I dress for an evening date... at 8 o'clock in the morning!"





1. "**For my everyday duties,** a smart, sophisticated bronze and black taffeta and wool ensemble, studded with scatter pins. And, of course, I rely on gentler, even more effective Odorono Cream . . . *because I know it protects me from perspiration and odor a full 24 hours!*"

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Radio Star Gossip



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Leading Lady

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ringing? Anne would spring up to answer it. Guests present? Anne would dash to the kitchen to wrestle with bottles, ice cubes and glasses while John, less trigger-minded, sat red-faced with their visitors, unhappily filling the role of the lazy host whose wife has to save the day.

What to do? Lecture Anne? Lay down the law? Mope? That wasn't it. John waited. Soon, a typically impulsive gesture of Anne's brought her to grief. A curtain in the living room loosened from its fastening one night as they sat talking. In a split second, Anne was perched with one foot on a chair and the other on the edge of the piano trying to fix it. The chair tilted, Anne slipped—and landed on the piano—fortissimo.

Now was the time. John picked her up, set her down on the couch, and then gently expounded on the wear and tear on her life—and his nerves—as a result of her explosive-like moves around the house.

He recalled the time she forgot it was his job to slice the ham at a dinner they were giving and jumped to the task herself, succeeding in cutting off one slice of ham and almost half of her thumb. He mentioned the time she decided to store some suitcases in the cellar and didn't wait until he got home to do it—and the resultant crashing descent with, as the doctors say, profuse contusions and lacerations.

the interior decorator . . .

He went on to bring up other mishaps. Anne remembered. With the bruises from her fall on the piano aching, she was ripe to see his point. From now on, she vowed, she'd attend to nothing in the house except slow crocheting.

"That's better," said John. "Now *I'll* take care of the curtains."

He pushed the piano out of the way, carefully set a chair solidly under the curtains and set about fastening them. In due time he was finished, got off the chair, and replaced the piano.

"There you are," he said. "Just let me know what you want and I'll do it."

Anne's eyes were on the curtains. John had fastened them so they were twisted away whopper-jawed from the window. But she only nodded. John's idea was right—even if he would never make an interior decorator. . . .

An unexpected feature of their marriage, as far as Anne and John are concerned, are the things it has revealed about themselves that they never knew before. For instance, Anne always had the idea that she slept like a baby, quietly and peacefully. Then, one morning, John announced that he had news for her about her sleeping. Anne quailed.

"No! Not that!" she said. "I couldn't stand it."

"Not what?" asked John, bewildered.

"That I snore," she said. "As you do."

"Who, *me?*" cried John, forgetting *his* news. "*I* snore? are you sure?"

"Of course," replied Anne. "And if I thought *I* did . . . Do I?"

John, still thinking about his snoring, and looking sunk, shook his head. No, Anne didn't snore. She laughed and giggled in her sleep—not just in a subdued way, but sometimes with such a high-pitched, rolling lilt to it that, coming in the dead of the night, it sent John bolt upright in bed shivering with sudden horror until he realized what was happening.

He'd been planning, he said, to talk to her about it; maybe she could control the habit. But now . . . now that he'd learned about his snoring—well, he said, he felt he had little right to say anything.

Anne quickly sought to comfort him. His snoring wasn't too bad, she said, and besides she'd discovered a trick to overcome it. It only bothered her when, just as she was about to fall asleep, it would startle her awake again. One night, at such a time, she had cried out in annoyance—just a loud, complaining kind of "Oh!" Immediately she had felt John start for a second, and then the snoring stopped long enough for sleep to retake her. Now she had her system down pat, and knew just how loud to cry out to get him to stop and yet not awaken him.

"If it stopped long enough for you to fall asleep, how do you know I started in again?" he wanted to know.

"Because some nights you start in again before I fall asleep, and I have to yell twice," she replied.

"Oh," he said.

"So," said Anne, sticking out her hand, "we are fellow sinners. And every night when we go to sleep I'll think 'Here we go . . . laughing and snoring!' "

They shook on it and *that* was settled.

Two impulsive habits John had (and traces of them still linger, says Anne), involved his penchant for quick friendships and his lack of sales resistance. The first resulted in their becoming involved with people who turned out to be other than wonderful—at which point John would go cold on them altogether and it would be up to Anne to ease out of the situation gracefully. The second kept working out so that if Anne asked him to pick up a French earthenware casserole for her at the store because she'd have no chance to shop, he'd return with some sort of copper contrivance resembling a flattened samovar that the salesgirl had assured him was even better for casseroles than casseroles.

The list of differences on which Anne and John have found a common meeting ground is a long one. Then there is another sort of list. John doesn't like Anne to drive. Anne doesn't like to drive when John is along because he sits beside her, his eyes fixed on the speedometer, fidgeting and muttering things like, "Easy, easy now. . . . You got a red light . . . Watch it, that car's pulling out . . . Don't look at me, look at the road!"

When they walk together—they don't. John takes slow, long steps. Anne takes short, quick ones. She always finds herself out in front and alone.

These, and a few dozen other items, make up this second list of issues that have yet to be settled. What are they going to do about them? Who will give in to whom? And how? And when?

"Well," says Anne, looking doubtfully at John, "I don't know. . . ."

"Well," says John, looking back at Anne, "I don't know, either. . . ."

They continue looking at each other and then suddenly have to break out into smiles—and one has the feeling that it's going to take a lot of happy years finding the answers. THE END

I SAW IT HAPPEN



Quite some time ago I was having dinner at the Cocoanut Grove in Hollywood. The girl at the next table excused herself to go to the powder-room. While she was gone her date slipped out his billfold and shyly counted his money. Evidently he had the cost of the evening in mind. The couple was Ginger Rogers and the not yet famous Jimmy Stewart.

Roberta Kettlewell
Baton Rouge, La.

HOW DEAR TO MY HEART

(*Continued from page 45*)

I do—that children should be given some responsibility at the earliest age, even if they're more of a nuisance than a help. As soon as I could walk, part of my duty was to help clear the table. Usually, I guess, I did it pretty well. But this particular night, with my tummy full and all, I was feeling quite gay and decided to do a spring dance. While thus happily occupied, I slipped and fell against the point of a chair, and cut my lip wide open. (The scar's still there.) An ambulance came and took me to the hospital, and it was all very sad.

The memory of those days that stands out most sharply is my falling in love for the first time. He was such a handsome cowboy—he played my father in a Western—and he'd bring me little bottles of milk and I'd sit on his knee and drink while he strummed on his guitar. I thought he was marvelous. This was at Big Bear Lake and after we got home, I didn't see him again. But suddenly one day I heard somebody say he'd been killed, and I cried for about two days. My brothers and I had fixed a big jigsaw puzzle, and there was an earthquake that night and it knocked the puzzle all to pieces. The puzzle was gone, the cowboy was gone, and I was through with life, I was finished. . . .

i get another bump . . .

Somehow, though, I must have survived, because next thing I remember is rehearsing the big dance number for *Stand Up and Cheer* with Jimmy Dunn at Fox. Afterwards I had a nap, to be fresh for the dress rehearsal, and then we went over to the Café de Paris on the studio lot to get something to eat. Again I was feeling good, again doing my spring dance and again I fell and got a nice big bump. Which is how that spitcurl originated. I'd never had it before, but Mother put it there to hide the bump and there it stayed.

I'm not going into all my pictures—only *Little Miss Marker,* because that's the one so many people ask about. I remember a pair of pajamas—the kind with feet—that they made in a hurry, for me to wear in that movie. When I stuck my legs in, the pins were still there and I jumped all over the place. I remember my great crush on Dorothy Dell. I remember the red velvet costume I wore on the charger, with a kind of veil. I always loved velvet and still do, and that costume was like being a fairy princess. I remember the charger who was pure white and quite handsome in a horsy way, and very fairy-tale looking. I remember how he reared, and the little girl was supposed to fall off. They did that with wires, and I went way up to the top of the set with the gaffers to watch. I thought that was the funniest thing in the world. Mother said they could hear me laughing all over the place. . . .

I remember something that wasn't so pleasant, and I think it should be told, just to show that you can't be too careful about children. Mother was always with me on the set—not off in a corner somewhere, but right beside me. This was because some people thought it funny to say to a child things like, "Go over to that man and tell him he's fat." Being a child, you might do it, and he'd think, "What a fresh little monkey!" Mother soon learned about things like that, and put a stop to them. Then there were people who'd keep telling you how well you did this or that. Such things are always nice to hear, but they're dangerous. Pretty soon you might think you're something special. Mother

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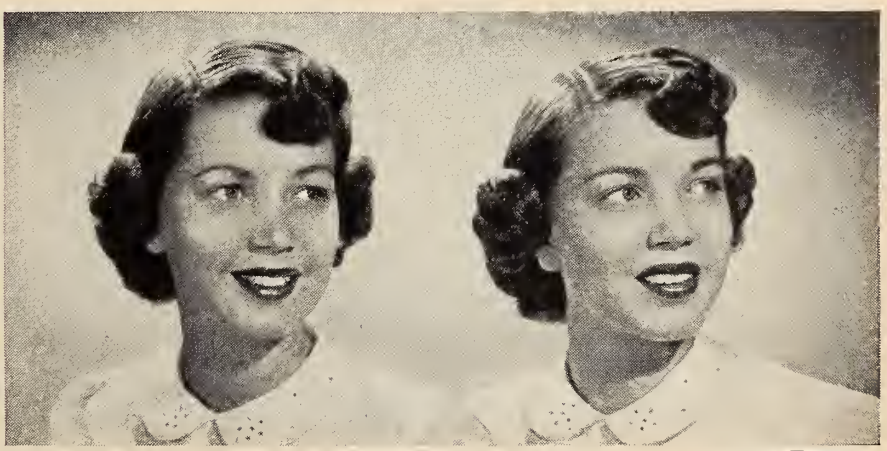
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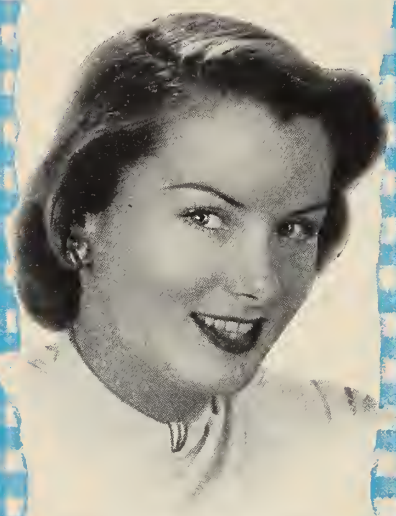
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Regular and Super



never tore me down, but she never overpraised me either. "You did it well," she'd say, "but you could have done it better."

Anyway, she was always right there till we came to the crying scene in *Little Miss Marker*. First, I ought to explain that Mother and I had a way with each other so I could cry to order if she was just around. We'd go stand in a corner, and she'd say, "You know they want you to cry, Shirley—" and I'd sort of let my mind go blank, and pretty soon I was crying. It was a very easy way. I enjoy crying. I think all women do.

But the people on the set didn't know about this, so they asked Mother to go off on some excuse or other. Meantime, they told me there'd been a terrible accident—that "a big man with green eyes had taken Mommy away." Well, I got hysterical. Even after she came back, it took me a long time to quiet down. They couldn't shoot the scene anyway, because I was crying harder than what it called for. After that, no matter what reason they gave, Mother never left me again. . .

I remember a dinner, with speeches going on and everything sort of dull. To pass the time, I took some hard rolls and started breaking them up. I remember Mother whispering, "Shirley, I think they're going to give you something. If they do, say thank you." That's when they gave me my little Oscar. I thanked them, and said, "Can we go now, Mommy?" It was all quite boring then, but times have certainly changed. . . .

I remember another crying scene in *Now and Forever*. Somebody said Dorothy Dell had been killed in a car accident. I didn't believe it, after the incident with Mother. I thought, "They're just trying to get me to cry for the scene." When I knew it was true, I was gone again—same as with the cowboy.

Luckily, things like that don't stay with a child. Most of it was just fun. My stand-in, Mary Lou Isleib, and I were the only two children on the set. We ate lunch and had school in that lovely little bungalow, which was like another home. On Sundays and days off I played with the neighborhood children. I don't ever remember being conscious of doing anything in the world they weren't. I don't know why. Probably the way I was treated at home had a lot to do with it. No more fuss was made over me than any other child. And my brothers were strictly the kind who wouldn't take any nonsense.

i fall in love . . .

I remember flirting. That must have started at a very early age. Mother would take me driving, and occasionally men passing by would wave. When she'd look at me, I'd be looking straight ahead. But finally she caught me red-handed, waving and smiling first. . . . Being fickle, I formed many attachments.

George Murphy was a great love of mine. So was anyone, in fact, who danced well. I thought that automatically made them romantic. This was a feeling that stayed with me right through high school. Any really good dancer I could generally get a crush on. On the other hand, Robert Young didn't dance, and *he* was pretty tough to stay away from. And I'll never forget my first day with Gary Cooper. He was so cute—kind of shy with children, I guess, as with everyone else. He sent out and got me a bunch of electric toys, then he sat in his chair with a big newspaper. Pretty soon I'd notice the paper sliding down, but when I looked up, he'd be back behind it again. So I stopped playing with the toys, because it was more exciting to see the newspaper going up and down.

But probably Jimmy Dunn was the biggest crush of my young life. I resented seeing any other woman even speak to him. Once Alice Faye sat down beside him, and I went right over, climbed on his knee and took his hand. I was very upset about it. So you can imagine the blow when he brought his bride to our house one Christmas Day. Up to then it had been such a lovely Christmas. But when he said, "Shirley, I want you to meet my wife," that was the end. I think I cried. Anyway, I know I was very rude, and wouldn't even speak to her. You see, he'd given me a little bracelet that said I LOVE YOU, in pearls. To me, that was like a proposal, and I felt he'd deserted me, which was very confusing.

All this led to some funny moments later on. Sooner or later these men would come back into your life, and pretend not to understand why you didn't want to sit on their knees any more. I used to love Bill Seiter, the director, because he wore some wonderful shaving lotion, and I called him Cuddly. Well, I visited his set at Columbia once—I must have been about 16—and he looked kind of shocked, the way everyone did when they saw I was growing up. "Aren't you going to hug me," he asked, "the way you used to? Aren't I Cuddly any more?"

mistaken identity . . .

But I think the biggest joke was with Gary Cooper. He used to call me Wigglebritches, because I was always moving around so fast. Just about three or four months ago, he was calling for his wife at a beauty shop. My mother-in-law happened to be there, and he heard someone say, "Mrs. Agar. . . ." So in he tore and yelled, "Wigglebritches!" My mother-in-law, who's a pretty dignified lady herself, didn't know what to make of it. As for poor Mr. Cooper, he just took one look and sneaked away on his long legs. . . .

As far back as I can remember, we had a dog. Then we had a parrot, and rabbits in the yard of my studio bungalow, and horses and things. I feel that people who don't own a dog or some kind of pet usually aren't as happy as those who do.

Another thing that goes as far back as I remember is Daddy reading me the Oz books, while Mother did my hair at night. If he left out a word, I'd know it, and he'd have to start all over again. I loved "Freckles" too, and anything to do with the Mounties—but especially I loved Oz. . . . And I remember one Christmas, while we lived on San Vicente Boulevard, my room was all fixed up with pictures of me as Little Bo-peep, and the little lambs dragging their tails behind them. I'd sit there on Daddy's lap and he'd say, "Some day we'll have a beautiful big home and a beautiful big playroom just for you." That went on for a couple of years. Then I remember we drove around looking for lots. We stopped at one and walked on it. Out of the big bush where the fishpond is now, came a mother and father quail and a whole string of little quails, and that settled it for me. "This is the place," I said. I don't think the family exactly took my word for it. I imagine they looked into it more. But the quails won out in the long run, and we started building.

And I started selling cement pies. My great ambition just then was to be a pie salesman. Winnie Sheehan, the head man at Fox, gave me a darling little pie-wagon with a striped top, and I'd sell pies all over the set, and the money used to go to the Babies' Milk Fund. But those were real pies, which made a little sense. The others were different. We spent days at the lot while the house was going up. The minute they started putting the cement in, I'd disappear and turn up by the roadside, selling cement pies to tourists for 25 or 50 cents.

Eventually, of course, Mother and Daddy found out about the pies and their darling daughter, and that was the end of my business venture. I remember we moved into the house before it was finished. We ate off packing-cases, and my room didn't have all the windows in, and I just about froze to death. But this didn't bother me a bit.

As a child, I didn't get to see many movies. I saw my own, which didn't impress me very much—it was more fun making them than looking at them. I did see the Disneys, which I loved, and *Bring 'Em Back Alive,* which I hated, because I hate to see animals hurt or fighting. And there was one in which Rogers and Astaire danced in the moonlight, and I asked, "Are they getting married now, Mommy?"—because it was so beautiful, and I thought it must be a wedding.

The last actor I fell in love with was Charles Laughton. I must have been around 11 then, when my maternal quality started. I was so *sorry* for that man in *The Hunchback of Notre Dame,* I just wanted to take care of him. There was a benefit one night, and he was on the stage, doing the Gettysburg Address in that wonderful voice, and I was in the wings with the tears rolling down my cheeks. Later, we were introduced, and I simply couldn't utter a sound. . .

Then came the time of my leaving Fox. What made it easier for me, leaving the studio, was being between pictures at the time, so I didn't have to say goodbye to the people I'd worked with and loved. Of course I was upset about it for a while, then Mother told me I was going to Westlake School for Girls—and that took care of that feeling. Besides, I never thought it would be forever. . .

i'm engaged! . . .

I can't tell you how wonderful Westlake was—I wouldn't have missed it for anything in the world. The girls broke me in quickly to everything girls and teachers do, and those years just flew till all of a sudden it was graduation day, with my whole family there and a few close friends. (And to make it doubly exciting, an engagement ring that I'd had for about two months!) First thing I did after getting back to my seat was to open my diploma and make sure it was signed. Every other girl did the same thing, I noticed. Because we'd had an awfully good time that year, which didn't go too well with studying. But now there was nothing left to bother us. We were all very smart young women. We'd passed our exams and were absolutely ready for the world. . .

Now I have to go back to the day Mother told me Mr. Selznick wanted to sign me to a contract. She told me everything about it, then she said, "It's up to you, Shirl. You're old enough now to decide for yourself." Well! Mr. Selznick's name was kind of magic. When you've been in the movies since you were three, a call like that is a call you can't help answering. So I played Brig in *Since You Went Away.* . .

Oh, yes—I *did* mention an engagement ring, didn't I? Well, it started like this: One Sunday I was down at the pool with a lot of my friends, when one of them, Ann Gallery, brought a young man over. They only stayed a few seconds, but I said to Mother later: "He'll be back." Jack doesn't believe it. He assures me he had no intention of coming back. As for me, I *had* a boy friend. He was in the Army and rather distant, to be sure, but still he *was* my heart interest of the moment, so I can't for the life of me tell you why I said it. unless from sheer instinct.

Matter of fact, I probably wouldn't have seen him again except that Ann's mother had a tea and Jack brought *his* mother,

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and Ann said how about a double date that evening? Jack was her date, and mine was a very attractive marine lieutenant named Bud.

Actually the marine was the one I favored, which was fitting and proper, since he was my date. But Jack impressed me as being sophisticated, and I wanted to impress him the same way. So I wore a beautiful Adrian suit of gold wool—the first I ever owned—and a hat with a slight veil, and imagined of course that I looked much older.

The following Saturday, when Ann phoned about double-dating, I wanted to know if Jack would be there. Later I found out she phoned him too, and he asked if *I'd* be there. That night he asked me to dance. "You know," he said, "I've never danced with a short girl before."

"Well, I'm not so short. I'm five-foot-two. That's not very short."

He smiled. "My mother's about an inch taller than you. It's kind of fun, dancing with a short girl."

He's not so bad, I thought.

So we kept on double-dating, and meanwhile the marine came over during the week, and he and I were getting quite serious. Generally, he phoned around seven, so when the phone rang at seven one Friday, I rushed to answer, and who of all people should it be but Jack!

"I know it's not Saturday night," he said, "but we've double-dated so much, why not go out alone tonight?"

the other woman . . .

I couldn't think of a single good reason why not. We had a wonderful evening, and next night we double-dated as usual. It went on like that till I didn't know what to do, with Bud going overseas, and my heart interest in the Army—and now Jack. Finally, the whole thing was settled. Jack left for camp, and *everyone* was gone, and I was left sitting alone, trying to figure out which one I was in love with. Jack wanted me to come up to camp with his mother, but I started giving him the brush. So he wrote to his sister Joyce, who was in my class at Westlake, knowing full well she'd show me the letters. Maybe he even *asked* her to show them—I wouldn't put it past him—all about a beautiful WAC he'd met.

By now I was past 16, and Jack started proposing. I said, "No, I'm not ready to get married yet." "Then I'm going to marry the WAC," he'd write. And I'd write back, "Don't do anything rash. Fun's fun, but why carry a joke too far?" And *this* went on till he came home on leave unexpectedly.

"Jack's down in the library," Mother said.

"Good," I thought. "Now I can tell him off. He's been pretty nasty, he and his WAC."

Well, we just looked at each other and ran to each other, and that was it. The others simply faded out. . .

What I remember most about my wedding is being very happy and calm, not shaking or anything. Jack was the nervous one. When it came time for the rings, which were both lying in the minister's hand, he picked up his own big one and tried to stick it on my finger. And toward the end, there was a drop of perspiration on the end of his nose, which made me laugh.

Dad was kind of choked up, but poor Mother really did the weeping for the whole family. . .

After Jack's discharge, while our house was being built, we lived in a tiny place on San Vicente Boulevard, with a hanging lamp in the dining room that Jack hit his head on regularly. Then our house was ready. Both mothers put flowers all over the place, and the living room looked so huge and beautiful to me that I hardly could stand it.

Another very exciting thing was when we heard that director John Ford wanted Jack for *Fort Apache*. Jack was under contract to Mr. Selznick, and crazy to get going on a picture, so he was just in the skies over it, and so was I. Only I kept wondering who the girl would be. You see, I'm quite jealous. Jack isn't—or maybe he is, and doesn't show it. I'm very open about it, and the idea of Jack kissing some other girl had me worried for about two months. Then Mr. Ford told Mr. Selznick he needed a girl. "What kind of girl?" "Oh, someone of Shirley Temple's type." "Then why not use Shirley Temple?" Pretty good reasoning, I call it. So when they told me I was going to be the woman in the case, I relaxed. Only the depressing part was, we didn't have a single love scene together, and all that worry was wasted. . .

Now I have to go back once more to the time when my clothes were being fitted for *That Hagen Girl* over at Warners. One day they'd be fine, next day they'd be tighter here and looser there, and I couldn't understand it. Then I'd start getting dizzy and think, "Ye gods, if I don't sit down or have a glass of water, I'll faint." So presently a light dawned, and I went to the doctor and asked him to phone the minute he was sure, but not to use his name. I remember we were doing a very sad scene when they called me to the phone, and Dr. Bradbury said: "Mrs. Agar, this is the florist. Your roses will be delivered some time next winter. I think it'll be a very fine selection."

WELL! I couldn't phone Jack or Mother for fear of someone overhearing. But I couldn't contain myself either. So I got Mary Lou into the dressing room and told *her*, and we both went wild. Even out on the set we kept giggling and laughing like a couple of zombies, and how I ever got through that sad scene is still a mystery. The minute they let me go, I tore home and told Jack—just the way the doctor told it to me—about the roses. He strutted around with his chest out, and stuck cushions behind me that I had no use for. Then we went over to Mother's. All she did was look at my face and sit down, smiling and crying all at once.

such goings-on! . . .

But the funniest thing was when I went to tell Mr. Selznick and Mr. O'Shea. "Mr. Selznick," I said, "I'm going to have a baby." He just sat down and grabbed his head, and Mr. O'Shea walked over to the window and looked out, and you'd have thought I was going to commit suicide or something. I couldn't help laughing. "My, you're enthusiastic!" So then they relaxed and thought it was wonderful and wanted to give it to the press, and you never saw such goings-on as at Warners the next day. Nobody said a word, but here comes an easy-chair and there come cushions and glasses of milk and vitamins every five minutes. And London's on the phone, and China's on the phone. I couldn't make China understand a thing. I'm sure they thought I was going to have triplets.

On January 29th, everything happened. Ching had an operation, our parrot got sick, and I started having pains. When Jack came home, I decided to wait till after dinner to tell him, but of course I just blurted it out. "I'm going to the hospital tonight, I think." Which was a sad mistake, because he went all to pieces —took a spoonful of soup and dropped it, got up, sat down, asked me every other second how I felt, till I finally realized something had to be done. "Let's go over to Mother's and play Oklahoma." Well, it was my night. I felt completely calm, and they were so nervous they couldn't

keep their minds on the game, so I won and won and won.

At home I phoned the doctor, who said to take one of the sedatives he'd left me, and go to bed. "But suppose I don't wake up in time?" "If it's the real thing," he said, "you'll wake up all right." I must have been sleeping for about an hour, when suddenly I sat bolt upright in bed, clear-headed and awake as possible, and called the doctor again. He came over, and here we sat on the couch, laughing and talking and timing my pains while Jack slept on. Finally Dr. Bradbury said, "Suppose you come to the hospital around two." "But what about Jack?" "Well," he laughed, "you'll just have to wake him up." So I got into my prettiest maternity dress and high-heeled shoes, which I'd been wearing right along against the doctor's orders and everyone's orders, because when you're five-foot-two, you need *some*thing to help. I made coffee and put on my mink coat, and *then* I woke Jack. He was panicked. "What happened?"

"Nothing happened. We're going to the hospital."

and baby makes three . . .

I was still perfectly clear-headed when we got there, but not for too long. They told me afterward that as soon as the baby was born at 7:15, Dr. Bradbury yelled in my ear, "You have a little girl," and I said, "Is she cute?" That part I don't remember. Everybody in the whole world knew I had a baby except me. I didn't know till eleven, when I finally woke up, and Jack said: "We have a darling little girl."

Then they asked, would I like to see my baby, and brought this little rosebud in. Golly, she was cute! I always wanted a baby with wide-spaced eyes and practically no nose, and that's what she had—plus four chins and very red cheeks and a little red fuzz on her head.

Jack went home to sleep. Mother and Dad had been up all night too, so the whole family was unconscious while I was having the time of my life. Somebody phoned and asked for my nurse, and I said, "This is Shirley," and the girl nearly passed out. From then on I called everybody. It was really silly, because I wasn't all there. I'd talk to people and forget what I wanted to tell them and just drift on. I'd say to the nurse, "Mary, meet so-and-so," when nobody else was in the room. Telegrams came, and I'd hold them way off and couldn't read them, my eyes being out of focus. I was crazy as a loon, and ready to go home right then. I remember Mother telling me about one of her friends who sang out at the top of her lungs in the hospital, "*This is the day they give babies away with a half a pound of tea.*" That's not what I did, but that's what I felt like.

When Jack had thoroughly recovered, he came back. The nurse brought the baby in and said, "Here's your daughter," and laid her in my arm. We just looked at her, and then at each other. You know, a thing like that—you have to realize it over and over again. People would say to Jack, "Congratulations, Daddy," and he'd look all over to see where the daddy was. Same with me. I knew it was true, but suddenly I'd think, "Golly, I had a little baby!"—and the whole thing would sort of sweep over me again. When the nurse said, "Here's your daughter," it swept over us both. . .

Of course there's lots to remember about our first year with Susan. But it sounds to me as though I've remembered enough for once. Besides, I'm a sentimental mother myself now. I like to think of our daughter, not even 12 hours old, lying in my arm between her daddy and me.

I guess it's a pretty good place to stop. . . .

THE END



How Swift's Strained Meats help your baby grow sturdy and strong

Look what baby gets in every luscious serving of Swift's Strained Meats!

High-quality proteins—your baby needs for growth. Actually, baby needs 3 to 4 times more of these proteins, for his size, than you do!

NOTE: *Meat proteins are complete, Mother, because they provide all the essential amino acids (body builders). Baby must get all of them at the same time for soundest growth.*

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Food Iron—an essential mineral baby needs to help build good red blood—avoid infant anemia.

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Simply heat and serve. Swift's Strained Meats cost lots *less* than if you prepared them at home!

YOUR DOCTOR— *is best qualified to say how early your baby should start Swift's Strained Meats—ask him.*



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Colleen Townsend, 20th-Fox starlet, really means business when *she* brushes!

brush up on tooth care

BY CAROL CARTER, Beauty Editor

■ If you have a great big, gorgeous smile, full of the fun of living and showing fine, healthy teeth, we'll bet you a raisin cooky you've got a waiting list of beaux! It shows that you're good-natured; full of pep and, probably, that you brush your teeth correctly and often. Also that you think of those twice-yearly visits to your dentist's as beauty treatments rather than horror scenes.

Proper tooth-brushing should clean the teeth by raking food particles from between the teeth, and should massage the gums. Let your tooth-brush sweep *downward* on your upper teeth and *upward* on your lower teeth in a sort of rolling movement originating in your wrist. Swishing both up *and* down pushes the bits of food up against the gum line where it is likely to lodge and work mischief. Of course, everybody knows that you might as well not brush them at all if you're going to see-saw cross-wise! The smart thing to do is take your tooth-brush to your dentist and ask him to coach you.. You might also ask your dentist to recommend a dentifrice, although there are so many fine ones on the market you just can't go wrong. Brush your tongue, too, since often bad breath comes from an unbrushed tongue.

Your dentist is sure to suggest the use of dental floss as well as brushing. Using a five or six-inch length of floss, slip it in the space between teeth and draw it back and forth several times. Draw it out sideways to make sure you're making a clean job of it.

Remember, too, your teeth thrive on plenty of fruit and vegetables containing vitamin C. Do drink lots and lots of milk.

If it irks you to have to pay that 20% excise tax on your toilet preparations, write today to your senator or congressman (or both) in Washington, D. C., asking for its repeal. Your druggist or newspaper can give you their names.

CURLY-TOP TODAY

(*Continued from page 51*)

"Say it all together."

And out, of course, came "Two-two-twain."

"You'll probably say 'locomotive' when you get a little older," was Shirley's wow-line.

On her sets she "gets tired" if she goes alone to her dressing room between scenes. But playing jokes and laughing with the crew keeps her happily charged-up like a battery.

Not long after Shirley and Jack Agar were married, Shirley wanted a gold bracelet watch to match the gold earrings and necklace Jack had given her. One day she wandered inside a Beverly Hills jewelry store, found a beauty and bought it.

"Wrap it as a gift and send it," ordered Shirley on a whim. "And deliver it around 6:30 please," she added. She knew Jack would surely be home then.

When the packet arrived, Shirley opened it, gasped "Oh, you darling!" and gave baffled Jack a big hug and kiss. "Just what I wanted—how did you *know?*" she bubbled.

"*I* didn't send you that," blurted Jack. "Maybe your dad did."

But her father said, "Not guilty." Also her mother, and both brothers. The only answer was an unknown admirer and that, Shirley innocently guessed out loud, was what it was—a gift from a mystery man. She kept Jack on the anxious hook for two months before she exposed the "mystery man" as herself. Jack was so relieved he soon came through with a twisted gold bracelet for her other wrist. She never takes it off (the bracelet, that is) except to wash dishes or bathe Baby Linda.

culinary institute . . .

Mrs. John Agar is far from domestic in a gingham-girl sense, although she knows her way around a kitchen and did handle the Agar family meals when she was an early bride. In her practical way, she enrolled, right after her honeymoon, at the Hillcliff Cooking School on Wilshire Boulevard, where she travelled faithfully twice a week for five weeks. She wore her old Westlake School uniform, flat heels, no jewelry or make-up and, by some miracle, sailed through the course unrecognized, which tickled her thoroughly.

Many Los Angeles families send newly-hired cooks to Hillcliff to sharpen up their table talents. They were Shirley's schoolmates and while she was deep in the intricacies of learning how to make a chocolate roll (her supreme effort and specialty today) it pleased her to pose as a little slavey whose employers were mean to her.

Sometimes she worked up such a tearful tale of downtrodden abuse that she got cluckings of sympathy. "The nerve, picking on a little thing like you, Honey," one of her colleagues flared. Next morning she greeted Shirley triumphantly. "Look—tell 'em off. I've got you a place where I work—second maid—and Thursdays and Sundays off!" At that point, Shirley had to ease up on her play-acting. But nothing pleases her more than to get by as just another girl, instead of Shirley Temple.

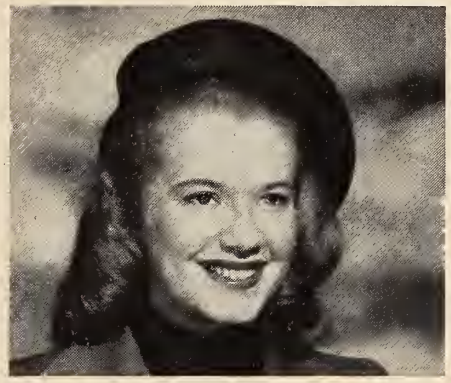
But one day, on the way to Hillcliff, she ran across from the Beverly-Wilshire Hotel (where the newlywed Agars stayed 11 days while waiting for their Santa Monica honeymoon house to be ready) to Adrian's to buy Jack's sister a present. She forgot she had on her glamorless Hillcliff getup and—after picking out a bauble at



New York – Gorgeous Pat Barnard always looks "just right." "Noxzema is part of my regular beauty routine," says Pat. "It's certainly helped improve my complexion."



Vancouver—"Noxzema has helped my skin so much," says charming Bette Morphett, "that it's now my regular night cream, hand cream, and powder base."



Montreal –"My skin was so dry and flaky I couldn't use powder," says lovely Pat Heselton. "But since using Noxzema as my powder base, rough, dry skin is no longer a problem."



Washington – Mrs. Betty Bridges first used Noxzema for sunburn. Now it's her all-purpose cream. "I use it every night to help keep my skin looking smooth, free from blemishes."

Do you know their startling

NEW BEAUTY SECRET?

If You Have Some Little Thing Wrong With Your Skin—Read On!

● Recently we've been calling on scores of women asking about their beauty problems. Here are the views of four typical women who are using a new idea in beauty—*Medicated* Skin Care.

New Beauty Routine

Now there is a simple *home* treatment developed by a doctor. 181 women from all walks of life took part in a skin improvement test supervised by 3 noted skin specialists. Each woman had some little thing wrong with her skin.

Based On Scientific Testing

Each woman followed faithfully Noxzema's new 4-Step Medicated Beauty Routine developed by a skin specialist. At 7-day intervals, their skin was examined through a magnifying lens. Here are the astonishing results: Of all these women, 4 out of 5 showed softer, smoother, lovelier-looking skin in just two weeks!

If you want an aid to a lovelier-looking skin, if you suffer from rough, dry skin, externally-caused blemishes, chapping or other similar skin troubles—get acquainted with this startling new beauty secret *now.*



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1. Morning—bathe face with warm water, apply Noxzema with a wet cloth and "cream-wash" your face.
2. Apply Noxzema as a powder base.
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Used By Millions

Try it. Start using Noxzema regularly, *morning* and *night.* See why over 25,000,000 jars are sold yearly. See if you aren't amazed at the astonishing way it can help your skin. **At all drug and cosmetic counters, 40¢ 60¢, $1.00 plus tax.**



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GOLDEN GLINT RINSE gives the finishing touch to your shampoo. Whether you want added brightness to glorify your natural hair color . . . or whether you merely want cleaner, more lustrous hair without added color, there is a Golden Glint Rinse for you.

Golden Glint Lustre Rinse (colorless) dissolves dulling soap and hard-water film instantly. Tangles and snarls vanish. The natural color and lustre of your hair is revealed in all its glory, and your hair is so responsive to your comb that setting it is no problem.

Each of the eleven other shades matches a natural hair color, adding just a whisper of true color for a tiny tint highlight. Whether your hair is raven black, platinum blonde or any shade between, there is a RIGHT shade of Golden Glint Rinse for you. The color shampoos out, but will not rub off.

SIMPLE, EASY TO USE

A Golden Glint Rinse after your permanent leaves the curls tight, but the dull lifelessness of your wave is gone. Even hair that changes color an inch or so from the scalp can be naturally blended with a color rinse.

So simple, so easy, so economical to use, Golden Glint should be a regular part of your shampoo. Buy a package today. Try it tonight. A single rinse will show you why America's loveliest women have bought over 60 million packages.

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the jewelry counter—gasped hurriedly, "Charge it, please," and started to speed away. The salesgirl placed her arms on her hips and grated, "Are you kidding? Charge it! Why you couldn't pay for that in ten years!"

She had a little trouble and lost some precious time proving who she really was.

Shirley was a credit to dear old Hillcliff for three months after her "graduation," until she found herself too busy making *The Bachelor and the Bobby-Soxer*. By the time she'd cooked, cleaned up the place and washed the dishes, she didn't have time to visit with Jack. That was when—and why—the housekeeper joined the household, but Mrs. Agar still abides by her cooking-school tenets. She still makes out the daily market list for Jack to pick up, compiled according to the text's chapter, "Ordering—Food For Two." (The other day she jotted down "one pound tomatoes," just as it said, and Jack came home with one large one. She never dreamed the things weighed that much.)

Jack Agar's picky about his food, whereas Shirley is still Plain Jane, gastronomically speaking. Her favorite fare is still lamb chops, chicken, peas, baked potatoes, greens—the same simple diet she grew up on. But since exposure to Jack, Shirley's also learned to like highly-seasoned dishes, rare meats and salad dressings heavy with garlic and herbs.

For her part, Shirley has influenced a number of Jack's habits—particularly in the sleep department. Agar was strictly a 10-o'clock-curfew boy before he married Shirley. Now he finds himself staying up all hours to keep her company. Shirley takes after her mother, who seldoms gives up her reading or knitting before 3 A.M. Shirley reads (a new novel, or perhaps that medical book she discovered at Westlake that still fascinates her); or sometimes knits (she's still struggling on an afghan she started for Linda Susan and says now "it'll have to be for my next baby"); or listens to symphony records—but whatever the excuse, she's a confirmed night-owl, and more than six-hours' sleep makes her feel slow and draggy. Shirley's health ticks along steadily as ever, unmarred by illness. When the epidemic "Virus-X" laid her low on the *Mr. Belvedere* set recently, it was her first bed-sickness since early girlhood's measles.

evenings at home . . .

Being a stubborn stayer-upper (Jack's nightly complaint is, "When *are* you coming to bed!") doesn't mean that Shirley's a playgirl. She just likes to stay awake. However, both Jack and Shirley like to go out dancing, especially at that perennial movietown favorite, the Cocoanut Grove, although they take in Ciro's and Mocambo, too, occasionally. She doesn't like to samba; her favorite step's a slow fox-trot and the dreamier the music the better.

Most of Shirley's and Jack's fun evenings are spent at home, usually playing bridge or a minor-league brand of "the game." They're good at bridge, with sessions sometimes far into the night, but not long ago when they trotted over to boss David Selznick's for an evening of "the game" they were badly outclassed by his more sophisticated charade set.

Shirley sticks pretty much to a group of 20 or 30 old childhood friends and former Westlake school chums, augmented by Jack's own school set and his service pals. None are actors, professionals or Hollywood "names." Shirley and Jack get around to Hollywood parties, though, where Shirley can be gay, if she's in the mood. One night not long ago she started out jitterbugging with Van Johnson and wound up beating out fancy riffs on the drums. And at a recent dinner party which Elliott Nugent—her director—gave with Clifton Webb and Jimmy Cagney on hand, she started out doing a Pavlova ballet with the boys and wound up in a mile-a-minute soft-shoe routine when Jimmy Cagney (an expert tapper) grabbed her and whirled her away. "Wow!" panted Shirley when they finished. "You had me doing steps I never saw or heard of before!"

Shirley never took to piano lessons as a girl (which she now regrets)—but she did get fairly sharp on her vibraphone and drums. She let her singing and dancing go with the kiddie years too, although she's planning on taking lessons in both anew, for she thinks she might be needing them again on the screen.

Jack and Shirley and "Su-Su" or "Cheeks" (as they're prone to call Linda Susan), live with the baby's nurse, the housekeeper, a collie named Sir Lancelot of Brentwood (he gets just "Lanny"), and two chattery parakeets named "April" and "Angel," in an English cottage near her parents' home. It was built in 1940 to serve Shirley as a party place to bring her friends and have her fun at home. It had a stage then in the big front room and a movie projection booth too, as well as a soda fountain and a huge niche to display Shirley's amazing doll collection. But it was always a separate building, with its own drive, and masked from the big house by high shrubbery.

a doll's house . . .

The Agars moved there after three months in a rented honeymoon bungalow on Santa Monica's San Vicente Boulevard, a place Shirley still thinks so "darling" that she occasionally strolls over and visits it to sit and sigh. She keeps a honeymoon-house scrapbook picturing every nook and corner, which she loves to leaf through. The ex-party house suffered a major remodeling before they moved in. The stage vanished and the soda fountain moved downstairs, as did the dolls—all 1500 of which get vacuumed regularly twice a year by Shirley herself.

What was left is one of the biggest living rooms in the movie colony—and "living room" is right. Besides the huge recessed fireplace, before which are placed an extra-long sofa and quilted chairs, it contains a "den," a "music room," and a "breakfast room"—all very real and separate rooms to Mrs. Agar's vivid imagination, but actually just corners where furniture and usage suggest the impressive titles.

A short butler's pantry connects the living room with a regulation kitchen. Jack and Shirley's bedroom and bath and Linda's nursery—the only room that was enlarged—snugly complete the house.

Linda Susan was one year old last January 30th—the day before her dad's birthday—and had her first party. She weighed 23 pounds then, was wolfing meat and potatoes and ice cream, crawling like a demon, starting to toddle and pulling everything within reach. She could say "my mama," "daddy," "bye-bye," "bow-wow," "baby," and "love"—"love" being recognizable if you started imagining from "la-la"; she patty-caked expertly, and had already indicated last Christmas that she knew what it was all about with delighted screams which clearly demanded "more presents!" Christmas Eve, a friend of Shirley's dropped in and asked, in Su-Su's presence, what Santa Claus had for her. "A h-o-b-b-y h-o-r-s-e," spelled out Shirley.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed the girl, "why are you doing that?"

"She's a very advanced child," explained Shirley soberly.

Su-Su's a stand-offish, dignified, ap-

praising baby, slow to make friends. She's almost a true combo of Shirley and Jack for looks. She's fascinated with diamonds, which are Shirley's birthstones, not hers. Shirley has no mama-dream plans for Linda beyond the Sunshine Pre-School in Westwood and then the Brentwood Town and Country Day School nearby. At the suggestion that Linda follow in her career footsteps she shrugs, "Maybe, maybe not." But there's already been a strong hint: Linda loves cameras, loves having her picture taken.

Three careers in the Agar household might be a crowd, but two—Jack Agar's and Shirley Temple's—pose no problems at all. On the contrary, Jack's eagerness in tackling a camera career has infected Shirley with a new ambition herself. Until Jack turned actor (his own decision, not influenced by Shirley, and at the insistence of David Selznick) Shirley'd become so used to being a movie star she had almost taken it for granted. "It had been my life," as she puts it. In her teens, her work became a sort of amusement or hobby. Now she's dead serious again and plotting and planning the best moves for her own career. Jack's is strictly *his* business.

severest critics . . .

They don't even let each other read the scripts they're considering. If one asks for criticism of a picture job, though, the other gives out, with no punches pulled. In Jack's first picture with Shirley, *Fort Apache*, he asked her advice several times about how some scenes should be played, and she told him what she thought. Invariably, the next day John Ford would tell him just the opposite. "I was just getting him all mixed up," says Shirley, "so I stopped."

It's pretty hard to ruffle her sunny nature, but one sure-fire touch-off to Shirley's temper is to refer, even jokingly, to her husband Jack as "Mister Temple." At Ciro's one recent evening, an acquaintance of theirs, also married to a screen star, called himself by his wife's name and called Jack "Mister Temple" too. To make matters worse, a newspaperman was sitting at the next table and heard it. Shirley stretched a broad smile and said, "I don't think you'd better say that." Because she smiled, the joker thought she was enjoying it and kept it up. Things almost exploded. What he didn't know was that, like her brother George, Shirley always smiles when she's really mad—the madder she gets, the broader, grimmer and more fixed the grin gets. Her brother does the same thing when he's wrestling someone.

Shirley Temple has faced up intelligently to the pretty intricate problem of being a world legend, dream princess, and busy star while also being the wife, sweetheart, helpmate and companion of a novice actor. She knows her prime job is being Mrs. Agar and Linda Susan's mom. She keeps herself sympathetic to Jack's tastes and pleasures, keys in with his dreams and desires. He's a golf enthusiast, and although Shirley's taken lessons, she just can't make it around even nine holes in much less than a hundred. But she keeps trying and encourages Jack to spend his off studio hours on the links, because she knows he's the nervous type who has to have plenty of exercise to work off steam. They often putt out a game of peewee golf together on a miniature course on Pico Boulevard. (On a recent holiday to Ojai, Shirley came in third in a putting contest. "Three contestants," she explains.)

Her return to make *Mr. Belvedere* on the Fox lot was a big event in Shirley Temple's life. She'd refused to go back before, even for lunch, because she thought

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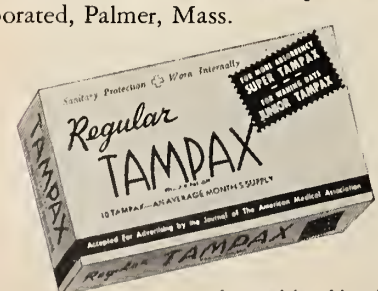


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it would make her sad to be no longer a part of the studio in which she spent so much of her girlhood. She still thinks it's the most beautiful lot in Hollywood, still goes in by the old "Kentucky" gate on Santa Monica Boulevard, as she used to, although it's a longer way for her. Her first trip in, she marvelled that the hill which had seemed like a mountain grade to her as a kid, now is only a mild slope. "I'd have made a picture at Fox for nothing," Shirley says, "just to bring back those memories."

First day on the lot she asked to be left alone, and wandered in a memory mist to all the familiar corners—her old bungalow, now transformed into a dental office ("*That* just kills me!" wails Shirley); the school where she learned her readin' and writin'; the little park where Ching, her Peke, used to romp. She popped unannounced into the offices of her former producers, directors and song writers still around Zanuckland—in to Sam Engel's (he wrote *Stowaway*), in to Mack Gordon's (he wrote so many of her hit ditties in the old days). Mack trotted out his piano and they sang "Good Ship Lollipop" and such Temple hits together—and wound up all dewey-eyed and drippy.

But Shirley Temple isn't looking backward at this point, even if her sentimental heart tugs her that way, to the golden years when she was Crown Princess of all Hollywood and the wonder girl of the wide world. Instead of sighing for past glories, she's planning new ones as she turns 21 on this very big birthday.

She's sizing herself up, professionally as well as personally, and making plans for the new screen career that faces her—a career which, she's resolved, will match the old one in achievement and success. She thinks comedy is her best bet and perhaps, later on, some gay song-and-dance parts. She's dying to do *Coquette*, which brought Mary Pickford, another ex-Hollywood child star, grown-up greatness and the 1929 Academy Oscar. Shirley has five scripts she's looking over carefully right now—all stories she uncovered herself. One in particular, she's simply crazy to make. She won't tell what it is—yet—but, "when I get it all settled I'm going to take it over to the studio," she says, "and they'd just better let me do it, too!"

When Shirley Temple makes a statement like that today, she eyes the baby Oscar she won back in 1935 with a determined gleam.

"I'm after its daddy now," she says.

THE END

THIS LOVE OF OURS

(Continued from page 57)

spectacular. Like the time in New Haven, when he came right to the theater from the airport. He took a bouquet of roses from a bewildered usher and carried them down the aisle himself, hiding his face in the foliage. Approaching in a stealthy stoop so I wouldn't recognize that 6-foot-5 frame of his, he came right up on the stage and suddenly peered from behind the flowers. I was scared into a weak shriek. All I managed to say to the startled audience was a foolish, "This is my husband!"

I used to boast that Ben and I had never had a quarrel. But people would look at me in such frank disbelief that I stopped mentioning this phenomenon. Here and now, however, I stubbornly repeat: We never have.

For one thing, Ben just won't fight. Not that he's namby-pamby, but his gentle understanding or his ever-ready sense of humor always finds a better solution.

Our story is an old familiar one to many happily married couples. From that first meeting, no one else seemed to matter. Ben was in service and I didn't see him often. But I lived for the times when I did. Then he was discharged—and the very next day we were married.

For a honeymoon, there was a wonderful week in Mexico. . . . We have a special hold on the spell of our honeymoon. We've built a tiny hacienda on our favorite hilltop in Acapulco, overlooking the breathtaking beauty of the bay. Whenever we can, we go back for occasional memory-stirring weekends. . . .

Being in love on a Mexican hilltop would be a breeze for anyone. Being in love every day on a down-to-earth homemaking basis is the real test. In Hollywood, home for us is a small house on the Santa Monica palisades, high above the ocean—a small house, but with a big heart, for we've put a great deal of sentiment into its planning and fixing. We were our own decorators. I made the curtains, Ben did much of the carpentry. He even helped build our tiny swimming pool.

Ben thinks I'm a good cook, and I like to cook. So I get dinner every night that we're home, and this is the nicest part of our day. It's fun to have him hanging around the stove, tasting and joking and reviewing current doings. We always have a dozen projects under way, ranging from painting the bathroom to going into the construction business, as we did recently in partnership with my brother, David. Besides having his radio assignments, Ben is my business manager, so of course there are always a millon topics of conversation. After dinner in the dinette, we drink our coffee in the soft glow of the living room fire. . . .

We rarely go to big parties. Social functions for us are usually family gatherings of the Gage and Williams growing clans. Even so, feeding 20 or 30 grown-ups and youngsters in a dinette and living room is quite a trick!

Ben and I have wonderful examples of enduring love affairs in both of our families. Dad and mother have been married 44 years—and I know they've been in love every minute. Ben has the same easy-going, kindly temperament as my father. And as for me—well, Mother always insists that when the Lord decided to send the Williams their fifth child, Esther, He must have said to Himself, "This one's just for laughs." I do think I can say I've always been blessed with a sense of humor.

Now that we expect our first baby in August, we feel that we're two of the luckiest people in the world. We're certainly the happiest, and we expect to keep on being so for as long as we live. Whatever the years bring, we'll always be rich in companionship and love . . . And who can ask for more?

THE END

The screen story of Esther Williams' latest movie, *Take Me Out to the Ball Game*, is a bright feature in the April issue of Screen Stories — another fine Dell magazine.

I DON'T BLAME RITA

(*Continued from page 69*)

I have not interfered with my daughter's life or given her advice since she signed her first studio contract and changed her name from Margarita Cansino to Rita Hayworth. She was barely 18 then. Before that I cared for her, raised her, taught her all I knew, guided and groomed her for a career. I gave her her first dancing lesson at four. At 16 she was my professional partner. I helped arrange her first screen part, coached and advised her. But when I realized she was grown up and ready to lead her own life, I left that life to her—professional and private. I know she is capable of living it wisely and worthily. I have never worried a minute about her.

I do not know Prince Aly Khan. I know only what everyone knows—that he is a wealthy, distinguished man who is in love with my daughter and wants to marry her. I am proud of that—but I would be just as proud and just as pleased if it were anyone else worthy of her.

What happens to Rita does not affect my life, because I am happily absorbed in what I am doing—teaching Spanish dancing, which is my family tradition, to the American people. As long as I can, I will. So whatever fortune comes Rita's way has nothing to do with me—or with her family, her uncles, aunts, brothers, cousins.

But I know I speak for all the Cansinos when I say whoever wins Rita's heart wins ours, too. She has our blessing.

There are some who are writing and saying unkind things about Rita, her fiancé and their engagement. I think that is narrow-minded and un-American. But I shrug. In America we are free. Isn't Rita free to fall in love with whom she likes, marry whom she loves? She is an American, too.

rita's heritage . . .

And in her veins, also runs the blood of Spain. On her mother's side, Rita's ancestry is Irish-English, but on mine it's all pure Spanish. The Cansinos are from Seville, where I was born, and the people there are a gay, carefree folk who love just being alive. There in the south of Spain, the people are inclined to think with their hearts instead of their heads. And Seville is the city in Spain which breeds artists of all sorts—dancers, toreadors, opera singers. It is Spain's town of talent, emotion and joy of living—and all of that is Rita's heritage.

We Spaniards are inclined to let life flow through us instead of fighting its current. We do not try to run another's life in affairs of the heart, such as love and marriage, which we deeply respect.

Whenever any member of my family—and that goes for Rita too—has fallen in love with someone, our hearts are gay and we ask only,

"Do you love him?"

"Yes."

"Ah—that is good. That is as it should be." And though perhaps we don't say it, what we believe thoroughly is, "That is your fortune—and your affair."

Rita's life has led her to a Mohammedan prince of India, and Rita is a grown woman. She is past 30 and she has been married twice before. She is no silly girl. She has been a celebrity and a screen star for over a dozen years. That, of course, is why there is so much fuss being made over what is her own private affair. But that is the penalty of fame. Rita knows that. I don't say she likes it,

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but what people say over the radio and print in the newspapers is not going to change her mind for a minute.

She knows what she is doing. Her real nature is quiet, plain, and unaffected. She would do nothing that is wrong—that I also know.

The prince she loves, I understand, may someday be the spiritual leader of twelve million people. He is the son of one of the world's wealthiest men and he is of royal blood. But I know Rita loves him for himself, because that is Rita's way. She is not bedazzled by glamor, wealth, or position. After all, she has had a good helping of those herself. I am proud that she is true to herself and to what her heart tells her. And I'm proud she has the courage to live her life to the full and wherever it leads her. She would not be a Cansino if she did not.

farewell party . . .

Her grandfather—my father, Antonio—was 84 when he decided to revisit his native Seville not long ago. "But, Padre," we protested, "should you make this trip alone, at your age?" He gave us a scornful glance and soon we were seeing him off at the airport. He would have flown the Atlantic, too, as he'd planned, only the officials found out his age and stopped him. He can still dance a *jota* as sprightly as any Cansino can. Rita gave him a wonderful farewell party at her house for all our family, the day the old man left. And recently she brought her fiance, Prince Aly, down to Seville, and Rita and her grandfather danced the *sevillanas* together like a couple of youngsters. That's the kind of mettle and vitality Rita Hayworth has in her veins. I have never been afraid for her.

In this Hollywood world, people concern themselves with so many things that are the stars' personal affairs—not theirs. With the matter of religion, for instance. Prince Aly is a Mohammedan by faith. Rita was raised a Catholic. I do not expect her to become a disciple of Mohammed, although her future husband, if and when she marries him, is said to be a direct descendant of Fatima, the Prophet's daughter. But, one's religion is, again, one's own private concern.

Rita has been thundered at for her spotlighted romance with Prince Aly. But it is not her wish that it be spotlighted; neither she nor the prince has made a dramatic show nor sought publicity. It is their burden that they are both famous people whose every move is news. And another thing: all over America—and everywhere else, too—men and women fall in love who are not legally divorced, as the Prince finds himself. But he has lived apart from his wife for three years and his divorce has long been in the process of being arranged. Since when is true love a crime? Nor does the fact that Rita took my granddaughter, Rebecca, to Europe with her, seem odd or unnatural to me. On the contrary.

When Rita told me she was taking Rebecca back with her, I said, "Good!" I knew that she would be a long time abroad, that she had plans to marry. Rita is a good mother and devoted to her baby, and to me it is a wholesome sign that she wants her daughter with her to share her new life.

Rita has also been censured for leaving Hollywood when her studio wanted her to begin a picture. To my mind, no picture is worth pitting against love and happiness. As for her right to a long holiday—Rita has been working hard ever since she was 10 years old, off and on.

I know how very hard she worked before her first European vacation, because I'd been working with her in *The Loves of Carmen.* I'm inclined to agree with Orson Welles, her ex-husband, whom I still like and with whom I am still friendly, that having worked steadily and hard for as long as Rita has, she deserves some fun.

But I know there is a question here—a question all of the millions who love to see Rita Hayworth on the screen would like to have answered:

If and when Rita becomes an Indian princess, does that mean her career is ended—that she will never make another picture?

I don't know the definite answer to that. But I can guess—and my guess is: No.

Entertaining is in Rita's blood, and with professional people like the Cansinos, it's something impossible to eradicate or forget. Recently I visited New York and saw my niece, Carmenita, dance on the stage of the Winter Garden. I danced on that same stage in 1917 and as I watched, I had to grip the arms of my seat tightly to keep from running up there and joining her. I love my work, and as long as I live—I know—I will be a dancer, wrapped up in helping other people learn grace and rhythm, the oldest art form and expression known to the human race. Acting is Rita's love, and Rita Hayworth is my daughter.

I know she will have to return to Hollywood to attend to business and legal matters some time soon, probably before Prince Aly Khan is free to make her his wife. Of course, if the marriage is arranged, that will be first in her thoughts, as it should be. Of course, she will have no time for a picture then. But later—well—none of the Cansinos yet who has had a taste of show business has ever deserted it. My belief is that Rita, too, cannot, no matter whom she marries, or how her life changes.

But whatever she does, and whatever the future holds for her, I know I shall always want Rita to live her life to the fullest, as everyone should. And I know that if she is a princess, a star, or just another Cansino dancing her way through life, I shall always be immensely proud that I am the father of Margarita.

THE END



that's hollywood!

At Le Directoire, Abe Burrows is telling audiences: "I like the *Babes In Arms* type of movie. You know, where a group of youngsters befriend an old man who owns a restaurant where they all hang out. One day the kids discover the old man is about to lose his restaurant. They try to think of ways to save him. One of them finally says: 'I have it—let's put on a show.' At that moment, who should be passing by but Bing Crosby, Bob Hope, Alan Ladd, Ray Milland, Sonny Tufts, Paulette Goddard, Gary Cooper and Theda Bara. The kids beg these stars to help them out and they finally agree to do it after a heart-warming appeal from one little kid whose father is president of their studio."

Irving Hoffman
Hollywood Reporter

NO LOVE LOST

(Continued from page 61)

gossip item to two girls with whom he wasn't in love and hadn't said he was?

"Suppose that silly report *were* true," he said to the first friend who called him up. "Then I might propose to both girls and get turned down—how would *that* be? It happened to me once a long time ago, but the girl had sense enough to know neither of us meant the little stories we were telling each other. Anyhow, I haven't gone out on a limb since."

All this worried Farley for several weeks—though it needn't have, for the two girls involved told him they realized that things like this happen every day.

And so they do. When you're 24 and no less a person than Louella Parsons broadcasts to some ten million people that you are her personal choice as the discovery of the year, and then on top of that you're a bachelor—brother, look out!

This is why Farley Granger decided to jump the gun. He was going to fire a barrage of information before he could see the whites of a regiment of eager reporters' eyes. In one swoop he was going to set the public straight, via MODERN SCREEN, on "the women in his life."

Farley got off to a flying start on this laudable project by bringing up the name of a girl with whom his name has never been linked.

"I guess it's safe to talk about it now," Farley said, "because she's happily married and has a husband who's a good friend of mine—as she still is too.

constant friend . . .

"Back when I was going on 18, I had a crush on Jane Withers. She's really a wonderful girl, and we were thrown together when we worked in *North Star.* Movie business was new to me then and I had a boyish pash for Jane.

"We had a whale of a time away from the set, too. Went dancing at the Palladium to the tunes of Tommy Dorsey and the other big bands. We had so much to do, it seemed, that we never did get around to holding hands seriously—but Jane became one of my most constant friends, particularly when I went into the service."

Now, how about June Haver? Back in 1943, at the time when Farley began to graduate out of the great unknown status, columnists made note of their dating.

Farley met June while he was doing *The Purple Heart,* just before he became a Navy man, and the truth is that but for several quirks of fate he and June might have become much more important in each other's lives than they really were.

"Any single male who met June at that time and didn't go a little crazy over her had to be out of his mind. I remember that I owned a beaten-up old Willys at the time. June lived in a white Colonial house just a few blocks from 20th Century with her mother and sister. We used to spend a lot of time over there, raiding the ice box and delving into music.

"Anyway, to get back to the Willys. It worried me. June was becoming quite an important young lady and I didn't think it was quite right that she should be hauled around in a junk heap.

"One night we went to a première. I didn't have the nerve to drive up in front of the Cathay Circle theater and leave my car with an attendant, so we located a parking lot a block away. When we came out of the theater the loudspeaker system was booming away: 'Calling Mr. Zanuck's car . . . Calling Miss Crawford's

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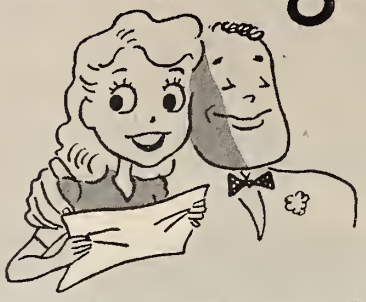
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car . . . Calling Mr. Power's car . . . Calling Mr. Powell's car.' We inched our way through the crowd to old Willy. I stepped on the starter. She shuddered—the car, not Junie—and we were off. But we were caught in the traffic that was channeled by policemen right past the front of the theater—at which point, Willy took a deep breath, coughed loudly twice and quit cold—squarely in front of all Hollywood and 5,000 movie fans!

"It was a great place to make a personal appearance. While hundreds of people yelled advice, June took the wheel. I got out behind and pushed, mortified no end, while a chant rose up: 'Calling Farley Granger's car . . . Calling June Haver's car.' Suddenly I realized that this was fun, and how many friends we both had. As for June, she exclaimed as Willy finally woke up and sputtered away, 'Don't ever get rid of this car. It's priceless! How else could anyone get so famous in one night?'"

What would have happened between Jane Withers and Farley, or between June Haver and Farley, had the war not interfered, is a matter of conjecture. While he was stationed in Hawaii, Farley discovered that even though Hollywood was as remote as Tibet, he knew everything that was going on—or thought he did. "I'd seen a lot of items in the papers people sent me about who went with whom and how soon they were going to get married. Then, all of a sudden, I'd get news that they'd married somebody else. It occurred to me then, that reporters aren't too inaccurate. It's just that when people in Hollywood get ready for the big step, they usually throw out a smoke screen. It must be murder to be a Hollywood reporter."

janie gets married . . .

If Farley had been really serious about Janie or Junie, it would have been murder for him. One night when he'd just settled down in his bunk to sleep he was awakened by a buddy.

"Hey, Granger—you're wanted on the phone. New York calling."

"Funny fellow," Farley muttered. "Drop dead."

"I said New York is calling. Get up."

Farley staggered to the pay phone at the end of the hall. Sure enough, New York was calling, a minor miracle which could happen now that the war was falling apart.

"This is Janie," a voice said. "Farley, I've got wonderful news. I'm going to be married!"

"MARRIED?"

"Uh-huh. You know him. I'm engaged to Bill Moss. I wanted to talk to you anyway, and I didn't want you to read about it first in the papers."

"That's swell," Farley said, and meant it. "Congratulations!" He didn't see the gang of guys hanging around, soaking up his end of the conversation. When he hung up, they let him have it.

"Oh-ho," they whooped. "Great big actor loses girl friend. . . . Gonna go to the wedding? . . . Here comes the bride!"

"The guys got a big kick out of it, but fortunately they didn't know who I'd been talking to. They didn't know that Jane and I were just close pals, and it made all of them who were worrying about their best girls feel better. Pretty soon, somebody got hold of a newspaper clipping predicting that June Haver, who 'had been dating Farley Granger,' was also getting married. They razzed me about that, and because I was so nonchalant about it the guys figured I was suffering, deep down inside. When I tried to tell my buddy I wasn't in love with June, he growled, 'Don't try to fool *me*. Why, if you aren't in love with a girl

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like June Haver, you must be an idiot.'"

So Farley went out to the beach and sat there, looking toward Hollywood. He figured out that maybe he'd been a little in love with Janie, and with Junie too, even if not all the way. And when you're so far away from home in a sailor suit, people you know getting married is a little sad, at that. "From then on," he remembers, "I put on a better performance for the boys."

When the war was over, the uninvolved Mr. Farley Granger became involved again. "But please," he begged, "let's not add this up to the assumption that I'm losing all my best girls, or anyway not winning them."

For instance, there's Cathy O'Donnell. She became Farley's "girl" along about 1946. The Willys had folded up and been assigned to the dump heap. Sam Goldwyn had given Farley a brand new Ford, and Farley was living, but doing no acting—at least not for the cameras.

"I've got a hobby, an ambition, a great desire," Farley explains. "That's acting, period. Mr. Goldwyn held me off the screen for a year and I did nothing but study. It was the same with Cathy O'Donnell. We met almost every day with Florence Enright, the marvelous coach who has introduced so many young people in Hollywood that she's sort of an unofficial date bureau.

"Cathy and I had one great liking in common: Work. And we were working together, for we were to be a team. We got so lost in what we were doing that we saw each other a lot outside the studio.

"We were darned close friends, though, and our mutual interests were so important that two or three times a week, if we didn't have dinner at my parents' home out in studio city, we'd throw together a dinner at her place. Wherever we were, we'd put the scene we were studying into the actual locale in which we happened to be at the time. The net result was that we'd play a scene from *His Girl Friday* in her kitchen, and maybe the next night we'd be doing it with accents in a Hungarian restaurant on the Sunset Strip. The results were fantastic.

"Then came *Your Red Wagon,* in which we worked almost two years ago. It's just now being released. This was to have been the kickoff for a big series of pictures co-starring the two of us, but circumstances worked the plot out differently. Releasing problems somewhere along the line changed all that. . . ."

Cathy's marriage hasn't at all altered

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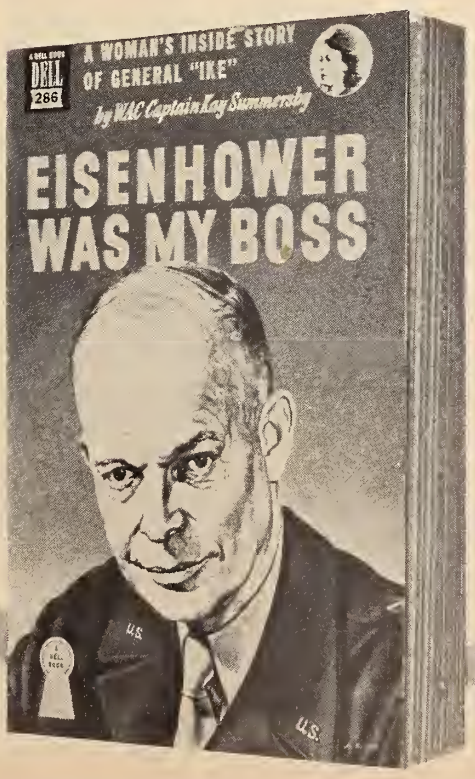
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the way Farley feels about Cathy. He never proposed to her. And she never wanted him to. They were friends, and if that friendship became a "romance" it existed only in the imagination of the press.

"Hey," wait a minute!" Farley exclaimed to me as he looked over the list that had been jotted down for the purpose of a complete report on all the Hollywood girls he's ever known. "You left out a couple. One's a beautiful girl I once saw waiting for a bus. My car had broken down and there I was. There *she* was, carrying a big load of bundles. When the bus came, I offered to help her. We got off at the same stop. She dropped a package and when I picked it up, she said, 'You're Farley Granger, aren't you?' I said I was. She had the most sensational brown eyes, an athletic figure and blinding smile. She said. 'I'm ——,' but at that second the bus roared off. 'It's been nice seeing you,' she exclaimed before I could ask for her name. Then she wheeled off down the street. If you really want to know—if she wasn't already married, there was the one I might have asked to become Mrs. Granger. And I haven't ever set eyes on her again. . . .

"And then there's Ann Blyth. Ann and I dated for a couple of months every now and then, even got our names in the paper, although we didn't plan it. . . .

"What's next?"

dancing on air . . .

1947. The big boom year. The year a lot of things happened and a fella by the name of Granger saw quite a bit of a girl named Vera-Ellen. He met her on the Goldwyn lot. "That sort of thing," Farley admitted, "is going to go right on happening off and on, because this is the biggest small studio in town. If a fellow is crossing the lot, he's going to meet a pretty girl and they'll be introduced. If he's lucky, he'll get a date. I was lucky with Vera-Ellen. When we went out, which was only occasionally, we usually went to one of the clubs to dance. I don't have to remind anyone that Vera dances like a syncopated wisp of cloud. Before long I figured that I was a pretty good dancer, and I really enjoyed it. Matter of fact, I'm a pretty poor dancer, but Vera was such a perfect partner that a man could do no wrong. We had a lot to talk about because we, too, worked with Florence Enright, coaching us for roles."

Now it was time for Farley to talk about Shelley Winters. "Well," he said, "shortly after Pat Neal left for England to work in *The Hasty Heart,* a friend and I went to Victor's restaurant for dinner. (The steaks there are wonderful, and don't cost you your next week's salary.) Everything was fine, and—as it *didn't* say in the story which reported that I was trying to make up my mind whether to propose to Gerry or Pat—I didn't have a problem in the world.

"So, I'm sitting at Victor's, trying to make up my mind whether it will be soup or salad. In comes a girl named Shelley Winters. If you lead a completely unimportant life, just being an actor and trying to learn your lines, things like this can happen to you. Life is like that. Anyway, my friend introduced me to Shelley and a few minutes later the friend said to me, 'Farley, my boy, I can see you are going to get lost for a while.'"

Farley did. Farley freely admits that he's been concentrating on Shelley lately.

At Christmas time he gave her an etching by John Hirsch, called The Hecklers. And one of those multi-colored scarves that are the fad now.

"But," Farley pointed out, "it would be nice if nobody mentioned that I gave her the etching so she'd invite me up to see it some time. Otherwise she might be moved to strangle me with the scarf."

This Shelley is a one. She's a fine tennis player and matches are about even with Farley who's no slouch himself. Shelley has a sense of humor which doesn't require gag lines from memory. Her lift from living comes with doing the unexpected at the appropriate moment.

Farley called her up the other night for a date. Shelley talked with him for a moment, gradually growing more and more hysterical. "I can't go out with you tonight," she screamed. "I'm going out of my mind—I'm *crazy*—mad, absolutely *insane!*"

She stayed that way for days because she had to go out of her intelligence for a scene in *Take One Step,* which she is doing with Bill Powell. Farley got used to her drawing insane pictures on tablecloths and making statements that made no sense at all. Things like this happen to him, too.

Now the tempo of all this is stepping up. Shelley is immensely popular. Farley didn't get to spend Christmas Eve with her as they'd planned because she beat it off to entertain at an Army hospital. Several days later an alert columnist reported that Douglas Dick had "moved in" on Granger. Maybe he did. Perhaps, though, it was just that Farley had to work that night in *Roseanna McCoy.*

"There's a phrase I like," Farley said. "It's called 'steady duo.' But in the picture business you usually have 'dipsy duos,' and it could be that Shelley and I fall into that classification."

Could he fall in love with her? Has he fallen in love with her? Is this the real thing?

Should a reporter ask Farley Granger that question, he'd get this reply: "Could I? Have I? Is this? Well, this is a free country. I can fall in love with Shelley Winters if I want to. And she can fall in love with anyone she wants to. In a way, that's the heck of it."

See how cagey a fellow gets after awhile?

"I wish somebody would say that I don't consider myself God's gift to women," he concluded. "Gift? I'm certainly no gift. I'm in love with acting."

And Shelley Winters, maybe? Well, maybe. . . THE END

MODERN SCREEN



"No money, no cor—just this lousy little statue?"

CAN JUNE HAVER FIND HAPPINESS?

(*Continued from page 67*)

the marriage had not been a valid one.

Whether this tragic muddle, brought on by a young girl's mistake in rushing into an unhappy marriage, will ever be straightened out, is anybody's guess. The whole thing looked pretty hopeless to June the last time I talked with her. It appeared hopeless to her young man, too, for Dr. Duzik is also a Catholic. Both he and June will doubtless feel bound by the church officials' ruling.

The tragic part of the whole thing is that John and June were dating for several months before she eloped to Las Vegas, Nevada, with Jimmy on March 26, 1947. Duzik, who is a dentist with a prosperous practice in Beverly Hills, was stunned by June's elopement. He was in love with her and thought she loved him, too.

"If I had only known what I was doing," June said to me recently. "I could have been the happiest girl in the world right now if I'd stopped to think. How blind I was! How could I ever have thought it was Jimmy I loved instead of John?

"I guess the truth of the matter is, I didn't really appreciate what a fine man John is until I began vacationing in Wyoming. There I met his family and the honest, real people who are his friends. In that country—under that clear blue sky, with the great mountains in the distance—boys have a chance to grow into strong, good men. And that's what John did.

too young to know . . .

"Why I couldn't see this when I first met him I'll never know. But at that time I was still under the magic spell of life with a band, singing in night clubs, making one-night stands . . . the excitement never ending . . . the jive talk . . the hep gang. It seemed to be in my blood. Today, I can see that getting to be a singer with a band was just an accident in my life. It seemed at the time to be such a great opportunity to make money and get ahead. But now I know it wasn't ever what I really wanted. Yet how can a 15-year-old kid figure out where she's going to wind up? That's how old I was when I started singing with Ted Fio Rito's band.

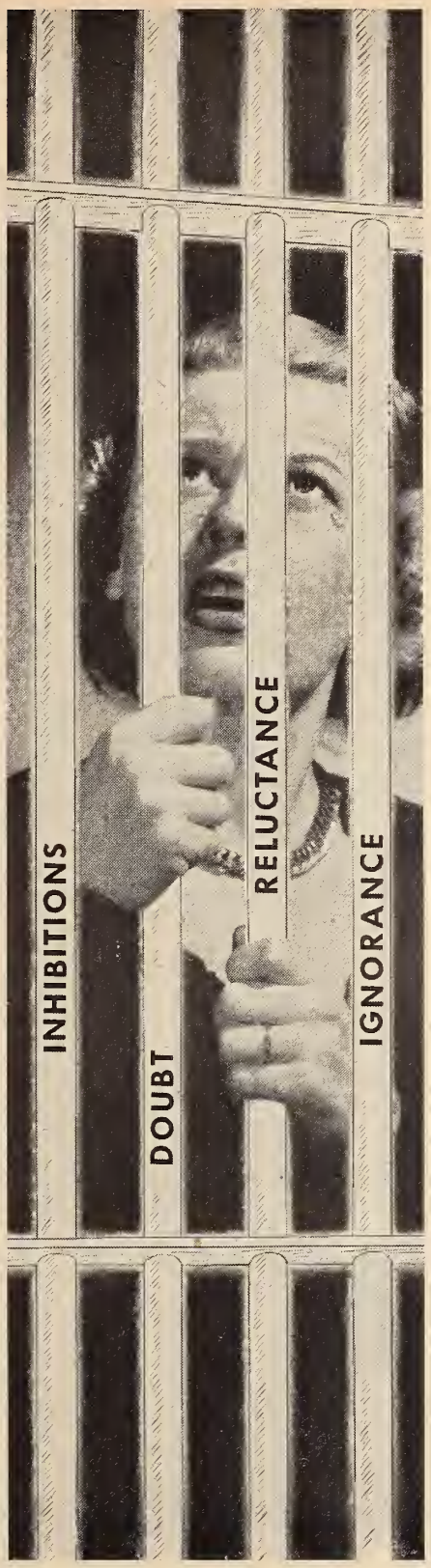
"I realize now I was always out of my element with band musicians. My association with them was a thing apart from all the family life and ideals I always had known. My mother used to tell me this—but I didn't think she knew what she was talking about. If only I'd listened to her!"

I must say that June made every effort to make a go of her marriage to the young musician. She went back to him several times, flying in the face of advice from her mother and the 20th Century-Fox officials who felt that, as Mrs. Zito, she'd never find happiness.

On one occasion that I know about, she even took a chance of completely wrecking her own career to save him from a situation which she felt would have damaged his career. When her studio bosses heard what she'd done, they had her up on the carpet to tell her what a foolish little girl she'd been.

She answered simply: "He is my husband. It was my duty to help him."

However, there came a time when she could go on no longer with Jimmy. The paths of his life led far afield from the



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ones on which her feet were firmly planted. One or the other had to change—and she felt that she would be sacrificing all her ideals if she followed his way of life. So she called it a day.

I saw June on the arm of young Dr. Duzik at the wedding reception for Diana Lynn following Diana's marriage to John Lindsay.

"Isn't Diana a lovely bride?" June remarked. I couldn't help remembering when June herself was a lovely bride, starting her wedded life with all the high hopes only young girls can have. Within three months, bitter disillusionment had dimmed her eyes.

I have known Dr. John Duzik all his life. He was born in my hometown—Rock Springs, Wyoming—where his father, Nick Duzik, operates a grocery store in connection with his cattle ranch on the Wyoming-Colorado border. John went to public school at Rock Springs and to the University of Southern California, from which he was graduated as a dental surgeon. Later he took a course at Harvard. He has always been a fine boy and has made his father very proud of him.

When it became evident that John was deeply interested in her, I wanted to tell June she should hold onto him—but of course I didn't know she was planning to elope with Jimmy until it was too late to give her any advice.

All I could do was kiss her and wish her happiness when I went to her church wedding—a ceremony held three weeks after she and Jimmy had been married by a justice of the peace in Las Vegas. But watching her and Jimmy together at their wedding reception in the Beverly-Wilshire Hotel, I was afraid she had made a terrible mistake. How well-founded my fears had been was evident when I saw her a couple of months later. She had found out by then—and her bubbling, child-like gaiety had vanished.

Duzik stood patiently by while June went through the throes of making up her mind about her divorce from Jimmy. She left Jimmy and went back to him several times during the summer months—and even made a tour with him and the band in the Northwest, playing towns in Washington and Oregon. She sang with the band as she had in the old days, but found that the old lure was gone. It just wasn't her way of life at all.

Finally, just a year after she'd been married, she went to court and got her divorce, charging mental cruelty. Jimmy, she testified, would sit for hours without speaking to her. She stated that he said he hadn't loved her when they were married. She told the judge that she'd done her best to make her marriage succeed but that when she'd gone back to him after the first separation, "it became apparent to me that he did not want a reconciliation."

I hope June will find a way out of her dilemma. I hope she'll be able to marry John Duzik. She wants to have children—she told me if she isn't able to marry again, she'll adopt some.

"June is such a wonderful girl," young Duzik told me. "She is the only girl I'll ever love. We have so many things in common—and I know if we're able to marry and have the family we both want, our life will be—well, it will be Heaven."

Will they be able to have that happiness together? Will June, now still trapped by the profound and far-reaching consequences of an infatuated mistake, be freed to go to the yearning arms of the man she so deeply loves? THE END

I DISCOVERED SHIRLEY TEMPLE

(*Continued from page 39*)

be fresh and natural. Not an artificial little monster like *that*, Lew!"

"Your enthusiasm," said Lew, "is overwhelming. "But since it happens that Mr. Sheehan and I think she's very, very wonderful—then it happens that this marvelous little actress goes in the picture. Suppose you just write the music and leave the casting to us."

I looked at him steadily for a moment.

"Yes, sir, boss man!" I said.

He laughed and we went out and had a drink together. I like Lew Brown.

Those, in effect—though I'll admit that maybe I haven't recalled the richly dramatic dialogue with complete accuracy—were the circumstances surrounding my introduction to a child actress named . . . well, what do you suppose? Shirley Temple? I should say not! Never mind what the name of the unfortunate tot was. She's probably somebody's mother by now.

* * *

I'd been called out to Hollywood late in 1933 after my song, "Brother, Can You Spare a Dime?", became a national hit. The famous songwriting team of Lew Brown, Buddy DeSylva and Ray Henderson had parted company—and Lew Brown wanted me for his collaborator. Lew was producing pictures for Fox and my first assignment was to write the score for a musical he was doing called *Stand Up and Cheer*.

The studio planned to introduce a new child star in this film. The script called for her to be presented in a dance number in which she and James Dunn would sing a song entitled "Baby, Take a Bow." As you've gathered, Lew Brown and the top executive at Fox, the late Winfield Sheehan, had already picked out the youngster—and my reaction to her I've tenderly described above.

Well, I went ahead and wrote "Baby, Take a Bow"—I thought it a pretty nice number—but the more I thought of the terrible tot scheduled to deliver it in the film, the sadder I got. Especially after I'd heard her sing it in her brassy little voice—with Mae West leers!

One afternoon early in January, my wife and I went to the movies—to the Fox-Ritz Theater on Wilshire Boulevard. For the life of me I can't remember what the picture was—but I'll never forget what happened as we were going through the lobby on our way out.

As we trudged slowly along with the other departing customers—I suddenly stopped and put a hand on my wife's arm.

A few paces ahead of us, intently examining the framed stills of coming attractions, was a tiny girl, her pretty head covered with reddish-gold ringlets. As she peered earnestly at each picture in turn, she hummed softly to herself and moved her feet in jiggling little dance steps.

"Have you ever seen a cuter child?" I murmured.

"She's adorable!" my wife agreed.

We just stood there watching her. Completely un-selfconscious, happily absorbed in the fascinating black-and-white scenes on the wall, she was a completely engaging picture of childhood.

I looked about at several small groups standing in the lobby to see whom she was with, but no one seemed to be paying any attention to her.

So I went up to her. "Hello," I said.



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She straightened up, stuck out her stomach, and turned her face up to me with a smile. Now I noticed the dimples. "Hello," she said.

"What's your name?" I asked.

"Shirley. Shirley Temple."

"That's a nice name. . . . You seem to know how to dance, Shirley."

"Sure!" she exclaimed—and then and there went into a very skillful little clog.

"Who taught you to do that?"

"My Mommy."

"She did? And where is your mommy?"

"Over there!" And she pointed to a pleasant-looking woman talking to a couple near by. "Mommy!"

Her mother looked toward us inquiringly, excused herself to her friends, and came over.

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Only a few of the gifted youngsters who aspire to a place in show business ever even get a hearing. Jay Gorney holds the movie industry could do much to help this tragic situation, and at the same time establish a gold mine of the fresh performers it's always seeking, by subsidizing stage shows employing those wasted talents.

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"It's a cinch that right this minute," says Mr. Gorney, "a dozen June Havers—and Shirley Temples—are vainly knocking on closed studio doors in Hollywood."

I introduced myself and my wife, told her I was with Fox and that we thought Shirley was a mighty cute kid. I asked Mrs. Temple about Shirley and learned that she'd had a bit in a Paramount Western, *To the Last Man,* and in several shorts of Educational's Baby Burlesk series.

I admitted that I hadn't seen any of those epics. Mrs. Temple smiled sadly and said that frankly, Shirley's screen appearances to date had evidently created no great impression anywhere. In fact, right now Shirley was unemployed, with nothing in sight.

"Well," I said, "how'd you like to bring Shirley to Fox for an audition?"

Mrs. Temple thought this over for about a third of a second.

"*When?*" she said.

"Could you make it tomorrow morning at eleven?"

"We most certainly could!" beamed Mrs. Temple.

"Cer'nly could!" said Shirley.

First thing next morning, I saw Lew Brown and gave him an account of Shirley.

"Lew," I said, "she'd be an absolute natural for *Stand Up and Cheer.*"

Lew said, "I thought it was understood that—"

"All I'm asking," I said, "is that you have a look at this kid. Her mother's bringing her over this morning."

He lighted a fine cigar. "Okay," he said. "I'll see your genius. I guess I'm just in one of my foolish, benevolent moods today. But remember! There'll be no casting changes in *Stand Up and Cheer*—and that's final!"

I said, "Of course! You're the producer."

I accepted a fine cigar and returned to my office to wait for eleven o'clock.

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Eleven o'clock arrived—but no Temples. I heard nothing from Mrs. Temple that day—and, as I'd absent-mindedly neglected to get her address or phone number, I was unable to get in touch with her. But since she'd obviously been so happy about the whole thing, I felt certain that I'd hear from her soon.

But she failed to show up the next day, either. Or the next. Or the next. Naturally, I was beginning to get a little peeved. I tried in vain to locate her through the telephone company, through Paramount and Educational.

Three weeks went by. And then, one morning, the phone in my office rang—and Mrs. Temple was on the line. It developed that she'd been bringing Shirley to the studio every day since the date of the original appointment—only to be turned away by the guard at the gate! The guard had insisted that there was no Jay Gorney at the studio—as had the telephone operators.

What had happened was typical of the chaotic conditions at Fox at the time. It had taken over three weeks for the office management to get my name on the list of personnel! So if it hadn't been for Mrs. Temple's persistence, Shirley Temple's career may well have died aborning.

baby takes a bow . . .

As it was, Heaven be praised, the Temples came right up to my office that morning. I spent the rest of the day teaching Shirley "Baby, Take a Bow"—and then arranged for Lew Brown to hear her the next morning.

At the scheduled time, in Lew's office, I hoisted Shirley to the top of the battle-scarred grand piano, sat down on the stool, struck a chord—and we were off on "Baby, Take a Bow."

Shirley was perfect—joyous, relaxed, innocent, inventive, lifting that little song into something twinkling and warm and beautiful. Halfway through the first chorus, I glanced at Lew sitting there beside the tense Mrs. Temple. His poker face seemed a bit strained. At the end of the chorus, Shirley went into a dance. She was like a small inspired sunray, bouncing and tapping around that piano top. Then she finished the song, gave an earnest bow, sat down, and, all panties and smiles, slid off to the floor.

The Temples left the room.

"Well?" I said.

Lew looked like a man dreaming. "She's—she's—well, she's something special, all right."

"But naturally," I said, "it's too late to think of putting her in the picture, now."

Lew frowned. "I'm afraid there's not a chance. You know how high Sheehan is on the kid we've already lined up."

"May I suggest," I said, "that we at least take Shirley in to see Sheehan?"

"I don't think we'd get anywhere doing that," said Lew. "And yet . . ."

"Tell you what, Lew," I said. "Suppose I just take her into Sheehan."

Lew looked out the window. "Okay," he said. "You win. We'll take her in together!"

So into Sheehan's office we all trooped. And when, an hour or so later, we all trooped out again, Shirley Temple, who'd won over Winfield Sheehan in about two minutes flat, had been signed to a $150-a-week Fox contract and had been given her first assignment—in *Stand Up and Cheer*.

Well, Shirley started work—and everybody on the set fell in love with her immediately. Everything connected with making pictures thrilled her—and she took the work with great seriousness. One day soon after shooting started, Jimmy Dunn muffed a line. In tones of high indignation, Shirley corrected him. The cameras had kept on rolling while she was setting him right. When this was viewed with the day's rushes, it was decided to leave it in the film just as it had occurred, and the scene was rewritten around it.

Thereafter, Shirley's delightful corrections when other players missed lines became a running gag on the set. They'd deliberately make fluffs to see if Shirley would catch them. She would—every time.

Shirley was really a present from Heaven for Fox. I've mentioned the chaotic conditions at the Fox studios in those days. The company was said to be deeply in the red. Twentieth Century was interested in buying Fox, and Sheehan was under terrific pressure from the stockholders and the board of directors to improve the situation so that the company would be a more valuable property to sell. *Stand Up and Cheer*, into which a million dollars—a big amount then—was poured, was a desperate effort to recoup.

Stand Up and Cheer was finished and released—and even the raves that Shirley evoked didn't save it from being less than a box-office smash. Winfield Sheehan was called to New York to have coals of fire heaped on him by the board of directors. He walked into the meeting, opened his briefcase, and took out some papers. "Here, gentlemen," he said, "is ten million dollars."

And he showed them all the fabulous offers from other studios for Shirley Temple's services that her personal triumph in *Stand Up and Cheer* had already brought. (One was from Paramount—they wanted her for something called *Little Miss Marker*.) So instead of being fired, Sheehan was given a brand new one-year contract—at a salary reported to be $365,000! And soon thereafter, 20th Century was glad to pay millions to buy Fox—just to get Shirley!

I've been asked many times why *I* didn't sign Shirley Temple to a contract. Well, I was no agent—I was simply a writer and composer and my only interest in Shirley was in seeing an enormously talented and attractive kid get the break she deserved.

And I certainly don't claim any great credit for discovering Shirley. I do think that maybe I have a certain "intuition" about talent—but my running into Shirley in that theater lobby was nothing but blind luck—just a happy accident.

But I'd like to wind this up with a little request to Mrs. Agar: Shirley—may I make a date right now to meet Linda Susan in the lobby of the Fox-Ritz theater in about four years? THE END



This early photo of Shirley was autographed for Joy Gorney, who discovered Shirley in 1934, by Mrs. Temple: "Gratefully . . . for Shirley."

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WHAT PRICE GLORY?

(*Continued from page 58*)

that marriage to novelist Marcus Goodrich had brought her.

What does being First Lady of Hollywood entail? It entails, in effect, the assumption of a position comparable to that of a member of a royal family. The occupant is no longer just a star—she's a personage, treated with a respect amounting almost to awe. Critics of both her professional and private lives handle her with velvet gloves. She's no longer fair game for any sort of public gossip or irreverent speculation. Her presence is demanded at official occasions, no social function is really top-drawer without her celebrated name on the guest list. She is, in a vastly wider sense than are other major Hollywood figures, public property.

The mantle of First Lady has been worn easily by the last two to bear the resplendent title—Norma Shearer and Joan Crawford. They served superbly, reveling in the role. They have had no successor. Ingrid Bergman has had the honor for the taking, but the diffident Swede has preferred to stay aloof from the glittering hullabaloo.

Will Olivia de Havilland, aware of the personal concessions that her acceptance would force her to make, ascend the throne?

Well, let's take a look at that quiet private life she's been enjoying with Marcus Goodrich. . . .

I didn't like Marcus Goodrich before I met him. His biography indicated that he had an excellent record as a sea captain, had been skipper of his own ship in two wars, and had written one highly successful novel about a destroyer, "Delilah." But I, like almost every other male Hollywood correspondent, had nursed a secret crush on Olivia for a long time, and in my opinion there wasn't a man alive good enough for her.

Well, when I actually *did* meet the fellow—just a short while after they'd been married—I was astonished to find I liked him immediately. Perhaps this was mainly because Olivia was completely happy. Not the way any movie star seems happy right after the marriage, with all the practiced reactions for the benefit of the press. Olivia just was, that's all.

Months later, when I saw Marc and Olivia again, there was no change. They were still completely devoted to each other.

There were, naturally, certain adjustments that had been made in their lives. "Marc is a cold-blooded tyrant," Olivia

I SAW IT HAPPEN



Coming down the elevator in the building where I work I thought I recognized someone who entered the car at a lower floor. "Hello there," I said, "I knew you by your voice." He replied, "Oh, you mustn't be seen talking to me, Miss, you'll be ruined socially." Everyone in the elevator burst out laughing. The man was Fred Allen—my favorite comedian.

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told me with a smile. "He goes to work at 8:30 in the morning and stays in his study until three in the afternoon. If I so much as put my head in the door, he snaps like an enraged bulldog."

This rugged, cold-hearted author, who can so bluntly eject the charming delicacy of a wife like Olivia from his thoughts and presence, entered at this point. He said, "I am the worst, most domineering extrovert in the whole world." Both Olivia and I knew by this statement that at certain moments he also is an accomplished liar—for beneath this blustering tweed-coat exterior there exists an extremely sentimental and sensitive individual.

At this point it would be nice to say, "He can go away now and we'll take up the personal life of Olivia de Havilland." That's impossible. The two can't be separated. And that's certainly one reason why Olivia would be uncomfortable in the role of First Lady of Hollywood. Marc is a guy who would never be happy in a life weighed down by social impediment. He wants, within sensible limits, to be able to plan and move about as he sees fit.

high on a hill . . .

When Olivia finished *The Snake Pit*, the setting of her private life was moved to a new locale. The people from whom Marc and Olivia had rented their hilltop house in the Santa Monica mountains came back from the East—and this meant the Goodriches had to look for another home. After weeks of search, they found it—this time just beyond Brentwood, again on a hill and with the happy asset that from Marc's study, by a slight craning of the neck, he could see the ocean they both love.

Olivia had completely knocked herself out with *The Snake Pit* and *The Heiress*, the picture that followed. Marc insisted that she was not so much as to make one move toward buying new draperies or organizing the house. They were, he announced, going on an automobile trip.

"Wonderful," said Olivia. "Where are we going?"

"To nowhere," Marc retorted. "We're going to be free-wheeling, free souls."

"Can we take Catherine?"

"We must take Catherine, dearest. She'd die if we didn't."

Catherine is the Siamese cat. For the benefit of non-cat-lovers, let it be explained that Catherine, like all Siamese, is less like a cat than a human being. In fact, she can carry on a conversation—even though it's understood only by her masters. She is beloved equally with their airdale, Shadrac.

Shadrac, who is proud of his calloused soul and didn't mind the arrangement, was banished to a dog boarding house, and Olivia, Marc and Catherine took off in Olivia's Buick—which, as contrasted to Marc's Lincoln Continental is not the type of car that says on a cross-country trip, "Look at me, I'm carrying a movie star around!" (A First Lady, it goes without saying, would have travelled in the Lincoln.)

They drove north, through the California redwood forests, to the Rogue River country. They stayed in motels where cats are welcome. In only one place were they immediately recognized. They'd found a delightful little restaurant off the beaten path. As they dined, the chef, who assisted with the serving, appeared at the kitchen opening to hand the entree to the waitress. He nonchalantly began to hum "To Each His Own."

Olivia, who enjoys the honest interest of movie fans but hates the intrusion of gawkers, was highly pleased with this oblique demonstration. She went into the kitchen and, simply and friendlily—and definitely

without any First Lady-like condescension —thanked the man for the divine dinner.

In San Francisco, at the St. Francis Hotel, Catherine became a problem. Olivia, wearing a beaver coat, smuggled her in while Marc registered. Catherine, her feelings hurt, struggled like crazy all the way up on the elevator, and the bellhop eyed Olivia de Havilland, the potential First Lady of Hollywood, as though she were a girl suffering from very active jitters.

During the two-day stay, the Goodriches kept rushing back to the hotel between sightseeing trips to see that Catherine had room service. (Those who have beloved pets can easily understand how human beings can thus dislocate their lives for a dog or a cat.)

In Olivia's pre-marital days, she'd been so busy pursuing her career that she'd never learned much about domesticity. But after her marriage, she systematically read books on household management and continually surprised her gruff spouse with new-found efficiency in things domestic. Came the day that their servants left. An Oriental couple, they had been in the restaurant business before the war. Their equipment had been stored with a friend who could no longer keep it, so they reluctantly concluded that they must go back into business. Reluctant is the word, for the Goodriches insist on the most excellent of help and pay them accordingly.

"I don't want another couple for a while," Olivia told Marc. "I want the fun of organizing my own house. And I want to do some cooking. . . ."

"Cooking?" said Marc. "You mean . . . ah . . . cooking?"

"I do! You'll see!" said Olivia. "I'm a wonderful cook—I bet."

"Well," said Marc, "I have dined with the savage pygmies of Inner Australia, suppered with the head-hunters of darkest Gombolia, eaten mysterious delicacies in Tibetan lamasaries where no white man had ever dared set foot. And so, my dear, even if it kills me—and I have no doubt it will—I shall sample whatever curious repasts you may place before me."

"O.K., Major Hoople," said Olivia, and tackled the Thanksgiving turkey.

"A magnificent job of embalming," Marc declared.

Olivia graduated to the Christmas goose.

Marc indicated his approval by stowing the leftovers not in the disposal unit, but in the deep freeze.

chaos in the kitchen . . .

He said nothing about the height to which dishes eventually were stacked in the kitchen. Now, the average woman hates to do dishes. Olivia absolutely detests it. In fact, when she served tea one afternoon and failed to bring a cup for herself as Marc and a friend sipped theirs, she frankly explained that there wasn't another clean cup in the house.

The friend offered to go wash one. "Over my dead body!" Olivia said. "I will *not* let you see that horrible kitchen."

Eventually, such devastation must be faced. Marc and Olivia cleaned up that night—and agreed that since they were busy professional people who worked at home, they needed help after all. . . .

Olivia and Marc have their studies in the same wing of the house, but they visit each other during working hours only on formal emergencies. In Olivia's study is a carefully kept catalogue of the more than a hundred scripts that have been submitted to her in the past year. In her own precise longhand, she makes marginal notes about the possibilities of each role. A story rejected today may come to life six months hence as a result of her intelligent consideration of its qualities—a fact which has earned her the gratitude of more than one writer and producer.

In the midst of all this preoccupation, Olivia is likely to emerge of an afternoon to face an irate husband who bellows, "Olivia, you didn't eat your lunch!" Such reprimands she takes with humility.

Nevertheless, in some argument about world affairs, she'll marshal her rebuttal and fly verbally at her husband in a manner to shock anyone not conversant with the understanding manner in which they have adjusted their temperaments.

There's one matter concerning them on which there's no argument whatsoever—the matter of Olivia's ex-beaus. Marc frankly stated when he married Olivia that he wanted her to drop all contact with her ex-beaus. This may have been because Marc has lived a good deal in Mexico—on which country he's an admiring authority. In Mexico, marriage automatically ends a girl's friendship with other men. Anyhow, Olivia has dropped all her ex-beaus.

The Goodriches make no claim, even to themselves, of a perfect marriage. They do, however, take the responsibilities of their vows with refreshing seriousness.

Olivia and Marc have no desire to be on the "best guest list"—as they inevitably would were Olivia to become First Lady. Their circle of friends is small—but permanent. They're both staunchly determined to live their life together as they see fit—and they see fit to cherish their sensible freedom of choice.

And so, though the pressure may be strong on Olivia to tackle the role of First Lady of Hollywood, I believe that Olivia and her Marc are even stronger—and that this will prove to be one more battle in which Olivia the Magnificent, now aided and abetted by an adoring and understanding husband, will emerge the victor.

THE END



HOW TIME FLIES!

■ And how about a few better roles for Bette Davis? The little Davis lass, whose Mildred in *Of Human Bondage* was one of the outstanding screen portrayals of last season actually hasn't had a part worthy of her talents, since. In her newest picture, *Special Agent,* she has so little to do, she could almost as well have stayed home. How about giving this little girl a great big hand?—*October 1935 Modern Screen*

* * *

Dick Powell's the answer to many a maiden's prayer, if fan mail is any criterion. And a very busy young man too, what with just having completed a small private hotel, where he will spend his declining bachelor days.—*October 1935 Modern Screen*

* * *

Robert Taylor . . . swellest fledgling star in Hollywood, dining out with Irene Hervey who is his best girl and his greatest inspiration to succeed. They go steadily together like any other small town couple, he says.—*September 1935 Modern Screen*

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THE CASE OF THE HESITANT HEART

(Continued from page 63)

to ask who gave it to her. I forgot my manners but not my mission and gaped.

"Well, show me, show me, show me—come on," I urged. "The ring."

"Ring?" Greer blinked her eyes beautifully. "There isn't any ring. We're not engaged."

"You mean you've accepted a maharajah's present like that and you're not engaged!"

Greer shook her head.

"Then," I said, "let's put it plainly—when are you going to marry Buddy?"

"Why, Hedda," protested Greer, wide-eyed and innocent, "we have no plans."

"No plans," echoed Buddy Fogelson. But he was smiling—and Greer, she was already giggling and blushing away like a bride.

Greer's had men in her life before—but never as grand a guy as Buddy Fogelson. Buddy's no Adonis. He's not even handsome, if you're looking for Barrymore profiles, Bob Taylor widow's peaks or Guy Madison curls. But Buddy's got character, manliness, gentleness and kindness written in every one of the many lines of his strong, rugged face. One glance, and you know you're seeing a man.

bud conquers all . . .

Bud Fogelson's a Texas millionaire—and a self-made one, for he never inherited a nickel. He hails from Dallas, where everyone who knows him and has watched him make his fortune in oil respects and loves him. That irresistible appeal clicks wherever he goes—even in Hollywood, where in the fairly short time he's been around I've yet to find one person—male or female—who doesn't fall completely for his quiet charm. I've yet to hear one snide remark shot his way, one word against him.

Even Richard Ney, Greer's divorced husband, thinks Buddy's swell. Peter Lawford, much younger than Buddy, is now a great pal of his. Pete was out shooting skeet one day with Ned McLean of Washington, D. C. (Evalyn Walsh McLean's son) and Ned had Buddy in tow. All Pete knew was that his name was Buddy and that he didn't have his car with him, so he offered to drive the nice guy home. Buddy countered with an invitation to dinner and they've been great friends ever since. Since then he's visited Buddy in Dallas and had himself a time in that smart and breezy Texas town.

During World War II, Buddy served on the staff of General Eisenhower as a colonel—and he made a fine record. When he came back he rolled up his sleeves and set to work again. He's the prototype of the successful American business man—a guy who's collected his stake with boldness and hard work, with brains to see opportunity and the guts to gamble for it.

Every time I've talked to Buddy he's protested, "I'm not news, Hedda, I'm not even interesting," and I've come right back, "You are to me." But he still won't say a thing about himself. He couldn't. Buddy isn't the type. He hasn't used words to build his life, but actions—and you can read those in the lines of his suntanned face, the blue Texas eyes that are gentle, but at the same time tough.

Buddy has an artistic side to him that you'd never suspect unless you knew him well. Walter Pidgeon, one of his best friends, who's visited Buddy in Dallas and has known him over a long span of years,

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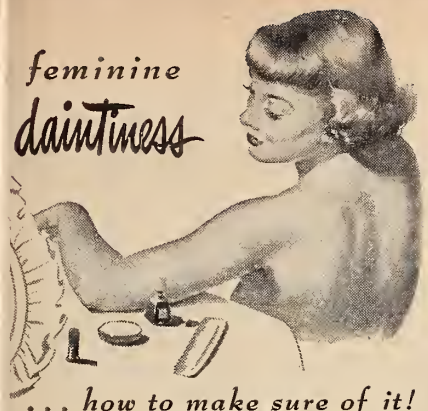
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is my authority that there are few finer tenor voices around than Buddy's. When he was a kid, Buddy went to New York and by accident met the greatest tenor of them all, Enrico Caruso. He sang for him and Caruso begged him, "Let nothing stop you from developing your voice. It's one of the finest I've ever listened to."

It still is, according to Pidge (who can warble a note or two himself). Those two get together beside a piano, when nobody's around, and there isn't an operatic tenor aria that Buddy can't sing beautifully. But music, the way things turned out, was never to be his profession. He couldn't follow Caruso's advice because there was his way in the world to make, from young manhood on, and he made it, very well indeed. Yet Buddy never lost his voice—or his love of music and the arts. Last time Dorothy Kirsten, the Metropolitan Opera star, was out in Hollywood he sang duets with her—privately, of course, and only safely within the circle of his friends. Because Buddy could never be a show-off.

pleasant atmosphere . . .

Buddy Fogelson is 44. He's on the short side in build, stocky-ish, and, as I've said, nobody would ever swoon at first glance. He's been married, and divorced, but—to show the sensible, good-natured person he is—his ex-wife and the man she later married are among his best friends in Dallas and he sees them often. He keeps two apartments in his home city, one at the Dallas Athletic Club, and another at the fashionable Maple Terrace. He has another, since Hollywood and Greer Garson came into his life, at the Shoreham in Beverly Hills. Before he moved into that he lived at the Beverly Hills Hotel—and you can't find a bellboy or a waiter there who doesn't sing his praises. When Buddy lived there he warmed up the place with his hospitality, friendliness and the family atmosphere he loves to surround himself with.

Buddy has no children of his own. But his sister has some charming children, and five or six years ago Buddy adopted one nephew, Gale, and has been a real father to him, not merely a doting uncle. And he's been that to the rest of his nieces and nephews, too. He's not only paid the expenses of their education but has personally supervised it—he's a working dad by proxy who basks in their fun and affections.

In fact, it was to look after his foster brood that Buddy first started coming out to California. The kids were in school here and he just had to see how they were doing. Last summer there was hardly a lunch or dinner at the Beverly Hills Hotel when 10 or 12 of Gale's college sidekicks weren't around swimming in the pool, slamming tennis balls across the courts and being entertained royally by Uncle Buddy, who's never happier than when he can make kids have a good time. It was through his love of his "family" that he walked onto a movie set for the first time in his life—and met his fate in Greer.

Elizabeth Taylor was the unconscious Cupid in the case. Like this:

Elizabeth's dad, Francis Taylor, runs an art gallery in Beverly Hills where he sells paintings and Liz is around there a lot. Pretty girls and attractive young men of the same age find a way of getting together. It wasn't long before Elizabeth was a member in good standing of the Fogelson young set and Buddy and her dad, Francis, were pals too. About then Elizabeth asked Buddy and Gale if they wouldn't like to see what every visitor to Hollywood wants to see sometime—a movie being made. She was making *Julia Misbehaves* at MGM.

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"Sure," he grinned gallantly, "I want to see my favorite star, Miss Elizabeth Taylor, in action."

"Oh, I'm not the star," Liz told him. "Greer Garson is. You know her, of course."

"No," said Buddy.

"But you've seen her—on the screen I mean."

Buddy shook his head. "Afraid not," he admitted. "I don't see many pictures." Truth is, Buddy Fogelson has been far too busy for much movie-going. (To date, he tells me, he's seen Greer in only one picture, *Julia Misbehaves.*)

Well, he knew who Greer Garson was, of course, but that's about all. He wasn't interested in the glamor part of Hollywood. So when he stepped onto the set of *Julia Misbehaves* with Elizabeth Taylor, he wasn't smitten by the Great Garson's glamor. On the contrary.

It's kind of a romantic story, how Greer caught Buddy's eye—and his heart—at the same time that day. If a clever script writer were dreaming up a way to make boy and girl "meet cute," as they say in scenario circles, he could do worse than snitch it.

not too impressed . . .

It so happened, you see, that when Mr. Fogelson looked out on the stage he saw, centered among a swarm of hovering movie-makers, a very Hollywood-looking lady, obviously the star. People were fluttering around focusing cameras carefully her way, beaming spotlights, giving reverent pats to her coiffure, artistically draping her dress and going through all the whoop-de-do that an out-country boy like Buddy supposed was what happened to a movie star in action. "So that's Greer Garson," he thought. "Hmmmm." He wasn't too impressed with what he saw.

But out of the side of his appraising Texas eyes Buddy saw something seated in a corner that did make him perk up and take notice and hum a "Hmmmm" in a different tone. It was an attractive redhead that piqued his interest. This carrot-top was obviously nobody much—maybe a script girl or a steno. She was surrounded by grips and electricians joking and cutting up. And try as he might, Buddy couldn't keep his attention on the star in the spotlight. Whenever he looked that way, he found his eyes bouncing back to the redhead who was so easy on his blue eyes.

When Elizabeth Taylor snapped him out of his reverie by asking, "Don't you want to meet Greer Garson?" he rallied like a true gentleman. "Well, maybe I'd better." But inside, Buddy was telling himself, "I'd a darn sight rather meet that cute redhead."

Which is exactly what happened, because that's right where Elizabeth led him. You've already guessed it, of course—the glamor gal in the spotlight was Greer's stand-in, and the redhead cutting up with the crew was Greer herself!

Elizabeth explained the mistake and Greer threw back her head and laughed and her very merry and warm personality was just what Buddy Fogelson admired. Greer happened to be footloose and fancy free—if not yet legally free, as she is now—and in no time *Julia Misbehaves* was completed and she could turn her mind to more tender things than mud puddles and acrobats.

All in all, the soil was ripe for romance. And that's what blossomed, dearies, although nobody's done much confessing about when it turns into an orange blossom, least of all Greer Garson or Buddy Fogelson. I like to tease them both about the marathon courtship they're waging, and it's fun to blame, in turn, faint heart and fair lady. I'm not too

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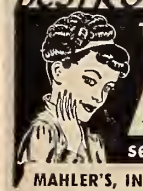
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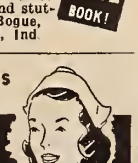
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frivolous, either, when I say I think a guy like Buddy deserves better treatment than the dingle-dangle Greer's giving him. In fact, I said as much to Buddy the evening I saw them at that cocktail party—and he said, pretty straight, too, "Tell that to Greer, won't you?"

"Tell her?" I came back. "I've been yelling it at the girl!"

But I must admit their "friendship" (as the studio puts it) has encountered a slightly on-again-off-again schedule which is a handicap to any passion with serious intent. Since Buddy's big oil interests are in Texas, he's been in Hollywood mostly only for two- or three-week stays, flying to and fro in his private plane, making dates with Greer by long distance—and sometimes having to break them when a business deal comes up. But still, there's been plenty of time and opportunity to dine and dance, to take in parties in the set they both travel in—at Louis B. Mayer's and Sir Charles Mendl's, at Pidges, and Hernando Courtwright's (who owns the Beverly Hills Hotel) and at Greer's house. And they've managed to be together quietly up at Greer's Carmel hideaway cottage, too—with Mama along to chaperone.

Greer keeps saying, "We're not engaged"—and Buddy backs her up. But to me, both of them look like cats who've just gulped down a couple of canaries.

Greer's wearing a tiny, square-cut diamond on her third finger left hand and she says, "Oh, that's just an old ring I've had." How old? It could be a perfect cover-up to wear a tiny chip like that when everyone would expect Buddy Fogelson to come through with a bunch of karats. And yet, as I told them that night when I saw those jewels circling Greer's wrist—"in all my long and varied experience I've yet to see a man hand a woman such an architectural structure in diamonds as that bracelet—unless he had very, very serious intentions." I drew only smug smiles from the lovebirds.

And Buddy has bestowed other lovely gifts on his lady. A prize Susie Singer ceramic, for one thing, that's a beauty; and several gorgeous paintings by Angna Enters, whose tiny hideaway house in Santa Monica they've often visited.

There are other straws in the wind: A friend of Greer's not too long ago had to let an excellent chef go and told Garson about it. "Maybe I'd better take him," mused Greer, "he'd be perfect for Buddy

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and myself." (But she didn't take him.)

And an unmistakable change has come over Greer since she's had a man paying her worshipful court. It's the sort of cocky, assured look any woman gets who's in love. You can spot it a mile off. If I were a sob sister I'd fall back on that good old adjective "radiant" and not be too far off. She seems to love everyone else, too, more than before.

She's been pure peaches and cream to work with on the set of *The Forsyte Saga*—and even that eccentric Celt, Errol Flynn, who can cut a temperamental caper when he feels like it, is eating out of her hand.

So suppose by the time this gets set up in type they'll be Mr. and Mrs. Fogelson. It's coming on to a year since Buddy and Greer discovered each other and something's bound to happen soon. What are Greer Garson's chances of happiness with a man like the rich but unglamorous big business man from Dallas? Frankly, I don't know. Maybe Greer herself really doesn't.

Greer Garson is a lady driven hard by ambition to make something great of herself. I'm convinced her career is the first love in her life and always will be. From girlhood on she has fought fiercely through outrageous fortune, accidents, and discouraging health to get where she is. Success means everything to her. Each film she undertakes is Greer's whole life at that moment. When she finishes the day's work, there's just enough of Greer left to wobble into bed with a dinner tray. What would she have left for a husband, especially a family-loving, home-happy guy like Buddy?

As I write this, Buddy's in Beverly Hills, but he's spending his evenings without Greer, who's toiling away in *The Forsyte Saga*. He's seen alone at the hotels and cafés—where, incidentally, all the eligible girls in Hollywood out on the prowl stop by and give him a big hello, turning on the charm, and who can blame them? I get Garson-Fogelson rift rumors every hour—but if they're ever true, it won't be because Buddy Fogelson isn't. He's not that type.

If those two decide not to marry, I believe it will be either because Buddy Fogelson reasons that a busy screen star like Greer Garson is too elusive for a wife—or, on Greer's part, a decision that she could never yield a part of the career which is her life and become merely the wife of an American business man. Success, fame and the spotlight are her life's blood.

mother and daughter . . .

And then, too, there's another thing: Greer is pretty much mama's girl, and always has been. There's a very special affection which exists between her and the beautiful English lady with the halo of soft white hair, the deep blue eyes and the classic cameo-cut face. It was born of Greer's struggle days, when the goal behind her drive to success was to establish her mother in the sort of home she would have had if Greer's father hadn't died. That she has done at last in Bel-Air, and it's a source of great satisfaction to Greer. They're constant companions, those two, go everywhere together—to parties, premières, even baby showers. But I'm of the school that doesn't think that mothers, when they become mothers-in-law, are always much help toward married happiness, no matter how heavenly they are.

Certainly Greer's marriage with Richard Ney didn't work when he moved into Greer's house with mama to make a threesome. Tell me any place where it does. But then, I never could understand that marriage, anyway—either for Greer Garson or Dick Ney.

At any rate, it was a wartime marriage and had very little chance of success for dozens of reasons. Richard was away most of the time in the Navy and Greer was busy making her string of wartime hits. I check that off to a Hollywood whim or whimsy of some kind. (When Richard's book comes out—he's writing one on his Hollywood experiences—maybe there'll be a Fuller Explanation Department in a chapter on his marriage to Greer.)

So if and when Greer Garson and Buddy Fogelson tell it to a preacher, it will be Greer's third try at a happy marriage—she left her first husband in England—and you know about the third time being the charm. If Greer can walk the ticklish tightrope between Greer Garson, the all-out Hollywood star, and Mrs. Fogelson, a plain man's wife, I can't see any reason why they shouldn't be able to surmount such matters as different nationalities and backgrounds, or the two different worlds of Hollywood and the rip-roaring state of Texas, or—yes—even a mother-in-law.

Anyway, I'm holding the thought and crossing my fingers—and calling Greer Garson every hour on the hour with that same frank question: "When are you two going to get married?"

What I'm getting, too, as of now, is still that same old transcribed answer, "No plans."

Well, believe me, if I were Greer Garson—or Josephine Doakes—and I had a grade-A guy like Buddy Fogelson still hanging around with that gleam in his eye, I'd be mighty busy making some plans. That's for sure! THE END

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FIVE GREAT LESSONS IN LOVE"

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modern screen

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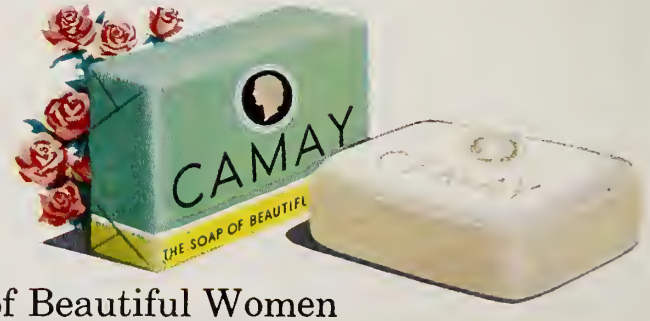
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Don't be Half-safe!



by

VALDA SHERMAN

At the first blush of womanhood many mysterious changes take place in your body. For instance, the apocrine glands under your arms begin to secrete daily a type of perspiration you have never known before. This is closely related to physical development and causes an unpleasant odor on both your person and your clothes.

There is nothing "wrong" with you. It's just another sign you are now a woman, not a girl . . . so now you *must* keep yourself safe with a truly effective underarm deodorant.

Two dangers—Underarm odor is a real handicap at this romantic age, and the new cream deodorant Arrid is made especially to overcome this very difficulty. It kills this odor on contact in 2 seconds, then by antiseptic action prevents the formation of all odor for 48 hours and keeps you shower-bath fresh. It also stops perspiration and so protects against a second danger—perspiration stains. Since physical exertion, embarrassment and emotion can now cause apocrine glands to fairly gush perspiration, a dance, a date, an embarrassing remark may easily make you perspire and offend, or ruin a dress.

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MAY, 1949

modern screen

the friendly magazine

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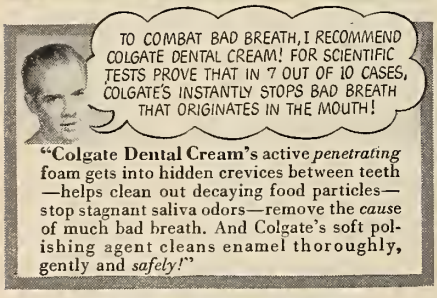
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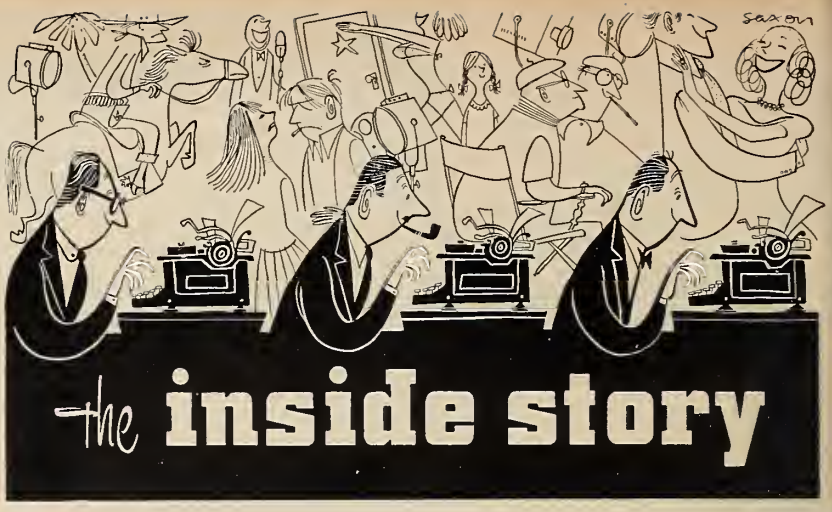
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the inside story

WE'VE BEEN CALLED a few names in our time, but no one ever called us Mother of the Year. The fact that we were never a mother might be reason enough, but even so we've always been very decent to children: Helped them cross numerous street corners, gave them pennies on Thanksgiving, borrowed their comic books—all that sort of thing. And so—seeing all too clearly now that we'll never make the grade—we're going to do our own name-calling. Betty Hutton comes first. As far as we're concerned Betty Hutton is Mother of the Year. We arrived at this decision after a visit to Betty's house. Just dropped in with our yo-yo, as it were, and took a look at the kids, the mother, and the situation. Then, without anyone's having told us we suddenly *k-n-e-w*. What we knew is now on page 30 of this issue in a piece called, "They'll Remember Mama." "They," of course, refers to the sprouts, Lindsay and Candy, but all Betty has to do is say the word and we'll put ourself up for adoption . . .

WHEN WE HEARD that Robert Taylor was in England our first reaction was to run off with Barbara Stanwyck (who was in Hollywood). We didn't know what Barbara would think of the idea, so we controlled ourself. When Bob returned home we did the obvious—got a story on what happened in England. Turn to page 55 and you'll discover that "Home Was Never Like This" . . .

JUDGING FROM OUR own, we suspect that the American family could do with a little more discipline. Fellow, name of Peter Newton Ford, agrees with us. For it took him all of 14 weeks to get his father into line. But then, *his* father is Glenn Ford—and that makes matters rather special. The elder Ford's confessions are on page 36 of this issue. By the way, Peter N. Ford is four years old . . .

MORE OF OUR continuing introduction of our composite self: Gloria Lampert is a girl who came to our office wanting to write. We fixed that. We put her in a corner and gave her a stack of white cards. She looked at us, unabashed, and filed them. Did it alphabetically, too. That was three years ago. Today, Gloria is Assistant Editor of M. S. Born in Mount Vernon in 1924, reared in the theaters, art galleries, concert halls (and schools) of New York, she is directly related to our inferiority complexes. We get even by making her read proofs. She builds up her resistance by taking walks that would cripple a Boy Scout, and by riding any horse that will let her. Her milder pursuits include clay-modelling, whistling and men—all of which Gloria gaily pursues only when her multiple activities as assistant editor and Fan Club director will permit her . . .

WE WOULD LIKE to clasp the youth of America to our bosom. Because of the overcrowding that would result, however, we are limiting ourselves to the youth of Hollywood. Next month we plan to devote MODERN SCREEN to the movies' youngsters—Janet Leigh, Elizabeth Taylor, Bob Arthur, Guy Madison, Monty Clift, Wanda Hendrix, Lois Butler and many others who've already displayed their great possibilities. Join us in our "Salute to Youth," won't you?


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That "SITTING PRETTY" Man is back
Clifton WEBB
Shirley TEMPLE
Mr. Belvedere Goes To College
Tom DRAKE · Alan YOUNG
Directed by ELLIOTT NUGENT • Produced by SAMUEL G. ENGEL
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AND WHAT HAPPENS SHOULDN'T HAPPEN..... to a college !!
20th CENTURY-FOX



One of the best Hollywood parties in yeors was the one Errol Flynn recently threw. Here the host tosses epigroms with Shirley Temple.



A fine ossortment of big movie nomes wos there. Clark Goble come with Joan Horrisan—one of the few femole producers in the industry.



The comera hoppened to catch Suson Peters in o bod moment—her strond of peorls hod just broken. Von Johnson remoined quite colm.



Jennifer Jones was present with David O. Selznick. Everyone was soying they'd be morried in the near future—probobly in Englond.

LOUELLA PARSONS' Good news



Ranald Calman was seated at Jane Wyman's right. Her escart was Lew Ayres. Jane and Lew are na langer moking a secret af their affectian far each ather.



Craig Stevens and Alexis Smith share a party jacularity with Ray Heindarf and his wife. Ray's the famed musical directar who wan an Academy Award in '43.

Errol Flynn's party gets the spotlight this month—and why not?

Everything happened—from Shelley Winters' "arrest," to the discovery of a stranger with a gun on his hip, right on through to the white mice races!

It was an evening of "surprises" from start to finish—one of the earliest being that Errol was assisted in receiving his guests by the stepmother and father of Nora Eddington, his almost ex-wife. Yes, they are definitely siding with Flynn in the marital breakup and seem sad and unhappy over her constant dating with Dick Haymes. (This very night of Errol's party, Nora and Dick were conspicuously present at the Mocamba dancing every number cheek to cheek.)

(*For an account of the Dick Haymes-Joanne Dru-Errol Flynn-Nora Eddington marital jumble, see page 58.*—ED.)

But to get back to the party—it was really a wingding, with Mike Romanoff giving out with his best catering, with beautifully set-up tables around the swimming pool, and the lights from the San Fernando Valley making a shimmering backdrop for the glamorous women, gorgeously gowned in their best dresses and jewels.

The unscheduled excitement started almost immediately. Two policemen showed up and "arrested" Shelley Winters. Later, it turned out to be a publicity stunt in connection with her appearance at a police benefit. It was a doubtful gag and when Shelley returned to the Flynn party—a lady columnist (not I) ripped her up and down her bare back for trying to steal the spotlight with such a stunt.

But that was only the beginning, kids.

There have been a lot af robberies in Hollywood lately and there might have been one at the Flynn affair if it hadn't been for the quick eye of Jack Eddington, Nora's father, who is with the Sheriff's office. He spotted a bulge in the pocket of an unknown guest and, sure enough, it turned out to be a revolver!

The man gibberingly attempted to explain that he had taken the gun from Errol's desk as a souvenir. But it was highly suspicious when a search revealed another gun on his person. Rather than call the police and em-

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Tyrone Power and Lindo Christian were wed with solemn ceremony in Rome's Church of Santa Francesca Romana on January 27. Outside, thousands rioted to get a glimpse of Ty and Linda.

barrass his guests, Errol gave orders that the suspicious stranger was to be given the bum's rush off the hill.

Ava Gardner, looking like another touch of Venus in a gorgeous white dress, laughed, "Have you ever seen so much excitement?" And I had to admit I hadn't. Not in one evening, anyway.

Two other lovelies in white were Mary Livingstone and Jane Wyman—Jane's dress of white lace being ultra form-fitting. She actually beamed, walking around on the arm of Lew Ayres. Janie no longer makes a secret of being very much in love with him.

Jennifer Jones and David Selznick were another arm-in-arm couple—although I thought they seemed unusually quiet and reserved.

Mary Pickford and Gloria Swanson, those mighty queens of the silent screen, were receiving a lot of attention from the younger crowd. Gloria is returning to pictures in *Sunset Boulevard* for Paramount and she looked as slim and glamorous as she did when her exotic hair-dos were the sensation of the screen.

I spotted Peter Lawford dancing with Gloria although he had come with another Gloria—Gloria Hatrick McLean. I don't know where her steady boy friend, Jimmy Stewart, was. They had just returned from spending a weekend in Mexico, chaperoned by the Jack Boltons.

Joan Fontaine arrived late because her baby had been baptized that afternoon. I attended the baptism and held the baby, who certainly squawked lustily. If that means good luck, Miss "Debbie" Dozier will lead a charmed life. What a pair of lungs!

Everyone was having a hilarious time reading the program of entries for the White Mice races. Printed in regular tip-sheet form, some of the names were a little on the risqué side, but a few I can pass on are:

Jack Benny: No Hope.

Pidgeon II: Still Trying.

Ava Gee: Has plenty of chances.

Crawford Gal: Winning form.

Everyone was crowding toward the tent where the Mice races were to be held—everybody but me. I don't like mice, white or any other color—and I have good cause to suspect Greer Garson feels the same way.

I saw Greer, who looked like a magazine cover in a startling green dress offsetting her red hair, peeking in at the races. But she had her skirts held tightly around her ankles! Of course, her escort was Buddy Fogelson—the more I see of that charming Texan, the better I like him.

Joan Bennett, in a luscious ice-blue gown, was having the time of her life doing a really wonderful jitterbug routine with none other than Jack Benny. I don't think they'd ever jitterbugged together before—but what they lacked in practice they more than made up in enthusiasm.

I had a radio show the next day so I couldn't stay for the finale which I hear took place long after dawn the next morning. But on thinking it over, I don't see what else could have happened in one evening.

* * *

What are we going to do about Montgomery Clift? Hollywood hostesses and the leading bachelor girls are just about to give up where he is concerned.

When he does occasionaly accept an invitation, he always informs his hostess he will come with the Gene Kellys or some other married couple, forestalling any plans she might have to play matchmaker.

The official Bobby-Soxers association recently nominated Monty as their dream man of the year. But listen to this:

A Hollywood girl who has a yen for him, decided to take things in her own hands and not wait for him to call. She called him and invited him to a very swank affair.

"I'd like to go very much," said Monty, politely, "but I don't have a dinner jacket."

And, honest—he doesn't. He ordered the

You Couldn't Tell a Traitor from a Hero

....and South of St. Louis Nobody Cared!

SOUTH OF ST. LOUIS

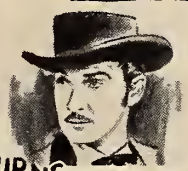




KIP.. His six-guns fought both sides for that South of St. Louis woman!



ROUGE Red-haired gun-runner queen —she kept men at each others' throats!



BURNS .. Even for men who had their price he raised his too high!



DEB The flash of her eyes fooled you but the flash of her gun never did!



BLACK COTTRELL.. Across the land his name was 'Black'. It was the color of his heart.



THE RANGER. He pulled the trigger first and asked questions later!

All its thousand-mile span of spectacular adventure in color by **TECHNICOLOR**



JAKE Among men of iron all he could think of was gold!

LOUIS

With thunder-clap violence comes this never-told chapter of Southwest history—presented by **WARNER BROS.**

STARRING

JOEL McCREA

ALEXIS SMITH · ZACHARY SCOTT · DOROTHY MALONE

DIRECTED BY RAY ENRIGHT · A UNITED STATES PICTURE · PRODUCED BY MILTON SPERLING

WITH DOUGLAS KENNEDY · ALAN HALE

WRITTEN BY ZACHARY GOLD AND JAMES R. WEBB

MUSIC BY MAX STEINER

It's your Big Springtime ADVENTURE-Thrill from Warner Bros!


DORIS DAY
...Singing sensation of the Bob Hope Radio Show!
THE GIRL WHOSE VOICE MAKES MILLIONS OF RECORDS WHIRL NOW BRINGS YOU AN ALL-TIME RECORD IN MUSICAL SCREEN ENTERTAINMENT FROM WARNER BROS.!
"MY DREAM IS YOURS"
The story of a love-song that swept a girl to star-glittering fame!
A MICHAEL CURTIZ PRODUCTION IN COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR
HEAR THE DREAM-HITS THEY'RE ALL SINGING
MY DREAM IS YOURS
SOMEONE LIKE YOU
LOVE FINDS A WAY
I'LL STRING ALONG WITH YOU
(LYRIC BY AL DUBIN)
STARRING
JACK CARSON · DORIS DAY · LEE BOWMAN
WITH
ADOLPHE MENJOU · EVE ARDEN · "CUDDLES" S.Z. SAKALL
SELENA ROYLE · FRANKIE CARLE AND HIS ORCHESTRA · DIRECTED BY MICHAEL CURTIZ · SCREEN PLAY BY HARRY KURNITZ AND DANE LUSSIER
MUSIC BY HARRY WARREN · LYRICS BY RALPH BLANE · MUSICAL DIRECTION RAY HEINDORF
It's your Big Easter-time MUSICAL-Thrill from Warner Bros.!

LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD NEWS



Frank Sinotro, Wolter Pidgeon and Esther Willioms were omang the 1,000 guests ot MGM's 25th Anniversary lunch honoring Louis Mayer.

first he has ever owned for the Academy Award shindig because he was told that all nominees must be in formal attire.

One of his best friends told me that Monty is a great deal like Lew Ayres. He is a "lone wolf" who falls just once or twice in a lifetime and who has no use for smitten femmes who pursue him.

(*For some interesting sidelights on Mr. Clift, see page 24.*—ED.)

* * *

Alan Ladd is not a temperamental guy. But he hit the ceiling when the script of *After Midnight* had him socking little Wanda Hendrix.

"Nothing doing," said Alan, "that comes out."

He was told that a very important story development hinged on the face slapping.

"Listen," said our boy friend, "I'm not going to hit any woman in a picture—but I'm certainly not going to hit one who weighs 98 pounds!"

Result: The script went back for a new plot hinge.

(*Which is very much in keeping with Alan's character—as you'll read in the story on page 32.*—ED.)

* * *

Clark Gable drew me aside at Joan Crawford's dinner party and said, "Louella, have you caught up with this Burt Lancaster?"

"Caught up with him?" I echoed. "I'm one of his biggest boosters."

"So am I after seeing him on the screen for the first time last night," Clark said. "I think he's the most terrific personality we've had on the soreen in years."

I thought—yes, the most terrific personality since Clark Gable! I've always thought that Burt had the same menacing punch and romantic wallop that Clark registered when he was first starting out. And now here was Clark, himself, doing a rave about a possible successor.

He must have read my thoughts because he grinned, "When they cast me as Lancaster's father—that's the day I retire!" Are you listenin', Burt? You should be plenty pleased over all this praise from Mr. King!

Joan's dinner was très elegante because she entertains in only the most formal way. Her dining room is stately enough for a banquet hall and her silver, crystal and linens are out of this world.



You don't want that "Left-Out Feeling"!

Stop looking on while others go places, Honey. Join the gang and be welcome—but first remember this: *never trust your charm to anything but dependable Mum!*

This unique cream deodorant makes you sure of charm. Contains no water to dry out or decrease its efficiency. Be a safety-first girl—get Mum today!

Mum-Safer for Charm ... Mum checks perspiration odor for the whole day or evening. Protects against risk of *future* odor after your bath washes away *past* perspiration.

Mum-Safer for Skin ... Gentle Mum contains no harsh or irritating ingredients. Doesn't dry out in the jar to form scratchy crystals. Mum is harmless to skin.

Mum-Safer for Clothes ...No damaging ingredients in Mum to rot or discolor fine fabrics. Quick, pleasant to use. Economical, too—no shrinkage, no waste.



keeps you nice to be near

Product of Bristol-Myers

For sanitary napkins—Mum is gentle, safe, dependable ... ideal for this important use, too.

"Soaping" dulls hair— Halo glorifies it!



✓ *Not a soap, not a cream— cannot leave dulling film!*

✓ *Quickly, effectively removes dandruff from both hair and scalp!*

✓ *Gives fragrant, soft-water lather even in hardest water!*

✓ *Leaves hair lustrously soft, easy to manage—with colorful natural highlights!*

Yes, "soaping" your hair with even finest liquid or cream shampoos hides its natural lustre with dulling soap film

✓ Halo—not a soap, not a cream—contains no sticky oils, *nothing* to hide your hair's natural lustre with dulling film. Made with a new patented ingredient, Halo brings out glossy, shimmering highlights the very first time you use it! Its delightfully fragrant lather rinses away quickly, completely in any kind of water—needs no lemon or vinegar rinse. For hair that's naturally colorful, lustrously soft, easy to manage—use *Halo* Shampoo! At any drug or cosmetic counter.



Halo reveals the hidden beauty of your hair!



Rita Hoyworth and Aly Khan dancing in a Paris night club. Aly's divorce proceedings have bogged down due to the illness of his first wife.

One of the most conspicuous guests was Greer Garson. I say "conspicuous" because there have been rumors that Joan and Greer were not the best of friends—that, in fact, they did not like one another at all. Well, there goes that gossip down the flue.

I must say, however, that only a daring hostess would have arranged the seating just the way Joan did it. She had Buddy Fogelson, Greer's boy friend, on her left and Clark Gable on her right. At another table, Greer dined with Gordon MacRae and two other couples.

A close woman friend who was with Olivia de Havilland soon after she was told by her doctor that she was going to have a baby, said that no woman ever received the news with deeper feeling.

Olivia was so overcome with happiness that her hands seemed almost unconsciously held in prayer as she talked about it—and her eyes were moist.

You can bet that nothing in the world will induce Livvy to do anything that would endanger her health at this time. She has wanted a baby for so long. Marcus Goodrich, the excited papa-to-be, told me, "This is the great happiness we have hoped for."

Speaking as a radio commentator and newspaper gal—the announcement came at an odd time for me. Livvy was scheduled to be the star of my next radio show. Her doctor had told her that she had to stay in bed for several weeks.

The only thing to do was to take the "show" to Olivia—and that's what we did. My radio producer, our writers and the technicians all hied ourselves over to the Goodrich home for the interview. We did our "spot" in an atmosphere of boudoir surroundings and much advance "baby" talk. Radio was never like this—before!

* * *

Personal Opinions: Katharine Hepburn's appearance at MGM's party given for 80 important salesmen of their pictures, didn't go so big with the boys. She showed up in slacks and about a half-hour late. . . . Isn't it about

Oh, the things they said . . . about the things she did . . .

Her reputation suffered . . .
but her romance didn't!
It might have been so-o-o
innocent . . . but it turned
out to be so embarrassing!
. . . Just ask Bob,
he knows!





Robert Young
Shirley Temple · John Agar

in

Adventure in Baltimore

A DORE SCHARY Presentation

Produced by Richard H. Berger • Directed by Richard Wallace • Screenplay by Lionel Houser

RKO RADIO PICTURES

You'll never know how Pretty you can be until you Try Magic Touch



Campana's new truly magical Cream Make-up. Needs no water or sponge. Touch finger tips to Magic Touch. As by magic they lift off a film of beauty which you apply to your face. Blend over face and suddenly you have the loveliest complexion you've ever known. 6 shades, 39¢ and $1 sizes. FREE! Beauty Booklet of Make-up Secrets! Write to Campana, 1100 Lincolnway, Batavia, Illinois. Booklet mailed you at once.

time Margaret O'Brien stopped acting sulky about her mother's marriage? She is a sweet little girl and she has her career. Her devoted mother has the right to her happiness, too. (*We agree—see our letter to Margaret on page 29.*—ED.) . . .

Can't blame Gloria De Haven for almost breaking out in tears when she is continually "checked" about whether or not she and John Payne are breaking up again. Once they were queried just as they were leaving the house to go to church. "Don't people *want* us to stay married?" young Gloria asked the reporter sadly. . . . How come Paramount introduces Mona Freeman as a full-fledged star in a Western? She's one of the most chic and sophisticated of the younger group. I consider her wasted in a shooter-upper like *Streets of Laredo*.

* * *

Paulette Goddard, who has put on ten pounds for *Anna Lucasta*, says her new figure will start a fad for plumper belles. Paulette has never been a modest gal and she's pretty well pleased with the way she stacks up as the voluptuous Anna.

I ran into her in one of her snug-looking outfits—steel-gray satin—on the Columbia lot when she was on the way to the set. The seams weren't bursting—but they were straining!

Paulette said, "It's the 'over-ripe look.' How do you like it?" I had to admit that she certainly looked well.

"Believe me," Paulette added, "the too-slim girl is a dodo bird. Men are demanding the womanly woman again—and that means curves and more curves."

* * *

When there is a baby shower in Hollywood, the glamor girls "oh" and "ah" over the pretty little things just like the Mrs. Joneses and Mrs. Browns in Kokomo.

Mrs. Reginald Gardiner was given one of the loveliest showers by Mrs. Darryl Zanuck, and Nadia and the expected heir received so many gifts it practically took a Mack truck to get them home.

The nursery is being done in yellow, an unusual color and a novel change from the customary pink or blue. Virginia gave Nadia a yellow bassinet, and the yellow blankets to go with it were so pretty.

Joan Fontaine was just full of information and advice about how to bring up a baby—Joan being an experienced mother of several months. Kay Williams Spreckels, who is expecting a baby in July, took notes on what the best-dressed babies are wearing.

Mrs. Louis Jourdan, Nadia's closest friend, seemed a little wistful, I thought. She is so happy for her friend, but she told me she and Louis have wanted a baby for so long.

FREE SUBSCRIPTIONS

It's almost as easy as filling out a questionnaire. In fact, it's just as easy and much more fun because if you're among the first 500 to send *this* questionnaire back, you'll win a three-month subscription to MODERN SCREEN absolutely free. All we want to know is which stories you liked in this issue—and which you didn't. And if you're like us, you probably have some favorite stars you want to see in MODERN SCREEN, so list those too. Remember—the first lucky 500 receive the June, July and August issues, free!

QUESTIONNAIRE

Which stories and features did you enjoy most in our May issue? WRITE THE NUMBERS 1, 2, and 3 AT THE RIGHT of your 1st, 2nd and 3rd choices.

Just One of Those Things (Kirk Douglas) ☐
Traveling Man (Monty Clift) ☐
They'll Remember Mama (Betty Hutton) ☐
Lies That Hurt Alan Ladd ☐
Is Sex Necessary? (Jane Russell) ☐
Confessions of a Bachelor Father (Glenn Ford) ☐
Let's Get It Straight (Judy Garland) ☐
Holiday In The Sun (Rory Calhoun) ☐
Ring On Her Finger (Jane Powell) ☐
Say It Isn't So (Gregory Peck) by Hedda Hopper ☐
We're Together Again (Roy Rogers) ☐
Five Great Lessons in Love (Bergman, Grable, etc.) ☐
Home Was Never Like This (Robert Taylor) ☐
Lana Turner's Bitter Triumphs ☐
Slow Boat To Romance (Cornel Wilde) ☐
Hollywood's Amazing Love Squabble (Errol Flynns-Dick Haymes) ☐
Louella Parsons' Good News ☐

Which of the above did you like LEAST?.....
What 3 MALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them, 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.....
.....
What 3 FEMALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them, 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.....
.....
What MALE star do you like least?.....
What FEMALE star do you like least?.....
My name is.....
My address is.....
City..... Zone..... State..... I am ..... years old

ADDRESS THIS TO: POLL DEPT., MODERN SCREEN, BOX 125, MURRAY HILL STATION, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD NEWS



Robert Mitchum was a model prisoner at the county sheriff's prison farm while serving his 60 days. (This cow was the envy of the herd.)

Joan Bennett, who could have passed for 25, looked radiant in a purple suit and really had it over the other gals. She's Hollywood's youngest grandma!

The luncheon table was set with the cutest little boy and girl dolls and with pink and blue flowers. The ice cream was molded into baby cradles with a doll in each.

The laugh of the afternoon came when a big, luscious-looking package arrived for papa Reggie Gardiner. It was from his pal, Jack Bolton, and it was a big apron with embroidered pockets for safety pins, aspirin and cigarettes!

There were lovely gifts from Joan Crawford, Rosalind Russell and Ginger Rogers. Pretty lucky baby, don't you think?

* * *

A close tab on your letters to my office this month, reveals:

More sympathy for Robert Mitchum with the idea of giving him "one more chance."

Several tips to Shirley Temple to let her hair grow a little longer.

Requests for Montgomery Clift and Jane Wyman to be teamed. One girl says, "Maybe they would fall in love and become the perfect team on and off the screen." (!?????)

The more adult letter-writers cheering for *Hamlet* and Laurence Olivier. The younger ones cheering for Montgomery Clift, Peter Lawford, Glenn Ford, et al.

An upswing of interest in William Holden.

Less Ava Gardner mail than last month.

Rita Hayworth still on the side-swipe list.

Linda Darnell being rediscovered as a "great beauty" after *A Letter To Three Wives*. Evidentally Linda's type of beauty is much admired by her own sex, because many more femmes than males wrote about her.

Some scattered complaints about the way Ingrid Bergman dresses off-screen—but none regarding her performance in *Joan of Arc*.

Well, I guess that's all for this month. Keep writing and letting me know your ideas. See you next month!

THE END



59¢-43¢
25¢ and 10¢

Have you ever wondered if you are as lovely as you could be—are you completely sure of your charm? **Your deodorant can be the difference . . .** and you will never know how lovely you *can* be until you use FRESH.

FRESH is so completely effective, yet so easy and pleasant to use . . . Different from any deodorant you have ever tried.

use FRESH and stay fresher

MOVIE REVIEWS

by Christopher Kane



We Were Strangers concerns Cubon revolutionists. When Jennifer Jones' brother is killed by official Pedro Armendoriz, she joins John Gorfield in the undergraund.



The revalutionists tunnel from her hause to a tomb in o cemetery, planning to plont o bomb to kill the gavernment heads when they attend a prominent funeral.



The plot is thwarted when the funerol is switched to outside the city. Jennifer and Garfield plon to flee Cubo tagether. But he dies ofter o gunfight with police—just as the revalutionists sweep to victory.

WE WERE STRANGERS

Cast: Jennifer Jones, John Garfield, Pedro Armendariz, Gilbert Roland, Ramon Novarro, Wally Cassell, David Bond.

Columbia.

In my opinion, this picture is a work of art. It tells of a group of Cuban revolutionists in the early 1930's, when that island was ruled by a dictator-president, and it seemed that freedom had vanished, to be replaced by machine guns. The revolutionary group is composed of four Cuban men, a Cuban girl—Jennifer Jones—who's seen her brother murdered by a police official, and an American of Cuban birth—John Garfield. They have a plan whereby the assassination of the president, high police and other government officials can be achieved in one move. They're going to tunnel from Jennifer's basement (which is directly across the street from Colon Cemetery) into the tomb of some important family. At the proper time, their organization will see to it that a member of the important family is killed, the funeral will bring out the big "hyenas," a bomb planted in the tomb will do the rest. The tunneling is not undertaken lightly. The revolutionists love liberty, but they are also men of conscience. They know the bomb may kill some innocent people, and they are troubled. Still, innocents are being slaughtered daily by the police, so the risk must be taken. The six live together, eating, talking, digging. They who had recently been strangers are now inhabitants of a private world. The digging reaches the poor part of the cemetery. The smell of death is so strong the diggers must wear handkerchiefs over ther faces. One man, sickened and horrified, escapes into insanity, wanders out onto the street, and is killed by a truck. The others work on. . . . But there isn't room to tell the whole story. In brief, the plot fails, Garfield is killed by police bullets just as the Cuban revolution breaks out. Cubans force the president to flee, Cubans battle the police, Cubans parade in the streets singing, but in the house where the six strangers had lived together, one man stands looking at the body of his friend, and says, "A man can die five minutes too early." This is a picture that will exhaust you. It mixes moments of poetry with moments of nightmare. It is beautiful, and terrible, and the acting is all so magnificent there's no sense in even trying to single out any performer. See *We Were Strangers*. Its like may not come your woy again.



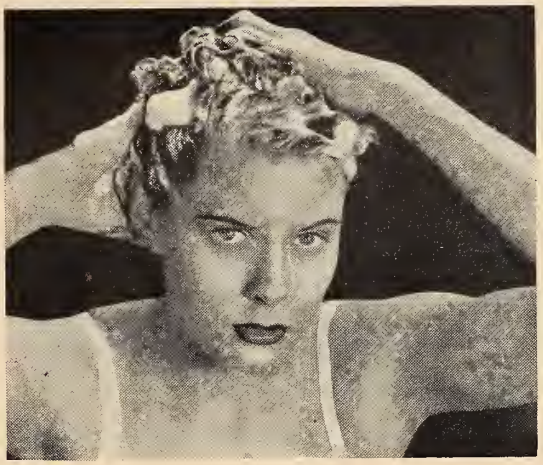
Red Canyon: Girl meets bay, but Papa objects. Ann Blyth and Howard Duff carry on against Papa's wishes and breathtaking Western scenery.

RED CANYON

Cast: Ann Blyth, Howard Duff, George Brent, Edgar Buchanan, Jane Darwell.
Universal-International.

Here's George Brent growing old gracefully. He's grey-haired, fatherly and unromantic in the middle of Utah. His name's Bostel, he rules a settlement called Bostel's Crossing, and when he isn't concentrating on horse-breeding, he's giving his motherless daughter Lucy (Ann Blyth) orders, or he's swearing vengeance on the coyotes that made her motherless. (The coyotes are a bunch known as the Cordt gang.) One day Lucy defies papa, takes off on a race horse named Sage King (he's never been beaten, and he's awful lively) and heads for open country. She meets Howard Duff, a "saddle tramp" (isn't it colorful?) who explains he's going to capture and train the wild stallion known as Black Velvet. Not only that, Black Velvet's going to beat Sage King in the big race which is only a few months away. Ann laughs out of the side of her mouth, but you know girls. She think's Howard's lovely. She even helps him train Black Velvet (after he catches him, of course) and Howard and Ann are definitely something for Winchell to think about by the time the big race rolls around. But trouble, trouble. Papa George says Ann can't ride a wild horse; she's too young to get killed. And Howard confesses that his father is really Floyd Cordt, and that he grew up in the Cordt gang. Says he never went along with them, once he was old enough to know better, but he doesn't think that'll help much in Ann's pappy's eyes. He's right. Black Velvet wins the race, Papa George attempts to rub out Howard, and Howard has to kill his whole murdering family to prove he's a right guy. He does it without blinking. This is a very superior Western as to color, scenery, horses and dialogue. One of the funniest lines belongs to John McIntire (Floyd Cordt) the outlaw chief. At one point, he studies his honest youngest son sadly, and then he murmurs, "That Lin. He coulda been such a help to us, if his thinkin' was only straight."

TONI TWINS prove magic of SOFT-WATER Shampooing



Lather . . . was Alva's problem!

"Imagine trying to shampoo your hair without enough lather," complains Alva Anderson. "And that's just about what happens every time I use a soap shampoo!" Of course, Alva won't *ever* get the lather she wants with a soap shampoo —especially in hard water! And she can't rinse away that dulling soap film, either. That's what leaves hair looking drab and lifeless. Makes it hard to manage, too!



But Alice got heaps of it!

"Toni Creme Shampoo is wonderful! Even in hard water, I get all the rich, creamy lather I need—and then some!" says twin Alice. And Toni does more than that! After Soft-Water Shampooing, your hair is exquisitely clean . . . shinier . . . more glamorous than you ever dreamed possible! Each strand shimmers with all, yes *all* its natural beauty! Curls are fresh, vibrant-looking . . . soft as a moonbeam!



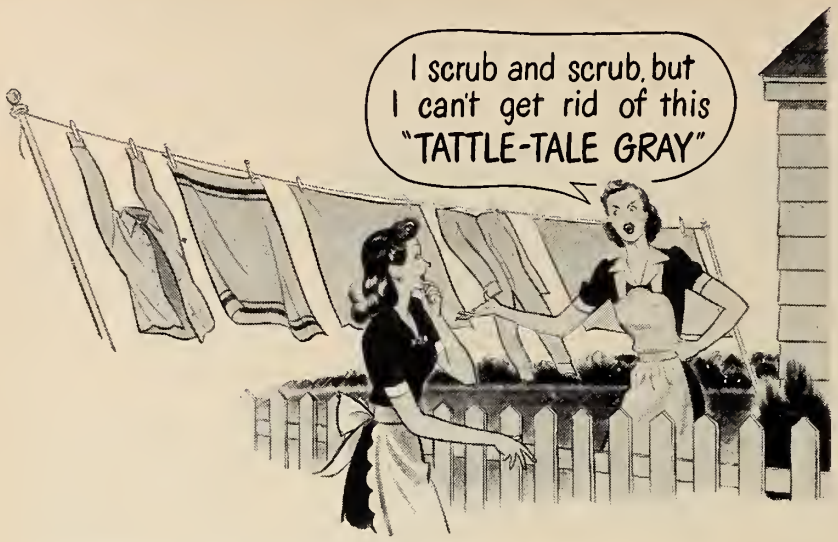
Now it's Toni Creme Shampoo for Two!

The Anderson twins know there's nothing like Toni Creme Shampoo! *Nothing* like Soft-Water Shampooing in hard water! For Toni bursts into oceans of thick, billowy lather . . . rinses away dirt and dandruff instantly. Toni leaves your hair wonderfully fresh and radiant . . . sparkling with precious new highlights. Helps your permanent "take" better . . . look lovelier longer. Get the jar or tube of Toni Creme Shampoo today. Try Soft-Water Shampooing. It's for *you!*



Enriched with Lanolin

One Word Led to Another



DISGUSTED—What woman wouldn't be disgusted?—when the lure of mysterious washing miracles and other 'inducements'—ends in the same old weary wash days and dingy, half-clean clothes.



DELIGHTED—Any woman will be delighted—when sparkling, fragrant washes, done easily with the help of golden soap and *active naptha*—prove there still is nothing like Fels-Naptha Soap.

In many a 'clothes line chat', the Fels-Naptha Story is told again and again. The plain, straightforward story of two great cleaners—mild, golden soap and active Fels naptha—combined to do a thorough, gentle washing job, in machine or tub.

No mysteries. No 'inducements'—unless whiter washes and easier wash days can induce *you* to try Fels-Naptha Soap.



GOLDEN BAR OR GOLDEN CHIPS

Fels-Naptha Soap

BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"

MADE IN PHILA. BY FELS & CO.



Mother Is A Freshman: Loretto Young enrolls in college to save the family fortune. Rudy Vallee's her lawyer, Van Johnson's her prof.

MOTHER IS A FRESHMAN

Cast: Loretta Young, Van Johnson, Rudy Vallee, Barbara Lawrence, Robert Arthur, Betty Lynn.
20th Century-Fox.

You think being rich is such a good deal? Why, widowed Loretta Young doesn't know where her next silver-blue mink is coming from. Her trust fund only pays off once every three years, she's used up all her ready cash, and her lawyer Rudy Vallee won't lend her five cents. (He's willing to marry her, but she'd rather die.) Betty Lynn, Loretta's spoiled daughter (you'd go far to find a more horrible example of modern youth) insists that she must have the means to go back to Painter College. She's not so interested in education, but she's terribly interested in an English professor named Michaels (Van Johnson). "You've got to get the money, Mother," she says. "Even if you have to go to work in one of those sweat shops. You're pretty good at getting spots out of things." The solution presents itself when Loretta remembers a scholarship her grandmother once set up at Painter. It provides $3000 for any female by the name of Abigail Fortitude who wishes to advance her education. (Granny's name was Abigail Fortitude; so was Loretta's, before she wed.) The $3000 will keep Loretta and daughter in the chips till the next trust fund payment comes due. Hitch: Loretta must go to college, to get the money. Double hitch: Professor Michaels is slated to fall in love with Loretta, which enrages daughter to an alarming degree. Before she'll permit her unhappy elders to wed, she makes them both suffer. Picture's fun when they keep it light; toward the end it bogs down a little painfully (daughter's renunciation scene, to be specific) but don't stay away on that account.

THE UNDERCOVER MAN

Cast: Glenn Ford, Nina Foch, James Whitmore, Barry Kelley, David Wolfe, Frank Tweddell.
Columbia.

Glenn Ford, U. S. Treasury agent, traps a Capone-like mobster in a couple of hours of exciting melodrama. This mobster, known as the Big Fellow, has successfully terrorized a



The Undercover Man: Glenn Ford's a U. S. Treasury agent tracking down a mysterious mobster, much to the anxiety of wife Nina Foch.

whole city. His syndicate collects protection from small businessmen, runs gambling places, murders anybody who steps out of line. No citizens will testify against any of the Big Fellow's gangsters because they're afraid to. Glenn finds this out when a stool-pigeon coming to meet him and sell him valuable information is mowed down in broad daylight. A crowd of spectators sees the killing, but none will admit it. Glenn's next lead—to a Salvatore Rocco, one of the Big Fellow's "front-men"—is more productive. The gang gets to Rocco before Glenn does, of course, but Rocco's little daughter (Joan Lazer) salvages Rocco's records, and brings them to Glenn. The records are the break he's been waiting for. He goes into action, and, finally, the Big Fellow is brought to trial and convicted. The cast in *Undercover Man* is wonderful—Robert Osterloh and Anthony Caruso as the greedy ex-gangsters, Barry Kelley as the Big Fellow's rich and frightened lawyer, Frank Tweddell as an outspoken Police Inspector (the only one in the city), John Hamilton as a policeman who isn't so outspoken, Nina Foch as Glenn's worrying wife, James Whitmore and David Wolfe as Glenn's Treasury Agent companions, and Glenn himself as an investigator Edgar Hoover could be proud of.

THE BRIBE

Cast: Robert Taylor, Ava Gardner, Charles Laughton, Vincent Price, John Hodiak.
MGM.

FBI man Robert Taylor gets sent to Central America to investigate some funny goings-on. Scrap is being shipped out of the United States, but when it turns up in Central America it's airplane motors, and a few big crooks are cleaning up. The crooks are a cold-blooded killer (Vincent Price), a drunken weakling (John Hodiak), and a frightened fat man with fallen arches (Charles Laughton). Hodiak, who has heart trouble, is married to Ava Gardner. Ava sings in a night club, and knows from nothing about her low-life husband's enterprises. (He's got a spark or two of manhood left, by gosh, and he's insisted that she mustn't be dragged into any dirty work.) Robert and Ava fall in love; Ava confesses that she's married to a drunken

Are you in the know?



What about a gift for your weekend hostess?

☐ *Bring it with you* ☐ *Send it later* ☐ *Either is correct*

When guesting, remember your friend's mother with some wee giftie. You can bring it, or send it later. Either's correct. But you needn't flourish the present the moment your foot is in the hall! What's more, you needn't postpone your visit—just because "that" day is nigh. For the new Kotex keeps you *comfortable*. Gives you *softness that holds its shape* . . . (this napkin's made to stay soft while you wear it.) And your new all-elastic Kotex Sanitary Belt is adjustable; doesn't bind!



How to choose the right perfume?

☐ *By trial and error*
☐ *By its glamorous name*
☐ *Buy Mam's brand*

Keep cool and sweet with a delicate cologne; or some light-hearted perfume suited to *you*. How to tell? By trial and error. Try a few different fragrances in small sizes, to find your kind. You know, when smart gals choose sanitary protection, they try the *3 absorbencies* of Kotex—Regular, Junior, Super. Do likewise! Discover which one's right for *your* needs. Each absorbency has a special *safety center* that gives you *extra* protection.



To style-wise gals, does "Empire" suggest—

☐ *World's tallest building*
☐ *Great Britain*
☐ *Good Camouflage*

Plan to go places? Or a stay-at-home vacation? Either way, you can find new glamour—by giving careful thought to your wardrobe. If you've figure faults, select styles that conceal them. For instance—the high-waisted "Empire" line does wonders for a flat-chested femme. And don't forget, on certain days, there's no *telltale* line with Kotex. For that, thank the *flat pressed ends* of Kotex. They *prevent* revealing outlines . . . do wonders for your confidence!



More women choose KOTEX than all other sanitary napkins*

3 ABSORBENCIES: REGULAR, JUNIOR, SUPER

"I dress for a dinner dance... at 8 o'clock in the morning!"





1. **"For a busy day,** I love my chic ensemble in contrasting woolens with its matching bonnet. And, of course, I rely on gentler, even more effective Odorono Cream . . . *because I know it protects me from perspiration and odor a full 24 hours!*"

New Odorono Cream brings you an improved new formula in a bright new package. Stays creamy smooth too . . . even if you leave the cap off for weeks!

2. **"For a brilliant evening,** I remove the jacket and hat, and presto! My dress turns into a new off-the-shoulder formal! I'm confident of my charm all evening, too, thanks to new Odorono Cream . . . *because I find it gives me the most effective protection I've ever known!*"

It never harms fine fabrics, and is so gentle you can use it right after shaving! You'll find it the *perfect* deodorant.



New Odorono Cream safely stops perspiration and odor a full 24 hours!



The Bribe: Federal Agent Robert Taylor succeeds in capturing a gang of smugglers. Ava Gardner, for her part, succeeds in winning Bob.

bum, and they let it go at that. Robert still isn't sure she doesn't know Hodiak's a crook. Anyhow, she positively doesn't know Robert's a Fed (that's the casual way to refer to 'em). Vincent Price, who suspects Robert's a Fed, offers him a bribe (through Laughton) and when he won't bite, attempts to drown him. Unfortunately, Taylor's native guide gets drowned instead. After this, the heat's really on. Price turns meaner still, and murders his aide, Hodiak. Ava, who finds out the truth about Robert and her husband simultaneously, drugs Robert so he won't be able to make a raid and send her husband to jail. She doesn't think jail's good for people with heart trouble, and she doesn't know her husband's already dead. Now—is Bob going to wake up in time to make the raid? Or will Vincent escape? Or will Ava kill herself because of the mess she's made of things? There's a really spectacular finish to this picture—a chase through streets which are a blaze of fireworks—and the acting's very nice. Lots of excitement, too.

MY DREAM IS YOURS

Cast: Jack Carson, Doris Day, Lee Bowman, Adolphe Menjou, Eve Arden.
Warners

Lee Bowman is a rat. Take my word for it. Jack Carson discovered him when he was nobody, and made him into a world-famous crooner, star of the Hour of Enchantment. Now Lee Bowman's walking out on Jack. Which means Jack's boss, Adolphe Menjou, who owns an advertising agency, may lose his biggest account—the afore-mentioned Hour of Enchantment. Because the Hour's sponsor, S. Z. Sakall, is a funny little man who likes Lee Bowman better than anything. Well, Jack borrows money from Eve Arden (Menjou's secretary) and goes to New York to get a different singer for Sakall to love, so Menjou won't lose Sakall. In New York, he finds a singer (Doris Day) who's also a war widow with a four-year-old child (Duncan Richardson). He totes Doris back to Hollywood, where she auditions for Sakall, who wants schmaltz. Doris is too jazzy to suit him. Now what? Doris auditions everywhere. No job. Jack feels responsible. He moves Doris and her kid into Eve's apartment. Eve feels terrible. Lee Bowman (the rat, remember?)



My Dream Is Yours: Jack Carsan goes ta greot and laughoble lengths ta see that prategée Doris Day finally gets her big break in radia.

falls in love with Doris. So does Jack. Doris falls in love with Lee Bowman. Unfortunately, she gets her big chance one night when Bowman's so drunk he can't do his show, and she goes on. Bowman leaves town in a huff, Doris becomes a big star, etc. She's carrying a torch. Bowman comes back to town. He's still the same conceited jerk he used to be. On the skids, but doesn't know it. Doris tries to help him. No soap. So Jack gets the girl. It happens to him every 30 or 40 pictures. This one's fun. It's like the old Dick Powell-Ruby Keeler-Joan Blondell musicals. Fairy-tale plot, happy ending, pretty music, very enjoyable.

EL PASO

Cast: John Payne, Gail Russell, Sterling Hayden, George "Gabby" Hayes, Dick Foran, Henry Hull, Mary Beth Hughes.
Paramount

Lawyer John Payne, fresh from the Civil War, gets sent by his old grand-daddy, Judge Fletcher (H. B. Warner) to investigate the whereabouts of a certain Judge Jeffers (Henry Hull) and his daughter Susan (Gail Russell). Rumor has it the Jeffers are out West in some new development called El Paso. John's

(*Continued on page 108*)

PHOTO CREDITS

Below you will find credited page by page the photographs which appear in this issue.

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Abbreviations: Bot., Bottom; Cen., Center; Exc., Except; Lt., Left; Rt., Right; T., Top

New Improved Pepsodent Removes FILM Amazingly!

In just 7 days—you'll have brighter teeth and fresher breath—or

DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK!



Why FILM must be removed

1. FILM collects stains that make teeth look dull
2. FILM harbors germs that breed bad breath
3. FILM glues acid to your teeth
4. FILM never lets up—it forms continually on everyone's teeth

Now Faster Foaming! New Pepsodent Sweeps FILM Away!

New improved Pepsodent will bring a thrilling brightness to your teeth, a new freshness to your breath—*or we'll return twice what you paid!*

No other tooth paste can duplicate new Pepsodent's film-removing formula! It foams wonderfully—goes to work *faster*, fighting film: (1) Pepsodent routs discoloring stains that collect on film. (2) It checks film's "bad breath" germs that cause food particles to decay. (3) Pepsodent helps protect you from *acid* produced by germs in film. This acid, many dentists agree, is the *cause* of tooth decay. (4) Film forms continually. Remove it regularly and quickly with Pepsodent. No other tooth paste contains Irium—or Pepsodent's gentle polishing agent!

Try new fast-foaming Pepsodent with Irium for 7 days. If you're not convinced it gives you cleaner breath and brighter teeth—mail unused portion of tube to Pepsodent, Division Lever Brothers Company, Dept. G, Chicago, Ill.—and you'll receive double your money back, plus postage! Offer expires August 31, 1949. Remember, for the safety of your smile, use Pepsodent twice a day—see your dentist twice a year!



Another fine product of Lever Brothers Company

Just one of those things

How can Kirk Douglas explain one of those inexplainable things? It happened to him and Diana—they were so much in love and now are only strangers again.

BY FRED MORGAN



Break-up of Diono ond Kirk Douglas shocked friends.



Mike, four, hos Pop play records before bedtime. Another son, Joel, is two.

■"A year ago I'd have punched anyone on the nose who dared to suggest that my wife and I were splitting up," Kirk Douglas said, the line of his jaw tightening grimly. "But—here we are."

There indeed he was, all six feet and 180 solid pounds of troubled actor, moved out of his neat Swiss Chalet home in Laurel Canyon and moved into the Hollywood Athletic Club.

"You may as well say it: There goes another Hollywood marriage. But when you rack this up as just another domestic failure, the verdict is wrong. . . . Yeah, I know what you're thinking. Why can't Diana and I get back together again? Friends have said to me. 'Kirk—swallow your pride, go back. This will smooth itself out, somehow.' I wish it were as easy as that.

"Of course people are giving the usual pat explanation that two careers in the family just won't work. That we had to call it quits because the girl I married, who gave up her career and brought me two wonderful sons, was now making life intolerable by going back into pictures. This explanation simply isn't true. That's not the root of the trouble. I just don't have any excuse that makes sense when you put it in print, any more than do (*Continued on page 84*)

sweet and hot



by leonard feather

**Highly Recommended
*Recommended
No Stars: Average

FROM THE MOVIES

EASTER PARADE—album featuring Judy Garland, Fred Astaire, Ann Miller, Peter Lawford** (MGM).
Here's an album that couldn't be released during the recording ban but has since been sliced from the sound track of the picture. Eight Irving Berlin hits, the best of which is still the title song. (You'll miss the visual touches in "A Fella with an Umbrella" and "A Couple of Swells".) Album makes a nice Easter gift, even if it's from you to yourself.

MY DREAM IS YOURS—title song by Patti Poge* (Mercury). "Someone Like You" by Ella Fitzgerald* (Decca), Eddy Howard (Mercury). "I'll String Along With You" by Doris Day & Buddy Clark* (Columbia). This is the picture listed last month as "Forever ond Always." The "String" song is a revival of a 1934 hit.

PORTRAIT OF JENNIE—title song by King Cole* (Capitol)
Actually you can no more hear this in the picture than you heard "Gone With the Wind" in that film. "Inspired by the David O. Selznick Production," says the label on this King Cole release, and a pretty inspiration it was. String orchestra joins the trio to set a mood similar to Nat's "Lost April."

STREETS OF LAREDO—title song by Ray Noble* (Columbia), Patti Page (Mercury).
A little off the beaten Noble path, but Ken Carson sings the vocal, as he does in the picture, and Robert Maxwell supplies some interesting harp work.

ONE SUNDAY AFTERNOON—"Girls Were Made to Take Care of Boys" by Rose Murphy (Victor), Herbie Jeffries (Columbia).

WORDS AND MUSIC—"Blue Room" by Perry Como* (Victor).

POPULAR

SAMMY DAVIS, JR.—"The Way You Look Tonight"** (Capitol).
Billed as the "man of many voices," this new star gives impressions of the voices of Billy Eckstine, Al Jolson, Nat Cole, Frankie Laine and others in o manner thot would fool the imitatees! Unique.

BETTY GARRETT—"Humphrey Bogart Rhumba"* (MGM).
They say Bogie hung around the recording studio all day so he could throw in five words at the end of this amusing satirical lyric. Cute.

JANE HARVEY—"Always True to You In My Fashion"* (MGM).
The former Benny Goodman chanteuse does the neatest job of all the records on this song and the companion ballad "So In Love," both from Cole Porter's "Kiss Me Kate" score.

PEGGY LEE—"If You Could See Me Now"* (Capitol).
Peggy's prettiest record in a year is this lovely Todd Dameron tune.

For lips men love —and love to kiss— Tangee



"KISS ME"
as interpreted by
MEG RANDALL
AND
RICHARD LONG
in a scene from
THE LIFE OF RILEY
A UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL RELEASE

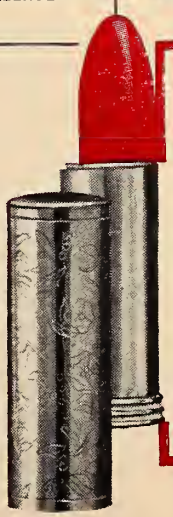
Tangee
KISS COLORS

TANGEE PINK QUEEN—A new pink... to give extra "kiss appeal" to your lips.

TANGEE RED-RED—Best bet for brunettes. This rich, intriguing red is a sure magnet for kisses.

TANGEE THEATRICAL RED—This dramatic color makes red-heads look doubly warm and tempting.

TANGEE GAY-RED—Terrific for blondes...gives lips that gay, reckless, "I-dare-you" look.



Tangee
KISSABLE TEXTURE

1. Keeps lips soft...invitingly moist.
2. Feels just right...gives you confidence.
3. Does not smear or run at the edges.
4. Goes on so easily...so smoothly...so quickly.
5. And it lasts—and LASTS—and L-A-S-T-S!

traveling man

by k. roby eunson



Montgomery Clift, individualist.

The sensational Mr. Clift won't be tied down. The wide world is bigger than Hollywood, and Monty's going places by his own route and speed.

■ When Montgomery Clift landed in London last November, nobody noticed. He found himself a modest hotel room and settled down to two or three days of intensive theater-going, sightseeing and visiting picturesque pubs with a couple of London pals.

This happy existence as an ordinary tourist was easy for Monty to achieve last November. Nobody in London knew who he was. The lady behind him in the theater queue was dreaming of the New Look dress that required so many coupons to buy, and the little man sitting next to him on the bus was thinking more about that one egg he was going to get for breakfast a week from next Tuesday. The business of living is still pretty grim in London. Consequently, it takes more than just an ordinary Hollywood "cinema actor" to cause the slightest stir. . . .

Then Monty departed for the places he'd gone abroad primarily to visit: Italy and Israel. There were great stirrings and ferment in both places.

"It's a fine feeling, being able to go wherever you like when you're not working," says Monty. "Hollywood's a very pleasant place to be—almost too pleasant—somehow it's very far removed from the rest of the world. I should think living there continuously would make it fairly difficult to keep a sense of perspective—it would be for me, anyway. So, I finish a picture and wham! I'm 6,000 miles away."

So to Rome and Tel Aviv he went, talking to people to whom he was just an ordinary, friendly guy, observing (*Continued on page 83*)



DIAMOND JEWELRY BY CARTIER

Heavenly new spring shade

"Star Bright" NAIL BRILLIANCE BY CUTEX *only 25¢* *



Pink just blushing into flame . . . that's "Star Bright," dream-come-true color for nails and lips. Very right with the new fashion colors. Very exciting in the most flattering, best-behaved nail polish and lipstick you ever wore.

Nail Brilliance is more than a luxurious glamour polish. Fantastically long-wearing! So immaculately pure and harmless even women whose skins are allergic to other polishes tell us they can safely use it.

Cutex Lipstick is new make-up magic at its most alluring. Like clinging satin! Dare Cutex Lipstick today! In "Star Bright," and other shades to echo Nail Brilliance colors. Only 49¢.*

*PLUS TAX.

Beauty is my business—

SAYS JUNE THOMPSON
Adorable Cover Girl



and My Delicate Skin Looks Softer... Smoother... Younger Since I Changed to Gentle **SWEETHEART** *Beauty Care*

• "I never knew how fresh and clear my complexion could look when I was coasting along on casual skin care. Then I started to use only SweetHeart Soap Beauty Care. The difference it made was wonderful to see. For in just one week my skin felt silken-soft. It looked rose-petal fresh and young!"

Like June, change to SweetHeart Care. Massage your face, each night and morning, with gentle SweetHeart's rich lather. Rinse with warm—then cold water. In one week see the difference!

For SweetHeart's creamy lather has an amazing beauty action. Countless bubbles bathe the outer pore openings. *Lift off—float away*—dirt and rough skin flakes. In seven short days your skin looks softer . . . smoother . . . younger!

Beauty is *our* business, too!



• Kathleen and Maureen McGurk, 10 months old, are pretty twin models who enjoy their SweetHeart baths!

For baby's bath—for your family's tubs and showers—you can now also get pure, mild SweetHeart Soap in the new, large bath size.

SWEETHEART

The Soap that AGREES with Your Skin



Your letters...

DISGUSTED READER

Dear Editor: I just finished reading "The Strange Loves of Hedy Lamarr" in your March issue.

If you ask me, Miss Lamarr is just plain spoiled. As you say, she's "wealthy, famous, intelligent, and admired all over the world," if she still can't find someone to make her happy—I don't think she deserves to be.

MARY SIBLEY, PORT HENRY, N. Y.

MIND OVER MARRIAGE

Dear Editor: Why can't these Hollywood couples make up their minds?

I was happy to hear that Glo De Haven and John Payne have reconciled, but I wonder how long this "State of the Reunion" will last.

J. D. GLUECK, MANHATTAN, N. Y.

SOLID CITIZENS

Dear Editor: Just a line to tell you how much I enjoyed your editorial, "The Hard Way," which appeared in the March issue.

It's about time we heard more about the people who live sanely and happily in Hollywood.

Glenn Ford and Dorothy Lamour, the two you mentioned, can certainly set an example for the youth of America to follow.

DOROTHY EVANS, EVANSTON, ILL.

GOOD SKATES

Dear Editor: I wonder if you know how helpful to parents are articles like "Good Skates" by Viola Moore.

I'm the mother of two daughters and have been active in Girl Scout work and in Parent-Teacher Associations for many years. Recently, the latter group helped launch a campaign against poor juvenile literature.

Not only is "Good Skates" entertaining and wholesome, but it helps us in our fight against unfit reading material.

MRS. S. D. DALE, SANTA ANITA, CALIF.

UNFAIR TO TOM

Dear Editor: I don't think Hollywood is treating Tom Drake fairly. He's not as flashy as some, but he's a fine actor. After the impression of his excellent performance in *The Green Years* faded, everyone just started forgetting about him. Hollywood ought to wake up and give some attention to one of its most attractive and good actors.

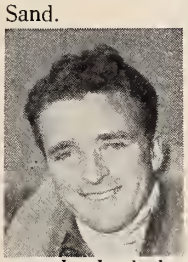
BILLIE O'NEILL, MEXICO, D. F.

(*Have you seen* Words and Music, *Billie? You couldn't have missed Tom Drake.—Ed.*)

new faces



CORINNE CALVET *gave up a brilliant career as a sculptress to become an actress. Against her parents' wishes she enrolled in the French Government School of the Cinema. She did quite a few ingenue roles in French movies before coming to this country. Corinne was born in Paris 20 years ago, is 5′ 5″ tall and weighs 110 pounds, and recently married John Bromfield, another rising young star. She makes her debut in Hal Wallis'* Rope of Sand.



JOHN RODNEY *was born in Brooklyn, March 7, 1916, and at the age of 14 enlisted in the Canadian Army. They found out about it, however, and shipped him back to Brooklyn. After a short career as a bank clerk, he joined Michael Chekhov's theater group and he appeared in several Broadway productions. John served in the Navy for four years and there met John Ford. Back in the United States, John was tested for and received the role of Adam in* Pursued. *He's 6′ 2″ tall and has brown hair and blue eyes and is married. His latest movie is* Fighter Squadron.



VALENTINA CORTESA *may be a new face to Hollywood, but she's already an outstanding actress in Italy. She was born in Milan, Italy, January 1, 1925, and spent most of her childhood in a small fishing village on Lake Maggiore. During a village feast, she took part in the dramatic offering and was promptly discovered by two critics. She was advised to go to the Academy in Rome, but on arriving there was immediately snapped up by the movies. Valentina became the toast of Italy and was re-discovered by Zanuck. She's made* Cagliostro *in Rome with Orson Welles and you will see her soon in* Hard Bargain *with Dick Conte.*



JIM BROWN, *or "Lefty" as he is known to his friends, was vocalist with Garwood Van's Orchestra prior to his entry into filmland. Henry Willson spied him and signed his name to a long term contract. Jim was born in Desdemona, Texas on March 22, 1920. He attended Schreiner Institute, military school in Kerrville, Texas, and later entered Baylor University where he majored in journalism. He will soon be seen in the Universal-Int. production of* Baby Makes Three *with Donald O'Connor and Gloria DeHaven.*

Your loveliness is Doubly Safe



because

Veto gives you Double Protection!

So effective . . . Veto guards your loveliness night and day—safely protects your clothes and you. For Veto not only neutralizes perspiration odor, it checks perspiration, too! Yes, Veto gives you Double Protection! And Veto disappears instantly to protect you from the moment you apply it!

So gentle . . . Always creamy and smooth, Veto is lovely to use and keeps you lovely. And Veto is gentle, safe for normal skin, safe for clothes. Doubly Safe! Veto alone contains *Duratex*, Colgate's exclusive ingredient to make Veto safer. Let Veto give your loveliness double protection!

Veto lasts and lasts from bath to bath!

Now! There's Something *Thrillingly NEW* in Palmolive's Famous "Beauty Lather"!



New Fragrance!

New Charm!

New Allure!

So Forget all other Beauty Care and use Palmolive Soap as Doctors advised for a Lovelier Complexion!

Get Bath Size Palmolive, too!

Use it in tub or shower. The alluring new fragrance of Palmolive's "Beauty Lather" leaves you even lovelier *all over!*



Millions of women will prefer this "Beauty Lather" Palmolive over all other leading toilet soaps . . . the minute they try it!

And small wonder! For Palmolive's famous "Beauty Lather" has a new, clean, flower-fresh fragrance for new allure, new charm.

And using Palmolive Soap, the way doctors advised, is so effective that *all types of skin*—young, older, oily—respond to it quickly. Dull, drab skin appears brighter, coarse-looking skin finer. Even tiny blemishes—incipient blackheads—disappear or improve remarkably.

So do as Doctors advised. Stop improper cleansing! Instead, wash your face with Palmolive Soap three times each day, massaging Palmolive's wonderful "Beauty Lather" onto your skin, for sixty seconds each time, to get its full beautifying effect. Then rinse! That's all.

But 36 doctors—leading skin specialists—advised this way for 1285 women, and *proved* Palmolive can bring lovelier complexions to 2 out of 3 in just 14 days. Get Palmolive Soap and start today!

are parents human?

an open letter to margaret o'brien

Dear Margaret:

The papers have been full of accounts of your heartbreak over the marriage of your mother to orchestra-leader Don Sylvio. It's said you wept throughout the ceremony, refused to kiss your stepfather when it was over, and afterwards seemed sadly doubtful when you were assured that you would "grow to like him."

We realize what a tragic thing it must seem to you to have another person apparently come between you and your mother—a mother who, since your father died before your birth, has been the only parent you've ever known.

And yet, Margaret, we feel certain that her affection toward you will remain as strong and constant as ever. Her love for your stepfather is on another plane—and this new and different love, far from weakening that which she bears toward you, should strengthen and deepen it. This marriage means great happiness to her, and when a person is happy, all affections flow the more easily.

As a daughter who owes a great debt to her mother for a fine, devoted upbringing, you have a responsibility to her not to cast any shadow on that happiness by persisting in showing disapproval of her marriage.

In this you also have a broader responsibility, Margaret. Very young people always have a tendency to feel that their parents are such powerful and self-sufficient beings that they're above human emotions. It does seem that you're making this mistake about your mother. You've said that, for your sake, she should have waited for at least two years before marrying—as if she had no right to her own life. Such an attitude might well encourage misunderstandings in millions of families whose youngsters consider you a model and guide.

You're obviously an intelligent girl, Margaret. We're confident that your intelligence will soon assert itself—and that you'll then behave as if you realized that after all, parents, too, are human.

Quentin Reynolds

EDITOR



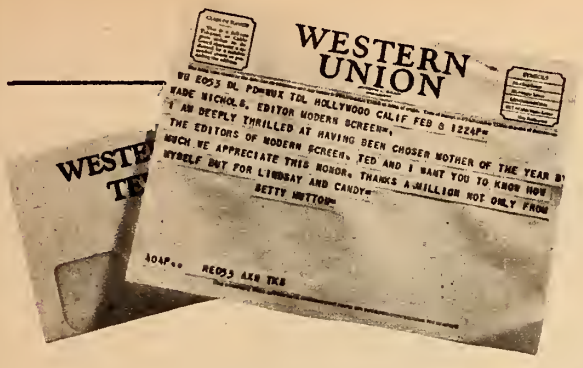
Margaret flicks back a tear as she pases after the wedding ceremony with her mather, bridegroam Dan Sylvio and Judge Robbins.



After work (Betty's in *Red, Hot and Blue*) the Briskins get right down to living—with Candy, one (on Pop's lap), and Lindsay, two.

they'll remember mama

by Ida Zeitlin



MODERN SCREEN SELECTS BETTY HUTTON AS MOTHER OF THE YEAR

Because she is raising her children with common sense, understanding, and a simplicity rare in Hollywood; because she has provided a sane, wholesome family atmosphere, unmarred by the intrusions of her busy career and made happy and secure by a whole-hearted observance of her marriage vows; because, beyond the devotion to her own, she shows a constant awareness of what the future should hold for children everywhere; because, in brief, she so well exemplifies the ideals of motherhood, MODERN SCREEN *has chosen Betty Hutton as Hollywood Mother of the Year. We're sure that after you've read the following inspiring story you'll agree we couldn't have made a better choice.*—THE EDITORS.

■ One is fair-haired and dainty, and looks at you with the eyes of a forest doe. She was two last November. The other's a character, all zip and bounce like her mother, busy every waking minute exploring the world. She'll be one in April. They're Lindsay and Candy, otherwise known as the Briskin treasures.

Betty wants still another treasure, but she's willing to wait. Two years of solid work first, to roll up a backlog of pictures. Then a baby . . .

"Maybe we'll even get around to two more," says Betty. "We really *ought* to have four. Most of the happy families are big ones. Besides, these two are so close in age, they'll have lots in common —but Number Three would stand a chance of feeling left out, which I couldn't bear. And of course if I don't have a boy, I'll die. That's the comedy angle. It used to be Ted who was crazy for a son. Now he doesn't give a hoot if we wind up with four dames. As we probably will!"

Meantime, they're hoping to build a new house, once the market settles. A house with an upstairs. This goes back to Detroit, and a kid who lived with her mother and sister in whatever ramshackle tenement they could afford. Other kids at school would sometimes invite her home, and soon a conviction settled in her childish bones: All the *real* families lived in two-story houses, with the bedrooms upstairs. Those were the (*Continued on page 67*)



Betty wants Candy (on the floor) and Lindsay to grow up with the feeling of security she herself locked as a child. The Briskins may have two more babies; they believe most happy families are large.



One of Betty's daily habits is going over menus with Kirchey, the children's beloved nurse. Here, Candy joins the session. Maybe she can't read—but she's obviously interested in what's cookin'.

LIES

THAT HURT ALAN LADD

When you're a Hollywood star, words can often harm you—even if they're all wrong. Now, a famous reporter separates the facts from the fiction about Alan Ladd.



secretive is what some have termed Ladd, referring to the lack of publicity about his kids. But Ladd has always spoken proudly and openly of them.



under sue's thumb is a phrase used by Alan's detractors. But Sue gave up being Alan's manager as soon as they married.

by erskine johnson

■ When a kid from Arkansas moves to Hollywood, goes to North Hollywood High School, then suddenly gets a break in motion pictures and becomes a star overnight as the screen's Number One tough guy, a lot of things are said about him. Rumors lambaste his reputation from all sides, legends spring up around him—in other words, people talk. Most of their talk is bunk—and debunking is my business. That's why I decided to dig into some of the myths that have accumulated about Alan Ladd. And from now on—take it from me—you can say "nonsense!" about a number of absurdly bum steers you continually get on the guy.

Take the impression that he's a tough guy off the screen as well as on: That just isn't so—for actually, Alan is a soft-spoken, mild-mannered man, likeable and pleasant at work, at home, and at play. He's almost too pleasant for his own good, and lets people impose on him and on his time far beyond what's reasonable.

As to his being soft-spoken, sitting only a few feet away from him in his Paramount dressing room I actually had difficulty in hearing what he had to say. There are those, of course, who point to his being a quiet type with whispered alarm: "Beware of the quiet guy. He's got a hot temper."

I mentioned that to Alan: "Just how hot *is* your temper?" I asked.

He thought it over. "No hotter than average," he said. He told me he could remember being hot-tempered as an athlete in North Hollywood High School, and getting into a number of fights—but almost all of those were in the heat of games. Any other fights he had were with a pal named Bob Nestell—they went through Grammar School and High School together and fought all the time and, it seems, took turns losing.

But I don't think you'll find anyone who really knows Alan Ladd today who'll say he's easily riled. That fiery stuff is for the screen—that's acting, and acting is his business. He learned to control his real-life temper long before he left high school. The nearest thing you can call temper in Alan today is his quiet habit of beating his fists on the side of any wall that's handy when something goes very wrong.

About the time Frank Sinatra was reaching his peak of popularity, Alan was just as sought-after by the autograph hunters. That's when a Paramount publicity writer released a story saying that when Alan parked his Buick station wagon (the first car he ever owned) anywhere in Hollywood, he'd remove the registration card so the kids wouldn't know it was his.

That story raised a welt on Alan's reputation. It rated an editorial in a Hollywood trade paper which said that Alan was double-crossing the kids who made him a star.

Well, that was preposterous. (*Continued on page 93*)



just lucky, mony called him when Lodd reached fome "overnight" in *This Gun For Hire.* But yeors of hard work got him there.



no athlete, his he-man feats ore just publicity, "insiders" soy. Actuolly, Ladd's o brilliont swimmer, ond once won the West Coost Diving Championship.



hates fans, they even say of him—but Ladd goes out of the woy to pleose fons, admits it's they who poy his salory.



IS SEX NECESSARY?

Jane Russell's still a pin-up girl, as anyone can see. But she's much more besides—this girl of great spirit and amazing contrasts.

BY JOHN REYNOLDS

■ Everybody is more or less a split personality, with contrasting characteristics. Human beings wouldn't be human if they weren't made that way. But it's difficult to name a person as contradictory as Jane Russell.

Most people still think of her as the girl whose slumberously inviting face and spectacular figure became known to millions through the enormous advance publicity given *The Outlaw* a few years back. Because of *The Outlaw,* Jane Russell became synonymous with female lure on its most seductive level. Many impressionable citizens leapt to the titillating conclusion that here was a gal slated to stir up all kinds of gaudy doings as a riotous *femme fatale* in her private life.

Yet Jane Russell has conclusively proved herself to be one of the quietest, most wholesome, most happily domestic girls in all moviedom. And she's clearly demonstrated she's going to remain celebrated without it being necessary for press agents to stress her sex appeal. She has qualities that could keep her on top if she had no more than average physical allure—spiritual qualities that constantly surprise those who expect to find her nothing but an animated pin-up.

This notable contrast between what she actually is and the heated expectations of the public is but one of the many contradictions you'll find concerning Jane Russell. Such as:

She's fundamentally very earnest indeed in her outlook on life—yet she easily holds her own in any company of wisecrackers. She's married to a professional football player whose interests are so divergent from hers that few gave (*Continued on page 87*)



Jane Russell and her football star husband Bab Waterfield. Cynics said the marriage couldn't last. It's going into its eighth year.



Jane has taken up painting—and unlike most Hallywaad amateurs, she's said ta be really goad! Here she works on a friend's partrait.

While wife Eleanor Powell was away an o 14-week dancing tour, Glenn Ford taak care af san Peter. Here they tockle a shae-lace problem.



Glenn and Pete usually dined in the den odjoining the kitchen—but Glenn, wha likes his faad hat and spicy, sametimes taak Pete alang ta an exatic restourant. (Eleanor wauldn't have approved!)



The men did their necessary marketing on Saturdoy marnings, although Glenn let Pete believe he hunted for all their meat. Sundoys they devated ta such masculine interests as good fast gomes af cotch.

Glenn Ford knew exactly how to handle Peter. All you needed was a firm hand. But Pete didn't follow the rule book . . .

by BEN MADDOX

CONFESSIONS OF A BACHELOR FATHER

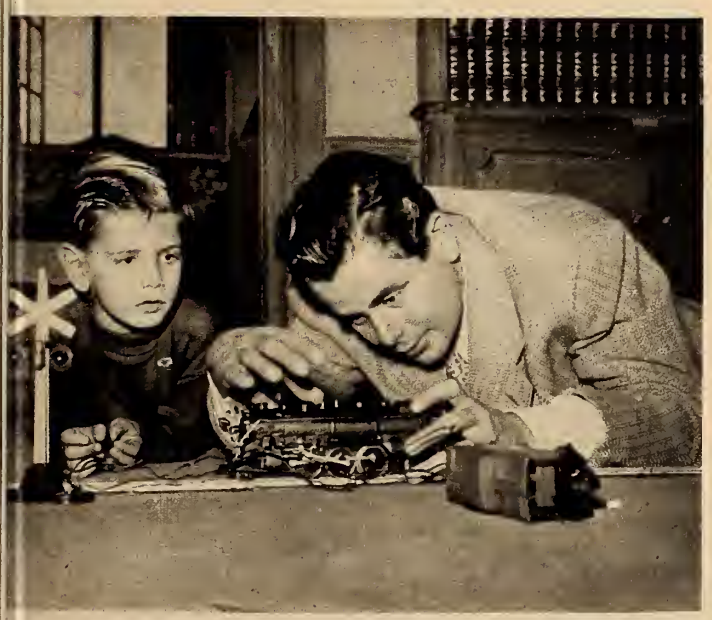
■ One day not long ago, Eleanor Powell packed her dancing shoes and dropped her share of the parental load into Glenn Ford's confident arms.

"Now, are you sure you'll be able to manage?" she said for the umteenth time. "Remember—Peter needs a firm hand."

"Don't worry!" said Glenn. "Firm, yet kindly discipline—that's what Peter'll get from me. When you get back, you'll find him a regular little man."

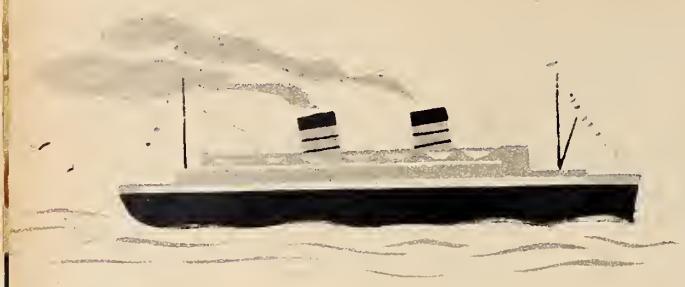
So she slipped her arm in Glenn's and they went down the driveway to the family Cadillac. Three-and-a-half-year-old Peter Newton Ford skimmed past them to open the door himself. His parents followed him into the car and settled themselves amid the luggage.

Glenn cleared his throat. The (*Continued on page 90*)





Peter's very good about sharing his toys with other children—and with Daddy, who always fixes what he breaks. Right: The little man, following a busy day and a bed-time story, delivers a good-night kiss.



In their dreams,
this trip had started
11 years ago —
but now it was real for
the Cornel Wildes,
and Italy was beautiful . . .

By JACK WADE

SLOW BOAT TO ROMANCE

■ The way the scene turned out was just a pain in the neck to Richard Widmark—but it sent Cornel and Pat Wilde on the heavenly honeymoon tour they'd been dreaming about for not quite 11 years. Which only shows what beautifully screwy things can happen sometimes in Hollywood.

Dick was trying to murder Cornel in a roughhouse brawl, the very last scene in *Road House,* and the director said, "Now, boys, go to it as if you meant it." So Cornel grabbed Dick's neck and yanked it back just short of snapping his Adam's apple. That's when he felt his old bad back go "Crunch!"—the back that's been acting-up on and off ever since the time he went out for football at Columbia University and had his 142 pounds tied into a pretzel by the Varsity beef trust.

That night his doc said, "After *Shockproof,* no more pictures for a while, my lad. You've got an inflamed nerve, besides five or six wrenched vertebrae —and if you have half the sense I think you have, you'll just take it easy for three or four months."

"You mean I can't *work* for that long?" He got a gloomy headshake.

Cornel looked at Pat and Pat looked at him and they hugged and almost did a dance right there in the X-Ray room. "Time on our hands at last—call my boss, Darryl Zanuck," Cornel begged the physician, "and tell him it's doctor's orders—official! Pat, what are we waiting for?" And he kissed her, which for Cornel Wilde is very easy, and they hurried home to plan.

That's how Pat and Cornel Wilde's Dream Trip started . . . Or did it? No, (*Continued on page 69*)



A couple of tourists visit Siena, Italy. Cornel readies his camera as Pat gazes at an ancient cathedral tower. While there, the Wildes visited Tyrane Power, who was on location for *Prince of Foxes.*

Even in Italy, Cornel's face is fomiliar an magazine covers. Wherever the Wildes went they met Hollywood friends—and hundreds af fans.



En route ta Eurape, the Wildes dine with pianist Artur Rubenstein (left) ond Norma Shearer, obaord the *Queen Elizabeth.* Pat and Carnel went an their vocatian as a long-deloyed honeymoan.



Cornel's an omoteur phatagropher, but picture pastcards olways turn out better. Here, the Wildes select a few for remembronce. Doughter Wendy wos swamped with gifts on her porents' return.

HOLIDAY IN THE



Miniature boating is popular at the Shadow Mountain Club. Here, Rory and wife Lita prepare for a lazy cruise around Henderson Lake—which

Once it was a desert full of cactus plants, but now it's a desert full of gaiety and striped umbrellas for vacationers like the Rory Calhouns.

■ "So this is Shangri-La," said Rory, as a bellhop parked the Calhouns' sporty convertible.

"No, darling," said Lita, "this is the Shadow Mountain Club, and I'm your wife. Remember?"

"Oh, I remember *you,*" he said.

"That's nice," grinned Lita. "And in the promised 'blissful, sun-filled days' that follow, I trust you won't forget."

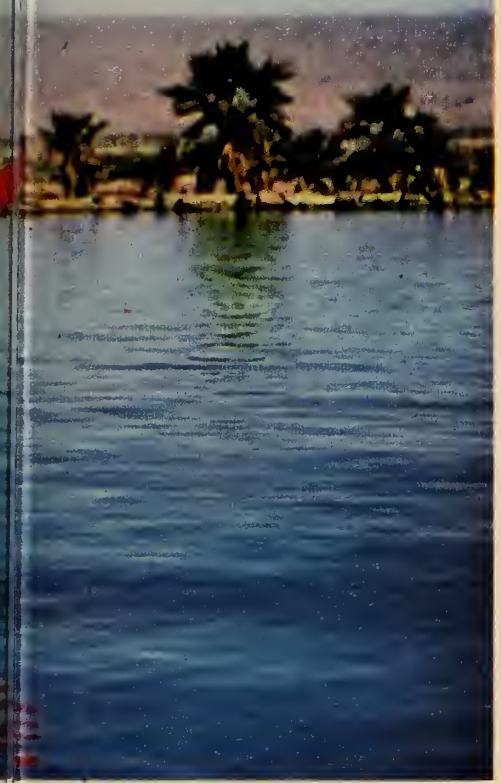
Thus began the Calhouns' second honeymoon beneath the pine-capped peaks of the Santa Rosa Mountains in Palm Desert.

Originally, Palm Desert had been just that—without the palms. The nearest people lived 12 miles away in Palm Springs and were too refined even to mention the place. Then a man named Cliff Henderson came back from the war with a big idea and two million dollars. He bought these 1,600 acres of sand lots overrun with cactus, and he and a few engineers sat on them for a while with only occasional twinges of doubt.

Before long, a well 612 feet deep was tapping water, and an architect was set to work drawing up plans for the Shadow Mountain Club—one of the swankiest, one of the most beautiful, one of the most luxurious resorts in California. (Complete with 800 transplanted, date-bearing palms.)

Rory and Lita had heard about the place —as who hadn't? Every night when he

SUN



was ance a sandy area covered with sagebrush.

staggered home from *Massacre River*, his latest role and a really rugged one, Rory would dream about the things Shadow Mountain had to offer. Lita would help him.

"You know," Rory would sigh, "I hear they have a pool shaped like Jane Russell . . ."

"You know," Lita would sigh, "I hear they have a lifeguard shaped like Tarzan . . ."

Turned out Shadow Mountain had both.

It also has a huge, artificial lake where you can row your own boat; it has championship tennis courts, a playground with wading pool for children, a pony golf course for the adults and a magnificent view of the surrounding mountains.

It was the view that inspired Cliff Hen-



Lita and Rary muscle in an the children's playgraund ta try aut the see-saw.



In a 1907 model International autamobile, they taur the resart's 1,600 acres.



Rary (currently in *Massacre River*) and Lita relax an ane af the velvety lawns.



Rory and Lita an the potio with radia's famaus "Archie" Gordner.



Mrs. Vernon Peck, Jr., entertains Rory and Lita in the kitchen af her Palm Desert hame.



The Calhouns admire the Pecks' extensive callectian af firearms.



One of the staff at Fire Cliff Lodge chots with the Calhouns os they hove luncheon.



Rary and Lito weor formols to the grand apening af the Club.



Dancing in the dining roam concludes the apening-night festivities at Shadaw Mauntain.

HOLIDAY IN THE SUN

derson. In fact, the continuous shifting shadows cast by the sun on the mountains gave the place its name. In order not to obstruct the view, Henderson put up sheets of plate glass wherever there should have been an outside wall. And not a piece of drapery was hung.

Even the interior decorations were made to blend in with the colors of the mountains and the remodeled desert.

So it hadn't taken much persuading when Henderson decided to invite the Calhouns over for the official opening of the Shadow Mountain Club . . .

And this same afternoon they were being ushered into the Palm Desert Adobe, one of the prettiest of five sprawling bungalows that surround the modern-design clubhouse. Shortly thereafter they were sliding down a ramp into the figure-eight pool, having a snack on the terrace beside it, lolling on the incredibly green grass. Later, they ate the first dinner that was ever served in the Club, and danced to the strains of Todd's Rhythm Orchestra along with Dick Powell, June Allyson, the George Murphys and assorted athletic millionaires.

It was lovely, and even though the Calhouns have been married for more than half a year they felt like honeymooners . . .

All next day the sun was very warm and the sky was very blue. You could see snow on top of the San Gorgonio Mountains. If you wanted you could go skiing up there and then come down for a dip in the pool, but Rory and Lita didn't, though they thought about it for a while. What they needed was a quieter sport—like sitting. So they sat, and when that had exhausted them they decided to borrow a flashy 1907 vintage automobile with a fringe on top (the management keeps it around for the amusement of the guests), and all afternoon they clattered about, kicking up the dust 'neath Shadow Mountain . . .

They visited the Vernon Pecks, friends of theirs who live in Palm Desert, and they talked about buying a house themselves, but it was mostly just pleasant talk, just passing the day. Then, at sunset, they watched the purple shadows fall while they ate their baked Alaskas.

And there really was nothing more they could have wanted—except perhaps a second helping, or a weekend ten days long . . .

LITTLE WOMEN



Liz Taylor, June Allyson, Morgoret O'Brien and Janet Leigh in MGM's superb Technicolor version of the old novel.

Picture of the Month

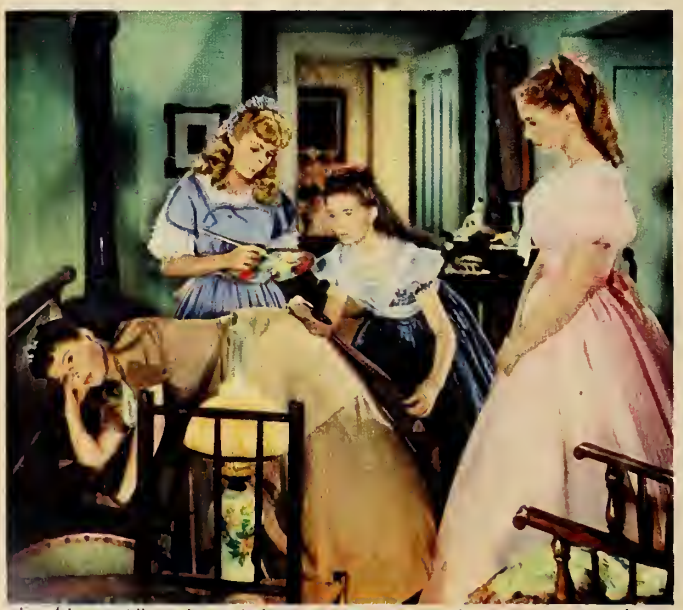
■ Since it was first published in 1869, countless millions of readers all over the world have found Louisa May Alcott's "Little Women" a beautiful, moving and delightful treasure. The years have added the charm of quaintness—yet today, unlike most popular classics of yesteryear, it seems by no means merely an endearing museum piece. For despite its unabashed sentimentality, it deals truthfully with warm human beings moved by emotions and situations universally shared in timeless human experience.

And this is true of the eminently satisfactory movie that Mervyn LeRoy has made of it for MGM. Sparked by June Allyson and Margaret O'Brien in performances that seem certain to win Academy Award nominations, and lovingly produced in the best Technicolor yet seen in an American film, it has caught the spirit and content of the book to a remarkable degree. Even the artificiality of some of the groupings and studio exteriors are perfectly in keeping: there's a constant effect of beautifully rendered illustrations.

The story of the four teen-age daughters of the March family of Concord, Massachusetts, in Civil War days is too familiar to recount in detail. The central character is Jo (June Allyson), a tomboy with literary ambitions who vows she'll never wed and who desperately wants nothing to change the happy family circle. Her sisters are Meg (Janet Leigh), Amy (Elizabeth Taylor) and Beth (Margaret O'Brien). To Jo's sorrow, but eventually triumph, time insists on marching on.

The acting honors of *Little Women* definitely belong to June Allyson, who makes no perceptible slip from sensitive magnificence in the taxing major role; and to Margaret O'Brien. Miss O'Brien, in the scene in which she tells Jo not to feel badly about her (Beth's) (*Continued on page 45*)

In the dark days of the Civil War, Mrs. Morch ond her faur girls give up their first gaod breakfost in manths ta toke it to o poor fomily.



Ja (June Allyson) and her sisters try ta disguise the patch on her party dress. Amy (Liz Toylor) wants to paint it. Beth (M. O'Brien) offers a bow. Meg (Janet Leigh) affers sympathy.



Ja decides it's hapeless—she just wan't donce ot the party. But when Laurie (Peter Lawford) keeps insisting, she gives in and they dance in the holl—where nobody will notice the potch.

MEMORABLE SCENES FROM "LITTLE WOMEN" HAVE HUMOR AND POIGNANT PATHOS

(*Continued from page 43*) approaching death, will dissolve in tears anyone not beneath contempt. But all the other members of the cast do everything one could ask with their parts.

Elizabeth Taylor, in a blonde wig, performs with fine humor as the elegantly malaprop Amy; Janet Leigh is deft and radiant as Meg; Peter Lawford as Laurie, the rich boy next door, proves again he doesn't have to rely on charm alone; Lucile Watson is properly insufferable as the acidulously generous Aunt March; Rossano Brazzi, making his American debut after an outstanding career in Italian films, is just right as Professor Bhaer; and Mary Astor makes clear why mothers are held in general esteem. Then there's—but everyone involved is excellent.

Little Women does have its flaws. Here and there the pace might have been brisker, and sometimes the sweetness and Technicolored light flows a bit too continuously. But as a generally faithful transcription of the novel, packed with incidents gay and sad, it's a vast and enchanting delight—certainly a refreshing antidote to all the gunfire and gore currently showing.



Jo dreads to think that she and her sisters must grow up and that their happy companionship must be disrupted. When Meg is married, Jo stays aloof from the festivities.

With Meg married, Beth in her grave and Amy the bride of Laurie, Jo sadly looks back on the happy old days with her sisters.



BY
FLORABEL
MUIR

Ring on her finger

He was teaching
her how to skate—
and it was lovely
the way Jane Powell
fell—so easily,
so beautifully—
for him . . .

■ There's nothing like the magical beauty that illuminates and idealizes a lovely young girl in the heyday of her first real romance.

If I sound lyrical, it's because I feel lyrical. I've just come from Jane Powell's house where Jane's been telling me about her engagement to Geary Steffan.

Geary was on the other side of the room as Jane chattered away—and she glanced often at him with frank adoration in her eyes. She was wearing the blue-white diamond ring Geary gave her the night of January 5th.

I asked them about that beautiful ring.

"I had it last December," Geary said, "but I didn't want to give it to her for a Christmas present. She was getting so many other presents—and I sort of wanted the ring to stand out by itself as an important event."

The jewel shone on Janie's finger like a headlight. I noticed that she kept brushing it against her lips in an unconscious gesture as she talked.

"He gave it to me early in the evening," said Janie. "Then we went to a party together. Honestly, I was frightened to death to tell my family about it! On our way home, Geary and I talked over how we'd do it—and we decided just to kid it through. We went to my mother's and father's bedroom at one o'clock in the morning—thinking we'd wake them up and let them in on our secret. But they hadn't gone to sleep.

"I said, 'I've got something *very* important to tell you.' And Mother answered, 'Yes, we know. Let me look at the ring.' She wasn't one bit surprised! I guess she'd known about Geary and me all the time."

They haven't yet set a date for the wedding. "It may be a year or longer before we can be married," Janie said.

"Don't be too sure about *that*," Geary interposed with a grin. (*Continued on page 89*)



In March, Modern Screen ran this phata af Jane—a lanely girl an tour in New Yark. Naw, the whole path of her life has changed excitingly.

Geary Steffan, his fiancée Jane Powell, and their bank. →





by hedda hopper

SAY IT ISN'T SO!

He has only one love besides acting and the kids—that's his wife. So don't say Greg Peck's having trouble at home—it just isn't true.

■ He stood on an RKO sound stage for his first test for his very first picture. He was practically unknown to everyone in Hollywood except Casey Robinson, who'd brought him out from Broadway. I took one look and busted right out with,

"Golly! How I wish I owned a piece of *you!*"

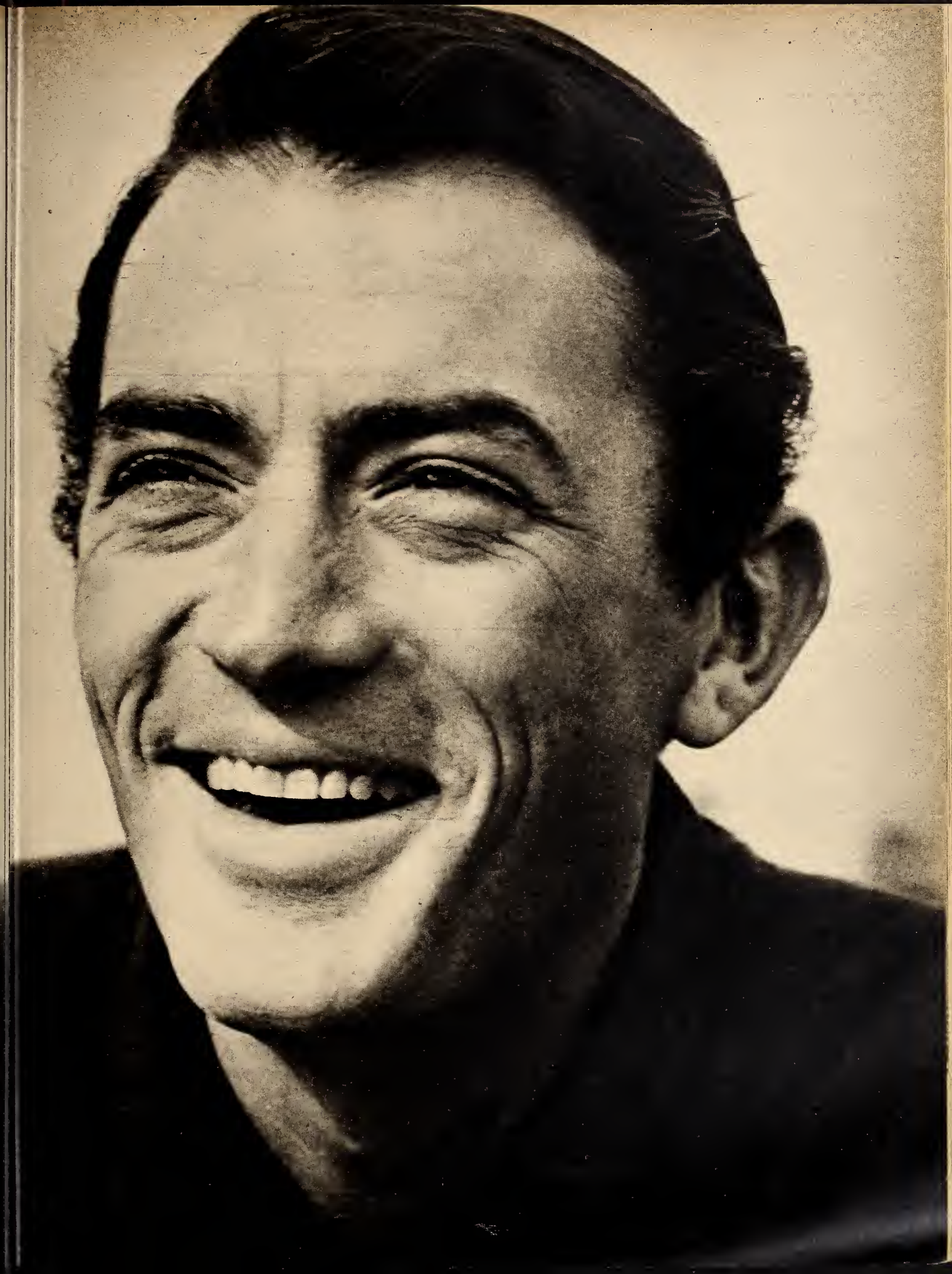
I'm afraid I'm used to coming out with what I'm thinking. He blushed to the roots of his black hair, looked for a place big enough to drop through the floor and couldn't find one. "Why—uh—thanks, Miss Hopper," he said, because he had to say something. "You're very nice."

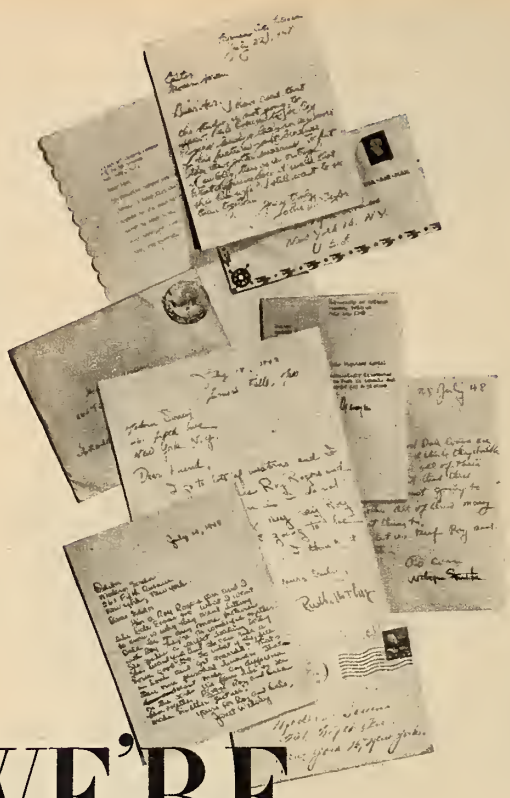
Now I'll shoot that polite compliment right back at him—and I'm not just being polite. Gregory Peck is indeed very nice—in about every department I can think of. Seven years have passed since we were introduced and not for one minute have I changed my mind: I'd still like—above almost everything else in Hollywood—a stake in Greg Peck's career, his future greatness. I haven't the stake, but I still have the interest. Which is why I'm writing this piece. I've got my dukes up for Greg. Nobody's going to pick on Peck while I'm around—and that's what seems to be happening.

It may seem sort of silly for a slightly antique and beat-up blonde like myself to stick out her chin for a husky six-foot-two-er like Greg, whose *(Continued on page 103)*



"Heddo," said Greg, "sometimes when two people see too much of each other, some trifle occurs and they take it out on each other, blow their tops and have a spat."





WE'RE TOGETHER AGAIN

by Roy Rogers

That cowboy and his lady figgered they could work things out just like they'd planned, now they'd been hitched. Then it appeared their dream was busted proper—but not for long!

After Roy Rogers and Dale Evans were married on New Year's Eve in 1947, Republic Studios, believing that the public would no longer like to see Roy and Dale on the screen as a romantic team, announced that Dale would no longer be Roy's leading lady. The fans at once deluged MODERN SCREEN *with letters of protest. The studio has recently reconsidered. So Roy and Dale, from now on, will again be thwarting them varmints where the sagebrush grows—together. Here, interrupted now and then by Dale, Roy tells how he feels about it.* —THE EDITORS

■ I am writing this in my portable dressing room at Republic Studios where we are shooting *Susanna Pass.* Right next door is the dressing room of the girl who is playing opposite me in the picture, and—what do you know?—once more she's Dale Evans!

It's just like old times. All I have to do to find out if she's ready to go on the set is to raise my voice and holler, "Dale? They're waiting for us. Are you ready?" And all she has to do is yell back, "No! Not yet!" Yes, sir, just like old times.

(Well, if that's the way Roy's going to talk, I'm going to say something too. It isn't true that I'm generally late on the set. Roy just likes to wander out early so he can talk fishing with the boys on the crew. And furthermore, let's take it right from the moment our day begins. Have you ever noticed that when two people are sleeping in the same room only one ever hears the alarm clock in the morning—and has to get up and shut it off and wake the other? Well, Roy always manages to come in second in that competition!—Dale.)

But, all kidding aside, I'm really tickled that Dale and I are together again. It fits right into the plan of life we'd talked about when we were married—the plan the studio busted all to bits when it decided that a married couple made a poor romantic team on the screen. And, in addition to Dale and myself, there are three other members of our family who are plumb delighted: Cheryl, our oldest, who's eight, Linda Lou, who's five; and Roy Jr., who's 27 months old and whom we call "Dusty" on account of he generally is. And all five of us are deeply grateful to the thousands of fans who wrote us at Republic *(and the thousands who wrote* MODERN SCREEN*—Dale)* and convinced the studio that it was wrong about separating us.

That plan Dale and I made when we were married a year *(Continued on page 81)*



THESE LONG-TERM MARRIAGES SUPPORT HOLLYWOOD'S BELIEF THAT STARDOM DOESN'T HAVE TO RESULT IN DIVORCE.



26 YEARS: CAGNEYS



25 YEARS: TRACYS



22 YEARS: ROBINSONS



20 YEARS: MONTGOMERYS



Divorces, separations, scandals make front page news. But happiness can come to those Hollywood couples who follow five simple rules.

BY MORGAN MacNEIL

5 great lessons in love

■ Two weeks ago, a young writer-turned-actor on the Paramount lot, name of John Lund, ambled up to Bob Hope and asked ski-nose to reveal the secret of good publicity.

Hope, as usual, snapped out a quick answer. "The only way an actor can make the headlines nowadays," he cracked, "is to divorce his wife and marry a five-year-old Eskimo."

What Hope meant by that gag was simply this: it's the separations and scandals that make the headlines—and of them you read plenty. But of Hollywood's lasting love affairs, the tried and true marriages so rich and ripe with heart and romance, so replete with tenderness and passion, so bountiful with memories—of these you read next to nothing.

And this is a great and crying shame, for in these matings lie Hollywood's foremost lessons in love, lessons learned the hard way through experience—lessons whose principles, applied to your own life, can enrich it just as they've enriched the lives of so many prominent cinema people.

Do you know that the James Cagneys have been married 26 years, the Spencer Tracys 25, the Edward G. Robinsons 22, the Robert Montgomerys 20, the Pat O'Briens 19, the Bing Crosbys 18, the Bob Hopes 13, the Gary Coopers 14, the Robert Youngs 18?

Do you know that Ingrid Bergman has been wedded to her doctor-husband 10 years, Irene Dunne to her dentist-husband 19, Claudette Colbert to her doctor 12?

And do you know the great love stories behind these marriages? The chances are you don't—for recently, good publicity concerning the movie colony has been as rare as a quiet month in the life of Errol Flynn. (As Groucho Marx once quipped, "Ever since they found out that Lassie was really a boy, the public has believed the worst about Hollywood.") But the time has come to call attention to the fact that Hollywood boasts some of the



LESSON ONE: The wife must give up acting aspirations. Dana and Mary Andrews illustrate this lesson well. Friends were stunned when she retired to marry the struggling young actor from the Pasadena Playhouse. "My career? Poof!" said Mary. "He's going places and I'm going with him." And she has.

LESSON TWO: If an actress wants both career and happy marriage she must wed someone outside the picture business. The ideal marriage of the Peter Lindstroms proves this point. They were wed ten years ago in Sweden. As a brain surgeon, he's as eminently successful in his profession as Ingrid is in hers.



5 great lessons in love

most happy and inspiring marriages in existence—and that from these marriages there can be derived five great lessons or rules.

The first one may be stated this way: *When a husband and wife seek a career in the motion picture business, the wife must give up her acting aspirations if she wants her marriage to be a lasting success.*

There are exceptions to this rule just as there are to any rule, but the exceptions are far and few between. Think of any actress who was married to an actor and declined to give up her career—Greer Garson to Richard Ney, Joan Crawford to Franchot Tone, Jennifer Jones to Robert Walker, Betty Grable to Jackie Coogan, Annabella to Tyrone Power, Jane Wyman to Ronald Reagan—the list is endless. And the result in the great majority of these cases has always been the same: divorce.

On the other hand, take the Bing Crosbys. Eighteen years ago when Bing first proposed marriage to Dixie Lee, he was a happy-go-lucky crooner with as much sense of responsibility as a beachcomber.

On those nights when he could be found, he would warble at the Cocoanut Grove in Los Angeles while his best friends would advise Dixie, then an up-and-coming star, to drop the Spokane boy gently, but to drop him nevertheless.

"For a while," Dixie now recalls, "they had me worried. They'd come up and say, 'Dixie, we love the guy, but we're giving it to you straight. If you marry Bing you're going to have to support him the rest of your life.'

"I wasn't going to support any man," Dixie says, "and I told that to Bing. 'Dixie,' he said, 'if you marry me, you can quit show business, and I give you my word, you won't have to worry.' When we got married I did quit, and Bing's been the breadwinner ever since."

And what a breadwinner! In 18 years Bing has earned more than ten-million dollars. And the inspiration behind his fabulously successful career has always been Dixie. Bing is the first to acknowledge that.

"By sending me out into the world to make an honest living," he says, "Dixie made me what I am today, and she'll have to take the responsibility."

This is also true of Louise Treadwell and her 25-year-old marriage to Spencer Tracy—a mating which is one of the really top melodramatic love stories of the movie colony, a love story so replete with drama and self-sacrifice that it might easily be transferred to the screen as a great motion picture.

Spence first met Louise Treadwell on a train bound for White Plains, N. Y. He was an actor at the time, or at least claimed to be. "I was making $15 a week," he says, "and I had a part in a Broadway play entitled *The Man Who Came Back*. The part consisted of my saying one line, 'To Hell with him,' and usually I was drowned out by the falling of the first-act curtain.

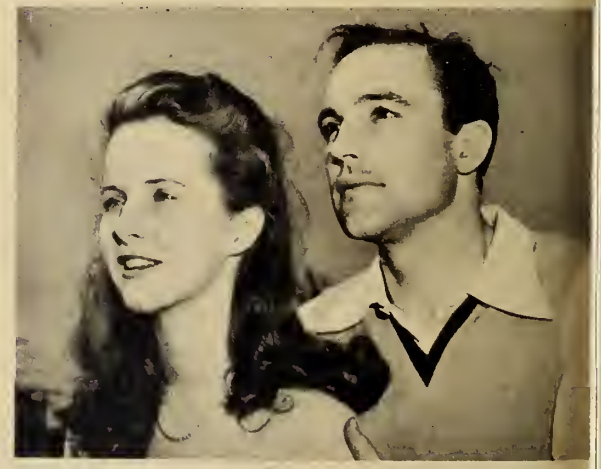
"Louise, on the other hand, was the leading lady in our stock company. Why she married me, I'll never know. She says it was because I had a (*Continued on page 97*)



LESSON THREE: Morrioge must be seoled by the relatively ropid orrivol of children. Betty Groble ond Jockie Coogon were o moritol foilure. But she and Horry James hove kids ond contentment.



LESSON FOUR: Shore your portner's interest as much os possible. Betty Garrett goes overboord for this lesson. Lorry Porks loves motorcycles. She hates 'em, but she rides, too—"it mokes him happy."



LESSON FIVE: Hove foith in the fundomentol goodness ond loyalty of the mon you marry. You con't find o more loyol husbond thon Gene Kelly. And Betsy knows it. She just disregords oll gossip.

Bob Taylor might have wondered, as he dragged out the kerosene stove— what he was doing in England . . . with steak and Stanwyck at home?

BY CHRISTOPHER KANE

Home was never like this

■ Bob Taylor and his ex-Navy pal Ralph Couser were exchanging recipes for boiled eggs in their suite in London's Savoy Hotel when the phone rang. Ralph answered it.

"For you, Bob," he said. "A woman. She sounds like Harry Lauder."

"It's Mrs. Stotts," Taylor said. "Wait and see."

He was right. It was Mrs. Stotts, more Scotch than ever, though he could follow her closely enough to get her drift. She said the staff at the palace sent their kindest regards. Furthermore, she said if he'd like to go through the palace (Buckingham), the royal family would shortly be leaving for the other palace (Sandringham) so the palace (Buckingham) would be entirely at his disposal.

He thanked her cordially, and they talked for a while longer. When he hung up, he was grinning. "Now I really feel I'm in England again."

The relationship between himself and Mrs. Stotts dated back to 1937. That was the year he'd been making *A Yank at Oxford,* and he'd had a house out in Westminster-on-the-Bias, or something, and he needed a cook. Somebody'd come up with Mrs. Stotts. "I cooked for Queen Mary," Mrs. Stotts told him, and Bob said that was good enough for him.

As it turned out, Mrs. Stotts' cooking wasn't anything to worry Oscar of the Waldorf, but Mrs. Stotts' character was sensational. She was so tremendously eager to please, she was so positively certain she couldn't do enough for him, that Taylor found himself falling in love. When *A Yank at Oxford* wound up, and it was time for him to head home, the handclasp between him and Mrs. Stotts was fervent, the gaze they exchanged was brave, and moist.

Years passed. Each one brought a Christmas card from Mrs. Stotts. Finally, in 1947, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Taylor traveled to England for a visit. Mrs. Stotts got in touch at once. "I'll take you through Buckingham Palace," she said, almost literally producing the keys to the castle. "Of course, Their Majesties are in residence, so we won't be able to see it *all*. . . ."

She came to meet them at Claridge's, dressed in her best black, and Bob and Barbara had a chauffeured Rolls Royce ready for the trip.

Along the way, Mrs. Stotts busied herself with dispensing information. She spoke her pieces like a radio announcer, each statement sounding rather formal and complete, allowing of no possible question. "King Zog, the former ruler of Albania, has been living in (*Continued on page 106*)



Liz Taylor peeks at one of Bob's letters to his wife. They're on the set of *Conspirator,* in England.



Bob shared his suite at the Savoy Hotel with Ralph Couser, an ex-Navy pal who cooks.

Lana Turner's BITTER TRIUMPHS



Lano Turner wos only 19 when, after one dote, she wos morried in Los Vegos to bondleader Artie Shaw. And her youthfully ramantic impulse praved a mistake.

She's been hurt by life many times . . . and fate was never too kind with her heart . . . but Lana's always come back again with new courage.

BY KAAREN PIECK



Before morrying Shaw, Lona had plonned to wed lawyer Greg Boutzer. It's soid she wept wildly when the break come.



Lona's morrioge to Steve Crone wos onnulled when they learned his divarce wosn't finol. They rewed, soon parted. Cheryl wos born in 1944.



The Ty Power-Lana Turner romance was the mast publicized af 1947. Suddenly, Ty fell in love with Linda Christian ond Lano turned ta Bab Topping.



Bob Topping, who'd sent her roses as early as 1946, married Lana in April, 1948. The press was critical in reporting the wedding.

■ Last January, Lana Turner lay in Doctors' Hospital in Manhattan and learned that she'd lost her baby.

Only 48 hours earlier, she'd been radiant, waiting for her son. "I *know* it'll be a boy," she kept saying from the first. "And we'll call him Timothy." Now she lay white and quiet, and her thoughts must have turned to another day when she fought a desperate battle for the life of her firstborn. That time she'd won. This time—well, there wouldn't be any Timothy. . . .

An anxious friend called Bob Topping at the hospital. Bob's voice sounded tired.

"The poor kid's had a rough time of it. But you know Lana—she'll come through it all right—she's got all the courage in the world."

I agree with him. I don't propose to go sentimental over Lana Turner. She needs no sob-stuff from me or anyone else. But truth's truth, and it's never one-sided. For my money, they've taken one side of the girl and roasted it to a crisp, ignoring the others. All the holier-than-thous, all the envious, all the wiseacres have set her up as a target for sniping. The reasons are obvious. She's in the limelight, she's beautiful, she has an allure that most women would give their right arms for, and her romantic adventures sell lots of newspapers.

They pick on her for the very qualities that make her exciting. "Why can't they leave her alone?" Mervyn LeRoy once snapped. "From her first appearance, they started yelling 'Be quiet,' and they've never stopped since. It's like telling a bird of paradise to be a little gray hen. I've yet to see a gray hen roll up boxoffice records."

All I know about birds of paradise is that they're gorgeous. Lana's that, all right—but the record shows that she's also impulsive, warm-hearted, generous to a fault, full of zest for life, and the one (*Continued on page 100*)

HOLLYWOOD'S AMAZING LOVE SQUABBLE!



nora eddington



errol flynn



joanne dru



dick haymes

■ Errol Flynn once said, "The trouble is, when you're in love with a girl and she's not sure of it, you do fine. But when she knows you're really gone—look out!"

Not long ago Errol made the headlines again—as one of the key figures in perhaps the most complex four-cornered drama ever recorded in Hollywood. But this time not as Don Juan, but as low man on the domestic totem pole—the lad who'd made the mistake, if such it were, of letting the girl know he really loved her.

When, after several false rumors of separations, Nora Eddington Flynn announced in February that she was definitely leaving Errol, events moved swiftly—to the accompaniment of sardonic chuckles around town. Dick Haymes' wife, Joanne Dru, went to see attorneys and the story of her now-impending divorce broke in the news. Shortly thereafter, Nora admitted to the press that she was devoted to Dick Haymes and hoped to marry him when both were free. This statement she later declared was a misquote, but the cat was out of the bag and rumor began to add spectacular touches to the affair as Joanne's dates with John Ireland, also in the throes of getting a divorce, became known.

Who fell in love with whom first, and what will be the outcome of this not-too-attractive exhibit of life as it is lived on Hollywood's sometimes florid and high emotional seas? And who is to blame?

The inside story goes back to 1943, when Flynn was then, as now, a troubled man. A girl had brought him into court on paternity charges. Of these, Errol was promptly and properly cleared. But as he walked the corridors of the Hall of Justice, being photographed and interviewed by his friends in the press, something new came into his life.

He stopped to buy cigarettes at the cigar stand, and the girl who waited on him was 19-year-old Nora Eddington. There was sympathy and understanding in her eyes. Right there, in full view of alert newspapermen, a romance was born. But her secret marriage a short time later to Errol in Mexico was not discovered until she returned to Hollywood in February 1945. Then it was that Errol said, "I'm married, I like it, and it's nobody else's business."

He was mistaken about that last part. What goes on in a movie star's life is seldom his business only. Before long, there were periodic reports that all was not well between Nora and Errol. Occasionally, he was seen in public alone at various restaurants and night clubs. Flynn, declared the experts in such matters, was still Flynn.

Actually, the reverse was taking place. In 1946, Errol took off for Acapulco, on a vacation and scientific cruise, accompanied by Nora and his father. There were numerous stories bandied about by the crew that the real reason for the near-mutinous situations which arose stemmed from Nora's apparent desire to make Errol jealous. True or not, on his return Errol was seldom seen in public until the October of 1948, when he and Nora separated briefly and Nora told reporters, "This is the worst break yet." That statement left much unsaid and heightened the assumption that Flynn was again being Flynn. Errol admitted to friends that he was deeply in love with Nora and willing to do almost anything to keep their marriage intact. Then, privately, he and Nora agreed on a six-months separation and Nora took off for New York.

Now occurred the thing that brings the story to the proportions of a

Hollywood has had more than its share of broken marriages. This is a divorce story that reaches new depths of tragedy, as two homes are caught in a confused web of romance.

By CARL SCHROEDER

HOLLYWOOD'S AMAZING LOVE SQUABBLE



Dick Haymes and Joanne Dru met in New York's Paramount Theater while doing separate acts. They married in 1941. Recently, Joanne resumed her screen career.



Errol Flynn and Nora Eddington met at a courthouse cigar stand during his famous paternity suit. They wed in Mexico in 1943 and now have two children.

love squabble. In New York, Nora met Dick Haymes. Sometime previously, Dick had stood on the brink of separation from Joanne Dru, ostensibly because of "career trouble." Nora and Dick liked each other instantly, and on their separate returns to Hollywood renewed their interest when they met again in Palm Springs.

There was no secret about it. Errol was furious. (Reports that he threatened to punch Dick on the nose are not inconsistent with his man-of-action temperament, but it is dubious that Errol ever went so far as to install microphones, or threaten to, in the hillside home into which Dick moved.)

Nevertheless, the idea of a six-months trial separation was abruptly dropped and the true situation exposed when dynamic newspaperwoman Florabel Muir broke a story in the Los Angeles Mirror. She quoted Nora as saying she was seriously in love with Dick Haymes and that, when their marital ties were over, they might consider marriage.

This was tantamount to Hollywood's recently established practice, in the cases of advanced young ladies, of announcing an engagement before going through the legal process of becoming unmarried. Nora later is said to have denied making the provocative statements, but Miss Muir's accuracy as a reporter is generally conceded to be slightly better than that of a wire recorder accompanied by a sworn oath.

The fire of excitement over the alleged love parlay became the hottest gossip since Rita flew away with her prince. And, as in the latter case, the moment the news broke a shattering silence fell, with everyone assuming a "Who, me?" attitude.

At the risk of being accused of presenting a prejudiced story, it must be admitted that the behavior of Errol Flynn and Dick Haymes's wife, Joanne Dru, added at least a small touch of dignity to this otherwise un-hilarious travesty on marriage. Through spokesmen at MGM where he is now appearing in *The Forsyte Saga* with Greer Garson, Flynn commented that he would make no comment whatsoever. After he gave a huge party in his Mulholland Drive home—perhaps secretly hoping that, with 99% of Hollywood there, Nora might consider this a propitious moment to return home—Errol let it be known through his attorney, Bob Ford, that he'd appreciate it if reporters refrained from saying anything in any way derogatory about his wife.

Meantime, Nora and Dick Haymes spent a portion of the evening on which Errol gave his party, holding hands with each other at Mocambo—Nora being unaware, or at least unimpressed, by her husband's obviously sincere gallantry.

Concerning her break with Dick Haymes, Joanne Dru says: "The decision to part was abrupt and final. We were separated once before three years ago for a period of two days. The reason given then was that I wanted a career. It wasn't true. At that time I didn't want a career. Now I am going to devote myself solely to my work and my children."

Joanne Dru met Dick Haymes in 1941, two full years before Nora Eddington's first encounter with Errol Flynn. Joanne already was a career girl, "a Samba siren," dancing at the Paramount theater in New York. When Dick came into the Paramount with his band, they worked together, and in private life they became more or less a brother and sister act, with no idea of a romance.

Then Joanne moved on to Boston. There she met and became interested in a Harvard boy, a fact duly reported by Walter Winchell. Next day after the Winchell item appeared, Dick called Joanne by long distance and began his proposal (*Continued on page 108*)

John **PAYNE** · Gail **RUSSELL** · Sterling **HAYDEN** · George "Gabby" **HAYES** · Dick **FORAN**



How the law was brought to a gun-riddled...feud-ridden border-town of lawlessness. This is the story of the "Coffin Corner of Texas" in the lusty era when ambush in the night made the Rio Grande run red!

in Paramount's

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Screenplay by Lewis R. Foster · A Pine-Thomas Production



LET'S GET IT STRAIGHT!

There have been many wild tales about Judy Garland's illness, about her "pathetic" childhood. The writers have overlooked one thing—the truth.

by ethel garland



Judy wosn't forced inta show business as reports say. Her oct with Sue ond Jimmie was strictly their awn idea.



Despite tales to the controry, Judy ottended public schoal just like any normal girl. She graduated with her high-schaal class in 1940.



Ethel Garland (shown at left) has been getting more and more indignant at the wild tales she's been reading about her daughter Judy. Recently a national magazine ran a story on Judy's childhood and upbringing that Mrs. Garland considered "peculiarly vicious." This was the last straw. To set the record straight, she has turned to MODERN SCREEN *to bring the facts about Judy to the public.*
—THE EDITORS.

■ On the whole, I'm a patient woman, but I've just about reached the end of my patience. I've heard that movie stars live in goldfish bowls. If so, lots of people can't see through glass. I've read so much dreamed-up drivel about my daughter Judy that the time has come for a good big explosion. This is it!

I've read that she led "the tough life of a vaudeville kid." The weeks she played vaudeville you could count on one hand.

I've read that she dressed out of trunks, and had her oatmeal cooked over a gas jet. We never owned a trunk, just some very nice suitcases, and her oatmeal was cooked on a stove exactly like yours.

I've read that she knew little of normal youth. If Judy's youth wasn't normal, Mr. Webster had better write himself a new dictionary. No circuses, they say? She went to every circus in town and sat right down front! No children coming over? The place was full of them! No penny candy? Well, there they've got me. Judy didn't have penny candy—it was nickel candy.

I've read that she was never strong as a child. Doesn't anyone remember her early pictures? Did she look fragile? As a youngster, her only trouble was hay fever. That's why we moved from Lancaster to Los Angeles, and that was the end of her childhood ills.

I've read fables that sounded as though my husband and I had stuck all three children under a railroad car and ridden the rods. I've read them until I thought either the writers must be talking about five other people, or else I was losing my mind. I kept wondering why these imaginative writers didn't invent their characters from scratch, and come up with the great American novel.

Luckily, Judy keeps the humor she was

born with. "What about that time you put me through the meat-grinder, Mother?" she'll say to me, deadpan. Or: "Liza was working at two-and-a-half. How come I never did a lick till I was three?"

Jimmie, who used to be a script girl, tries to explain. "It's more interesting, Mother. They think folks won't care unless you've been 'pore' and struggled and risen from the depths."

That's ridiculous! Who lived a nicer, plainer, more everyday life than Shirley Temple? I notice the public's still interested in her. I think most Americans like to read about homey, happy people—because most Americans are homey, happy people themselves. And I think a very good thing to come up with is the truth. The truth about my family is that none of us rose from the depths, and that Judy's young life was as simple and normal and happy as the kid's next door.

I can't remember ever having trouble with Judy. Susie was the one with the temper. Jimmie was the placid, quiet child and Judy was a breeze, forever laughing and joking. Even then, the other girls thought she was the prize comedian and she was in her glory when she could make them laugh. Sometimes she went too far and had to go stand in the corner with her back to the rest of us until she counted 10. By the time she got to 8½, she was out. That's as far as we ever pushed punishment with Judy. And *that* was almost more than her Daddy could stand.

My husband and I didn't come out to California to shove our little brood into show business. We were very happy in Grand Rapids, Minnesota. We'd lived there 12 years. Frank had a picture theater and everything was going beautifully. We came to California to get away from the coal bills, if you must know, and the storm windows. The whole thing started with Frank saying: "Let's go to California for a week." For a week it didn't seem worth uprooting the children. They were supposed to stay home with their grandmother. Well, I was packing the day before we left, and there they stood watching, and all of a sudden I looked up at them and knew I couldn't leave them. So I chased downtown, picked up three pairs of overalls and some middies, and we took them along and had a wonderful time. Walked our fool heads off. Camped on the lawn of the old Warner studio on Sunset and watched the movie stars come out. Of course, we wanted to see them, just as any tourist wants to see them today.

But what Frank and I really loved was the climate. Roses and balmy skies in the middle of winter. This was the place, we decided; this was it. Back we went, sold the theater, and packed up our goods and our youngsters. Then we found on returning that most of the L. A. theaters were owned by the big chains—and so we finally bought a theater in the little desert town of Lancaster, and settled down to living.

Poor little Judy, I've read, yanked from town to town in the middle of the night through drifts of snow. That's absolutely absurd—would Judy have been yanked anywhere in the middle of the night? She slept in her own bed, except when she found excuses to crawl into mine: "Mother, my feet are cold. . . ." She stayed in Lancaster, where there wasn't any snow. Once in a while, on weekends, all three girls would do a show at the Biltmore in Los Angeles put on by the Meglin School —where they went once a week for dancing lessons. They'd each receive 50 cents. Or when school was out, they'd play the Pike Theater in Long Beach for a couple of days. Because they wanted to, because they thought it was fun. Nobody *made* them. If Judy was unhappy or felt abused, I never knew it, and I *would* have known it, because there was precious little she didn't tell me.

Even that much-touted vaudeville tour against "fatherly opposition" started out as a joke. The girls and I were headed for the World's Fair in Chicago—Frank couldn't get away. In an idle moment one of us said: "Let's see if we can get some bookings and pay expenses."

"Don't be silly," said Frank. "Just go and enjoy the Fair." We started kidding about it and decided we'd show him what we could do on our own. "Okay," he said, "but take a checkbook along." That was the extent of his opposition. (When we ran out of money, we used the checkbook.) And the only reason we ever got on at the Oriental Theater in Chicago was that Jack Cathcart, who was in the band and who's now Susie's husband, gave us a hurry call at the last minute: "Maybe you can fill in for an act that's just quit." And when I say last minute, I *mean* last minute. Jack caught us right spang in the middle of packing.

opportunity knocks . . .

Well, the girls were a great success and doors started opening. We did a week in Detroit, another in Milwaukee, and boom! Our trip was over. By this time the agents were after us, but we'd had enough. We'd proved our point, we were terribly homesick for Frank, so we piled into the car and went back where we belonged.

None of this interfered with the girls' normal living. They never missed school. They went to church and they went to Sunday school and they sang in the choir and made their first communion. . . . I ran across Judy's Bible the other day, with the lock of hair I cut off when she made her communion. She was so pleased that I'd carried it around all these years. I've carried them all around—all three Bibles and all three locks of hair—and mooned over them the way any mother does. . . .

Even after she'd gone to Metro—where she didn't do much at first—Judy said she'd like to attend public school instead of the one they ran at the studio. So I got her into public school, though they made it as difficult as they could. I had to tackle the whole Board of Education and bear down on the fact that I was a taxpayer, and my child had as much right in public school as any other. But go she did in the end, and had a wonderful time running errands for the teacher and graduating with all the other children.

It was Frank who took her to Metro. Of course I'd have taken her, if I'd been able to, but I happened to be in Pasadena, playing for a community affair. And let's get this straight now, how Frank and I felt about Judy. We were always in perfect accord. Being human parents, we were proud of her and her voice, and thought she sang like a bird. But we never talked career—there was nothing to talk about. Neither did Judy, till after she was signed at Metro. She was a child, remember. As long as she could sing—at home, at school, in the choir—it didn't matter where. And the only reason Frank took her to Metro was because of an agent who kept calling. He'd heard Judy sing when we'd been up to Tahoe that summer. Later he called, asking us to bring her to the office. We said we would, but never got around to it. This particular day he was insistent, said he'd made an appointment for her at MGM. Judy was playing in the backyard. Her slacks were none too clean, and she wasn't in a mood to be bothered. Neither was her daddy. Still . . .

"What about my slacks? Do I have to change?"

"No," said Frank, "you're all right as you are."




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Film Editor DICK CURRIER



"Father, I thank Thee that Thou hast heard me." Christ at Lazarus' tomb.



"Holy, Holy, Holy." Ginger sings a solo in her Uncle Mark's church.



Christ carrying cross on road to Calvary. "Woman, behold thy Son."



Millard Coody, who portrays Christ is bank teller in real life.

Ginger Sings 4 Songs



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"DOWN IN OKLAHOMA"
"RIGHT UNDER MY NOSE"
"HOLY, HOLY, HOLY"
"THE TURTLE"

"There Are People in Hell Whom This Picture Could Have Saved."
—Rev. A. H. Wilson

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When I got back from Pasadena and they came home and told me where they'd been, I took one scandalized look at my child. "Like *that?*"

"Oh, what's the difference?" said Frank. "Nobody was impressed, anyway."

Believe me, we didn't care. Expecting nothing, how can you be disappointed? All that bothered me were the dirty slacks. When the unexpected happened and they called us about a contract, our reaction was: "Judy? You mean they *want* her?"

Once she signed a contract, we went on the same as before. We'd just bought a new theater. Our home-life was more important than Judy's career, which everyone knows didn't start in any blaze of glory. I remember one day we were all around the piano, Frank and the kids singing *Among My Souvenirs.* It's a sad song and though I'm not given to brooding, its sadness affected me. I looked up at them—every human's gone through the same experience—and thought: "Here we are together. If only this moment could last . . ." It wasn't six months before my husband, who'd never known a day's illness, went within 24 hours of meningitis. He died on my birthday—which is why I've hated the day ever since. . . .

I was glad Judy had the studio, then. At least it wasn't tied up with a million memories of her daddy. Besides, she'd made up her mind now that this was what she wanted. It was Judy herself who had show business in her blood, like her daddy before her. Nobody can explain these things. Frank came of a perfectly conventional family in Tennessee, who all but disowned him when he left to sing in the theater. After we married and the children started coming, he gave up his dream for the more practical end of the business. But somehow it must have been handed on to Judy.

"Mother," she'd say, "if I can be a success as a singer and actress, that's all I'll ever ask of life."

I encouraged her, of course. "All right, if that's what you want, we'll work for it." But I'd have encouraged her in anything she wanted to do. It's one of my beliefs. "Typist or clerk or deep-sea diver," I've told the girls, "as long as you're happy, it makes no difference to me."

I've read that their "ambitious" mother persisted in making celebrities of her daughters. That floored me. When Susie and Jimmie wanted to stop their careers and get married, they stopped and got married. Judy didn't want to stop. All *I* ever wanted for them was to be happy. I don't set myself up as any model mother. I don't hold with the saying that mother knows best, I've been wrong too often. But there's one attitude I've stuck to all my days: don't *force* your children to anything. Whatever you force them to isn't worth a dime.

And this I can tell you. Suppose I'd said to Judy, "No, I don't want you to sing, I don't want you to go into films"—she'd still be exactly where she is today. One gentleman asked a question I'll be glad to answer. "Would Judy Garland be happy if she'd married some farmer in Fresno?" Judy Garland wouldn't. First of all, she'd never have married some farmer in Fresno, it's too far from the studios. And if she'd married an Eskimo at the North Pole, she'd have found some way of dragging him and his igloo down to Hollywood. No matter what the barriers, there's a will in Judy that would have conquered them. Not the will, may I add, for money and fame. But that of the born entertainer to express herself . . .

Another thing I would like to make clear. Judy over-dieted, they say, during adolescence, injuring her health. Judy didn't diet at all during adolescence—though there were times when she should have. However, she stayed tubby till she had her tonsils out. Then the fat fell off and didn't come on again—though right now she weighs more than she has in years. That's because she recently had a good rest.

But when she took that rest—what wild stories started appearing! The simple truth of the matter is that Judy had made *The Pirate* and *Easter Parade*—two long, hard pictures—and had followed them up with sequences for *Words and Music.*

Musicals, with their hours of song-and-dance rehearsals, are naturally very tiring. The studio had a string of pictures lined up for her. Mr. Mayer said: "Judy, why don't you take a rest? Then you'll be fresh for the next one." So she did! This was only common sense.

There's just one thing Judy doesn't like about movies, and that's getting up with the chickens. All my children are the same. (If you think Judy's bad, you ought to see Jimmie, and Susie's not much better. Of all the problems I ever had with my daughters, the toughest was dragging them out of bed in the morning.)

miniature duse . . .

Alarm clock and all, however, Judy loves her life and wouldn't change it for any girl's in the world. The proof is, she hopes little Liza'll follow in her trail. "We're not going to push her," she says, "but nothing would make Vincent and me happier than to have her decide to be an actress."

From all observations, Liza won't need any pushing. She's already pushed herself into two pictures. The studio fascinates her. Judy and Vincent used to take her over now and then just for the fun of it, but now and then didn't suit Miss Liza. "Mommy and Daddy go all the time, why can't *I* go?"

"Look," said Arthur Freed. "Mary Martin's daughter played one of the little sisters in *Annie Get Your Gun.* How's about using Liza for the part?" So they're using Liza, and she's already fixed up the title: *Annie-Get-My-Gun,* she calls it.

Meanwhile, there's a scene in *The Good Old Summertime* where Judy and Van Johnson are walking along, with their daughter between them. Liza's the daughter. She's a ham to her fingertips if I ever saw one! They photographed her pointing to her name on the Costume Bulletin Board—LIZA MINNELLI, right under JAMES MASON and AVA GARDNER—and she ate it up. After the fittings with Irene, they shot her again in this adorable costume with a little straw hat perched on top of her head. As long as the cameras were clicking, she stood like a dreamboat. The minute they stopped, she announced to the world: "Look, I've got all new underwear on, too"—and pulled up her dress.

Later they took her over to the set where Judy was just breaking for lunch.

Vincent joined them, and you've never seen a prouder couple. I couldn't help thinking how life repeats itself—Judy and Vincent beaming over the baby, just as Frank and I had beamed over Judy. I couldn't help wishing, either, that some of these fictioneers had been around to see Judy laughing, and as blooming and radiant as I've ever known her. In two days she'd recorded seven songs. That was a record, according to Joe Pasternak. He sent her a tiny gold Oscar on a gold chain.

"As far as I'm concerned," he wrote, "you've won your Oscar."

As far as *I'm* concerned, that's all there is. Having gotten this off my chest, I can now forget it. I know that Judy is completely happy. THE END

YOU WON'T WANT TO MISS THE JUNE ISSUE OF MODERN SCREEN—OUR SALUTE TO YOUTH!

THEY'LL REMEMBER MAMA

(*Continued from page 31*)

houses where you felt snug and warm. Where you could raid the icebox, and nobody cared. Where they always had a big round dining room table, loaded with food at mealtime, and everyone sat around it, liking everyone else.

Upstairs became to Betty a symbol of family and home—a deep-seated feeling that had nothing to do with logic. Before Lindsay arrived, she wanted the nursery upstairs. That proved impractical. So they'll build the new house with *all* the bedrooms upstairs. There'll be a big round table in the dining room, and an outsize refrigerator in the kitchen.

"I want everything solid," she says, "like Boulder Dam. I want a place where kids can romp without being shushed. I want them to have their little friends in for dinner and to spend the night. I want a gay house that children'll love to come to. I want them to say, 'Let's go over to the Briskins, it's fun there.'"

Boiled down, she wants for her children the security her own childhood lacked. She wants it with all the warmth and force of her nature—but intelligently, too. Just money isn't enough.

the littlest rebel . . .

The Huttons were poor, the Briskins aren't. Yet it wasn't poverty alone that scarred Betty's childhood. Marion was pretty and easy to handle; Betty was a scrawny, stringy-haired little rebel. Relatives, more well-to-do than themselves, made a fuss over Marion, bought her clothes, hadn't much use for the difficult younger one who could get along on Marion's hand-me-downs. To their mother, the girls were equally dear. But Mabel Hutton worked all day on an assembly line, trying to earn enough for food and shelter. She wasn't around to referee their battles. So Betty grew up with a rankling sense of injustice—at odds with her sister, her relatives and most of the world. "I wouldn't like anybody, even when I wanted to, for fear of getting hurt."

That's why, above everything else, she's determined that nothing shall go wrong between Lindsay and Candy. That's why the one line you'll never hear in the Briskin household is, "Look at your sister, see how *she* does it." That's why Betty searched desperately, long before Candy was born, for a nurse who shared her own ideas about bringing up children. She found her in the person of beloved Kirchey, who's now installed with the Briskins. Whether the kids or Betty love her most would be hard to figure, and doesn't matter anyway. The point is, she sees eye-to-eye with Betty. She knows it's the older child, still a baby herself, who needs plenty of coddling, now that another baby's arrived on the scene. If she's pushing Candy in the kiddie-coop, she'll sometimes pick Lindsay up and drop her in too. "Want to ride?" Certainly Lindsay wants to ride. Only yesterday she was doing *all* the riding. . . .

All the books tell of the danger of jealousy between children. Betty didn't have to be told, she knew from bitter experience. "You can't leave it to chance that they'll love each other, you've got to be sharp." One day she came home with look-alike dresses for the kids. This enchanted Lindsay, and gave her a sense of one-ness with her sister. Whatever might make for ill feeling between them is out. For instance, they no longer have meals together.

"Why?" Lindsay asked.

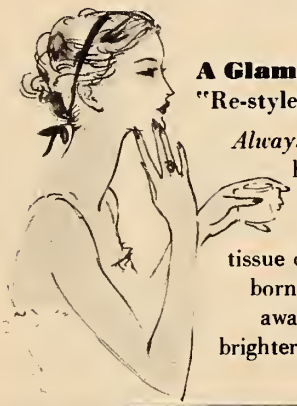
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Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel, III says...

"My favorite complexion 'refresher' is a 1-Minute Mask—and I'm extremely fond of just a sheer *film* of Pond's Vanishing Cream for powder base."

"Because you're a big girl, darling, and can stay up later. Candy's too little."

The real reason is that Candy eats like a horse, downs her grub in ten minutes. But Lindsay and food have always been a problem. When they ate together, Candy showed Lindsay up. There'll be no showing up in the Briskin family. It's Lindsay's self-confidence that needs bolstering now, so they bounce things off Candy, who's too little to know or care. Lindsay has excellent table manners. "Now, Candy, watch Lindsay eat." Candy's off somewhere in a fascinating world of her own, but Lindsay figures she's watching her, and makes a better meal for benefit of her sister.

The result is, she adores the baby, she wheels her round in a doll-buggy, telling people, "'At's *my* Candy!" So far, so good. Betty sets no pattern. She's aware that other days will bring other routines. As a child, Marion's beauty gave her a big fat complex. Well, Lindsay's a beauty too. Hair like a halo, delicate features, lamps that are out of this world. Right now it looks as if Candy won't be as pretty.

"I'm her mother and I worship her," says her mother, "but I'm not blind. It's blindness in parents, and not facing facts, that makes for misery in kids. Candy's a happy-go-luckier baby than Lindsay. She's got so much personality, maybe it'll never bother her if Lindsay's prettier. But I'm not waiting around to see if it does. I learned the hard way that looks have nothing to do with happy living. If I can't pass that on to my children, what good is my learning? Every kid has its own points. Develop those points without making darn-fool comparisons, and the kid'll be on its way."

Betty's not the all-knowing mother. Some of her boners she caught herself. Others were pointed out by Kirchey or Ted. In her anxiety to give Lindsay all the things *she'd* never had, she went overboard. Toys that were too expensive, dolls that were too big. After a while she noticed that what Lindsay enjoyed most were the beat-up toys, and dolls to her own scale. At Christmas she asked Gail Patrick, who runs a children's shop, to get her a doll-buggy. Gail turned up with the plushiest thing on wheels.

"Uh-uh!" said Betty. "I know why you brought this, but I've changed my tack. Can't you find me a $2.95 number that squeaks?"

On the other hand, there was the record machine. Lindsay loves music; her sense of rhythm is perfect. Betty got so worked up over this that, without using her head, she dashed out and bought a blue-ribbon model. Ted took one look—and back it went. Now Lindsay has a little machine that's her pride and joy, because she can work it herself.

There was a time when, before everything else, Betty's house had to be pretty. Now it has to be a place where you're not forever telling the kids to quit climbing the furniture. Normal kids climb furniture, period. So you get the kind of furniture they can climb. But this doesn't mean you let them run wild over grownups.

"Normal's one thing," says Betty, "and a brat's something else again. I've been places where you couldn't hear yourself think for the kids screeching. Because their folks didn't want 'em frustrated. Nuts! I don't call ordinary good manners frustration. The easiest way to bring children up is to spoil them. Take the easy way, and before you know it, the kids can't endure themselves and other kids hate 'em. Is that doing your child any favor? For security, they need discipline as much as anything, but discipline with love behind it. *And* common sense. We've got low tables all over the place. Lindsay's learned there are certain things she can touch, and others she can't. If we'd put all the touch-me-nots on a high shelf, it would have been easier, but not so good for Lindsay. When I have guests, my two are allowed to come in, but not to take over. If they start yelling, out they go."

The first thing that ever struck me about Betty Hutton was her honesty with herself. That remains unchanged. She still loves her career. She doesn't kid herself that you can have career and motherhood both, without losing out somewhere. She loses out by not being with her babies when she's working. Instead of denying a self-evident fact, she makes the best of it.

Most important to her is that the children are happy with Kirchey—that she can go to the studio without worrying about them. If any major matter comes up, Kirchey will call—because Betty and nobody else is the boss. So long as there's no call, the kids are okay and Betty's mind is at peace. Sometimes Kirchey brings them down to the studio. But you can't break up their routine too often. By their mother's standards, that's being selfish. She skips the evening rushes, to get home before Lindsay's bedtime, and even manages to catch Candy awake now and then. Nightly huddles with Kirchey bring her up-to-date on all that her daughters have said and done that day. And, of course, Sundays are devoted to them.

non-stop courtship . . .

Security for children presupposes security between parents. Take your marriage for granted, and that's when it starts down the drain. Betty's idea is that courtship should never stop. She's as careful to look pretty for Ted now as she was on their honeymoon. For no reason except the best in the world—"Because I love you"—she'll send flowers to his office. She likes the same kind of attention from him.

"Every woman does, but some men are funny. They think wives aren't women."

Recently Betty had a call from Abe Lastfogel of the William Morris agency, who is also president of Veterans' Hospital Camp Shows. "We need someone for a hospital tour—Salt Lake City, Denver, Cheyenne. Will you go?"

Betty went—with Hal Belfer, guitarist, and Martin Weisner, pianist. "You can't do it alone," she explains. "For one thing, you've got to keep your emotions bottled up. A lot of good it would do those kids to see you break down! At the same time, you can't always control them. So with a team, you help each other out. Hal and Martin were both terrific. As performers and as humans. They'd sense when I was getting a lump in my throat and couldn't go on, and right away they'd take over."

Once Martin caught her after a show, sobbing her heart out. "Don't, Betty," he said gently. "You've got to be objective about it."

Next day she was leaning over the bed of a boy, singing to him. He could move only his eyes. As she finished and looked up, there stood Martin at the window, objectively wiping his tears away.

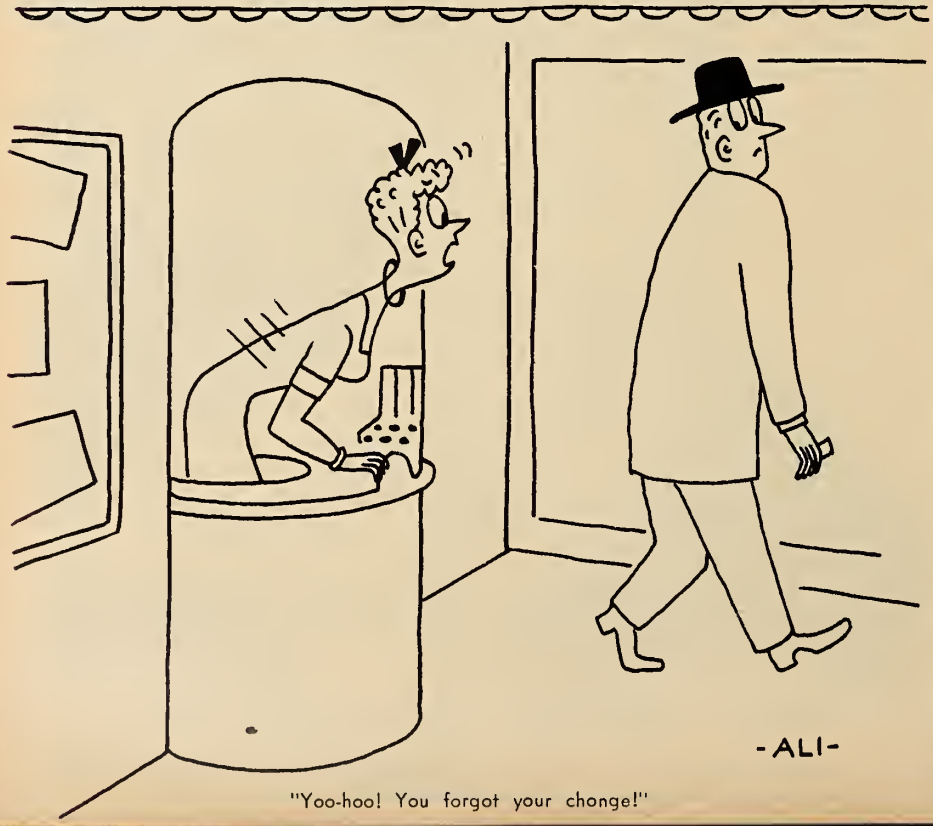
"It's the hardest job in the world," says Betty soberly. "And the most worthwhile. There's selfishness in it too, because it makes you feel marvelous that you can help. But then what? The most you can bring is a little fun for a while, a little change, a little something else to talk about. Then you turn back to the life they're cut off from, thinking 'There, but for the grace of God, go I.'

"Look, I've got two daughters. My sister has two sons. I don't want my girls to be war widows. Or Marion's boys to wind up in a hospital. But that guy with the bandaged head—did *his* mother want it?

"It comes down to this: You can't get security for your own, without working at it for every kid that's born. Oh sure, you can start them off right—protect their early years, give them love, and confidence in themselves. You can even build them a house with an upstairs.

"But it's not enough." Her eyes darkened in remembered pain. "What we need," she said, "is a *world* with an upstairs."

THE END



"Yoo-hoo! You forgot your change!"

SLOW BOAT TO ROMANCE

(*Continued from page 38*)

it really began one night some 11 years ago at a little café on Sixth Avenue near 50th Street in New York City. That afternoon, Pat Knight and Cornel had vowed themselves Mr. and Mrs. Wilde for keeps. They owned barely a bean between them and at that point they were blowing it on two incredibly extravagant filets mignon at $1.35 a copy and a bottle of wine to celebrate. And that was the works. A honeymoon trip? Out of the question. That took money, and there they were with no visible means of support. Fame? It was even more remote, although they both packed solid dreams about acting careers, fame and fortune—and those came true. But the price was hard work and no time for what Cornel dreamed about out loud that unforgettable evening.

"We'll go there someday on our honeymoon."

see the alps . . .

He pointed to the sign on the little café's window. "The Alps," he read backwards. "We'll see Switzerland," he promised, "and travel all over Europe and I'll show you all the things I've seen and—"

"I wonder," puzzled Pat, with a new wife's practical responsibility, "if we'll ever be able to afford it?"

"Of course not," grinned Cornell, "but we'll go anyway."

So now when the doc said what he said and his studio bowed to the inevitable and Cornel called up his business manager, who doles out the dough, and told him, "Pat and I want to go right away on a trip to Europe. Can we afford it?"

"No!" screamed the moneybags. "Absolutely not!"

"Okay," nodded Cornell. "That's what I thought. We'll go anyway."

So, exactly 48 hours from the time they first latched on to the idea, the Wildes were piling aboard the plane at Los Angeles Airport. Studio pals had pitched in to help them get short order visas and those awful passport pictures they take to prove you're no spy. (Luckily, their daughter, Wendy, was snug in school, with a trusty couple at the Wilde house to tuck her into bed nights; and the French poodles, Punch, Pogo and Domino, were plenty well stocked with dog biscuits.)

It took a night in New York to visit Pat's and Cornel's families and then the *Queen Elizabeth* glided them through the Narrows and out to sea. . . .

Cornel and Pat had a week in Paris—a glorious week of wonders and wide-eyed draughts of beauty, fresh and intoxicating to them both. Pat had never been across the pond, and Cory's only other trips to Europe before had been when he was a baby and again at the age of 14, when his dad took him to visit his native Hungary—and he'd gone right there and back with hardly a boyhood peek at Paris . . . Paris, France! Hollywood seemed so far away—and they were just starting, with weeks and weeks of fun, adventure and romance ahead and not one touch of Hollywood anywhere around.

Then they walked back to the Hotel George V and into the bar for a martini before dinner.

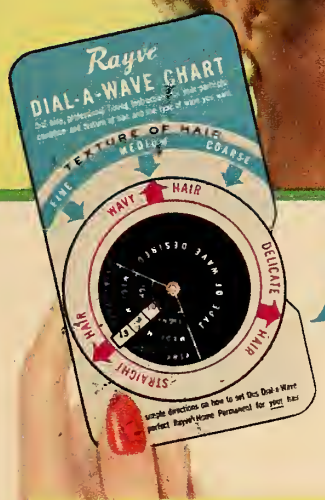
"Well—perish forbid!" rasped a Brooklyn voice. "If it ain't Cornel and Pat. Leave us face it—it's a small woild."

"I give up," grinned Cornel. "Travel

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FROM THE FAMOUS RESEARCH LABORATORIES

6,000 miles to get away from Hollywood and the first guy I see is Ed Gardner—and, as usual, in a bar! Why aren't you back in Duffy's Tavern where you belong?"

So they had a drink with Ed and talked about—guess what—Hollywood! Then the phone rang and it was Bob Hutton with Cleatus Caldwell breaking in on the receiver. Seasoned Parisians of at least six weeks, they were in Paris making *The Man on the Eiffel Tower.* Then, next morning, they popped into the American Express for their mail, and who was getting his too, but Cary Grant. "Honey," wailed Pat, with mock gravity, "let's get out of here! If we don't watch out, we'll all be getting together and making a picture or something!" She didn't mean it, of course—there's no face more welcome than a face from home, in Paris or anywhere else. But their week was up, and they had plans—plans for two.

They remembered the advice of pianist Artur Rubenstein, who'd been at their table on the boat over. "Hire a car and driver and ramble south through France, Switzerland and Italy. You'll never know Europe until you do. You'll never forget what you see." That's how they happened to find themselves next day in the back seat of an ancient Packard with Albin, the Swiss chauffeur, grinning from ear to ear up front and constantly looking back to grin, *"C'est jolie—n'est ce pas?"* ("It's pretty—isn't it?")

Oui! It was. At least to Pat and Cornel's second-honeymoon eyes it was—all of it, every inch of the way.

followed their noses . . .

First there was the trip south toward Switzerland. They started out with everything carefully mapped by the American Express—but set programs never have worked for Cornel. Their trail wound up looking like a mosquito's flight, because wherever and whenever they saw something they liked, and that was almost every minute, they pointed Albin that way and investigated. They slept in narrow little cubbyholes, up under eaves of the provincial taverns, strolled before breakfasts of *croissants* and black coffee through the angled streets and trim gardens—forgot who they were or where they were from or what a shooting schedule meant. . . .

They saw all they could of Switzerland. Interlaken sticks in their memories, particularly, with the towering Jungfrau mountain seemingly just outside their window. And Vevey and Montreux, where Cornel reaped another deep-seated thrill going through the castle of Chillon, the poet, Lord Byron's fantastic dream-spot beside its blue-green lake. Cory has long been absolutely fascinated by the life of Byron. He wrote Byron's story for the screen, longs above all to play the tragic young poet himself. Every niche and corner of Chillon was alive to him. Pat had to pry him away at last or he'd have tried to buy the place.

They left Switzerland, the sight-drunk Wildes, by the Gothard pass into Italy. That's the one where shaggy St. Bernard dogs used to tote brandy flasks, to help snowbound travelers keep alive. Pat and Cory didn't run into any portable bowser bars in the Gothard, but they wondered a few times if really they'd ever see the Italian slopes, alive. It wasn't the snow—it was Albin and his Packard. He careened them around curves built for a snake, and just when they'd be skirting, on one wailing tire, a wriggly ridge with nothing on either side except ozone, this Albin joker would bend his moustaches their way and beam *"Magnifique?"*

"Y-yes, wuh-*oui, très magnifique!*" Pat would squeak, holding on to Cornel for dear life.

But they made it—just like Bonaparte and Hannibal and all those other Alps crossers. Albin left them to fend for themselves in Lugano and Pat and Cornel hopped a train to Como for a look at the azure lake, then took another to Venice. They got the wrong one and instead of arriving in Venice that afternoon they dragged in with the milk past midnight.

The moon was silvering the waters of the lagoon lapping right under the balcony of their suite at the Royal Danieli. Late as it was, gondoliers still sang on the grand canal, accordions still played, and the paddles splashed. As far as they could see, until the moonlight faded, marble-like buildings, old and beautiful, stretched beside the gleaming water.

"We can't go to bed now," sighed Cornel. "This is what we set out to find. Magic."



HOW TIME FLIES!

Captain Blood introduces that handsome new star Errol Flynn, in the role of a buccaneer. He resists the temptation to overact, justifying the producer's faith in him with this first important role. He appeals to men, and the feminine fans will rave about him.
March 1936, Modern Screen

This engaged pair, Jackie Coogan and Betty Grable, are touring the country together in vaudeville.
March 1936, Modern Screen

And Barbara Stanwyck recently stepped out on her first unchaperoned date since the split-up with Frank Fay. We saw her at the Trocadero with that handsome young man about town, Bob Taylor.
May 1936, Modern Screen

"Magic," repeated Pat, and they drank it in until the silver turned to gold and the mother-of-pearl city woke up. Only then did the Wildes go to bed.

But there didn't seem to be any need for sleep in Venice; some tonic in the air kept them awake and doing things—and there were so many things to do. They cruised endlessly up and down the Grand Canal, the side canals, under the famous Bridge of Sighs. They visited the Venitian glass factories, sailed across to the Lido's famous strand for a day of bathing in the blue Adriatic and lazing on the white sands.

They'd planned five days in Venice—they were there three weeks. They never again quite matched the magic mood that stayed with them in Venice. Cornel celebrated his birthday there. For his present, Pat found some wonderful knights on horseback, swashbuckling little ceramic figurines in action poses. They had dinner for two that night in a restaurant overlooking St. Mark's Square, in a room alive with mosaics and frescoes, as the big gong in the clock tower outside signalled time which didn't exist, not even on birthdays. . . .

Throughout Italy, Cornel and Pat lived in a world of never-ending beauty and romance. Next to the beauty of Venice, the artistic wonders of Florence thrilled them most. The hotel there perched right over the Arno river, violet in the moonlight below their balcony, with the hills of Florence rolling rich and lovely before their eyes every time they stepped out.

And then they drove to Siena—and that's where the spell broke.

Cornel and Pat rented a car for the trip to Siena. They rolled at dusk into the medieval market-square, centuries old, and from the square trooped a familiar sight—a movie company breaking up—lights being trundled off, trucks coughing, extras streaming away. They knew they'd see that in Siena; that, of course, was why they'd made the trip up. *Prince of Foxes* was being made there, and even when you're lost in a dream trip—well, there's nobody like somebody from home.

friendly faces . . .

Ty Power was in Leo Shamroy's room when Cornel knocked on the door.

"Who is it?" asked Ty.

"Signor Corneli Weeldo."

"Who?" He got it again. Ty, frowning, flung open the door. Then— "Well, I'll be hanged!" he yelled when he saw Cornel. "I never heard anything so hokey in all my life as that Italian accent. You're fired!" So they grabbed each other—and soon Linda Christian was there and they had themselves an evening. Next day there was lunch and dinner in Tyrone's home located down near Rome. But in between, Cornel and Pat drove to the little town of San Gimignano, and lost themselves again in centuries gone by, for that tiny city of towers is exactly as it was in the Middle Ages.

Then they headed for Rome—and Rome might just as well have been Romanoff's, with all the Hollywood pictures shooting and about to be shot in the Eternal City, Ty and Linda and the *Foxes* crew came down from Siena at once and Henry King, Binnie Barnes, Mike Frankovich, Alan Curtis, Mikail Rasumny and a dozen more hometown faces met them wherever they went.

Still, there really is no place like Rome—and they had five weeks there. Weeks spent exploring the Catacombs, the Baths of Caracola, the Coliseum, visiting St. Paul's and the Vatican. Days dolling Pat up at last with the dresses she'd thriftily by-passed in Paris. For while she could resist Paris' Dior and Mainbocher, when it came to Rome's Fontana, Pat surrendered.

Then came wonderful news—a bulletin from Darryl Zanuck, that told Cornel he could stay on a few more weeks. Wonderful! So after they'd had their fill of Rome, they checked out of the Excelsior, rented another car and headed south for Naples, Pompeii, Amalfi. They flew on over to Sicily to visit Palermo, Taormina and Capri, riding the local trains and sharing their Swiss chocolates with the passengers.

As far as Cornel's mood was concerned, he could have dallied forever in Amalfi, surfing in the cobalt coves. That type of never-never existence is strictly his dish once he pulls himself off the hook of his ambition. Only, about the time Pat and Cory got to talking about sending for Wendy and the poodles and beachcombing in luxurious poverty the rest of their lives—well, they got a sample of what it would be like. They ran out of money. And that, Cory discovered, isn't so good—not even in Italy.

It took a full week's sleuthing to locate

the Hollywood bank draft that had mysteriously disappeared in Rome (it wound up at the wrong bank) and by the time Cornel located the missing moolah, there was that fatal cable from the boss saying, "How about that back? Aren't you well yet? When can you get to work?"

And Pat and Cory Wilde found themselves winging their way back across the Alps, not quite as scenic or convivial a trip as with Albin and his Packard, but lots easier on the blood pressure. And lovely old Paris still looked wonderful to Pat and Cornel.

Luckily, they had a full week before their plane took off for home to sample its civilized delights again. They saw all the sights they'd missed the first time, by day and by night, with Bob Hutton, Cleatus Caldwell, Franchot Tone, Burgess Meredith and some other fun-loving Hollywood expatriates, the Wildes did their best to see what Paris After Dark was like. In fact, Pat and Cory wound up their holiday in a blaze of fun, frolic and champagne.

home at last . . .

Then, after 14 hours straight snoozing in the airborne hay, they landed at La-Guardia Airport in New York—and if Cornel had any doubts about being back home they vanished when the cab driver tossed him a belligerent look. They'd been so formal and courteous all through Europe.

"Okay, Mac," barked the cabbie. "I ain't got all day. Where to?"

And they knew for sure they were home next morning, when they rolled up the eucalyptus-shaded drive of their Benedict Canyon home and the door popped open and a boiling mass of three dogs—Pogo, Punch and Domino—with Wendy all mixed up in the middle, swarmed over them with frenzied yelps and little girl screams of delight, wanting to know—

"What did you bring me?"

Well—there were two lovely Leuchi dolls that roll their eyes and talk, and some blue porcelain poodle dogs from Paris, and little dresses and coats tailored by the finest dressmakers, and boxes and boxes of yummy Swiss *chocolat*, and a necklace of beautiful seashells from Capri.

As Cornel and Pat Wilde watched Wendy unwrap the presents, they sank happy but tired, into the heavy armchairs of their own familiar front room and looked at each other. What they said was what they'd been saying all those lovely, wonderful gateway months.

"C'est jolie, n'est ce pas?"

Only this time they had a special way of saying it and a special way of meaning it—which, translated into plain Hollywood American meant simply, "There's no place like home." Or so Pat and Cornel truly thought.

But now, of course, Cory's back at work—but in Hollywood? Not exactly. He's in Zermatt, Switzerland, making *The Skiing Story* which only shows again what beautifully crazy things can happen to a Hollywood star. Cornel had just two months at home sweet home and then the starring job he came back for turned out to be right back where he had been having the time of his life!

Sure, Pat went right along with him—and this time Wendy, too. This trip's supposed to be strictly business. But the way Pat and Cory feel, any business in Switzerland comes under the heading of high romance. And if a second honeymoon for the Wildes could pack such a load of thrills—what's wrong with a Third? THE END

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Plan your Summer around

Dan River's Background Stripes

This smart cotton basic suggests dozens of new plots with accessories. It's Dan River's new chambray stripe, woven of combed cotton, tubbable as a hanky. Fast color, Sanforized.*

Dan River Mills, Inc.

Dress by Betty Hartford. Green, fuchsia or yellow with gray. Sizes 10 to 18. About $9 at Stern Bros., New York; G. Fox & Co., Hartford; Woodward & Lothrop, Washington D. C.; Famous & Barr Co., St. Louis; Carson, Pirie Scott & Co., Chicago; The Denver Dry Goods Co., Denver.

*Fabric shrinkage no more than 1%



crisp cottons steal the show

connie bartel, fashion editor

■ The crisp look is the high-fashion look, and what could be crisper than stiff-starched, crackling-fresh cottons?

Cottons, natch, have always been everybody's love for hot weather fashions, but they've never been such a smash hit as this season. Cottons are all over the place—in playclothes, street clothes, date clothes.

In this issue we concentrate on crisp cottons both bare and covered—and we especially dote on peel-as-you-go jacket jobs; you wear the jacket for a chic town look on the street—you peel it off to show a sunback whenever you get the chance!

And while we were pursuing the best sunbacks for the easiest prices, we were especially proud to snag a honey for half sizes (page 80). You know that *Modern Screen* has always had a special interest in you girls who wear half sizes—and we think the nifty on page 80 has all the oomph you ask for—especially proportioned for you.

janet leigh wears demure checks from "little women"

■ We'd like to meet the girl who can come away from MGM's "Little Women" without a burning yen to wear the costumes therein . . . they're that irresistible.

To keep you from hankering hopelessly, here's a dress adapted straight from one which Janet Leigh wears as "Meg." Its tucked yoke, dropped sleeves, and faintly hoop-like deep hem are as appealing now as they were when the March girls wore them in Old Concord. (P.S. It has the kind of look men have always loved.)

It's made in Ameritex's pink and green checked chambray, with pink sash, collar and piping. Also in chamois and brown or lilac and gold. Sizes 9-15.

By Saba of California—about $18.

For where to buy, see page 76.


modern
screen
fashions

COTTONS



Covered

We've got you covered for that first warm day—when you crave something summery, but not too nude. Here's super-sophistication with V-shaped stripes to make the most of your figure—semi-plunging V neckline to tuck a rose in. Crisp woven satin stripe chambray in brown, navy or green. 12-20. By Sorority Frocks, about $8.98. Wanamaker's, N. Y., Madigan's Chicago, other stores, page 76.

COTTONS



uncovered

We've got you uncovered when you want to show as much bare skin as possible—as boldly as possible. Who could fail to see you coming in those big crisp checks? Who could over-look the huge pique eyelet-embroidered daisy blossoming on your skirt—and repeated on your stole? And—what pretty shoulders you have! It's Dan River gingham in red, blue, green or lilac. 9-15. By Vicky Vaughn Jrs. Dress with stole, about $8. Stores, page 76

Gold-edged sandals by Parkhill Casuals, $3



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WHERE YOU CAN BUY

(Prices on merchandise may vary throughout country)

Pink and green checked dress inspired by "Little Women," and worn by Janet Leigh in full color photograph (page 73)

Austin, Tex.—*Yaring's,* Junior Shop, 2nd Floor

Long Beach, Calif.—*Walker's,* 4th & Pine Sts., Hi-Teen Shop, 2nd Floor

Striped dress with semi-plunging neckline (page 74)

Chicago, Ill.—*Madigan's,* 4030 Madison St., Cotton Shop, 2nd Floor

New York, N. Y.—*Wanamaker's,* Broadway & 9th St., Moderate Priced Dresses, 3rd Floor

San Antonio, Texas—*Frost Brothers,* 217 E. Houston St., 4th Floor

Syracuse, N. Y.—*The Addis Co.,* 449 S. Salina St., 2nd Floor

Checked sunback dress with stole, pique daisies (page 75)

Chicago, Ill.—*Marshall Field & Co.,* 121 N. State St., Budget Floor

New York, N. Y.—*Bloomingdale's,* 59th St. & Lexington Ave., Junior Dresses, Basement

Rochester, N. Y.—*Sibley, Lindsay & Curr Co.,* 250 E. Main St., Better Dress Dep't., Downstairs

St. Louis, Mo.—*Stix, Baer & Fuller,* Washington Ave. & 6th St., Jr. Dept., Downstairs Store

Paisley print sunback dress, matching jacket (page 78)

Chicago, Ill.—*Carson, Pirie Scott & Co.,* State, Madison & Monroe Sts., Tub-em Shop, 2nd Floor

Dallas, Texas—*A. Harris & Co.,* Main & Elm Sts., Budget Dress Shop, 2nd Floor

Los Angeles, Calif.—*Broadway Dept. Store,* Broadway & 4th Sts., House & Town Shop, 3rd Floor

New York, N. Y.—*McCreery's,* 34th St. & 5th Ave., Cotton Dresses, 2nd Floor

St. Louis, Mo.—See next page

MODERN SCREEN FASHIONS

St. Louis, Mo.—*Stix, Baer & Fuller,* Washington Ave. & 6th St., Daytime Dresses, 2nd Floor

Eyelet trimmed sunback dress, matching peplum jacket (page 79)

Akron, Ohio—*The M. O'Neil Co.,* 226 S. Main St., Jr. Dresses, Downstairs Store

Brooklyn, N. Y.—*Abraham & Straus,* 420 Fulton St., Downstairs

Columbus, Ohio—*F. & R. Lazarus & Co.,* High & Town Sts., Junior Misses Dresses, Downstairs

Milwaukee, Wis.—*The Boston Store,* W. Wisconsin Ave. & 4th St., Junior Fashions, Downstairs Store

Half-size sunback dress, matching jacket with dark lapels and collar (page 80)

Akron, Ohio—*The M. O'Neil Co.,* 226 S. Main St., Daytime Dresses, 3rd Floor

New York, N. Y.—*McCreery's,* 34th St. & 5th Ave., Women's Dresses, 5th Floor

how to buy
modern screen fashions

buy in person

Go to the store in your city listed in the Where to Buy Directory, and be sure to go directly to the proper department and floor, which are also listed.

To save even more time, take along the Modern Screen photo of the fashion you want. If you haven't the page from the magazine, be sure to tell the sales girl you saw it in Modern Screen.

If no store in your city is listed, write Connie Bartel, Modern Screen, Box 125, Murray Hill Station, New York 16, N. Y.

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The smart costumes on these pages and pages 74-75 were recently featured by the National Association of House Dress Manufacturers at a glittering fashion show at the Waldorf Astoria—to celebrate the Association's 50th Anniversary. Half century ago these low prices bought only house dresses—today they buy high fashion!



■ That fashion model look again —to make masculine necks crane. And when you take off the jacket—behold, a breathtaking sunback to wear all summer. Sophisticated cotton paisley print in red, green or black. Sizes 12-20. By Wildman—$10.98.
For where to buy, see page 76



jackets to cover

sunbacks to bare



Magazine cover come-hither—
frosted eyelet embroidery on
a perky peplum and button-back
sleeves. Underneath, a smart
sunback. Jr. butcher rayon.
Green, blue, lilac, navy, grey
melon, chartreuse, aqua, brown
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jacket
to cover,
sunback
to bare

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Half-sizes 12½-20½.
By Mynette—$8.95.
At McCreery's, New York City.
Other stores, page 77

WE'RE TOGETHER AGAIN

(*Continued from page 50*)

ago New Year's Eve in Oklahoma, was centered around our home. We decided we'd guide our careers so we could spend as much time as possible together—as a family. Dale made one rule we haven't broken yet—that there must always be one of us present at home every night to have dinner with the children, to tell them their bedtime story, to hear their prayers and, of course, to fetch them that last-minute glass of water they never fail to ask for after they're all tucked in neatly.

Having dinner with the children every night is very important to us. It's more than just a chance to enjoy them—it's the process of finding out what's really going on with them, what they're thinking about and which way they're headed.

Little Dusty sits in his high chair (*around which Roy has fastened a belt with holsters and toy guns.—Dale*) and, small as he is, gets a sense of the whole family of which he is a member. He already knows he's an individual—but, bit by bit, he has to learn that he's also a member of a group and must fit into it pleasantly and cooperatively.

Things come up daily with Cheryl and Linda Lou that I want to know about. Let's say, for instance, that Linda has lost her watch and wants another. But I learn that she carelessly left the watch over night in her open school locker. That's hardly the sort of deed for which she should receive the reward of a new watch. She agrees, after it is pointed out to her—and promises to earn the new watch by good deed and deportment.

her two front teeth . . .

Cheryl is losing her first teeth—especially in front—and she's always asking, "What shall I do about my snaggy mouth?" What bothers her most is that she's a fan of Rocky Lane, the Western star, and would have me invite him to dinner—if it weren't for her teeth. "Of course, you could keep your mouth shut," is Linda's suggestion to her. (I can see that these two girls are going to help each other in life, even if it'll be a mite painful at times!)

All this is the best part of living for me, because I know how fast youngsters can grow up and out of your life. I remember how it was with my sisters at home. One day I had three sisters. The next, it seems, they were gone—married and in their own homes.

This is how Dale and I figured we would live—close to home— when we thought we were to go on acting together in the same pictures. It was a good program on that basis. Then came the studio ruling splitting us up into separate films. It was a kind of staggerer. We talked it over but I left the decision to Dale. She made it—she voted to stay home.

(*But not to rest! We had just bought the old Noah Beery house in the Hollywood Hills and my first little job was to sew up 15 sets of white marquisette curtains for 15 big, fat windows plus necessary draperies that I wanted to hang just so. I thanked my stars that my mother introduced me to a sewing machine early and often when I was a little girl down in Uvalde, Texas.—Dale*)

Dale's reasoning was simple. She figured she could have gone on in other pictures but the shooting schedules would never be the same, one of us would be working

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when the other wasn't, and instead of pictures taking up four or five months of our time during the year it would run up to eight or ten months. Since you have to leave the house before the children are even up when you're working, and you come home plenty tired in the evening, there would have been precious little home life together for us. We still worked together on our Sunday radio show with Gabby Hayes, and of course, Dale went along on my ten-weeks rodeo tour, and on the other personal appearance trips I made.

(*So did the children, on our last trip, which was to Kansas City. When we told them they could go, Cheryl and Linda had their bags packed two weeks before it was time to leave and kept asking every five minutes whether it wasn't time to start yet.—Dale*)

But as far as her picture career was concerned—well, as Dale put it, "I guess if the master of ceremonies on a quiz show asks me what I do my reply will just be, 'Housewife'."

(*But once I acted! That was when I brought Dusty to the studio barber for his first haircut and I had to whoop and dance and emote in front of him to keep him from howling.—Dale*)

We had a chance to pitch in together at fixing up the house. Even the children got in on it, too. That was when we all took part in what they called a "treasure hunt," but what was really a fireplace hunt. You see, our playroom had no fireplace, but it's right under the living room which did have one—and I wondered if the flue didn't extend downward in the wall to the playroom. I talked about it for weeks and Cheryl Arlene and Linda were all for investigating and finding out. One day I gave in, took a heavy hammer, and we all went down to the playroom. There was a plaster wall where the fireplace should be. I cracked at it a couple of times, the plaster fell away, and there, under it, was the brick of a swell fireplace! Cheryl and Linda cheered. Dale, who'd been set against ruining what she called a perfectly good wall, just said, "Hmmm!"

(*What would you say if you saw your husband take a sledge hammer and start knocking your home off its foundation? Especially if you lived on top of a hill and could just imagine everything coming tumbling down to land in a heap in the middle of Vine street?—Dale*)

i know what i'm doing . . .

It was nice having Dale home, because whenever I was between pictures she was right there ready to come along if I wanted to go hunting or make some other trip. I introduced her to coon and bobcat hunting down at Lake Henshaw where we went with ten coon dogs.

(*All in the same car with us!—Dale*)

And Dale got a bobcat, too.

(*Was that what that was?—Dale*)

And I took Dale on a visit to the place where I was born and raised—Duck Run, Ohio—and showed her the two-story house that my dad and I built. There was a purpose to this—I plan to do a lot more fixing around our new home and I wanted her to feel that I know what I'm doing when I get a chisel and a saw in my hand.

(*I'm not worried about the chisel and saw. It's the sledge hammer that bothers me.—Dale*)

We could have gone on nicely like that, with just one of us working in pictures, but whenever we made personal appearances people kept asking Dale why she'd retired. On top of that—well, an unusual thing happened as far as her popularity was concerned. Usually when a player in Hollywood stops being active, her fan mail starts dropping off and pretty soon she's well on the way to being forgotten by her former audience. But this didn't happen with Dale. The folks kept writing and asking about her. So many wrote and so often that her fan mail began to increase steadily and was soon more than double what it had ever been before!

That fact, plus the letters that were coming by the thousands addressed to the studio, finally got the production heads thinking and they insisted that Dale come back. But that's where Dale had her say.

"As long as I'm on the radio with Roy, and I'm making personal appearances with him, there should be no further objection to my being in the same picture with him," she told them. There was no argument—well, not much of an argument, as Hollywood arguments go—and *Susanna Pass* in which Dale is once more my heart interest, was the answer.

super-chef roy . . .

If the shooting schedule calls for a lot of dialogue shots, Dale and I can go over them and rehearse at home after the children are asleep. That means I, for one, sleep better, knowing that I'm up on my lines. And towards the end of the week, we don't have to start worrying about going over our Sunday radio program. We can look it over on a Thursday or Friday, in between picture shots. All our work dovetails nicely. And, of course, our home life. I can even do some of the shopping for home, and some of the cooking.

(*The only shopping Roy does is for scrap bones for his dogs and for chickens for our table. He likes to buy chicken fryers whole and cut them up himself instead of letting the butcher do it. He claims the butchers don't take the time and trouble to hunt for the joints and just cut or chop through "approximately." This makes for splintered joints, which Roy thinks are dangerous for the children. But the best fun he has is getting into his red pickup truck and going hunting for bones. He'll drive up an alley to the back of a restaurant and disappear into the kitchen where he has probably made friends with the cook. Pretty soon he's back, lugging a carton full of greasy bones. As soon as the dogs at home catch sight of the truck and smell his cargo they start howling the hills down. As for the cooking, the only cooking he does is when he prepares a "late snack" if we're having a party. But this, the way he does it, becomes a project. His object seems to be to find something that won't mix in an omelette. So far he hasn't come across this, even though he's used everything he could find in the kitchen including chili, pickles, left-over hamburger, biscuits, any kind of cooked vegetable, cheeses, jams, and the children's cookies. But his own favorite dish is not an omelette. It's beans. They can be boiled, fried, roasted, cold or burnt—he loves 'em. That, all his friends agree, is the real cowboy in him.—Dale*)

Yes, sir, it's just like old times—and I'm sure thankful to the fans, to MODERN SCREEN, and to everyone who brought my Dale back to me. Just think—in three-and-a-half years, up to the time of our marriage, we made 24 pictures together! I don't have to tell you that we got so we could sail through a scene, no matter how tough it was, because we were comfortable with each other, knew just how the other worked. And then, just because we moved even closer together in our personal lives, we had to split up professionally!

But that's all over now. I'm a happy man again. Dale is right next to me—and all I have to do is look through the window to see old Trigger tied to a post.

(*I knew it! I knew he'd have to get his old Trigger into this somewhere!—Dale*)

THE END

TRAVELING MAN

(*Continued from page 24*)

first-hand the tremendous developments of a seething era.

He'd planned to return home for Christmas. But in Paris, he encountered his friend, the Pulitzer Prize playwright and novelist, Thornton Wilder. And first thing you know, Monty, Wilder, Wilder's sister and another friend had decided to go to Switzerland and ski.

We asked Monty about his skiing talents. "Oh, I'm a great skier!" he said. "The fact that I *can't* ski doesn't faze me a bit."

When the skiing was concluded—with Monty unfractured—Paramount scouts tracked him down and flew him back to Hollywood for one day's retakes on Paramount's *The Heiress.* A few days later, Monty turned up in London again.

he conquers london . . .

And now he found there'd been a considerable change in the climate. *Red River* had opened in London. And in *Red River,* Monty had knocked London for a loop.

C. A. LeJeune, the critic Britons read when they want it straight, said:

"Mr. Clift is not at all the sort of person you would normally expect to find in a cow opera. Although he has a way with a horse that suggests he might have been born to the saddle, his way with a part makes it clear that he has been trained, and very thoroughly trained, too, in the theater. . . .

"There are actors who give the screen a kind of electric quality. When, as in Mr. Clift's case, obviously trained intelligence is added to this gift of nature, the result is really something to shout about."

Other critics had more to say, along the same line—and stodgy, hungry, weary old London sat up and took notice of this young upstart from America who had blazed across the skies.

Thus, when Monty wanted to go to the same little hotel where he'd stayed before, the Paramount people said, "This cannot be!" They set him up in a swank hotel suite in the center of town. And then the telephone started to ring. It didn't seem ever to stop ringing .

The British wanted to get acquainted personally with the 28-year-old American fellow who, they decided, was the most intriguing movie personality in years. They wanted to lionize him, dine him, wine him, photograph him, grab his autograph and drag him to first nights.

Three days and three nights of this sort of business and the Clift boy, the one who usually picks his own friends, hotel rooms, crooners, and motion pictures, moved out. A Paramount man who had an extra room-and-bath in his apartment offered it to Monty, who gratefully accepted.

"It's just a little bit confusing," Montgomery Clift admitted as we sat sipping sherry with him. He leaned back on a comfortable old fireside couch and clasped his hands behind his head. "I certainly don't think my job in *Red River* was anything startling. But then—well, I guess it's hard to judge yourself in a movie. It just doesn't seem anything like what you'd hoped for. What you finally see up there on the screen so often seems far removed from what you were trying to do."

We observed that the public, besides admiring his screen work, seemed very curious to know about his private life.

"My private life?" sighed Monty. "Ah, the inevitable questions: What girl have I been chasing? What girl am I chasing? What girl am I going to chase tomorrow? The dull truth, I suppose, is that I don't pursue my private life in public. Otherwise—well, you know what happens. You're seeing a girl—the press gets hold of it—blows it into a big romance—and from then on everybody starts playing games. . . . Incidentally, some people seem to think it's mysterious that I don't shuttle from one expensive night club to another. There's no mystery about that." He grinned. "I'm just too darned cheap."

What about the London bobby-soxers? Had he had any mob-scenes with them?

"If you mean any fights for life," smiled Monty, "no. The English kids seem very sincere. It's as if they looked on you as a friend—not as an inanimate object. At home in the States—boy, they sure do get intense."

He turned the discussion to Sir Laurence Olivier, with whom he had recently dined. ("Imagine me having supper with the Oliviers!" said Monty.) Olivier is currently occupied with his usual combination actor-director employment at the famous Old Vic theater.

"I've been an admirer of his for some time," he said. "What I most admire is the kind of man Olivier must be to be the kind of actor he is. He's a man with all the endowments of nature—his face is actually noble, something you can say about almost no one—and to him, all the easy avenues of success are open. If he'd taken these roads, by now he'd be a very different man—certainly not the arresting actor he is today."

There's a prevalent idea that Clift would far rather act on the stage than on the screen. This Monty firmly denies. "As a matter of fact, film work to me is fascinating—it can be tremendously so. The camera makes it possible to be far more subtle than you can be on the stage. I should imagine that a director—tackling, say, a certain theme both in a play and a picture—would get greater satisfaction from a well-done movie. He has an infinite variety of things at his command which enable him to create a mood—sustain it—and once it's done to his satisfaction, it's printed—and there it is for good."

he knows where he's going . . .

But he does like the theater?

"Yes, I do. Actually, the challenge of acting on the stage is greater than in the movies. There's no coasting along on personality alone. If you have a long part, you have to sustain it all evening until the curtain comes down, eight performances a week. And if the play's a hit, it may run a year or two. The trick is to try and find an interesting flop—something that won't run forever . . . I guess you can see how naturally lazy I am!"

And what did he plan to do next?

"I really have no idea. When I go back to America in a few days, I'll start reading scripts—and just pray that one comes along that'll be interesting enough to warrant giving up this lovely lazy life I'm leading."

And until an interesting part comes along, he's going to "sit around, read, travel and study a little."

Clift is fond of traveling, and, in addition to the European tour he is just completing, he has been to Cuba and Mexico. One day he hopes to go to Rio de Janeiro.

Yes, Montgomery Clift is going places. But one thing is certain: He's going where he wants. THE END

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JUST ONE OF THOSE THINGS

(*Continued from page 22*)

the hundreds and thousands of couples to whom this is happening every week."

Well, that's something. Just try to delve into the facts behind any Hollywood divorce and the immediate excuse is "not guilty and not guilty by reason of career trouble." Then, after this monotonous alibi is dutifully recorded by a bored press, the next breath brings the announcement that one or both parties already has selected a prospect for future mating.

This is a different story. One in which the disillusionment is frankly exposed, with no pussyfooting. Both Diana and Kirk Douglas are well aware that the news of their separation came as a shock to Hollywood friends.

From the beginning, Diana and Kirk were sensible. They chose to live in unfashionable Laurel Canyon; to avoid night life; to make a point of conservative living, free of debt and fancy Hollywood ideas.

As Kirk puts it, "We'd heard fantastic stories about marriage in Hollywood and were determined that it wouldn't happen to us. When we faced our own failure it was a tough chore for Diana to call her family by long distance, and for me to call mine and break the news. I know that to them and to anyone else our determination not to file for divorce now, but to stay apart for at least two months until we know what must be done, may seem an old story. Ancient theme or not, we at least aren't carrying on the sham of pretending to live happily together—and all we ask is a chance to work out our problem just as young couples in cities all over the country are trying to do. Personally, I am frankly ashamed to admit that I can't quite understand what has made our life so complex."

This wasn't always so with Doug, who came out of the small town of Amsterdam, New York, the son of Russian-born parents. There was no confusion in him then. He was poor. His parents were proud and thrifty, but there were six sisters. Kirk thought nothing of working his way, going through St. Lawrence University, from which he secured his degree, partially financed by the money he earned as a wrestler.

boy meets girl . . .

Then he took off for the American Academy of Dramatic Arts in New York. So too, did Diana Dill, whose father was a government official in Bermuda. Diana had never faced poverty, but in the pursuit of acting she placed herself on an equal footing with all comers and refused to trade on the family background. There was nothing of the snob in this girl who met and began to date Kirk, who by now had become proficient at bell-hopping in order to pay rent on his hall bedroom. Diana then might have become his steady girl except that Warners signed her to a contract and sent her to Hollywood. That put an end to their "if-you-have-a-dime-I'll-treat-you-to-a-soda" relationship.

For Kirk, the going was tougher, for a while. He played two small Broadway bits, one as a singing messenger boy in the Grace George play, *Spring Again;* the other as a disembodied echo in *Three Sisters.* Then he caught on as the juvenile lead in the smash hit, *Kiss and Tell.* Meantime, Diana and Kirk lost track of each other. She didn't even know that he'd gone into the Navy, and he wasn't aware that Diana's Warners job had folded up and she had returned to New York—until one evening when he returned to his room at Notre Dame where he was in training for anti-submarine warfare.

Kirk's roommate flipped him a copy of Life magazine. "Get a load of that girl on the cover. How'd you like a date with that?"

"Well, well!" Kirk retorted. "I'd like it! I'd like to date her again the way I used to."

"Haw!" said the roommate.

So Kirk sat down and wrote the girl on the cover a letter. In a few days he waved a reply at his unbelieving roommate.

"Haw!" Kirk said. "And me loaded for the first time in my life. A leave coming up and me fat with pay."

Kirk had $189 when he hit New York. He looked up Diana. They went dancing on the Starlight Roof. They had a front row table at the Copacabana. They saw plays, had night caps at the Penthouse Club, rode the length of Fifth Avenue on bus tops, held hands, fell in love and said goodbye.

Kirk was ordered to New Orleans. Diana went back to modeling. She was in Phoenix when Ensign Douglas called her.

"Guess what?" she exclaimed. "I'm heading for New York. I may do a play."

"Great!" said Kirk. "Why not go by way of New Orleans?"

Diana thought about it. She took off for New Orleans. They were married by a chaplain in the Naval chapel on the station with Kirk's fellow officers in attendance. Their honeymoon in the romantic Southern city was a breathless affair because Kirk knew that every day would be his last before they shipped him out.

But they actually had a month together before they parted, Diana to return to New York, Kirk to climax his career in the Navy when wounded by a depth bomb which slammed him against the deck, causing injuries serious enough to bring him a discharge.

After his recovery, Kirk climbed back into civvies and headed for New York, where he and Diana settled down to life in Greenwich Village with baby Michael, who is now four. They lived on 11th Street, right next door to St. John's Church. Life had flavor and excitement. Kirk picked up some good money in radio, some short change in plays that opened and folded with startling rapidity.

Then came *The Wind Is Ninety* and an offer from Hal Wallis.

Kirk discussed it with Diana. "I want no part of movies. They tell me you fall apart in Hollywood, lose your vision."

"Right," Diana agreed. "That's what you do. *I* certainly had enough of it."

Ten days later, with the play closed, Kirk came to the realization that he was stony broke. No work in sight. He thought about that offer from the Coast and next day he was on the train. In Chicago he sent Diana a wire: GET ME. I'M ON MY WAY TO THAT AWFUL PLACE CALLED HOLLYWOOD. WILL EXPLAIN LATER.

He did, in a long letter. Diana and Michael followed him West and in later family sessions it was agreed that Hollywood wasn't so bad, particularly the way the critics greeted Kirk in *The Strange Love of Martha Ivers.*

fond parents . . .

Now everything was fine. Really fine. Joel, who is now two, arrived. Eight pictures and one play went by. Kirk scored heavily in *A Letter to Three Wives* and *Champion.* (He's sensational in *Champion.*)

Diana, whose career hadn't progressed beyond modeling, did well in *The Sign of the Ram* and *Let's Live Again.* Live again? They were living now—but—

"But Diana's career had nothing to do with it," Kirk says. "Last year we were able to adjust our working schedules for a second honeymoon in Bermuda. When Diana has been working, I frequently haven't been—so that between us I think we've had more time with our children than the average couple not in the movies."

The kids?

When Kirk says, "How about a ride?" Michael invariably protests. "Naw, Dad, who wants an automobile? Let's go hiking up in the hills." So they do. "You have no idea how many Indian outbreaks have been taking place recently up in Laurel Canyon," Kirk grins.

Then, quietly, he says, "The youngsters couldn't have a more wonderful mother. I'm not trying to be noble about anything. Diana and I have simply found that we disagree seriously on many things that would seem ridiculous if we paraded them.

"We used to laugh at the dozens of articles in magazines by matrimonial experts and psychiatrists, trying to explain and remedy the divorce fever that seems to be sweeping across the country with increasing fury. We agreed that perhaps if there weren't so many people explaining people to each other, couples might have a better chance to stay happy.

"Now it's no longer a joke. If the solution of our problem involved someone else, perhaps the break might be easier in one respect. We could at least have a healthy hate for each other. But it's a case of the two of us standing at the crossroads and not knowing which way to go, for the sake of our children first and ourselves secondarily. We've tried to say to ourselves, 'Oh stop it, kids, and get back together—remember all you once meant to each other.' That hasn't worked.

"So we've reached the decision without any self sympathy. We hate to invoke such a trite term as 'trial separation.' That's not it. We've simply stopped being married to each other for a period of time until we make up our minds. Fortunately, our children are so young and our work of such a nature that they are used to our being away from them often and don't mind it. Anyhow, I still see those two boys of mine almost as much as before.

"Above all, Diana and I haven't lost our respect for each other. We hope that our ultimate decision—whatever it may be—will be right."

THE END

memo

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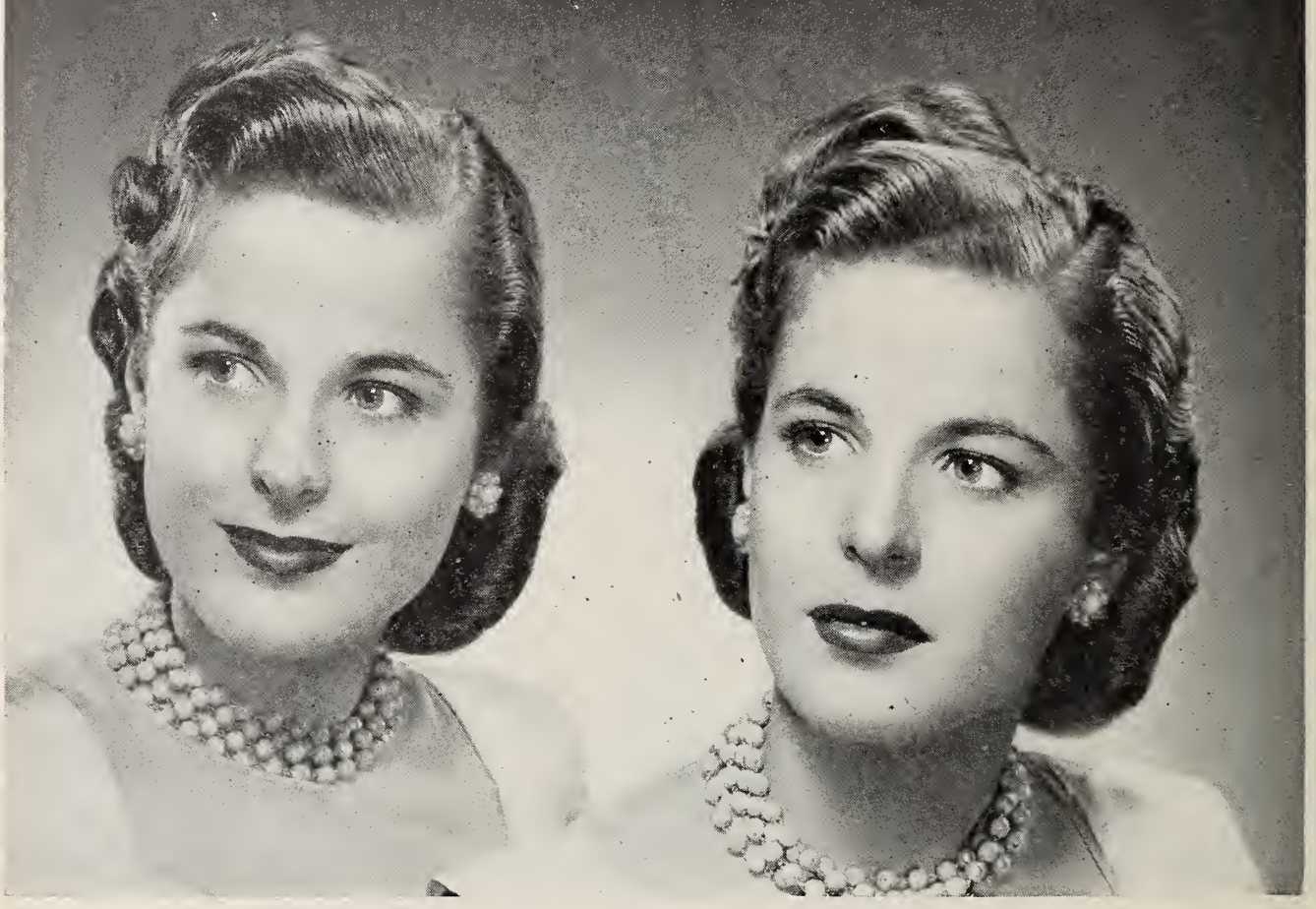
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The wave that gives that natural look . . . Toni

IS SEX NECESSARY?

(*Continued from page 35*)

the union a chance to last—but they've been getting along beautifully for seven years now. She's relaxed and sociable among friends—but markedly aloof with strangers. She's considered quite shy—yet she doesn't shrink on occasion from forthrightly dominating her friends. Almost everyone in Hollywood nowadays has taken up painting, with generally sad results—but Jane, unlike most screen figures, paints seriously and even well. She's practical and full of common sense—but she's serenely careless about money.

Let's examine these contradictions:

"Earthy" was obviously the word for Russell as she followed her celebrated chest around the screen in *The Outlaw*. Yet, though the real-life lady is certainly down-to-earth, it's in an absolutely nice way, and the term "spiritual" is actually no misapplication in describing her.

the spiritual side . . .

Jane is extremely reserved in discussing her spiritual activities, since they involve her deepest convictions about her life and the lives of those for whom she has lasting affection. But it's known that the Bibles most of her friends possess were given to them by Jane. And it's also known that for a long time Jane, who has no special religious affiliation, has been setting aside one-tenth of her salary for the support of religious institutions. The money goes to the small San Fernando Valley church she attends, or to a mission recommended by her mother, or to some needy charity.

Her project to build an entire community for paraplegics—persons paralyzed from the waist down—has been postponed because of legal red tape and the many other problems involved. "I believe, though," Jane says, "that when something you want very much to do simply can't be done, you'll discover that sooner or later the way will be shown." Faith is a concrete reality in her life.

Don't, though, get the mistaken notion that Jane is all solemn seriousness. When she wants to, which is often, she has a very deft way with a brisk comeback. She surprised Bob Hope. On the set of *The Paleface*, Jane and Bob eyed each other warily the first two days. ("Gosh," Bob recalls, "if she'd been any more remote, she'd have disappeared completely.") Then Bob tossed a fast quip her way. Without batting an eyelash, she topped him—and from there on in, the picture was a frolic. "Don't let her fool you," says Bob. "Tangle with her and she'll shingle your attic."

Now let's look at her marriage with Bob Waterfield—the marriage that wasn't supposed to last.

Bob is nationally famous in professional football circles as a mainstay of the Los Angeles Rams. Jane has been in love with him since she was a blue-jeaned sophomore in Van Nuys High School and he, the campus gridiron hero. He tolerated her in a cheerful, gentlemanly fashion, encountering her in the school halls as regularly as you'd see a drinking fountain. She was always there and unimportant—until suddenly he fell for her like an oak chopped down in a forest. They announced their engagement while Bob was a backfield star in his senior year at UCLA.

When the news broke on Easter, 1942, that the two had eloped to Las Vegas, the cynical press gave their union a couple of years at the outside. What could a professional football player and a movie actress have in common?

"We have almost nothing in common," Jane blandly admits seven years later—and you know she doesn't mean it at all.

If you're sitting around the Waterfield home of an evening, you'll never encounter any "big name" movie stars. But you will encounter some of the most famous athletes who ever broke each other's noses on a football field.

"That athletic conversation is really educational," Jane explains. "If you happen to mention that you'd like to go to some place like Bemidji, Minnesota, where I was born, for a real North Woods vacation, you've launched a conversation that'll last the rest of the evening. One of Bob's giant friends will exclaim, 'Minnesota? Wonderful place. Gosh, will you ever forget that Minnesota-Illinois game when Minnesota stopped Red Grange? He made a touchdown in the first three minutes—but before the half they'd carried Red off, him shaking his fist at the Gophers and half of those Illinois guys cryin' like babies!'

"No kidding," Jane says, "I've listened to so much football tales I can personally replay any big game of the last ten years."

Matter of fact, Jane, who grew up with four big brothers, actually can handle a pigskin with startling proficiency. (No one has ever made a point in describing her to mention her broad shoulders and the easy coordination of her body movements—which give her the cat-like grace that further heightens the dark, somber beauty of her face.) She can whip a bullet pass with a force and accuracy far beyond the skill of the average man. One of her neatest demonstrations of this talent was performed one Sunday afternoon when she and Bob were tossing each other passes. Every time Jane threw the pigskin it went higher, with her husband jumping high up in the air and catching it with consummate ease. Finally Bob had to go way back to snare a sizzler. There was a splash that half emptied the pool, and Bob came up spluttering.

"Why, you fiend!" he yelled. "You did that on purpose!"

"Ha!" Jane laughed. "If you could do that in every game you'd pack the stadium!"



"Save your money, Mrs. Merkle, I have lots of news."

The undercurrent of affection is always bubbling just below the surface of Jane's and Bob's cheerful insult-trading. Bob likes to walk into the room and squeeze in beside Jane in one of their over-sized chairs.

"Find a chair of your own, you big lug," Jane says, throwing him a playfully murderous look.

So he doesn't. But the moment Jane suggests that it's time to start preparing dinner, he leaves for the kitchen and she goes on sitting. Let no one declare in Bob's presence that cooking is not man's business. What he can do with roast beef is enough to send a Waldorf chef into raptures. After dinner, though, he moves out and Jane takes over the dish-washing.

"Woman's work," Jane sighs.

She and Bob drew the rough plans for their hilltop home themselves. Then the architect moved in to finish the job.

"It's not Chinese modern," she insists. "It's modern, decorated with emphasis on old Chinese. . . . The miles of windows? Oh, that's no washing job at all. They've been washed carefully only once since we moved into the house over a year ago. The rest of the time we just turn the garden hose loose on 'em. Don't they look fine?"

There's a reason why they chose to build so high on a hill that a car seems to stand on its hind legs coming up the driveway. Both Jane and Bob see enough of crowds in their work. . . .

social but shy . . .

And this brings us to the point about Jane and her aloofness toward people she doesn't know. With her "gang" of close pals, she's as friendly and sociable as any popular small-town matron. But with strangers—well, it's reached the point where, on a couple of occasions when she and Bob have gone dancing at some out-of-the-way ballroom, she's worn an auburn wig. (The people have stared curiously, thinking for a moment they've seen her somewhere before, then have given up and left them alone.)

"If I can manage to be unimpressed with who I am," Jane reasons, "why shouldn't they?" This explains her standoffish attitude to a degree. She's not suspicious or distrustful of people. She simply realizes that solid friendships form slowly.

This withdrawn attitude has led to a wide belief that Jane's a shy, retiring type. In contradiction to this, there's the fact that Jane frequently demonstrates a breathtaking directness in getting her friends and associates to do things she thinks they should.

This will be vouched for by one of Jane's newer friends—her stand-in, Carmen Nisbitt, who looks like a tall version of Jennifer Jones. "All through the shooting of *The Paleface*," Carmen will tell you, "Jane kept at me to get my hair cut short. I told her I *liked* it long. Then, while we were making *It's Only Money*, she started the campaign all over again. I wouldn't give in. But finally, while they were setting up the last shot, Jane grabbed me, merrily pinned me down, and with her own little scissors trimmed my hair on one side of my head! After she'd finished her fiendish work, they called me to stand in for Jane's lighting. Well, I couldn't do it in *that* condition, with my hair half off and half on. So Jane had to stand in for her stand-in, while a hairdresser finished the haircutting job and I sat around like a star having my new hair-do set and dried. . . . But I'm not mad. Jane was

right—I guess I do look better this way."

At one time or another you've heard that some Hollywood star has taken up painting and will shortly exhibit his or her work. To serious artists, this sudden fad in which movie stars abruptly reach the point where they feel no qualms about publicly displaying their "art" is a joke. But this professional contempt is not to be directed against Jane Russell's canvases.

Two other close friends of Jane's are Margaret and Dave Martinez. She's a writer (her novel, "The Way of an Eagle," which Jane bullied her into finishing, will soon be published) and he's a rising young artist. On an easel in their living room is an arresting painting, not quite finished. It's a head study of Margaret and Dave—by Jane Russell. Artist Martinez is conservative in his critique. "Jane's painting shows definite promise," he says. "The heads are unfinished—but I think that almost anyone with a knowledge of painting would agree with me in saying that they're quite good."

it's only money . . .

Then there's another major contradiction about Jane: In practically all her daily activities, she shows herself to be a reasonable, logical, eminently sensible young lady. But when it comes to money matters, she's blithely indifferent. She usually has about 20 cents in her bag and takes care of everyday expenses by leaving a trail of small checks from an account which her husband keeps meticulously balanced for her. The amount in the account had to be drastically reduced not long ago—Jane's such a soft touch that on some occasions she'd written checks for as much as $100 simply because some stranger had sent her a sad letter. As one of her agents explained to her, "You have to understand that even if you might help one worthy person, nine out of ten will be playing you for a sucker—and there's not enough money in the world to indulge yourself in that kind of charity."

Finally, there's one more contrast in Jane's personality that, in a minor way, belongs in the same category as the difference between that flaming creature of *The Outlaw* and the fine girl of reality. Jane doesn't smoke or drink off screen. Yet in *It's Only Money* you'll see her play a drunk scene so expertly you'll possibly think she must have had extensive first-hand experience to call upon. Let stand-in Carmen Nisbitt describe it:

"I do hope they leave all this scene in, because Jane plays it to the hilt—including a priceless moment in which she's literally cross-eyed. Don McGuire is the bank president's son who takes Jane out and gets her looped with cocktails. Then he takes her back to her rooming house and is making romantic passes when he discovers that Frank Sinatra, in the role of a lowly bank clerk, can hear everything that's going on through the paper-thin walls. Don leaves, highly frustrated.

"Then Jane and Frank sing a number called 'Kisses and Tears,' alternating choruses on opposite side of the walls. I've seen the rushes and think that this scene alone, to mention one of many, indicates the great talent reserve Jane has—which is only just now being fully realized."

And maybe one of these days something else will be generally realized about Jane Russell: She's not a movie actress who can be placed in any of the usual easy, simple, definite classifications. She is, instead, an extremely individual, highly complicated, and wonderfully contradictory young woman.

Classify Jane Russell? You'd need an entire filing cabinet—and the folder labeled SEX would be merely one in an infinite variety. THE END

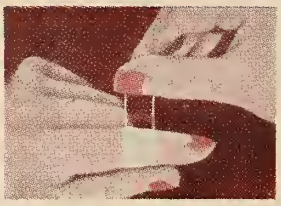


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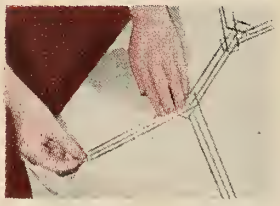
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RING ON HER FINGER

(*Continued from page 46*)

"I'm a fast worker, you know. I'll be set to pay our household bills quicker than you think."

Jane thereupon expressed her complete faith in Geary.

"He's a terrific salesman," she told me. "I know he'll be doing wonderfully very soon. He can sell anything! Geary and Dad went into a business deal selling Christmas trees just before the holidays. They bought about 1800 trees and sold just about every last one of them—and at good prices, too.

"They set out their trees over on Ventura Boulevard not far from right here where we're living, and evenings I took cookies and hot coffee over to them."

Geary's face lit up like a neon sign. "Say, you ought to taste Janie's brownies," he put in. "Out of this world. And her *pancakes*—I could eat 'em all day. So light and fluffy. I'm telling you, she's a marvelous cook."

She took Geary's extravagant praise with the equanimity of a girl who is good and knows it. "Cooking is my favorite hobby," she said. "I love to putter around a kitchen. Would you like one of the cream puffs that I whipped up this morning?"

"Sorry," piped up Geary. "I ate the last one a few minutes ago."

reducing course . . .

"What an appetite! Always hungry!" Janie tried to appear disappointed that I wasn't to sample one of her confections—but you could tell how pleased she was. Her grin was a dead giveaway. "Well," she remarked resignedly, "I can see we'll both get too fat. . . . But we can take off the extra weight when we go to see your sister and get in a lot of skiing."

Then Janie started telling me about what a wonderful skier Geary is. "He was a ski trooper in the war."

"I'm really not such a hot skier," Geary protested. "Don't let her kid you. She's as good as I am. Why, after only 12 hours' coaching she could go down the long run at Sun Valley without ever a fluff. She went at it the right way. Three hours coaching in the morning and three in the afternoon. Janie really concentrates when she wants to learn anything.

"You see, little Janie here isn't the athletic type—but when she makes up her mind she wants to do something, she sets out and does it. She's a perfectionist."

A pretty cute couple. I listened to some of their plans for married life.

"There's one very important thing," Janie said seriously. "I think a couple should live separately from both his parents and hers. That's because there are so many adjustments that young people have to make all alone and on their own. There are things that you have to figure out for yourself without outside advice from anybody, no matter how close. Who can know all the little circumstances that go to make up a problem? And those are matters a couple can't share with others."

"Have you definite ideas about children?" I asked.

"You bet!" Janie cried. "I want three. I don't care whether they're boys or girls—just babies. I love 'em! And I'll tell you another thing—I'm going to have a big church wedding with all the fixings and lots of people. This girl is getting married only *once*—and that one time will be just right."

Jane, who celebrated her twentieth birthday on April Fool's Day this year, met Geary—who'll be 25 in October—two

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years ago when she went to take ice skating lessons at Sonja Henie's rink in Westwood Village. Geary, despite his growing up in Beverly Hills where ice forms only in refrigerators, became an exhibition skater and traveled with Sonja as her skating partner for two years.

Geary taught Jane how to keep her physical balance on ice—but threw her heart definitely off balance almost from the start. Gradually, in the contest for her love, the other boys flocking around were eliminated. When I talked with the cute little singing actress a few months ago, there were still several boys in the running. David Holt, the good-looking young actor, was the principal contender with Geary.

At that time young Steffan, son of Willie Ritchie, one-time lightweight boxing champion of the world, was working in Chicago selling trucking insurance for the Witmer Rumsey Agency. When Jane arrived in Chicago for a three weeks' singing engagement at the Oriental Theater last fall, he had a clear field—with young Holt and the other boys out in California 2,000 miles away.

Jane's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Burce, were invited with Geary's parents to a house party at the home of Geary's boss in the suburbs of Chicago. During those few days, Geary devoted all his time and attention to winning his sweetheart's promise to wed. She told him she'd give him her answer when her singing engagements were over and she was back in California at Christmas time.

When she left Chicago, Geary made up his mind that despite the old saying to the contrary, distance did *not* lend enchantment. He was afraid that with him in Chicago and her in California, anything could happen. So he quit his job and came back home to look for work.

One thing is certain, he told me. He"l have nothing whatsoever to do with the motion picture industry. Never, never will he try to be an actor.

Jane is in complete agreement with him on this. "One thespian in the family," she says, "is quite enough."

She laughed when I told her about the talk that her bosses at MGM were trying to discourage her plans to wed. "That's silly," she said. "I talked with them about it and all they want for me is happiness. They know I won't let anything interfere with my work. It's too much a part of me to give up. And if other girls can make a go of their careers and marriage too, why can't I? Look how happy Shirley Temple is."

The day I visited them, Geary had just brought Jane a big, fat, ceramic piggy bank into which they'll pop their loose pennies, nickels and dimes. "When we get it filled we can have a splurge," she said brightly.

"Splurge nothing!" said Geary. "With this bank we're starting a nest egg for our home."

The fat, gaily-colored pig, sitting contentedly in front of the fireplace, seemed to be grinning, too, at the prospects of love's young dream fulfilled. THE END

CONFESSIONS OF A BACHELOR FATHER

(*Continued from page 37*)

time had come—Peter would have to be told.

"Now Peter," he said, "you've got to be brave. Mommy's going away for a few weeks to dance for some nice people, and you and I are going to take her to the train. You must be brave. Do you promise not to cry?"

Peter did. He promises lots of things with complete abandon when he's in the mood.

Glenn gave Ellie his widest smile and off they went. He reeked assurance. Their child wasn't going to shriek *his* head off. Ellie had already dutifully promised she wouldn't set the wrong example by wearing a sad face.

And the life of a bachelor father wasn't going to be such a production after all. Women really always ham everything up. When a man takes over, a household falls into a simple, serene, positively stagnant-with-peace condition.

He felt so smug he nearly let another Los Angeles driver mangle the Ford family. That jolted him back to Ellie and her lengthy, last-minute instructions. Like his son, Glenn nodded expertly. "Yep. Yep. Sure. Will do. Now, honey, relax!"

When they reached the Los Angeles Union Depot, Glenn swiftly engineered an inconspicuous path to Eleanor's train. They all kissed goodbye, successfully blending the operation with everyone else. Glenn held Peter fondly in his arms to watch Ellie climb on the train. All was well.

Cleverly, father Ford and Peter spotted Ellie waving from inside her window. Then—horrors! Suddenly her eyes started to fill with tears. "Oh, no!" Glenn mumbled at sight of Ellie's tremendous, silent misery.

Those tears, of course, did it. Instantly Peter began bellowing at the very top of his husky lungs. Glenn, having avoided a riot of movie fans by his skillful modesty, became the explosive center of all eyes. Hundreds of goggle-eyed tourists recognized him running the entire length of the station with a kicking, screaming little boy over his right shoulder. Glenn Ford, in person, behaving like that! What was he doing to the poor child?

All the way home Peter kept it up. He'd evidently misunderstood and had thought he and Daddy were going on the train, too, and Daddy had betrayed him by pulling a fast one. Daddy was no darling, but a monster, not to be liked at all.

As soon as they reached Beverly Hills, Glenn stopped briefly at a stationer's and bought a large calendar. Arrived home, they went directly to Peter's room. Here the calendar was hung on the wall. Each day Peter was to blacken one square with a crayon. When it was all black, Glenn told his still-sniffling son, Mommy would be home.

That got Daddy out of the doghouse.

When bedtime came that night, Glenn learned his son was a lot smarter than Ellie had ever suspected. He said, kindly but firmly, "Now. Peter, go on up to your room, get undressed, brush your teeth, and when you're in bed I'll come on up." Without the slightest hesitation or protest, Peter, for the first time in his history, calmly followed through.

Glenn virtuously restrained himself from too much gloating. Just gave himself a wink as he passed a mirror on the way downstairs from tucking Pete in. Ellie always had had to encourage Peter. She'd had to forsake Glenn to lead Peter upstairs. Then she'd had to undress the boy, compliment him endlessly on his knack with a tooth brush, and lift him into bed. Glenn saw that Peter had been blithely putting across a fine act.

So next morning he pitched smack into

a heart-to-heart, male-to-male talk. A Judge Hardy to Junior tack. "Peter," he declared briskly, "you're a big man now. We men have to work out running the house together. You see—" But he didn't have to go further into the neat speech he'd prepared. For, with complete, man-to-man understanding, Peter interrupted: "Awright, Dad! We run the house."

At mealtime, it had often been a tough proposition for Ellie and Glenn to coax Peter into eating what he should—made no easier by Ellie's frequent, "Glenn, please don't make him eat if he isn't hungry!" Now Glenn had a wonderful inspiration. He'd solve the feeding problem by dramatizing the source of all food. If, in the course of the dramatization, Glenn wandered a mite from literal truth, we may forgive this on the score of dramatic license.

that's my pop! . . .

Overnight, in the eyes of Peter, Daddy became the best fisherman, farmer, and hunter in the whole world. This was accomplished simply: Glenn told him so. (Dramatic license, remember!) There were enough tomatoes growing in the Ford yard to allow Glenn to get away with the claim that he personally grew all vegetables cooked up for Peter's plate. The next time Glenn went fishing, he not only returned with the limit catch, but slyly asked for help in stowing away the fishing-pole so Peter would appreciate the feat. When Glenn, with his wide-eyed son at his side, reached into the deep freeze for meat, he frightened Aggie, the cook, by simultaneously brandishing one of his rifles. "I know you'll want to eat all your hamburger, son!" Glenn said enthusiastically. "Daddy shot the cow."

Peter's appetite surged happily.

Ellie, away on her tour, felt relaxed in the thought that they were eating only the ideal food she had left mapped-out with Aggie in detailed menus. If she'd only known!

For Glenn decided that, obviously, the child deserved more of his dad's companionship after studio hours. Now Glenn has an insatiable hankering for every variety of fancy cooking, the spicier the better. So one evening he took Peter to a favorite Italian restaurant in Hollywood. Then, as special treats, he began carting him along to barbecue kitchens and tamale joints that Ellie has never approved of for anyone. To Glenn's delight Peter went mad about the hottest chili bowls. The climax of each of these food toots was a solemn request: "Now, Peter—be sure you never mention this to your mother!" (Glenn has broken down and confessed to Ellie by this time. And why not? Peter

I SAW IT HAPPEN



A group of kids were eagerly waiting for Ingrid Bergman outside the Hampshire House in New York. In a few minutes a dream in dark glasses and mink made her way through the crowd. Everyone suddenly realized it was Linda Darnell. One boy, a little too anxious, walked up to her and said, "Gosh, Miss Darnell, I came all the way from New Hampshire." "Well," quipped the beautiful actress, "I came all the way from California."

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wasn't sick a single day she was gone.)

Yet gradually, like any father turned loose with a house and boy to be responsible for, Glenn began to suspect he'd been merely taking for granted a huge amount of patience in his absent mate. Peter would ask the same question in a dozen different ways before subsiding for a minute's blessed lull. "Now can I have some candy?" would shade into "Mommy always lets me have candy"—and then into all the other switches on an identical track.

He'd taken for granted Ellie's constant straightening up of his own room. He'd thought her preoccupation with neatness almost funny. He'd called her quaint. But he lived with Peter, and learned! His own room promptly became a junk room. Peter had his own bedroom, but he was used to bringing his playthings into Ellie's room. In her absence, he began moving all his possessions into Glenn's. Soon Glenn was convinced the whole house was centered under his bed.

And he'd taken for granted Ellie's household-management efficiency in general. A brand-new appreciation rose in him as he waded through the ledger that Ellie had filled with lists of things for him to do. Routine details had never been able to dent him. Now he couldn't duck out—not with Peter counting on him. So Glenn groaned and recalled, for the first time, which day Frank, the gardener, came; when the laundry and cleaning men reported; the servants' days off; when the narcissus bulbs were to be ordered; when to pay the bills. (He forgot to pay the gas bill, until Aggie came in with a pleading stare. The gas company was about to turn off the gas!)

a model gentleman . . .

Being a Perfect Model of etiquette and behavior had never been too much of a concern to this parent. Now, under the undivided attention of Peter, he didn't dare even lean an elbow on the table when they were dining together. Anything Peter couldn't do, Glenn couldn't do either. And a meticulous regard for the weather was inflicted on Glenn. Whenever Peter goes out into the cold, he's bundled into an overcoat and a cap. That's one of Ellie's basic rules. Glenn never wears a hat, except in a film, and pulls on an overcoat not more than twice in an entire year in California. But, as a bachelor father, when he'd go out in temperature that called for a coat and hat for Peter, Glenn too had to wrap up. When they'd go out together, Glenn would swelter. When he'd sally forth alone, he'd wave goodbye and then drive around the corner and peel. Once he made the awful mistake of coming home without sneaking his hat and overcoat on first. Did he catch it from Pete!

As a direct result of having had Peter's eagle eyes so steadily upon him, Glenn is now one of the most careful auto drivers in Hollywood. For Peter's use when he'd take him along on relaxing drives, Glenn bought one of those fake steering wheels that can be set up in the front seat beside the real one. Earnestly gripping it, Peter would faithfully copy Glenn's every steering move. When Daddy would travel a bit too fast, Peter, although naturally he isn't old enough to read the speed warnings, would sense the excess of speed and insist on slowing down. When Glenn occasionally was tempted to make one of those easier, gear-shift pauses instead of a full halt at a boulevard stop, Peter would yelp an emphatic complaint. And the kid was fanatical about preciseness wherever there was a red, green, or yellow traffic light.

On several Sundays, Glenn and Pete and Bill, the huge Shepherd dog, drove far up the Malibu highway where the long



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stretches of bare beach are. Here Bill crazily chased the seagulls, Peter pantingly pursued Bill, and Glenn got completely winded shadowing his super-energetic son. . . .

As the months crept by, Glenn sent Ellie a constant stream of graphic evidence to prove he was doing a brilliant job as a combined parent: he sent her daily snapshots of their offspring. He adorned Peter with horn-rimmed spectacles and sat him in a studious reading pose with a volume of the deepest philosophy. The caption had Peter saying, "My reading is a bit more advanced now that Dad is at the helm!" One showing Peter presumably twirling was labeled, "Look, Ma, I'm dancin'!" Another day Glenn dragged a sack of potatoes out of storage, posed Peter beside it paring a spud, and captioned the resulting picture, "Here's how Dad makes me work!" He made Peter up with a terrible black eye for a view captioned, "Charlie was bigger than you said!"

But the nicest pose of all was strictly sentimental, for her birthday greeting. Glenn made a large sign reading "HAPPY BIRTHDAY MOM!" Then he placed Peter on the ladder leaned against it, with a brush in his hand as though he'd just finished painting it.

And then came the grand and gala occasion: Ellie's return. Glenn dressed Peter in a brand new, mature little suit for the trip to the Los Angeles depot. As they walked into the station, Peter blew what almost sounded like a tune on his harmonica. Glenn smiled down proudly. After all, how many fellows not quite four can play an harmonica?

Ellie whirled off her train, arms loaded with bundles. Books flowed from her left arm all over Glenn's feet as she bent to kiss Peter, and the next moment Glenn was making a lunging catch of the tool chest she'd been toting under her right arm for him. The third moment she got around to embracing her adoring and flustered husband. . . .

Then Ellie stood back. She looked from one to the other. "Well, darlings," she said. "How—how did you really get along? Confess!"

Glenn grinned. "Just ask Pete," he said.

"Was Daddy a good daddy, Peter?" she asked.

"He was a good daddy!" said Peter firmly. "He wore his coat!"

"Absolutely right," said Glenn. "In fact—I was just about the best-disciplined daddy there ever was." THE END

LIES THAT HURT ALAN LADD

(*Continued from page 33*)

To this day Alan has never removed any identification from his car to foil autograph hunters—nor has he tried to foil them in any other way.

"I know darned well that if it wasn't for those kids, I wouldn't be able to *own* a car. I'm one guy in Hollywood who realizes those kids pay my salary." That's what Alan had to say on the subject.

But I have a good deal more to say.

I've seen Alan make himself late for important appointments just to sign autographs for mobs of kids outside the studio gates, or at a theater, or at a radio studio. He's patience itself. He jokes and laughs with them; listens to what they say, good or bad, about his pictures; and sends them away as even better friends than before.

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take side doors and side roads, or, like Rita Hayworth, scurry up a cargo gangplank to sidestep the trouble of signing their names—but not Alan Ladd.

In Battle Creek, Michigan, not long ago, Alan was trying to catch a train. Some 500 members of the younger generation had come down to see him off. Before he could get his luggage aboard the train, they were after him for autographs. He kept signing their books until the train started pulling out.

When he made his run for the train, those kids grabbed his luggage and pushed it on the platform behind him. It was a credit to Alan that they put it on the train instead of scattering to the four winds with souvenirs from this suitcases.

Yes, anytime anybody says to you that Alan Ladd ignores or avoids even the least of his fans, you'll be getting a very bum steer!

Then there are those who say that Paramount tried to soft-pedal his marriage to Sue Carol. Nonsense!

Though they were married at the time when Hollywood thought it was better business to let the public cherish the impression that any leading man was a bachelor, Alan was firm: He demanded that Paramount's publicity department include Sue in all his interviews, in all his "at home" picture releases, and in all stories written about him.

Later, it was said that the studio tried to hide the fact that each of them had a child by another marriage. This, too, was all wrong.

rumors run wild . . .

Sue has a daughter, now 16 and cute as a bug's ear; and Alan Ladd, Jr., now 11, is Alan's son by a former marriage. If some people didn't report the existence of the youngsters it wasn't Alan's fault—he always pushed them into the foreground whenever possible. He and Sue are naturally proud of them, and have never kept them secret. No secret, either, is the fact that they now have two more of their own—a daughter, Alana, now almost six, and a son, David Alan, who was two on February 5.

And speaking of wild rumors: There are some who insist that Sue Carol, who discovered Alan and was once his agent, is still running his career as his wife.

If you want to see Mr. Ladd scorch, mention that one.

"That positively is not so!" says Alan. "That notion is completely cock-eyed! And yet, Sue is still sometimes blamed for things that happened in my career that actually were all my doing."

The reason some people come up with these ideas concerning Sue lies in the fact that she was once his agent. She's still an agent, but the name Alan Ladd does not appear on her list of clients.

Sue discovered Alan at the time he was a radio actor in Hollywood when she heard him do a 60-year-old character part on a dramatic show. She helped him fight his way to stardom and was his agent up through their first week of married life. Then they decided that a wife couldn't represent her husband around the studios, so they gave the right of that representation to Bert Allenberg of the Berg-Allenberg Agency.

Another preposterous Alan Ladd myth concerns the way he gets along with his co-workers. You hear things like this: "Did you know that Alan Ladd has no consideration for the men who work with him in pictures? Why, I was told that in the course of shooting fight scenes in pictures, instead of faking punches the way he's supposed to, he's knocked out eight different guys."

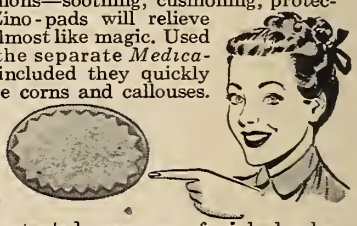
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lot of hogwash, and now I'm saying again that it just isn't so.

When I mentioned the rumor to Alan, he said, "Eight guys, eh? Boy! Do they actually *believe* that? . . . It's true, I did hurt one stunt man once—and, incidentally, I was sick over it for days after it happened."

I knew that incident. It was during the filming of a scene for *Wild Harvest.* You may remember the scene: ten men rushed Bob Preston and Alan in a free-for-all fracas staged in a wheatfield.

Now actors, you understand, learn to miss with their blows in a fight. It looks as if they hit their opponents, but actually their fists graze by the other guys' chins by a hair. In this scene, Alan misjudged his distance and the blow landed on the cheek of the stunt man who was attacking him. Because Alan had a belt wrapped around his knuckles, he made a gash in the man's cheek.

"The stunt man's name was Vic Machetti," said Alan. "I still apologize to him every time I see him."

That's the only time Alan ever hurt anybody in any picture sequence, and it was purely an accident. Ask anybody on the lot at Paramount and you'll find that Alan Ladd is tops with the whole crew, right down to the messenger boys.

Now let's examine the notion that the publicity about Alan's athletic prowess is mere hot air. Alan's biography sent out from Paramount says that he was a brilliant swimmer in high school and held the West Coast diving championship in 1932. This is the sort of thing people like to say isn't so. But it happens that this particular item is completely true.

On one occasion, Alan had to prove it—and did so. He was in New York to attend the preview of one of his pictures. The newspapers had received his biography as background material for anything they wished to write about him. The morning after his arrival in the big city, an editor with an overdose of skepticism phoned Alan's hotel room.

"Your biog says you were West Coast Diving Champion," the skeptic growled. "I don't believe it. If you want me to print anything like that, you'll have to prove to me you can dive."

Alan listened to the man's challenge, then said, "How do you want me to prove it?"

"Meet me at the New York Athletic Club this afternoon at two. I'll have my photographer with me. We'll go down to the pool and give you a chance to dive."

That afternoon, Alan showed up at the New York Athletic Club pool ready for the test. The editor was there, the photographer was there with his camera loaded. But they weren't alone. The word had spread around town and the pool was lined six deep all around with fans waiting for their hero to prove his publicity.

The editor grunted a greeting as Alan came up to shake hands, then watched the star climb the ladder to the high board, walk out, try the spring, poise a moment for balance and then float out on space in a perfect swan dive which brought an "Ahhhhh" from the breathless fans around the pool.

The flashbulbs on the photog's camera worked overtime for the next half-hour as Alan, without a word, climbed the ladder again and again to launch into a series of plain and fancy dives.

When it was over the photog said, "What a bunch of pictures I got! Alan, you were terrific."

The editor apologized—and has been an ardent Ladd fan ever since.

So if anybody whispers, "those things about Alan Ladd's being a big athlete are just publicity"—you can say, "Nuts!"

By the time you read this story, the Ladds will be moving into their Holmby Hills Dream House, just outside of Hollywood. They have been living in Sue's Los Feliz home—and this has led wagging tongues to say, "he's never bought her a home."

room to grow . . .

As fact shows it, Alan bought the lot in Holmby Hills about five years ago. Alan paid $12,000 for the spacious private knoll in one of the most exclusive residential areas. He's been offered a handsome profit on it many times.

But he hasn't sold. Instead, he has built Sue a dream house of modern French Provincial design, with a swimming pool and lots of bedrooms.

They need the bedrooms. Sue's daughter is growing up, and, as I mentioned before, is cute as the dickens. She's dating the field, and the field is standing in line. That means she has to have a room of her own to keep her things out of five-year-old Alana's curious reach. And Alan, Jr. is 11. His footballs and hockey sticks would raise hob with David's two-year-old noggin if the contact came too close, so *he* needs a room of his own.

About three years ago, Sue and Alan bought a 25-acre ranch at the western end of San Fernando valley. Out there they raise Palominos and thoroughbred horses to sell. There's a converted garage on the property which they've made into a week-end hideaway. It's plenty of fun and a good investment.

Alan says, "I don't know anything about stocks and bonds, so I bought a ranch. I can put my two feet on it and know what I've got."

Finally, let's look at the idea that Alan reached the top of his profession overnight through one fortunate break—getting a sensational role in *This Gun for Hire.* Well, Alan had an ulcer which recently kept him on milk and eggs. And the reason he had it was because he starved for six years around Hollywood before he got any kind of a break. (However, he seems to have it under control—if the healthy lunch he put away when I saw him the other day is any indication.)

So if anyone comes to you and says, "Alan Ladd is just another one of those lucky so-and-so's who got to be a star without working hard and going hungry to get there," you can do Alan, and me, a great favor if you'll just say, "Nonsense!"

THE END



critic's corner

WHICH PAPER DO YOU READ?

But somehow, this Warner cut-up does not have the natural spontaneity nor the artificial smoothness of the play. Something has been subtracted in the transmission to the screen, and this time *John Loves Mary* carries neither conviction nor charm.

Bosley Crowther
N. Y. Times

John Loves Mary is more hilarious than the play, a cinema knockout. The difficulty in transplanting a one-set comedy to the screen is enormous, yet the bridge is spanned so expertly here, the laughs are uproarious and sustained without much action.

Justin Gilbert
N. Y. Mirror

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the fans

MODERN SCREEN FAN CLUB ASSOCIATION

News: Lois Carnahan, president of the June Allyson club, asked us to announce that her club is in no way connected with the former club for June. This is an absolutely new club and we'd like to add that it is a fine one with excellent journals. Another little known but well-liked club is the one in honor of John Garfield. Dues are 50 cents a year. The New Stars club has been re-organized, and if you're one of those interested in all stars, that's the club for you.

Crooner Darwin Dane sang at a Heart Association Fund dance and collected over $100, prexy Bette Dunihue writes . . . We think the Roy Rogers club has the right idea. They recently donated $50 to the Damon Runyon Cancer Fund, and their Indiana branch collected a large sum for the Red Cross. How about you other clubs taking a lesson? . . . The Agnes Moorehead club is disbanded and Roy Buchanan would like all former members to write to him at 1219 N. 15 Ave., Pensacola, Florida, so that he may refund their dues.

9TH SEMI-ANNUAL TROPHY CUP CONTEST
3rd Lap

When you think of compacts, you just naturally think of ELGIN-AMERICAN. And we're giving them away as prizes in our monthly Best Correspondents contest. Handsomely finished in jeweler's bronze, they're lightweight and durable. We've noticed some wonderful work among you editors, ever since we announced that your particular prizes were to be REVLON'S KING'S RANSOM set—and we can't really blame you. Those seven lipsticks plus a gold holder in a black velvet box would tempt anyone. For THIS IS MY BEST winners, the ENGER-KRESS COMPANY has provided a winner in billfolds. You writers will love the Candlelight model which comes in pink, yellow, green, blue and red. And there's room for your wealth of folding money and coins as well as snaps and passes. TANGEE TRIP KITS are real incentives for bringing out the drawing pencils. The set, packed with cosmetics, is handy at home and you'll find it indispensable when you take that well-deserved vacation!

This Is My Best: (100 points) "The Great Day," Gene Barnath, Joan Goldsamt, Robert Q. Lewis journal. "Are You Really a Good American?" Ann Dubria, Art Lund journal (Dunn). "Madness at Gilmore Field," Bev Shoemaker, Frank Sinatra journal (Bachman). "Death Comes to Aunt Marion," Shirley Grosbier, Harry Babbitt journal. "Open Letter to Christina," Doris Pyle, Sinatra journal (Pacillo). "Terry Takes a Tour," Robert Waste, Terry Moore journal. **Best Journals:** (500 points) League 1. No entries. League 2. Alan Ladd journal (Kee). League 3. Macdonald Carey journal. **Best Editors:** (250 points) League 1. No entries. League 2. Peggy Pearl, Alan Ladd journal. League 3. Tied. Barbara Parkes, Michael Kirby journal. Evelyn Fish. Peggy Lee journal. **Best Artist:** (150 points) Gerry Robertson, Dick Contino journal (Rosenthal). **Best Covers:** (250 points) League 1. No entries. League 2. Alan Ladd journal (Pearl). League 3. Peggy Lee journal. **Best Correspondents:** (100 points) League 1. None qualified. League 2. Margaret Grant, Dan Duryea club. League 3. Marge Lacko, Dorothy Shay Club. **Most Worthwhile Activities:** (250 points) League 1. None qualified. League 2. Tied. Ginger Rogers Club (parcels to England and Holland). James Stewart Club ($60.00 to Runyon Cancer Fund). League 3. Tied. Bobby Breen Club (Contribution to Chicago Heart Association). Martin and Lewis Club (March of Dimes Contribution). **Membership Increases:** (100 points) League 1. Nelson Eddy Club (Mottola). League 2. Dick Contino Club (Diefenbach). League 3. Penny Edwards Club. **Candid Camera Winners:** (100 points for first prize, 50 points for others) Margie Clay, June Allyson Club. LaHamer Branlett, Larry Parks Club, Nelda Clough, Charles Korvin Club, Alyce Gogos, Darryl Hickman Club (Campbell). Barbara Troeger, The Bingites. Lee Garber, Mel Torme Club.

Leading Clubs: League 1. Gene Autry Club (850), Jane Wyman Club (700), Roy Rogers Club (600). League 2. Joan Crawford Club (850), Contino, Peck, Melari Club (700), Bob Crosby Club (600). League 3. Charles Korvin Club (750), Peggy Lee Club (650), Macdonald Carey Club (600).

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FIVE GREAT LESSONS

(Continued from page 54)

little neck and a lot of freckles and she felt sorry for me."

Whatever the reason—and of course it was love—Louise married Spencer Tracy. After a year together on the road, she decided to abandon the stage because she realized that two theatrical careers in one family usually make for a good deal of discord.

It took a lot of courage for her to do that, because Tracy was then unknown and making very little money. In fact, when their first-born, John, arrived, the Tracys were flat broke. A few weeks later they learned that their little son had been born deaf.

"Spence kept looking for stage parts," Mrs. Tracy says now, "and he kept getting them, but they never lasted very long and in order to increase his income he began selling pianos.

"I was urged to go back on the stage and to keep Spence in the piano business. I think it was Pat O'Brien who put that bee in my bonnet. He and Spence had lived together at Mrs. Brown's boarding house on West End Avenue—on credit, of course, but I didn't think that my going back to the stage or his going into the piano business would do much for Spence's pride, and I said so. I stayed in our little apartment in New York taking care of John and knowing in my heart that one day Spence would get a break."

self-made man . . .

That day wasn't too far off. John Ford, the director, spotted Tracy in the New York production of *The Last Mile* and brought him to Hollywood. After seeing his first screen test, MGM turned him down, but a few months later the big shots had a change of heart, and Spence was signed. He's been at Metro ever since.

Mrs. Tracy says, "Whatever Spence has today he's earned himself through hard work." A modest little woman, she steadfastly refuses to take any credit for her husband's success, adamantly declines to say how tempting it was to her back in the lean 1920's to tell her husband to give up acting and get a steady job.

Instead, she likes to talk modestly about the John Tracy Clinic for the Deaf which she founded in Los Angeles. It's an organization which teaches deaf children how to read lips and understand the language. "It claims most of my spare time," she says, "and most of Spence's spare money."

"If it weren't for Louise," says Pat O'Brien, "Spencer Tracy might today be a house-to-house salesman, ringing your front door bell and saying, 'Lady, would you like to buy a piano?'"

Like Mrs. Tracy and Mrs. Crosby, there are a dozen other Hollywood wives who've realized the basic incompatibility involved in having two entertainment careers in one family. Readily, they've all been willing to sacrifice their own.

Dana Andrews' wife was a promising young actress at the Pasadena Playhouse when she met the former filling-station attendant from Van Nuys. As soon as the wedding bells sounded for her, however, she renounced her acting career.

Jimmy Cagney's wife, the former Frances Vernon, dropped her histrionics when she married Jimmy.

Dolores Hope, Bob's wife, was considered a potential singing star, but when she caught Les Townes in her net (that's Bob's real name) she realized that taking care of him was career enough for her.

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HOLLYWOOD PHOTOS

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Macdonald Carey's wife gave up her career as soon as Mac slipped a ring on her finger, and the latest convert to the one-career-in-a-family fold is Brenda Marshall. "I've decided," she says, "to let Bill (Holden) do most of the acting while I do most of the child-caring. Marriages out here last longer that way."

Bette Davis is still another actress who has long felt that if a girl has a choice between husband and career, she should always choose husband. Years ago, there was a young actress under contract to Warner Brothers named Jane Bryan. Everyone agreed that Jane not only had a sensational figure but also a sensational future. She was pretty, intelligent, talented, and all primed for the big star buildup.

It so happened that Jane fell in love with a man named Justin Dart who is today president of the Rexall Drug Company. "What shall I do?" Jane asked Bette who was then her best friend. "Justin wants to marry me but that means I can't have an acting career."

"Don't think twice," Bette advised. "Marry him before he changes his mind and get out of the business."

Now a mother, albeit belatedly, Miss Davis may pursue her old counsel. She may quit the movies and retire to Laguna Beach and run a dramatic school. It would be difficult to find a better teacher anywhere.

respected mates . . .

It frequently occurs that there are many actresses who aren't willing to renounce their careers for marriage. These actresses—like Irene Dunne, Ingrid Bergman, Loretta Young and Claudette Colbert—came up the hard way and feel that the abandonment of all they've worked for is far too great a price to pay.

They believe, moreover, that it's possible for a successful actress to combine marriage with a career—but in doing this, all of them have explicitly followed rule number two: *If an actress wants both career and a happy marriage, she must wed someone outside the motion picture business, preferably a professional man who is as respected and well-known in his profession as she is in hers.*

A classic example is Irene Dunne's marriage to Dr. Frank Griffin, who for many years has been recognized as one of the foremost dentists in the country.

"I honestly believe," Irene says, "that I've been able to combine a successful career with a happy marriage because my husband and I have different vocations."

The Griffins live in Holmby Hills in a nine-room French Provincial home, and when the sight-seeing buses roll by, the guides always point it out as, "The Griffin home where Irene Dunne lives," and not as "the Irene Dunne residence."

Claudette Colbert, who is married to Dr. Joel Pressman, one of the great otolaryngologists (nose-ear-and-throat doctor) in America, has a wonderful marriage, because she too enjoys a similar set-up.

She realizes that, in the worldly scheme of things, a doctor is more important to humanity than an actress, and she gladly makes her career subsidiary to her husband's. She is called Mrs. Pressman by all her friends and, unlike that of other actresses whose husbands do nothing but manage their wives' careers, Claudette's circle of acquaintanceship is not bounded by Warner Brothers on the north and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer on the south.

Ingrid Bergman whose dentist-husband only recently was graduated to the ranks of brain surgeon, is as proud as all get-out to be the wife of Dr. Peter Lindstrom. When tradesmen address her as "Miss Bergman," she's always quick to correct them firmly with, "I'm Mrs. Lindstrom."

When she was in England last year, the switchboard operators at her hotel kept referring to the actress as Miss Bergman. One day, Ingrid was standing in the lobby when her husband strode through. As he did, she reached over and tapped the chief operator on the back. The girl turned around. "There," Ingrid said, pointing to the tall, blond man, "is Dr. Lindstrom." The operator cocked an eyebrow quizzically. "Dr. Lindstrom is my husband," the actress said.

After that, whenever Ingrid was phoned, the operator was sure to say, "Mrs. Lindstrom, there's a call for you."

One of the reasons actresses divorce husbands who have no high professional or occupational status is that they cannot respect them either for their earnings or accomplishment.

Rita Hayworth, for example, was once married to a man 22 years older than she, named Edward Judson. "The trouble with our marriage," she told her lawyer, "was that Ed didn't do anything. He had an allowance of $400 a month from his oil properties, and he spent all his time managing me. If only he'd had something to do, it could have worked out. But he hadn't worked for eight or nine years and it left him too much time to watch over me. He was my husband, nursemaid, and everything."

Joan Crawford, who's been married to three actors in the past 20 years, recently made the statement: "In all the years I was married, I always supported myself."

No prominent actress ever stays married very long to a husband whose position in the eyes of society is inconsequential.

The third lesson in love to be derived from happy Hollywood marriages is this: *In order to surmount the competitive sex perils of Hollywood, the inevitable husband-stealing and flirtations, marriages must be sealed by the relatively rapid arrival of children.*

It is basic sociology that more marriages have been cemented by children than by any other one factor. The recent reconciliation between Gloria DeHaven and John Payne was prompted by the fact that the persons most hurt by the divorce would have been two innocent children. Now, because of the kids, the Payne marriage may yet prove lasting.

Greer Garson in her two marriages had

MODERN SCREEN



"Your mother and I are canning a bushel of apples, dear."

no children. As a result, it was relatively easy for her to obtain a divorce. Ditto Ginger Rogers, Ava Gardner, Doris Day, Paulette Goddard.

There used to be a Hollywood-held theory, fallacious as most, that the public did not like its great actresses to bear children. It was felt that such natural behavior might detract from an actress' glamor and cost the star her following at the all-important box-office.

Betty Grable, Jeanne Crain, Loretta Young, and a host of others have knocked this theory into the cocked hat where it belongs.

"It's really the most ridiculous thing I've ever heard," Loretta says of it. "The primary purpose of a wife is to bear children, and I believe that every woman who can, should."

Bing Crosby says that if you've got four boys, your marriage can't possibly go on the rocks. "What woman in her right mind," he asks, "wants to steal a guy who has four wildcats?"

Bob Hope, who has four of his own, says that for once in his life Bing is absolutely right. "Young girls look up to me," Bob says jokingly, "until they find out I'm the father of four. Then they ship me back to Dolores."

Dana Andrews' wife, Mary, says: "Dana not only has a flock of kids to support but also two boats. I can see a woman trying to take a man with four kids, particularly if she's strongly maternal—but no woman is going to try it with an actor who's also in love with two boats."

share-holders . . .

Scan every Hollywood marriage that has lasted ten years or more and, with rare exceptions, you'll discover they've been blessed by the binding presence of children.

You will also discover, particularly if you're perceptive, that all these marriages are exemplifications of love-lesson number four: *Share your partner's interests as much as possible.*

Claudette Colbert's husband was a Naval flight surgeon during the war. He loves flying and finds deep relaxation in it. Claudette, however, can't see flying under any circumstances. She hates it. This hasn't stopped her from taking flying lessons in order to understand her husband's off-hours talk. "No greater love," says her instructor, "hath any woman for her husband. Every time Claudette gets out of a plane she looks white as a sheet."

As a little girl, Betty Garrett, who's married to Larry Parks, was never particularly fond of motorcycles. She was a dancing student, and she was always taught to take care of her feet. Having a motorcycle fall on top of your knee, she realized, was no way in which to broach a successful career.

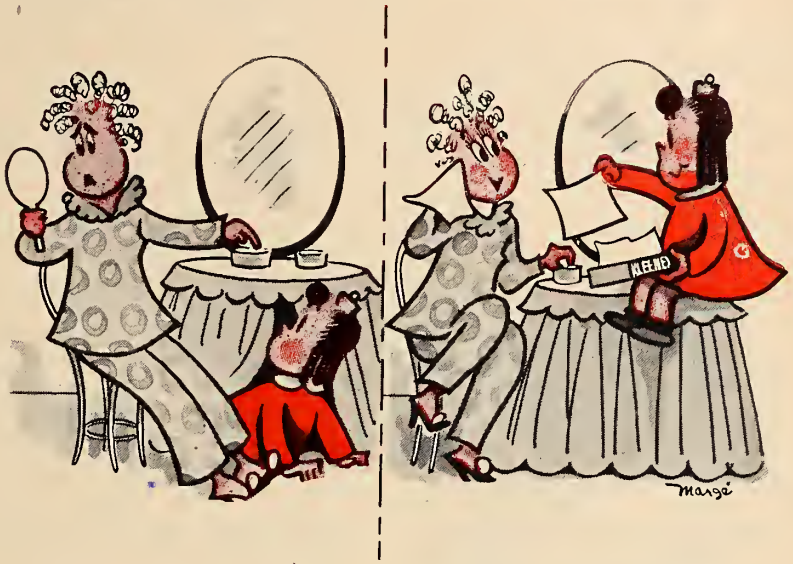
When she married Larry Parks, she learned that she was wedded to a man who would rather ride motorcycles than play Al Jolson. Parks is the premier motorcycle fanatic in Hollywood. As a result, Betty now escorts him on his wild cycle rodeos through the Hollywood hills—even though she has a deep and abiding fear of the darn machines. Her explanation is simple: "It makes him happy," she says, "to have me along."

Eleanor Powell Ford was raised in conservative New England where nice girls were never taught the fine art of playing pool. When she married Glenn Ford, however, Glenn insisted that he needed a partner who could handle a cue stick in a pinch.

He bought a nifty billiard table and began instructing Eleanor in the art. Today, Ellie can put the eight ball in the side pocket as neatly as any sharpy on Broad-

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way. "Some women," she cracks, "wash for their husbands, others cook, clean, and slave. I play pool."

Motion picture work being what it is, there are long periods of time when actors and their wives are separated. Actors go on location or promotion trips, and their wives stay behind. While Mrs. Gary Cooper is taking care of their daughter, her husband is working, making love to Ingrid Bergman. While Ronald Colman is in a clinch before the cameras with say, Shelley Winters, Mrs. Colman is cleaning house. Under such an occupational set-up, there is a fifth love-lesson which all Hollywood wives have learned: *You must have faith in the fundamental goodness and loyalty of the man you marry.*

If Mrs. Sinatra, Mrs. Tracy, Mrs. Kelly, Mrs. Crosby, et al, believed one-tenth of the items they read or the rumors that are circulated about their partners, their marriages wouldn't last a week.

Publicity, it so happens, is a necessary adjunct to the motion picture business, and publicity agents are a highly imaginative lot who will stop at nothing to get their charges in the columns. As a result, columnists have paired Dan Dailey with Betty Grable, Bing Crosby with Joan Caulfield, Frank Sinatra with Lana Turner, Robert Montgomery with Joan Crawford, Robert Young with Jane Greer.

Hollywood wives have learned to accept such gossip with the proverbial grain of salt. Those who haven't, find that they live hours of torture, torment, and suspicion.

For the most part, however, Hollywood wives have learned to dismiss anything they read in the gossip columns with a collective shrug of their shoulders.

Some of them learn more easily than others. When Mr. and Mrs. Gene Kelly first came to Hollywood, a local gossip columnist carried the following item: "Gene Kelly, the dancer who made such a hit as *Pal Joey* on Broadway, is carrying the torch for that very cute Tina Boswell."

"Well," says Mrs. Kelly, "I tried to find out who that girl, Tina Boswell, was. After three days I discovered that Tina Boswell was the name of a horse running at Santa Anita."

THE END

LANA TURNER'S BITTER TRIUMPHS

(*Continued from page 57*)

woman in a million who attracts men as naturally as she breathes. The record also shows that her loves have been stormy. Okay, they've been stormy. Let's drop it there for a while.

Now look at the other side, and you'll see a girl of 15, plunged into a strange and glittering sea, trying at first just to keep her head above water. Look at the pattern of her search for love, and you'll see that Lana's been the one to get hurt. That she's never whined, never borne a grudge, never spared herself by blasting the other fellow. Given the same experience, most girls would have turned cynical and cagey. "Next time I'll watch out!" Not Lana. There's no room in her make-up for bitterness or caution. If there were, she might have been saved a number of heartaches. When love appears, she believes in love, no matter how many times it's crashed round her head. Call her gullible, shortsighted, or pick your own adjective—her way is to give without counting the cost, and if she loses, to lose like a good sport.

"I've skinned my nose a few times," she told a friend, "yet I'm glad I've lived as I have. I can't believe anything very awful happens to you, as long as you know your feelings were true when you felt them."

Going all the way back to Greg Bautzer, no one will dispute the truth of her feeling for him. It was Lana who waited at the phone for him to call, and Lana who wept wild tears when the break came. Some people think she married Artie Shaw out of pain for Bautzer. Yes, that was a crazy marriage. One date, and they were off to Las Vegas. But Lana was 19. Older and wiser women have married Artie Shaw, who seems to be a gentleman of persuasive charm.

A year after her final divorce from Shaw, she married Steve Crane. For once she *was* cagey, for once she took Hollywood by surprise. She'd kept Steve under wraps for months, which was quite a feat. Nobody knew about him but her mother and Louis B. Mayer. Even Linda Darnell, who went along as bridesmaid, didn't meet him till Thursday night. And Lana didn't know till then that Friday was to be her wedding day. Originally they'd planned it for Sunday. But that evening, while they were double-dating with Linda and Alan Gordon, they phoned Steve's mother in Indiana—and Lana came back all blushes and laughter because Steve's mother had called her the most beautiful girl in the world. Suddenly it seemed silly to wait till Sunday.

"Why do we *have* to wait?" asked Steve.

"I don't know," said Lana. "Linda, if we go tomorrow, will you be my bridesmaid?"

That's how it happened, and of course Lana was head-over-heels in love. Why else would Lana have married Steve? Her best false friends have never called her calculating. Steve had only himself to offer and, as things turned out, he was somewhat premature in offering so much.

In December came the news that Lana was expecting a baby. On January 8th she filed suit for annulment of her marriage. Two blank factual statements, behind which a girl's heart was being torn apart.

Most women want babies. With Lana, it was more than wanting—it was an ever-present hunger, a passion for children. She told me how she'd gone to the doctor's office, not daring to believe. "Don't let me hope," she prayed. "Don't let me hope, and then be disappointed. I couldn't stand it."

The doctor came back.

"It's—not true?" quavered Lana. "I'm—not going to have a baby?"

"It *is* true. You *are* going to have a baby."

Her head went down on her arms. "I can't help it," she sobbed. "I just never thought I'd be that lucky."

But then came a crushing blow: she discovered that her marriage wasn't legal. I'm not rehashing the details of that mess. The story goes that Crane had signed separate maintenance papers early in '41, and taken it for granted that these constituted his interlocutory decree. Well, they didn't. After the first shock, Lana's one thought was for the baby. By a quirk of the law, only an annulment could give her child the right to the name of Crane. So she lifted her head and faced the music. . . .

That took one kind of courage. Soon she was called on for another kind. All along she'd known that, because of the Rh factor in her blood, child-bearing wouldn't come easy to her. Her grandmother had died at her mother's birth. Her mother had all but died when she was born. The emotional upheavals Lana had gone through had

done their part in lowering her resistance. Late in January she was taken to the hospital.

"Lana," said the doctor, "I'm afraid we can't save the baby."

For a moment she couldn't grasp it. She lay very still, as if stillness might drive the sound of the words away. Slowly she lifted her eyes to the kind face above her. "Let's wait," she pleaded. But the doctor didn't think they should wait, that waiting might endanger her own life.

From hidden reserves flowed strength, as Lana's spirit rose to the challenge. When she lifted her eyes again, they were no longer pleading. "I'm going—to have this baby—if it kills me!"

She had her baby, though not without more anguish. Cheryl was born anemic and was removed, at the age of five hours, to the Children's Hospital, to be given one blood transfusion after another. They told Lana—they had to. "Nothing to worry about," the doctor assured her. "Just a little transfusion to pick her up." But not till she was a month old did Cheryl come home, cured of her ailment.

Meantime, Lana and Steve had remarried in March. This also brought barbs from people who like to throw barbs. How could the girl take him back after what he'd done to her? Well, for one thing, the girl was still in love with him. For another, he was her baby's father. For a third, she's got what some of us could use more of—charity for human lapses.

acting is for women . . .

As to what finally broke them up, it's anyone's guess. They called it career trouble, said Steve was eager to be an actor and thought Lana would help him. On that subject she made herself good and clear. "Acting just isn't right for most men. When a man has to put on a mask and assume poses, I think it's bad for him. With a woman, it's practically second nature. With a man, it often becomes an affectation, and neither Steve nor I want that."

Apparently Steve did. He got himself a contract at Columbia, which led exactly nowhere in the end. But at the time they were all steamed up about him. I remember offering Lana my congratulations. Her face shut down. She wasn't having any.

It was a month earlier that I'd heard her talking to Steve on the phone. "Goodbye, darling. I love you." A month later she brought suit for divorce. *You* figure it out. . . .

In Mervyn LeRoy's words, Lana's no little gray hen. Light and laughter are her natural element. She loves to go dancing, and you'd hardly expect her to go dancing with girls. If she danced with the same man twice in a row, out popped the knives. She paid them no mind—until she fell hard again for Turhan Bey.

Again she made no bones about how she felt. But the gentleman bowed out. You can take her word for it. A girl doesn't say she's been jilted just for the fun of it.

"He said, 'I'll call you tomorrow night,' and he never called and I never heard from him again," said Lana. "I don't know what happened—whether I did something or whether someone told him something about me."

She was painfully honest, and very unhappy. She steadfastly refused to place any blame on Turhan, beyond the bare fact that *he'd* broken it off. Even that was unlike her. As a rule, she clams up about a busted romance. But she'd been lambasted so often, and she'd had enough. Not for her own sake—for Cheryl's.

"It's so bad for me, with Cheryl growing up, to have everyone think I don't know my own mind. I knew my mind for a long time about Turhan. Because of my little girl, I don't want it said that I turn



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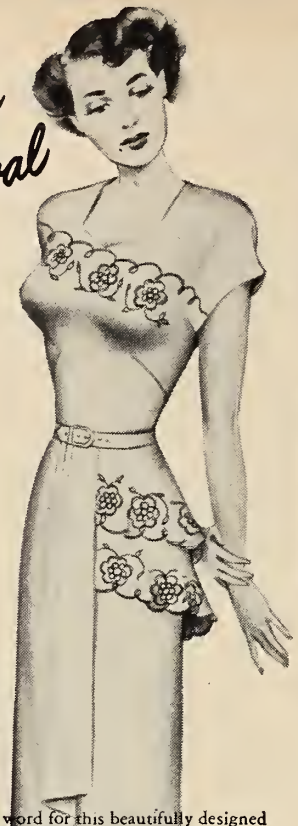
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lightly and frivolously from one man to another."

I've said it, and I say it again—there's no falsehood in Turner. She's on an eternal quest for happiness in love, and when she thinks she's found it, she thinks it'll be forever.

Everyone was convinced that Lana's love for Ty Power was the real thing. There was no question of Lana's utter devotion to Ty. She wouldn't so much as look at another man. And certainly he seemed just as devoted to her. They were constantly together. They held hands like a couple of moonstruck kids. He gave her diamond earrings, and a diamond ring which she wore on her engagement finger.

"Is it love?" Ty was asked.

"If it isn't," he said, "it's the nearest I've ever come to it."

Lana didn't hedge. "I'm deeply in love with him." But she wouldn't answer any marriage questions. "Please don't ask me. That can't be discussed till after Ty's divorce."

What they discussed between them remains between them. But from the bystander's viewpoint, if ever a girl had reason to hope for marriage, that girl was Lana. Their love was out in the open. Ty heaped her with every attention a man can offer the woman of his choice. In return, his wishes were her law.

But again, a love which she'd tried to build solid, crumbled to nothing. In my considered opinion, the blow from Ty was the worst she'd taken yet. . . .

tower of strength . . .

But she's easily comforted, you'll say. A few months later, and she's married to Bob Topping. Understand that, and you'll understand Lana. When a thing's washed up, it's washed up, and she doesn't look backward. Nor does she go crawling into holes when she's hurt. Holes are for weaklings. She gets dolled up and goes out and laughs—because nobody's going to poor-Lana *her!*

So she met Bob Topping, multi-millionaire, and knocked him for a loop—which was balm to her wounds, as it would be to any woman's in the same position. Bob was different from all the others who came a-wooing. He had everything to offer—wealth, position, security—and he offered them promptly. No reservations, no temporizing, no wait-till-I-get-my-divorce-and-then-we'll-see.

"I'll have my divorce by such-and-such a date," said Bob, "and we'll marry the next day." And in spite of thunder-and-lightning from Arline Judge, he had it.

Is it any wonder that she turned to Bob Topping, who was both a haven of kindness and a tower of strength? But he couldn't save the wedding. Take it from me, none of it was Lana's fault. She had one simple, reasonable wish. Her ill-starred marital bonds to Shaw and Crane had both been tied on hasty trips to Las Vegas. She wanted this marriage launched with dignity. She wanted flowers and music and the fixings a bride loves. And she wanted it quiet. So only 12 guests were asked to the ceremony.

But Lana had to be nice to the press too—knowing darn well, if she weren't, that they'd have her scalp. She invited them all to the post-wedding reception, and they took her scalp anyway.

Newspaper people are notorious cynics. It's their business not to believe in anything less obvious than the multiplication table. It's also their business to make hot copy, and poking fun makes hotter copy than sentiment. This was Bob's fourth marriage, and Lana's third. You could hardly expect the boys to take it seriously, or give a thought to the fact that it might be serious to the principals. The simplest account was edged with irony and embroidered in wisecracks. Lana'd posed patiently for 45 minutes after the wedding, then gone upstairs. "To swoon," chuckled the boys. None of them had been present at the ceremony, which didn't keep them from quoting verbatim. "The whole circle of guests distinctly heard Bob Topping say, 'This is forever.' Lana said, 'Yes, darling.' " Manufactured or not, that seemed to be the biggest joke of all.

When it comes to publicity, Lana can't win. Talk, and they mock you. Shut up, and you're uncooperative, so they're free to spin yarns out of the blue. It's the price she pays for being top glamor queen. She paid it in England and all over Europe. But when she came home last September, she didn't care. The world was rose-colored. She and Bob were going to have a baby in April.

Do you think the death of that hope stopped the gossips' mouths? They went right on chattering. They said she ran around too much, she wasn't careful. That's one for the books! She followed every order the doctor gave her. She knew the danger, as she'd known it with her firstborn. "I'm going to have this baby if it kills me," she said that day six years ago. Does such a woman take chances on the new life within her? Honestly, sometimes people make me sick. Lana lost her child for one reason and one reason only—for the same reason that almost cost her Cheryl—because of the Rh factor in her blood.

She's returning to MGM to make *The Reformer and the Redhead.* Instead of bending over a crib, she'll be facing a camera. Her career's important to her, but I'm sure she'd have given up ten careers for Timothy. . . .

You movie-goers have proven yourselves her friends. Go on proving it. Don't believe everything you hear. When you read the stories, knock off 90% for malice. In what's left, you won't find any plaster saint. She's got her flaws, even as you and I. But she's honest and kind and brave, and she's held her bright head high under a barrage that would have flattened most of us. In this imperfect world, I think that's enough. THE END



that's hollywood!

When Ben Hecht was making *Crime Without Passion,* he offered Oscar Levant a job for $15 a week. As Levant tells it: "I knew it was a gag—all he wanted me around the studio for was to play duets with him. But after I'd been there a week or two, I found I was actually working. I went to Hecht and said 'Hey, do you want me to WORK here for $15 a week?'

"I'll raise your salary," Hecht said, "From now on, you're getting $300 a week!"

"Pay day came, but there was no check for me." I complained to Hecht.

"From now on, you're getting $750 a week."

When my salary was finally increased to $2,000, I went to Hecht and pleaded: "For God's sake, cut me back to $15 a week—I'm starving to death!"

Irving Hoffman
Hollywood Reporter

SAY IT ISN'T SO

(Continued from page 48)

square-cut jaw signals the fact that he doesn't need Old Aunt Hedda or anyone else to look after his interests. But there are times when a manly star, and especially a very amiable star like Greg Peck, is fairly defenseless. That's where I come in, and it's a pleasure.

A lot of fuss was recently made over a dinky domestic dilemma that Greg faced—faced and solved, I might add, very reasonably and normally. Yet because this minor incident was blown up and ballyhooed, the very mistaken impression may still exist that Gregory and his pretty wife, Greta, are having home trouble, that Greg Peck has let his success get him at last, that his balance is teetering. We used to call it "going Hollywood." Well, that doesn't fit Gregory Peck. And it never will. I'll bet on that.

"Sure," said Greg, easily and frankly, when I called. "Come on up, Hedda, I'll tell you just what happened." And pretty soon he was telling me, like this:

"We're a close family here," began Greg. "I'm home a lot and Greta and I are around each other all the time. I don't play golf or tennis, I don't shoot ducks, don't race horses or fly planes. When I'm not working I'm right here with Greta and the kids 24 hours a day. When I'm working out of town on location, she's with me if it's halfway possible. That's the way we like it. That's the way our home life ticks."

down to the sea . . .

"You're very lucky," I told him, but I didn't have to. "Darned right," he agreed. "Only sometimes when two people see too much of each other, some trifle occurs and they take it out on each other, blow their tops, have a spat. That's what happened with us and so I decided to get away for the good of us both for a few days. I packed my bag, hopped in the Lincoln and headed South. Stopped at Del Mar, stayed overnight and got an idea: How about some fishing to relax? I'd been tied up pretty tight making *Yellow Sky* and then *The Great Sinner*—bang, bang—like that. If I have a hobby it's deep sea fishing and I have a friend who feels the same way. I gave him a ring, he met me in Tiajuana, we hopped a plane to Mazatlan, and—well, I caught me a 145-pound marlin swordfish! Then I came back home and things have been fine ever since."

Now, that's a plain and honest statement of fact—the only kind of an answer I've ever received from Gregory Peck to any question at any time. And I can't think of a more commonplace happenstance in any home since marriages began than the one he explained. Yet—because he's a Hollywood star and because, when a reporter called Greta and she answered, "Greg? I don't know where he is right now," there arose a windstorm of harsh and hard-to-forget phrases like "separation" and "broken home."

I admire Gregory Peck tremendously. I think Hollywood should be proud of him—for the type of acting he does, for the kind of life he leads. Believe me, our town would not be the target for a lot of brickbats if there were more like him and his sweet little blonde wife, and his two darling kids.

Those kids tumbled over him as we talked in the homey setting of his den, on a deep leather sofa beside a fireplace that crackled and sparked. They teetered up on his big knees and across his broad

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shoulders, pulled his lank black hair, popped him in the jaw with their fists, made horrifying noises, threatened to rip the joint to pieces, and Dad Peck along with it. Greg grinned happily, never shot them one black look, cross word, or even a "don't." Jonathan, four-and-a-half, is dark and thin and the spit-and-image of Greg; and Stephen, two-and-a-half, is chubby and blond, a little-boy copy of his Finnish mother.

Jonny disappeared down the hall and in a second there were stealthy pads. "We're being stalked and in dire danger of our lives," explained Greg softly. "He's an Indian—but I can break *that* up."

"Hey!" he said loudly. "I know where there are some strawberry tarts—right here on the table. Wonder if Jonny wants some?" That Indian bit the dust immediately and Jonny was with us again.

Greg manages to spend a lot of time with Steve and Jonny. You can tell the minute you get him on the subject how much they mean to him, what fun he collects in their company. Last summer, Jonny had a surprise birthday party and Greta hired a troupe of entertainers. With dozens of moppets looking on, they staged a small-time aquacade in the Peck pool, complete with a hula dancer on a surfboard. "I couldn't tell you who had the best time—the kids or me," Greg admitted. He was on hand, of course, to see that nobody got lost, strayed or stolen, and when the magician's rabbit scurried down into the canyon, poor Greg had to chase it through the cactus on his hands and knees to hush up the kiddie wails. "I never had such a workout," he grinned. "I was scratched and bruised as if I'd been in a fight—but I had that rabbit."

who's big man? . . .

Jonny and Stephen were banging away on the piano now making enough noisy discords to waken the dead. "Hey, Jonny," Greg called, "Who's the greatest man alive?"

If I thought Greg was bidding for a tribute to bask in, I was certainly mistaken. "Hopalong Cassidy!" Jonny came back.

Greg chuckled. "We're Hopalong's hottest fans every time he comes over KTLA (a Hollywood TV station), and if you think I can compete as a Big Man, you're crazy!"

"I don't believe that," I told him. "One look at that kid's face when you talk and I see different." Greg Peck blushed slightly—that alway's a sign he's touched, and pleased.

Now, I'm not trying to build up Gregory Peck as the All-American Father and Husband. But of all the men I know in Hollywood—with the possible exception of Wild Bill Wellman—he's just about the most kid-happy home boy in town. In fact, Gregory Peck is interested really in just one other thing besides his family—acting.

"I don't need any other outlet for my self-expression, Hedda," he told me. "I happen to like my work, and frankly, everything else that's fun to most guys leaves me cold. When I'm not mixed up in some kind of acting—on a stage or at a studio—I'm here. They're the only two places I want to be—one or the other."

Well, I've seen him often in both settings and I can't tell you which Peck I like and respect most. But let's keep on for a while with a picture of Greg Peck at home. The day I was there, it was just Greg, me and the kids. Greta was downtown shopping, and if Greg had eyes that could see that far he could probably have watched her, even though he lives clear out in Pacific Palisades by the sea. From the Peck's hilltop house you can look 20 miles in all directions.

Their home's a beautiful place, built on a four-acre spur sticking out into the canyon, so that a new neighbor couldn't spoil the Pecks' view if he tried, unless he was a cliff dweller or a goat. It's designed for comfort, with great glass windows opening to the breathtaking picture views. It's furnished comfortably in blond modern pieces with splashes of bold color in draperies, rugs and paintings that Greta and Greg have picked up here and there. It's an open and frank house, a sensible and honest house.

There's a big swimming pool, rimmed by high glass walls to keep out the sharp winds, kids and puppy dogs, sitting right where the land drops away, and that one touch of Hollywood luxury is the only jarring note to the establishment's simplicity. But, I quickly found out, the pool is practically a necessity. Swimming's the only sport Greg can enjoy anymore.

He's got a bad sacroiliac that kicks up on him all the time, banning pretty permanently any athletic sport, although for several years it let him ride horseback—and Greg did so constantly to keep in trim. While making *Duel in the Sun,* in Arizona, he mounted a show horse who got the idea that a giant *saguaro* cactus was a monster of some kind, bolted into a barbed wire fence and shot Greg over the handlebars. He got off that time with cuts and bruises. But last year he was out in the San Fernando Valley where a rancher friend has a saddle string and as he was riding meekly around a riding ring his horse slipped and pinned down one of Greg's long legs. The bone was broken in three places—and now he can't even climb aboard a hay burner. "Which wipes all lingering athletic responsibilities right off my conscience," Greg laughed. "I'm not the hero type anyway."

Greg and Greta Peck have practically no social life. They go to parties—always come to mine—but they leave soon as they've stayed long enough to be polite. They were the first couple to arrive at the big shindig David Selznick tossed for his all-star cast after *Duel in the Sun*—the first, too, to leave. Greta's a wife and mother above all; she has no career ambitions other than being Mrs. Gregory Peck. Their romance was born of the theater and she understands acting people. Greg met and fell in love with her on tour with

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Katharine Cornell when Greta was Kit's hairdresser. She works at Birmingham Veterans hospital one day a week for the Red Cross, but the rest of the time she's just Mrs. Peck. And right now she's engaged on a very special project in that capacity. Along about July there'll be another member of the family—this time, both Greg and Greta hope, a baby sister for the boys.

Neither Greg or Greta care a whoop about dancing and dining at Hollywood night spots, and they've never yet entertained in a Hollywood way that I know of. They have just occasional dinner guests, a few penny-ante poker games, evenings of conversation (usually about kids or acting, Gregory confessed), and if they feel like singing—well—they call in Jessie, their cook, who's been with them five years. Jessie's the best piano player in the place. Greg took one of those "play in ten easy lessons" courses once, but he couldn't work up enough interest away from his acting to get results.

One clue to Gregory Peck's constant love hung about me on the walls of the little library-bar where we sat—a row of old playbills featuring the immortal Edmund Keane on the London stage, and dated 1817. Another was the record he played for me of John Barrymore's famous *Hamlet*. Still another, the rows and rows of bound plays in his bookshelves.

measure of the man . . .

Right now, Greg's the determined spark-plug in a big league project to give Hollywood first class legitimate drama, all the year round. Like dozens of other stars who love the theater, it dismays Greg that only tired New York road companies come now and then to supply Los Angeles, a city of almost four million souls, and Hollywood the drama capital of the world, with the theater. What concerns him even more is that there's no place in Hollywood for young actors and actresses to get stage training, without which, he holds, they'll never develop into great performers. He's seen too much promising young talent killed off by screen roles they're not ready for. Currently, I'd say, Greg's as worked up and excited about that civic baby of his as he is about the new Peck due next summer! I can't give away any details right now because I promised Greg I wouldn't.

So that's the kind of 18-carat actor and sterling man Gregory Peck is—and that's why my hackles hop right up straight when anyone starts picking at Greg in picayune pecks. Frankly, I think Gregory Peck is perfectly happy in his home life. I know he's planning on taking Greta and the boys with him when he goes to Florida soon for eight weeks to shoot *The Virgin Bar*, a sponge fishing yarn he'll make with Elia Kazan. He wants them with him every minute. As he says, "We like it that way."

"I'll fix you a drink," Greg offered before I left his hospitable house, but I said, "No—I'll take just one more swig of that marvelous view of yours." We strolled over to the superb vista spreading out in panorama beneath his windows.

Far below, the green Pacific stretched out, calm and placid, to misty Catalina. To the left and as far as we could see, the stucco structures of workaday Beverly Hills, Los Angeles and Hollywood gleamed white on the sunny flatlands.

"Come around here," Greg said, "and I'll show you another." He led me to the other side of the house, swept his arm out, circling the view. A canyon climbed steep and fast up the mountains, to the blue sky, the clouds and the hidden stars.

"This is the view I like," said Gregory Peck. THE END



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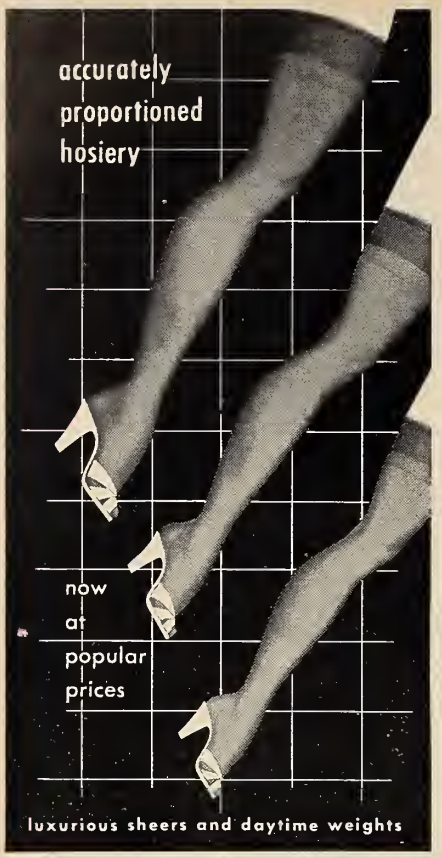
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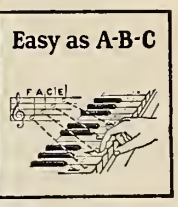
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HOME WAS NEVER LIKE THIS

(*Continued from page 55*)

our house," she said at one point. (They found out later she didn't mean her own home, she meant Bob's *Yank at Oxford* house.)

As the limousine drove through the back gate to Buckingham Palace, Mrs. Stotts sat up straighter. "This is the gate," she said solemnly, "through which the Duke of Windsor left, when he abdicated as King of England, December 11, 1936."

After that, the Taylors got out of the car, visited the palace carriage room and the harness room, were introduced to the staff, and considered themselves to have been educated.

That was in '47. And here it was '49. and a Barbara-less Taylor in England again to make a picture, and Mrs. Stotts on the phone again, and it was just as he'd said to Ralph, it was just like old times.

fuel for the machine . . .

Now, Ralph proceeded to drop a can of kerosene on the floor, and then grab it up nervously. "In the old days," he inquired, "were you never thrown out of your hotel for breaking the fire laws?"

"Stop worrying," Taylor said. "You'll get wrinkles."

The reason for the kerosene was simple. They'd been starving to death. According to Taylor and Couser, the English can't cook. Salt of the earth, you understand, but they'll murder any food that doesn't stand right up and bite 'em back.

To begin with, when the boys had first known they were coming abroad, they'd made arrangements to have eggs, bacon, etc., shipped to them. The British are still on painfully short rations, and you don't want to take food out of anybody's mouth.

First couple of days in the hotel, they'd been sending their own breakfast provisions down to the kitchen for preparation. The bacon came up floating in grease; the eggs were bullets.

Ralph, a man of action, went marching out of the hotel the third morning. He came back loaded with a kerosene stove, several jars of wood alcohol, and a primer. It was obviously nothing the Savoy management would have condoned, but he'd neglected to tell the Savoy management about it.

There were three hall waiters on their floor. Bob and Ralph christened them Baldy, Slim and Shorty, which was inconsistent with their dignity, since they (the waiters) sported long tail coats even at six A.M., but it was chalked up to, "oh, you know Americans," and passed over charitably.

Ralph appraised the waiters of his alcohol stove routine, and from there on, low farce set in. Every night, Slim would greet Bob. "What time do you wish breakfast tomorrow, sir?"

"Seven."

"The usual, sir?"

"Yes, please."

The next morning, at seven on the dot, Slim would wheel in a table. On the table, there'd be two plates, two napkins and two glasses of water.

Ralph would snatch the cooked eggs from underneath the electric core in the fireplace where he'd put them to keep warm, and they'd eat.

One hideous dawn, they thought the jig was up. Ralph was cooking in his room, when they heard the knock on the door. Bob went to answer it. There was a London bobby standing at attention.

He's been sent by the fire department, Taylor said to himself. For sure. From the other room came the noises of Ralph's domesticity. (If you've ever primed a kerosene stove, you know it sounds like you're welding.)

"How do you do?" Taylor said meekly.

The constable pulled out an autograph book. "I have a niece," he began.

Taylor'd never signed an autograph more cheerfully, or quicker.

The very next morning, the Savoy's "Head of Security" (that's British for house dick) came barging in.

It was seven-ish. Ralph's stove-priming symphony was in full swing. Bob looked resigned. Another escape was more than a man could expect. But the Head of Security just smiled, checked their identity cards, got an autograph for some relative of *his*, and beat it.

The whole thing was too hard on Taylor and Couser, though. They gave it up. Got themselves a nice little electric plate. That blew all the bulbs in the place, but at least it was quiet.

Speaking of food problems, Barbara sent Bob six steaks from the Stork Club, which precipitated another tragedy.

The steaks were as thick as your fist. Taylor and Couser ordered a couple of them broiled for dinner, and sat back.

But not for long. What that cook had done to those steaks wasn't nice. Taylor tucked his tongue, which had been hanging out, back into his mouth, and sat down to write an indignant letter.

"You don't even know the chef's name," Ralph said.

"I'll call him 'Dear Sir,'" said Taylor.

Another time, Jack and Mary Benny sent six steaks via a friend. The friend, who'd flown across, delivered the meat with his own two pink hands.

Bob called Slim in for a conference. "Has the hotel a deep freeze?"

Slim said yep.

"Okay," Bob said. He wrapped the steaks carefully, first in waxed paper, and then in newspaper, and sent them down.

frozen food . . .

About a month later, the boys decided they wanted steak for dinner, and ordered one of their cold-storage jobs cooked. When it came, they had to open the windows, and leave the room.

"You know," Bob said, "I don't think that steak is as fresh as it might be."

"What gave you such an idea?" Ralph asked, and they went off to investigate the kitchen. Turned out that Slim thought a deep freeze was the same as a refrigerator, and if some jerks wanted to eat meat that was 12 years old and crawling, it was none of *his* business.

For the most part, Bob's stay in England was reasonably uneventful. He was there from mid-October until mid-February, and he traveled from the Savoy to the studio, from the studio to the Savoy, with very little time for anything else but writing letters. (He's a fiend at the typewriter: Barbara got a volume every day, and a neat volume at that. He never x-ed out anything, or made a typographical error. Ralph once mentioned some woman's astonishment at the perfection of Taylor's manuscripts. "Yeah," Bob said. "But what she doesn't know is, I've got a little dickens of an eraser.")

The picture they were shooting is called *Conspirator*. Bob and Elizabeth Taylor were the only Americans in the cast.

"I play an Englishman," Bob says. "That makes it a comedy."

Elizabeth came in for some intensive

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teasing on the set because she had to go to school. She'd spend hours kissing Bob passionately (she plays his wife), and then, once the scene was over, she'd be shipped off to classes.

It made her feel like a cross between Dietrich and Margaret O'Brien.

In London—at the Savoy, in fact—at the same time Bob and Elizabeth were there, were Ann Sheridan, Ronald Reagan, Patricia Neal, Joe Cotten, Gene Kelly, Montgomery Clift, Joan Caulfield, Michael O'Shea, and Virginia Mayo. Not all at once, but a few of them popped in now and again.

"Only time we had any trouble," Taylor says grinning, "was the day Alan Ladd arrived. The fans love him."

Taylor's convinced that he himself doesn't draw a crowd any more. "I've had 15 years of this racket," he says. "I've had my tie torn off, and my pockets ripped loose. I've been through it all. But I can go out and walk down the street today, and nobody'll bother me."

What he means is he's no longer a Van Johnson-Guy Madison bobby-sox hero, having graduated from that school some time back. Still, Ralph swears the police had to control the crowd of admirers in front of the Savoy the day that Bob checked in.

Bob and Ralph got to Paris a couple of times, once over Christmas. The first time, they flew across in the same plane with Laurence Olivier and Vivien Leigh, and Bob went to Olivier and bowed his head and whispered with reverence, "Sir Laurence."

"Kneel," Vivien suggested.

"No room," said Olivier. "But I accept his apology."

on the town . . .

They did the tourist things in Paris, even walked part way up the Eiffel Tower, only it was snowing that day, and you couldn't see the ground from the first level, when you got there, so they turned to each other and shrugged. "No point walking to the third level," Bob said. "Lazy dog," Ralph said. "You're right."

They went to Maxim's, where the decor hasn't been changed in a hundred years, and the little orchestra in the alcove played *Auld Lang Syne* when Bob walked in, because *Auld Lang Syne* was featured in his picture, *Waterloo Bridge*, and *Waterloo Bridge* had been playing in Paris a few months before.

He was so touched he could hardly see straight. but he played it casual. "Typically Paris," he said to Ralph. "They'd do it for anybody."

Paris was nice, all right, but London was still the place to break your heart. Things just as tough as they'd been a couple of years before, and the people still not admitting it. The people still standing in queues for cigarettes, to catch busses. . .

"There's a sound man on my picture," Bob said one night. "He stood for three hours to get a seat for *Manon*. And I wouldn't go around the corner to see all the grand opera in the world."

"You're spoiled and uncouth," Ralph said. "I think I'll write a letter to the New York Times."

In the end, he never got a chance to use the typewriter. Bob didn't leave it alone for long enough. Even during their rough trip home, aboard the Queen Mary, Bob pounded away, setting down his impressions for Barbara and posterity.

"When they took that machine off the boat," Ralph says, "it was still hot."

"When they took Couser off the boat," Bob says, "he was still shot."

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THE END

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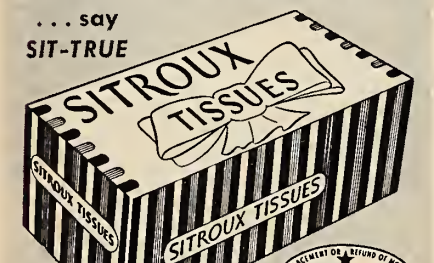


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HOLLYWOOD'S AMAZING LOVE SQUABBLE

(*Continued from page 60*)

by declaring, "Joanne, I can't let you go over to the Harvards." A few days later they were married.

Dick, who had studied earlier to become a Jesuit priest, married outside his church. He was still a struggling young singer and they lived in comparative poverty until Hollywood beckoned. Almost at once, Joanne wanted to and did become a mother. Their first child, Richard Ralph—or "Skipper" — is now six-and-a-half. Their second, Helen Joanna—"Pidgeon"—is four-and-a-half, and the baby, Nugent, is just 18 months old.

The children, naturally, as in the case of Nora and Errol's two offspring, are not aware of what has happened in their lives. In the Haymes household, "Skipper" is aware, and Joanne suspects that he knows more than he indicates, for he had been told that Dick was looking for a house at the beach. When he later asked, "Does that mean that Daddy isn't going to live here any more?" and was told "We'll see," he declared, "Well, that means you don't have a husband any more." Then he went back to his toys. But later in the evening he came to Joanne, threw his arms around her and said, soberly, "Mummy, I love you more than anything in the world."

Make no mistake: Joanne and Dick are not unfriendly. Of those involved in this unusual story of divorce in the making, Joanne is perhaps the most adult. She faces the issue squarely and talks frankly. "Dick is a good person. He has had a very difficult time, but to me he will always be a very great entertainer and star."

Just as squarely, Joanne faces and answers the rumors about John Ireland, with whom she worked in two pictures. "He's a very fine person," she declared. "No, it's not a question of a romance leading to marriage. He's simply a friend."

Before this story is printed, Errol's policy may have already paid off in a reconciliation. But at this writing, it appears to be a dubious possibility. Indeed, it looks as if the marital merry-go-round which began to move the lives of Nora, Errol, Joanne and Dick will shortly speed up to more tragic whirlings.

Tragic? That's the only word for it. For beyond the desires of four adults, the futures of five innocent children are involved—children who, even though they are offspring of famous movie stars, still remain subject to the undeserved penalties all children must suffer from the bitterness and insecurity of broken homes.

And so it goes—another pair of Hollywood divorces for the record, unless there are some startling, unsuspected changes of the sort that intimate friends pray for. The cost—an approximate $25,000 in attorney's fees for Dick Haymes, and probably a like amount for Flynn is a tidy sum. The many thousands for alimony over the years is too astronomical for the average citizen to think about.

Cost? It can never be reckoned in terms of money. What these people may eventually pay in heartache and later suffering to be paid for by the children is something neither they nor all the couples everywhere now planning divorces, feverishly or complacently, can now reckon.

THE END

MOVIE REVIEWS

(*Continued from page 21*)

glad to do the errand, because Gail's an old flame, and he could never figure why she disappeared so fast. Well, you should see what's going on in El Paso. Judge Jeffers is a drunk, a pawn in the hands of Sterling Hayden and Dick Foran. These two are rats, engaged in the remunerative pursuits of gypping Civil War veterans out of their land. (Veterans were off fighting for their country, so neglected to keep up with taxes.) Foran's the sheriff; he forecloses on the hapless citizens when Hayden, the boss crook, gives the word. Gail's trying to put a brave face on things—makes like her daddy's still an upright soul—but the old sot insists upon appearing in public loaded, so John sees what's what. He manages to sober the judge up just once, long enough to sit on the bench and render an honest verdict, and for this brave effort, the judge is wiped out. This makes John mad. When the veteran in whose favor the judge returned the verdict is also wiped out, along with his wife (if Hayden can't get your land one way, he'll get it another) John gets even madder. He starts his own retaliatory reign of terror. His grand-daddy comes west to counsel him, begs him to fight in a legal way, with words, and first thing you know, Hayden's gang has killed grand-daddy. Before John and Gail are reunited, almost everybody else in the cast has got his. You never saw so many smoking pistols.

DOWN TO THE SEA IN SHIPS

Cast: Richard Widmark, Lionel Barrymore, Dean Stockwell, Cecil Kellaway, Gene Lockhart, Berry Kroeger.

20th Century-Fox

Bering Joy (Lionel Barrymore) who's older than almost anybody, is captain of a whaling vessel called the *Pride of Bedford*. He wants his orphaned grandson, Dean Stockwell, brought up in the Joy tradition. Only thing is, Lionel's self-made. He knows about character-building, but books are out of his line. When the shipping firm for whom Joy sails signs Richard Widmark up as *Pride of Bedford's* first mate, their reasoning is obvious. Widmark already has his master's papers, Joy's ancient, and getting more so, the *Pride of Bedford's* going to need a new skipper. Barrymore's one jump ahead of them. He doesn't intend to let any young whippersnapper usurp his place; on the other hand, this particular whippersnapper has been to college, and in his spare time, he can teach Dean all he knows. Still, when Dean develops a great respect and admiration for Widmark, Barrymore gets jealous. Widmark tries to brush the boy off, because he doesn't want to make any trouble. One

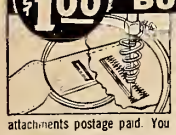
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Down To The Sea In Ships: Dean Stockwell, carrying on his family's seo-going tradition, vastly admires First Mate Richard Widmark.

day, however, Dean, along with several crewmen, leaves the ship in a small boat, to go after whales. When the boat doesn't come back, Barrymore sends out a crew of searchers. He refuses to lower a second searching boat, though his heart is broken. He abides by his rules. He wouldn't risk the safety of the ship for any other man; he won't do it for his grandson. Widmark takes matters into his own hands, lowers another boat, finds and rescues the boy. The captain's grateful, but he still abides by the rules. He relieves Widmark of duty, only to become ill himself, to have his grandson turn against him, and to have the ship tangle with an iceberg. So there are emotional problems and physical problems to be worked out. The acting's fine, the atmosphere authentic, the scenes at sea exciting.

BRIDE OF VENGEANCE

Cast: John Lund, Paulette Goddard, Macdonald Carey, Raymond Burr, Donald Randolph.
Paramount.

Purporting to be about the infamous Borgias, this picture's an unfortunate blend of melodrama and slapstick comedy. Caesar Borgia (Macdonald Carey) has his sister's young husband (John Sutton) killed. He lays the blame for this dastardly deed on the Duke of Ferrara (John Lund). You see, Caesar's been gradually taking over the various independent states of which Italy is composed. He wants Venice, next. To march on Venice, he has to go through Ferrara. Now, if sister Lucretia (Paulette Goddard) gets mad enough at the Duke of Ferrara for murdering her husband, maybe she'll marry the Duke of Ferrara, and poison him, and then she'll be Duchess of Ferrara, and brother Caesar can march his army right through her front yard. Ferrara agrees to marry Lucretia, but he's no dope. When he isn't mooning around at her side, he's down in his foundry, making a giant cannon. He doesn't trust the Borgias worth a nickel. Lucretia, however, succeeds in poisoning him (he doesn't die, because he's got a heap good witch doctor) only to discover what a rat her brother is. He killed her second husband! She turns against Caesar, and the tide turns with her. The Ferrara cannon minces up a goodly portion of Caesar's army, Caesar goes home, and Lucretia lives with Ferrara happily ever after. Yeah, that's what I said. Anyhow, Paulette's costumes are nice.

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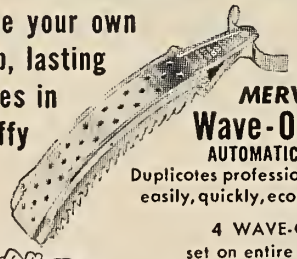
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capsule criticisms of films previously reviewed

THE ACCUSED (Para.)—Loretta Young, a prim school teacher, loses some of her inhibitions after she kills Douglas Dick when he gets over-ardent. Wendell Corey is the detective who tracks her down, Robert Cummings the lawyer who defends her. Well-acted, moderately suspenseful and entertaining.

AN ACT OF MURDER (Univ.)—A film dealing with mercy killing that misses being dramatic by failing to come to honest grips with the painful subject. Fredric March, Florence Eldridge and Geraldine Brooks are excellent. (This has been released in some localities under the title, *Live Today for Tomorrow.*)

ALIAS NICK BEAL (Para.)—Some first-rate performers—among them Ray Milland, Thomas Mitchell, George Macready and Audrey Totter—are rather wasted on an old-fashioned story in which a well-meaning politician sells his soul to the devil.

BAD BOY (Allied Artists)—Audie Murphy, most decorated U. S. infantryman of World War II, is very good in his first major role as a young criminal who is reformed at the Boys' Ranch in Texas. With Lloyd Nolan, Jane Wyatt and Jimmy Gleason. Solid entertainment.

CHICKEN EVERY SUNDAY (20th-Fox)—Dan Dailey accomplishes a lot for the good of his community but not for his home, which Celeste Holm keeps going by taking in boarders. A nice little movie with Colleen Townsend, Alan Young and Bill Callahan.

COMMAND DECISION (MGM)—Clark Gable, as an Air Force general, has the terrible duty of sending bombers over Germany on high-casualty missions. One of the best studies of men at war ever made. The cast, which is all male, includes Walter Pidgeon, Van Johnson, John Hodiak, Brian Donlevy, Charles Bickford and Edward Arnold.

A CONNECTICUT YANKEE (Para)—This has Bing Crosby, Technicolor, some fair songs, and a fine supporting cast including William Bendix, Sir Cedric Hardwicke and Rhonda Fleming—but it's something of a disappointment. You keep waiting for more to happen than ever does. Still, don't expect too much and you'll find it pleasant.

CRISS CROSS (Univ.)—When Burt Lancaster finds he still has that old feeling about his ex-wife, Yvonne de Carlo, he goes into business with her new husband, Dan Duryea. The business, for shame, is crime. Not bad of its kind.

FAMILY HONEYMOON (Univ.)—College professor Fred MacMurray marries widow Claudette Colbert—then things happen which mean they have to pack her three kids, Gigi Perreau, Peter Miles and Jimmy Hunt, along on their honeymoon. There are some weak stretches, but some pretty funny ones, too.

THE FAN (20th-Fox)—This is a version of Oscar Wilde's old play, *Lady Windermere's Fan.* Nice sets and costumes and knowing performances by Jeanne Crain, George Sanders, Madeleine Carroll and Richard Greene make it something to delight the ladies.

FORCE OF EVIL (MGM)—Life and love among the numbers racketeers, with John Garfield, Beatrice Pearson and Marie Windsor. A fairish crime opus.

HIGH FURY (U.A.)—A suspenseful drama laid in the Alps, with a climactic mountain-climbing sequence that'll stand your hair straight up. With Madeleine Carroll, Ian Keith, Michael McKeag and Michael Rennie. Better see this one.

JOAN OF ARC (RKO)—Maybe it's irreverent to say so, but Ingrid Bergman, despite some moving moments, is a disappointment. That goes for this entire mammoth epic, except for José Ferrer's first-rate performance. Still, it's something you should see.

JOHN LOVES MARY (Warners)—This shows, and very amusingly, what happens when a guy marries his buddy's girl just to get her into the U. S. for him and then discovers the buddy already has a wife. With Ronald Reagan, Jack Carson, Pat Neal and Virginia Field. Good comedy.

KISS IN THE DARK (Warners)—Jane Wyman teaches longhair pianist David Niven a out humanity and hot jazz while Victor Moore, Wayne Morris and Broderick Crawford weave in and out of the fairly bright and original plot.

KNOCK ON ANY DOOR (Col.)—This delivers a message that can't he repeated too often: Poverty breeds crime. John Derek, as a young criminal, and Humphrey Bogart, as his socially-conscious lawyer, are remarkably good in an outstanding film.

A LETTER TO THREE WIVES (20th-Fox)—A lady up to no good succeeds in disturbing Jeanne Crain, Linda Darnell and Ann Sothern no end when she writes them she's leaving town with one of their husbands, neglecting to state which one. The husbands are Jeffrey Lynn, Paul Douglas and Kirk Douglas. One of the best comedies in years.

THE LUCKY STIFF (U.A.)—A complicated and nonsensical comedy-murder mystery that stirs up only mild amusement. With Dorothy Lamour, Brian Donlevy and Claire Trevor.

THE MAN FROM COLORADO (Col.)—Glenn Ford as a kill-crazy federal judge and William Holden as his disapproving marshal in a wild and gory Western with terrific pace. Ellen Drew is the girl.

PORTRAIT OF JENNIE (Selznick)—Struggling artist Joseph Cotten meets a strange girl, Jennifer Jones, who comes to him from another dimension to give him his great inspiration. A beautiful and distinguished film, one of the best of the year. With Ethel Barrymore, Lillian Gish, Cecil Kellaway and David Wayne.

THE PRIDE OF THE YANKEES (RKO)—First released in 1942, this moving film biography of Lou Gehrig is being reissued, and a very good thing. Gary Cooper is Lou and Babe Ruth appears as himself. Teresa Wright and Walter Brennan are also prominent.

SHOCKPROOF (Col.)—Patricia Knight is a murderess paroled in the custody of parole officer Cornel Wilde, and she gets involved with a shady gambler, John Baragrey. Not so good.

STREETS OF LAREDO (Para.)—Still another good Western, this one with William Bendix, William Holden, Macdonald Carey and Mona Freeman.

THE SNAKE PIT (20th-Fox)—The ups and downs of Olivia de Havilland as an inmate of a typical state mental hospital. All the performances, including that of Leo Genn as a sympathetic psychiatrist and Mark Stevens as her long-suffering husband, are excellent. But the show belongs to Miss de Havilland, in a magnificently wide-ranged performance that's one of the best of all time. A great motion picture.

WAKE OF THE RED WITCH (Republic)—John Wayne as a self-reliant skipper in an action-filled drammer of pearl, octopi, and passionate villainy in the South Seas. With Gail Russell, Adele Mara and Henry Daniell.

WHISPERING SMITH (Para.)—Alan Ladd, a railroad detective, hates to think the worst of his old pal Robert Preston, but Robert won't stop wrecking trains. Lots of noise and action.

WORDS AND MUSIC (MGM) — A Technicolor "biography" of the famous song-writing team of Rogers and Hart. Mickey Rooney and Tom Drake have the leading roles, and in there singing and dancing are Judy Garland, June Allyson, Gene Kelly, Vera-Ellen, Perry Como, Lena Horne, Cyd Charisse, Betty Garrett and dozens of other highly talented persons. A wonderful musical.

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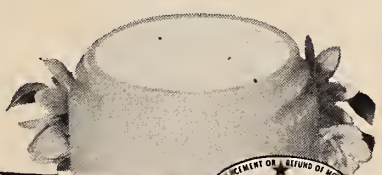
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★ Though still in her teens, Elizabeth Taylor possesses in striking degree those three attributes necessary for stardom—talent, beauty and personality.

★ Born in London, England, the daughter of Francis Taylor, art dealer, and the former Sara Sothern, American actress, Elizabeth attended school at Byron House in London. At a very early age, she began taking ballet and riding lessons.

★ When war clouds gathered over Europe, Elizabeth's father sent his family to stay with Mrs. Taylor's father in Pasadena. Later, he joined them and since then they have made their home in Beverly Hills.

★ When Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer was having difficulty finding a little English girl to team with Roddy McDowall in "Lassie Come Home," a family friend who had seen Elizabeth when visiting the Taylor home, suggested she try for the role. Her screen test won her a long-term contract. Her second role was in "The White Cliffs of Dover" in which she also appeared with Roddy. Another studio then borrowed her for a role in "Jane Eyre." Then came "National Velvet" at M-G-M which rocketed her into the Hollywood and public spotlight.

★ Elizabeth followed this triumph with "Courage of Lassie," "Life With Father," "Cynthia," and then in "A Date With Judy," and "Julia Misbehaves." Her remarkable portrayal of Amy, the blonde sister, in "Little Women" won her a coveted co-starring part with Robert Taylor in "The Conspirator." In this picture she reveals a new, startling and lovely maturity. You'll see her in a romantic and dramatic role that takes real trouping. And you'll admire her more than ever as she meets the greatest challenge of her career with colors flying!

Watch for her next M·G·M film hits

"LITTLE WOMEN" in Technicolor

and

☆ "THE CONSPIRATOR" ☆

JUNE, 1949

modern screen

the friendly magazine

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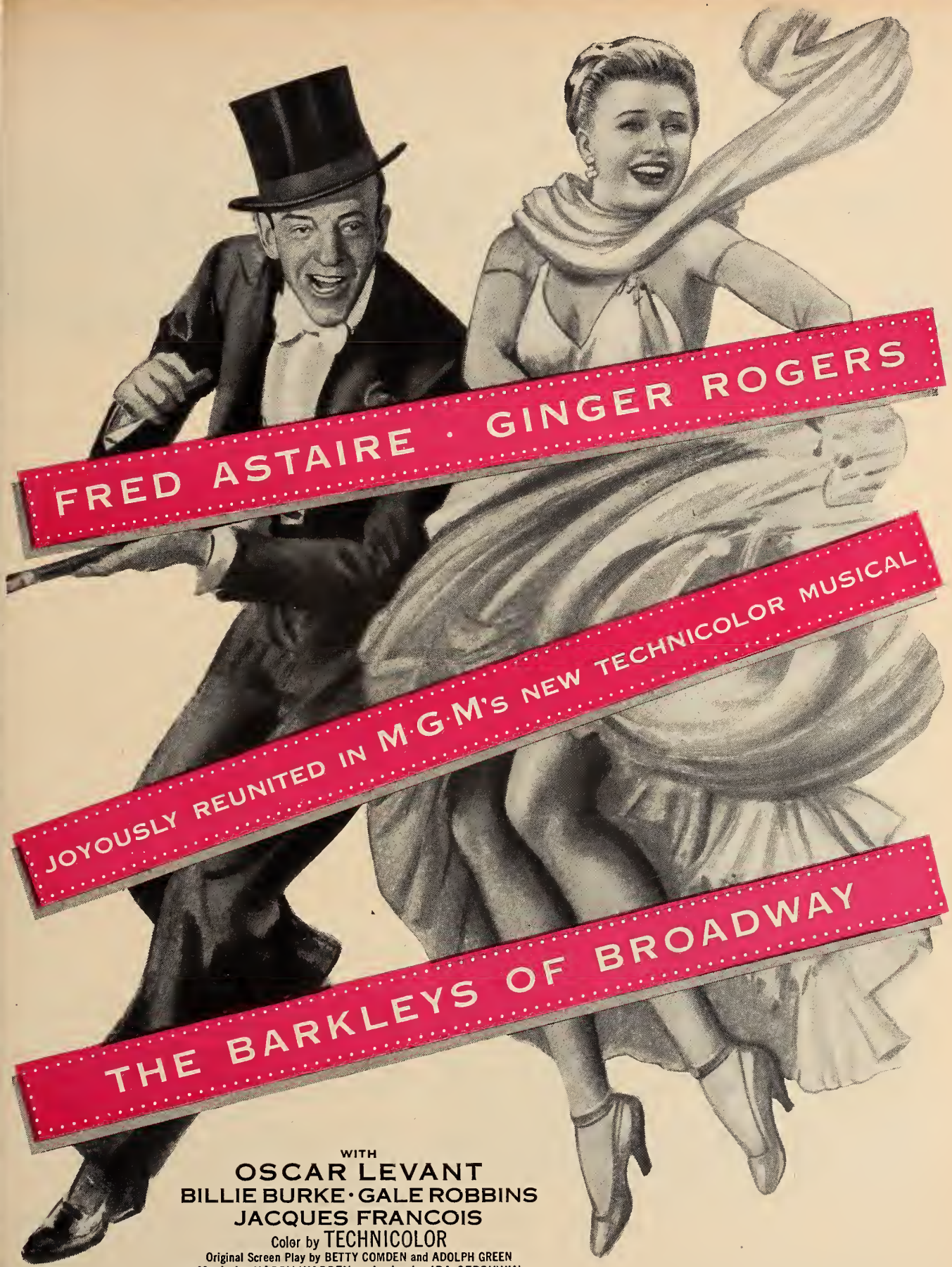
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JACQUES FRANCOIS

Color by TECHNICOLOR

Original Screen Play by BETTY COMDEN and ADOLPH GREEN

Music by HARRY WARREN • Lyrics by IRA GERSHWIN

Musical Numbers Directed by ROBERT ALTON

Directed by CHARLES WALTERS • Produced by ARTHUR FREED

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Don't be Half-safe!



by
VALDA SHERMAN

At the first blush of womanhood many mysterious changes take place in your body. For instance, the apocrine glands under your arms begin to secrete daily a type of perspiration you have never known before. This is closely related to physical development and causes an unpleasant odor on both your person and your clothes.

There is nothing "wrong" with you. It's just another sign you are now a woman, not a girl . . . so now you *must* keep yourself safe with a truly effective underarm deodorant.

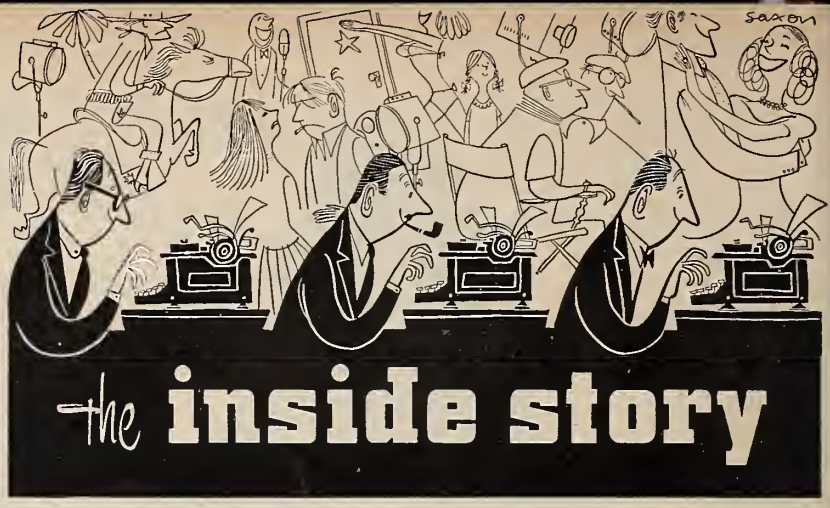
Two dangers—Underarm odor is a real handicap at this romantic age, and the new cream deodorant Arrid is made especially to overcome this very difficulty. It kills this odor on contact in 2 seconds, then by antiseptic action prevents the formation of all odor for 48 hours and keeps you shower-bath fresh. It also stops perspiration and so protects against a second danger—perspiration stains. Since physical exertion, embarrassment and emotion can now cause apocrine glands to fairly gush perspiration, a dance, a date, an embarrassing remark may easily make you perspire and offend, or ruin a dress.

All deodorants are not alike—so remember—no other deodorant tested stops perspiration and odor so completely yet so safely as new Arrid. Its safety has been proved by doctors. That's why girls your age buy more Arrid than any other age group. More men and women use Arrid than any other deodorant. Antiseptic, used by 117,000 nurses.

Intimate protection is needed—so protect yourself with this snowy, stainless cream. Awarded American Laundering Institute Approval Seal—harmless to fabrics. Safe for skin—can be used right after shaving. Arrid, with the amazing new ingredient Creamogen, will not dry out.

Your satisfaction guaranteed, or your money back! If you are not completely convinced that Arrid is *in every way* the finest cream deodorant you've ever used, return the jar with unused portion to Carter Products, Inc., 53 Park Pl., N.Y.C., for refund of full purchase price.

Don't be half-safe. Be Arrid-safe! Use Arrid to be *sure*. Get Arrid now at your favorite drug counter—only 39¢ plus tax.



A MEDIUM-SIZED AND strongly opinionated young lady broke into our premises during working hours a few weeks ago and snarled demurely, "Lissen, knucklehead, why don't you ever give us kids a break in the magazine?" We smiled, reaching over to pat the cherub on her head, as she continued: "You think from George Arliss it gives a swoon or somethin'?" Thoroughly charmed, we said, "But—" Our little darling interrupted with a forefinger prodding our left clavicle. "No buts!" she said, and then flung over her shoulder a parting gibe: "*Editors*, you claim to be! *Ha!*" Well, we called off our usual mid-morning snack of aspirins and bicarb right away. We hadn't published anything on George Arliss in years, late great actor though he was, but our finger-jabbing friend had set us thinking. We went into a kind of introspective seance with ourself. Seventy-two hours later—feverish, hungry and haggard—we staggered out of the editorial sanctum overflowing with nothing less than an Inspiration. "Lissen," we said brightly, unable to confine our own delight, "why don't we ever give the kids a break in the magazine?" And that's the way it all began. It all got finished some time later and became MODERN SCREEN'S great, big, wonderful Salute to Youth, which begins on page 29. Deucedly clever of us, if we do say so, too!

PEOPLE USED TO feel that if you were young the only other thing you needed in Hollywood was blonde hair or free access to a jug of peroxide. Now it takes more: talent, personality, perseverance. Lou Pollock describes some youngsters with plenty of same in "Meet the '49ers" (page 30). Have you seen your agent lately?

BUT YOUTH, IT SEEMS, really is taking over. Hedda Hopper's on their side. "You'd better make way," Hedda warns the older stars (on page 54), "because if you don't these kids'll just walk right over you."

A GUY WHO never waited for anyone to make way is Peter Lawford. Spot an ermine cape in Ciro's, and who's standing next to it? Try to shake the hand of a movie queen, and who's holding it? Peter Lawford (both times). Call him a wolf if you want, but for every 393 times his name appears in a gossip column, his boss seems to add another year to his contract. You want to know why? Turn to "Peter and the Wolf," page 48.

HUMPHREY BOGART USED to be afraid of children. Then he started talking to a few—and he was terrified. Everything's okay now, though. The fuller explanation appears on page 22.

NEXT MONTH WE expect to shatter a few dream worlds with Hedda Hopper's article, "Myths the Stars Believe About Themselves." We also expect to have stories about Ingrid Bergman, Barbara Stanwyck, Ty Power, Burt Lancaster, Ava Gardner and a few more of your favorites. We're telling you all this so you won't think you have to come in and corner us to get the stories you want.



Not since the ever famous "Kitty" has Paramount brought you Paulette Goddard in a picture as spectacular as this adventure-filled story of the strangest bridal night in history.

"Bride of Vengeance"

A Paramount Picture Starring

Paulette Goddard · John Lund · Macdonald Carey

A Mitchell Leisen produc

with Albert Dekker · Jo[illegible]

Produced by Richard Ma

Screenplay by Cyril Hume and Michael Hog



LOUELLA PARSONS'

Good news

■ Only his wife and those with official business were allowed to visit Robert Mitchum at Castiac, the Los Angeles County prison farm —from which, as you know, he was released after serving 50 days of his 60-day sentence, getting 10 days off for good behavior.

But a friend of mine, who was on the "approved" list, drove down to see Bob on a Sunday afternoon, and—but let me repeat what he said in his own words:

"Visitors are permitted on Sundays and holidays for two hours—and there are no private huddles. I mean, I met Bob in the Army-camp-like mess hall with about 700 other prisoners milling around among lawyers and relatives.

"Gee, he looked wonderful—sun-tanned the color of a hickory nut and 10 pounds thinner. He was wearing the regulation blue jeans and he was so glad to see me ing me on the back and What's new?' down to see him right back. of our life down here,' he laughed. But he wasn't knocking it. He told me he'd never been in better physical or mental shape in his life. And I believed him. I know that guy well—and I can swear that he was taking this as the best disciplinary thing that has ever happened to him. All the kinks he used to suffer from are ironed out—and you can take that straight.

"Don't let anybody kid you that he hasn't been scared! He's so grateful to get another chance with his wife and his career that he'll never get off the straight and narrow again.

" 'I'm working in the toy shop now,' he said almost sheepishly after we'd found ourselves a more or less quiet spot.

"I guess I must have looked my surprise at that reference to a toy shop, because Bob explained: 'Toys are sent down here from orphanages and various children's charity homes for repair. Some of them are so shot we almost have to make them over. Wait until I get out and my kids find out I can repair *their* toys and make them as good as new. That'll set me up with them; won't it?' He was almost pitiful in his eagerness.

"I found out that he was very proud and happy that the director of his picture, *The Big Steal*, had been down to visit him and had posted him on what was going on with the picture that Bob had had to abandon when his jail sentence came up. 'That was mighty nice of him,' he kept saying.

"Before I left, I handed him a laugh by telling him that the press agent of the Cement Bloc Industry had asked if they could use a picture of him in their advertisements as 'Mr. Cement Bloc.'

" 'Oh, *no!*' Bob laughed. 'Oh, *no!*' And as I drove away, I could still hear that big lug laughing as though he couldn't stand it. . . . Don't worry about Mitchum. That guy'll be all right!"

* * *

When Ladies Meet: It was the week before the Academy Awards and Loretta Young, Rosalind Russell, Jane Wyman and Joan Fontaine, in their loveliest evening gowns, were in my bedroom discussing the Oscar situation.

It was that time, during a party evening,



th Toylor, escorted by Lieut. Glenn Dovis, wos on eorly orrivol. ore on off-the-shoulder gown of white crinoline ond between ds chotted with onother well-known odmirer, Ronold Colmon.



Doug Fairbanks emceed Academy Award ceremonies, held before 900 industry members, and accepted an Oscar for Laurence Olivier. Claire Trevor, Jerry Wald, Jane Wyman and Walter Huston were among winners.

ACADEMY AWARD NIGHT IS STILL THE MOST ANTICIPATED PROFESSIONAL EVENT OF THE GLITTERING HOLLYWOOD SCENE.



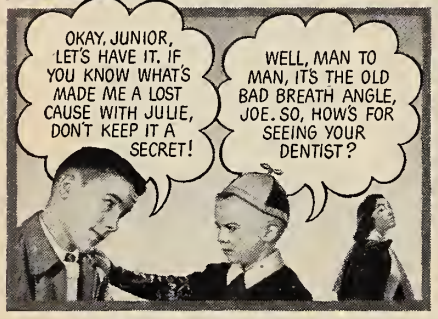
Howard Duff and Ava Gardner arrived at the theater together and seemed very affectionate. The 3,000 fans outside the theater greeted Ava's new hair-da (short-crapped and blonde) with surprised, pleased shrieks.

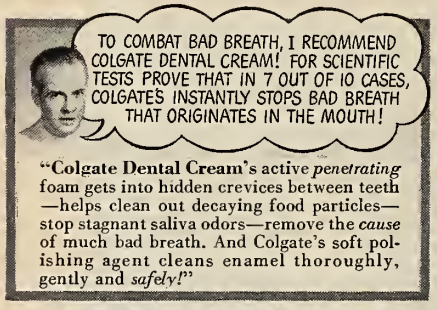


Jeanne Crain, who came—naturally—with husband Paul Brinkman needed that fur jacket—there were chilly gusts of wind and a few snow flurries. Underneath, she wore a black lace gown.

He Needs a Man-to-Man Talk!







"**Colgate Dental Cream**'s active *penetrating* foam gets into hidden crevices between teeth—helps clean out decaying food particles—stop stagnant saliva odors—remove the *cause* of much bad breath. And Colgate's soft polishing agent cleans enamel thoroughly, gently and *safely!*"

LATER-Thanks to Colgate Dental Cream





LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD NEWS



Gregory Peck, who gives his all to any role, goes overboard on the "Suspense" air show. He's in Italy now for the filming of *Quo Vadis.*



Lana and Bob Topping proudly show the 52-pound sailfish (Bob's catch) that didn't get away, during their recent cruise to the Bahamas.

when the gals retire to powder their noses, repair the lipstick and let down their hair.

I really picked up my ears when Joan, Roz and Loretta all started giving Jane advice on what to do if she won—or did *not* win—the coveted statuette.

"Don't get your heart set on it—look at me," sniffed Roz, "I practically had it in my hand when they handed it to my pal here."

Loretta laughed.

"And if you win," put in Joan Fontaine, Oscar alumna, "don't cry with happiness. It makes your mascara run and you'll look like you've got a black eye in the pictures."

Poor Janie—so nervous and still trying to be so calm and collected. I wonder how much of that fine advice she remembered on the big night.

* * *

Close Up of Montgomery Clift: He eats radishes like peanuts and he's an ice-box raider. . . . The Gene Kellys swear he likes kitchens so much he enters their home through the back door so he can get there sooner. . . . The only girl in Hollywood he has really wanted to date is Jane Wyman and he called her number once. Then he lost his nerve and hung up. . . . The Stork Club is his favorite night club in the world, providing no one recognizes him. . . . He wakes up cross. Doesn't want to talk before he's had a couple of cups of coffee. . . . The quickest way to bore him is to analyze his character or give him advice. . . . He's a moderately good dresser and has a secret liking for loud Hawaiian shirts but he's scared to wear them. . . . He hates people who arrive after the curtain has gone up in a theater. In fact, the theater is kind of a church with him. He respects all its traditions. . . . He likes to travel with married couples, which is discouraging to belles who have their caps set for him. . . . He is truly modest. Not long ago, I forgot an interview appointment with him which had been made long in advance, and I was an hour late. Monty said, "I can understand anyone forgetting an interview with me. I don't say anything." . . . His work is the only thing in his life (so far) that really holds him and he would accept a "bit" he loved, for nothing, rather than play a star role he hated. . . . When he turned down the male lead in *Sunset Boulevard* for Brackett and Wilder, he told those two gentlemen, apologetically, "It's too good for me"—which is the height of tact if you ask me. . . . He's a guy nobody knows—but everybody likes.

* * *

It's going to be a great blow if that Great Lady star gets herself involved in a messy international romance. Rumors are already beginning to leak out that she and her husband are practically at the breaking point.

I believe this divorce would be Hollywood's worst black eye since the Mitchum affair. So many people have this actress on a high, high pedestal.

* * *

Betty Hutton says there's not a word of truth in the gossip that she's feudin' with Joan Caulfield.

"We have never been up for the same role, we have never been interested in the same man, we have never bought the same dress—so what the heck is there to feud about?" asks the dynamic Betty.

* * *

The way Errol Flynn raves about Greer Garson must keep her ears burning all the time!

It's no secret that Clark Gable and Greer didn't particularly jibe when they were co-starred. But I've never heard Errol carry on about any actress he has worked with, the way he does over Miss G.

The Redhead and the Hothead, both Irish, moody, but with a wonderful sense of humor, understand each other perfectly.

Greer was at his home for dinner one evening recently and the only other guests were Flynn's little girls, Rory and Diedre. And Greer and Errol dined together the night before he left for England.

But don't get the idea it's a romance. In spite of rumors to the contrary, I believe Buddy Fogelson is still head man in Greer's life and that Errol is torching for Nora Eddington.

JOIN US IN OUR SPECIAL SALUTE TO YOUTH—BEGINNING ON PAGE 29.

'MILDRED PIERCE' DOES IT AGAIN... *and everybody tells!*

JOAN CRAWFORD



FLAMINGO ROAD

ALSO STARRING
ZACHARY SCOTT · SYDNEY GREENSTREET
DAVID BRIAN

SCREEN PLAY BY
ROBERT WILDER
ADDITIONAL DIALOGUE BY EDMUND H. NORTH
BASED ON A PLAY BY ROBERT AND SALLY WILDER



DIRECTED BY
MICHAEL CURTIZ
PRODUCED BY
JERRY WALD



LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD NEWS

Speaking of Nora, she told me, "I'm going to marry Dick Haymes as soon as it is possible."

But this may not be as soon as they'd hoped. Joanne Dru had been reported as being willing to give Dick the quick divorce he had requested and had announced plans to go to Las Vegas, where a divorce can be granted in six weeks.

But now, it is said, Joanne has gone back to her original plan of filing for divorce in California—and that takes a year.

(When I asked Joanne if she were going to marry John Ireland, who has been very attentive to her, Joanne replied, "I'm not going to marry anybody—at least, not yet.")

Nora told me tearfully that Errol had refused to let her take Rory, who is legally in his custody, to Las Vegas with her when she and Diedre go there while Errol is off on his European trip.

I suggested that Errol's refusal was based on the fact that Dick Haymes had accompanied Nora to Las Vegas when she went there the first time.

"But I won't see Dick this time until my six-weeks residence there is over," Nora said. She was still hoping Errol would change his mind—but he didn't.

Rory is being taken care of at the Flynn home by Mrs. Eddington, Nora's stepmother, and Errol's sister, Mrs. Rosemary Warner. And, later on, Errol's parents will arrive from Jamaica. So certainly little Rory is being well looked after.

Nora and Dick Haymes have been very "touchy" about their romance, apparently believing everyone has been watching them and talking about them everywhere.

The other night at Jay's café, a very small place at the beach, Nora and Dick were seated next to a group of four people. One of the men was named Earl and his name came up frequently in the conversation.

Nora must have thought they were saying her ex-husband's name, because she turned to the surprised group and snapped, "Errol! Errol! Errol! All right, we hear you!"

The poor innocent foursome almost swooned with surprise.

* * *

The telephone rang in the middle of the night. Alan Ladd sleepily answered it.

"This is the Sheriff's office in Reno," boomed a voice from the other end. "Did you write a letter to a girl telling her to come to Hollywood for a job in the movies?"

"What?" yelled Alan, now wide awake.

FREE SUBSCRIPTIONS!

Come one! Come all! But come fast, because we have only 500 free subscriptions to give away and they're going to the first 500 people to send back this questionnaire. We liked all the stories in this issue, but we're *really* interested in the ones you liked (as well as the ones you didn't). Don't forget! The July, August and September issues are yours for free if you're among the first 500.

QUESTIONNAIRE

Which stories and features did you enjoy most in our JUNE issue? WRITE THE NUMBERS 1, 2, and 3 AT THE RIGHT of your 1st, 2nd, and 3rd choices.

Rock-a-bye Bogey (Humphrey Bogart) ☐
Winner Take All? (Jane Wyman) ☐
Meet the '49ers (Clift, Day, Greer, Perreau, etc.) ☐
She Never Left Home (Jean Peters) ☐
There's No Place Like Hollywood (Janet Leigh) ☐
Baby Face (Bob Arthur) ☐
Not By Breaks Alone (Guy Madison) ☐
My Lonely Years by Vera-Ellen ☐
Happy Hunting (Freeman, Lindsay, Courtland, Williams) ☐
Peter and the Wolf (Peter Lawford) ☐
Time of Their Lives (Shirley Temple-John Agar) ☐
This Love of Ours (Wanda Hendrix-Audie Murphy) ☐
Make Way for Youth (Jeanne Crain, Kirk Douglas, Pat Neal, etc.) by Hedda Hopper ☐
Stairway to the Stars (Lois Butler) ☐
Past Perfect (Elizabeth Taylor) ☐
Who's New (48 new stars) ☐
Louella Parsons' Good News ☐

Which of the above did you like LEAST?.....

What 3 MALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them, 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.....

.....

What 3 FEMALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them, 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.....

.....

What MALE star do you like least?.....

What FEMALE star do you like least?.....

My name is .....

My address is .....

City..... Zone..... State..... I am ..... years old

ADDRESS THIS TO: POLL DEPT., MODERN SCREEN, BOX 125, MURRAY HILL STATION, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

"...whenever I hear people singing, I'll hear your voice. Whenever I see joy in their faces, I'll see you."



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JENNIFER JONES · JOHN GARFIELD
PEDRO ARMENDARIZ in JOHN HUSTON'S

WE WERE STRANGERS

with

Gilbert Roland · Ramon Novarro · Wally Cassell · David Bond · Screen Play by PETER VIERTEL and JOHN HUSTON

from Robert Sylvester's novel, 'ROUGH SKETCH' · AN HORIZON PRODUCTION · Directed by JOHN HUSTON · Produced by S. P. EAGLE

New!
THE Beauty Discovery you've waited for...



Nestle
COLORINSE
with LURIUM

GIVES YOUR HAIR
MORE COLOR

- Absolutely harmless
- Washes out easily

Now, from the famous Nestle Hair Laboratories comes LURIUM—an amazing new ingredient added to Nestle Colorinse to give your hair more glorious COLOR-BEAUTY, sparkling highlights and silken lustre than ever before.

And — *Nestle Colorinse with Lurium* eliminates tangles — makes hair easier to comb, easier to manage—comes in 10 flattering shades.

FREE! Full size package of Nestle Colorinse. Just write the color of your hair on a postcard and mail it to The Nestle Co., 50 Baker Ave., South Meriden, Conn.

So Economical to Use!
2 rinses 10¢
6 rinses 25¢



NESTLE - originators of permanent waving — Meriden, Conn.



A smiling Margaret O'Brien left far Eurape abaard the *Queen Elizabeth* with her mather and new stepfather, bandleader Don Sylvio.



Bab Mitchum is home again with wife Darathy after serving a 50-day prisan sentence. Says he'll build a "woll af privacy" around his life.

The startling question was repeated. "This girl has planked herself down at the airport gate and won't budge until she gets on a plane 'cause she says you wrote her to come on for your next picture."

And that's the way poor Alan got his name in headlines the next day! What had happened was that Alan had written a regular, routine letter, a nice habit of his, thanking the gal—Linda Carlson was her name—for her interest in his pictures. He didn't know her from Adam until she started waving the letter at everyone who came near her.

She certainly got a lot of publicity for herself—but a lot of good it did her. If she expected an offer from a studio on the strength of her antics, she had a sad awakening.

Since then, no one has heard a peep out of her. Probably went back home when she saw her publicity stunt wouldn't work. But it seems a shame to have dragged one of the nicer guys in our town in on her scheme that backfired.

* * *

Norman Rockwell, who does those wonderful covers on the Saturday Evening Post, says Elizabeth Taylor will be the greatest beauty af her day when she reaches 30!

I met the interesting Mr. Rockwell at a square dance. As you know, he goes in for folksy, everyday people and not glamor girls. So I was surprised at how hep he was to Hollywood.

"The little Taylor girl, with her brown hair, blue-green eyes and full brows, is a beauty naw," he said. "But when she adds the maturity of expression to her almost-perfect features, I believe she'll be our greatest national beauty since Maxine Elliott."

(In case you're too young to know—Maxine was Lillion Russell's greatest rival, and mony people thought her brunette beauty more striking than Lillian's blonde lushness.)

I was interested to learn that Mr. Rockwell believes there aren't many real beauties in Hollywood! "Interesting personalities and faces—yes," he said. "But few reol beauties."

"You mean there aren't any you would care to paint?" I asked. Being a nice, tactful man, he didn't answer.

* * *

Joan Evans has made me change my mind about her. I had her wrong.

My first impression dated from a cocktail party given in honor of the 14-year-old who was rating plenty of publicity as the novice being given the star treatment in her first picture, *Roseanna McCoy*. (Why a cocktail party should be given for any 14-year-old, I couldn't see.)

The enormous-eyed child with the poise of a woman three times her age was milling among the guests with a soft drink in her hand when an old friend of her mother's went up to her and said: "I knew you before you were born. Fact is, I took booties to your baby shower."

To which Joan replied, "If anyone else says that to me, I think I shall just *dieeeee!* Just about everybody tells me they knew me when Katherine was pregnant!"

That did it. I put her down as a precocious youngster who was too sophisticoted for her britches.

But the way she has taken the woes and ails that have beset the filming of the anything-but-rosy *Roseanna*, makes me realize this little girl has the stuff it takes.

It was a rough blaw when Som Goldwyn called her into his office and told her a whole month's shooting would have to be done over—not because he was not satisfied with her, but because of script trouble. This would have been a blow to an experienced actress.

Farley Granger told me, "The kid was wonderful. She'd played some tough emotional scenes in which she had given her all. Now she would have to do it all over with a new script and new actors. But she didn't go to pieces. Instead, she pitched in and worked with even more enthusiasm. I take

OUR SPECIAL SALUTE-TO-YOUTH SECTION BEGINS ON PAGE 29.


BLOW BY BLOW...KISS BY KISS...HE WAS THE CHAMPION
Screen Plays Corp. presents
KIRK DOUGLAS
in Ring Lardner's
"CHAMPION"
Co-starring
MARILYN MAXWELL • ARTHUR KENNEDY
with PAUL STEWART • RUTH ROMAN • LOLA ALBRIGHT
Produced by STANLEY KRAMER
Associate Producer Robert Stillman • Directed by Mark Robson
Screenplay by Carl Foreman • Released thru United Artists

Choose the creme shampoo beauticians use most... For glowing hair, mist-soft... dazzling clean, obedient ...dandruff-free, film-free



Helene Curtis

creme shampoo

rich in emulsified lanolin



Why pay a dollar for 4 ounces?

Get this giant 8 ounce jar!

twice as much for... $1

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

(Large Reg. Size, 60c)

AT BEAUTY SALONS, DRUG, DEPT. STORES



Portlond Moson (nomed for Mrs. Fred Allen) mokes her comero debut with porents Pom Kellino ond Jomes Moson. She's their first child.

Strolling in the spring sunshine in Victorio Gordens, London, Ty Power ond his bride, Lindo, ore unnoticed by o mon interested only in his newspaper.



LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD NEWS

my hat off to her. She's a real trouper."

I certainly agree.

* * *

Joan Bennett, four times a mother, was as nervous as a jitterbug on a Pogo-stick pacing the hospital corridor awaiting the birth of her first grandchild, Amanda Anderson.

Hours went by and by and by—and still beautiful Diana had not had her baby. Joan's teeth were chattering and she couldn't sit down. Walter Wanger says he bets she paced 10 miles.

Finally, she turned and said, "I w-wouldn't be a f-f-father for anything!"

* * *

Betsy Drake called up in tears over the story that broke out of Chicago in which she was quoted as saying she would marry Cary Grant in two months.

"When I passed through Chicago on my way back to Hollywood, I met this reporter briefly and admitted that Cary and I were just as good friends as ever," Betsy sniffled. "But I never said we would be married soon or gave any definite date.

"Cary is so sick now, and on a boat coming home via the Panama Canal. I wouldn't do anything in the world to upset him or have him think I had taken advantage of his being such a gentleman, by announcing our 'engagement.' What will he think of me?"

I told her Cary probably wouldn't be in the least upset. He's more used to the fortunes and misfortunes of being in the public prints than is Betsy.

* * *

Personal to Jack Beutel: Come on, boy—pull yourself together and don't do it the hard way, as Robert Walker has had to do.

When you were arrested for drunken driving recently, I was told that you'd been brooding for a long time over your career—that you felt you had not kept pace with Jane Russell, your co-star in *The Outlaw*.

Well, I can tell you that the cure you took for your sorrows never helped anything. It is the surest way I know to the bottom.

Careers are not made in a day or in one picture. You are young and a good actor.

Look at Dan Dailey. He knocked around in minor roles for several years before he clicked big. I firmly believe that if you keep pitching, you will get your chance, too.

* * *

It's cute that Edmond O'Brien and Olga San Juan want to preserve the Irish-Spanish ancestry angle in picking out a name for their expected baby. BUT—

If it's a boy, they'll name him Sean Juan O'Brien, which sounds so much like Don Juan O'Brien that it plumb fractures me!

* * *

Hollywood in Shorts: Peter Lawford is enrolling in the night class in English "lit" at UCLA and cahn't see any reason at all why it should cause any commotion! Oh, now rehlly, Pete. . . . There are fewer requests for interviews with Linda Darnell than any other top-flight star in the business. "I just never do anything," Linda explains. . . . Anne Baxter chews gum constantly. Keeps her from smoking too much and it also strengthens the chin muscles. . . . Just as Spencer Tracy and Valentina Cortesa went into their first love scene for *Malaya*, she doubled up with pain and collapsed. She's been lying down with an ice pack on her side, between scenes, in a gallant effort to ward off an appendectomy until after the picture is finished. . . . Gloria De Haven has been dating Howard Duff since she separated from John Payne and he hit a snag with Ava Gardner. . . . How come Dan Dailey never asks anyone to dance at a night club or a private party? It's discouraging to the belles who would like to take a flip around the floor with an expert. . . .

That's all for now—see you next month!

THE END

WOODBURY PRESENTS **NEW MIRACLE DISCOVERY** FOR LOVELIER SKIN

Penaten in Woodbury De Luxe Cold Cream Cleanses Skin Cleaner



In Penaten, Woodbury introduces a modern-miracle... a *penetrating* ingredient newly developed.

Almost unbelievable! Penaten means Woodbury De Luxe Cold Cream penetrates *deeper into pore openings!* Cleanses deeper and cleaner. Seeks out grime and make-up. *Amazingly thorough—thoroughly gentle.* Your skin looks *clearer* because it's *cleaner!*

Twin miracle! Penaten helps Woodbury's rich skin softeners penetrate deeper. Seep deeper into pore openings. Skin is smoother, softer—glorious as never before!

Today, get this new, new magic—Woodbury De Luxe Cold Cream with Penaten. See the difference—*the lovely, lovely difference*—in your skin!

Jars with pink-and-gold labels. Trial size, 20¢ to largest luxury sizes, $1.39. Plus tax.

Your cleansing tissue proves it!

If your skin's dry... New, Deeper Softening with PENATEN in Woodbury De Luxe Dry Skin Cream



A marvel, too!... the velvet beauty that comes to dry skin... through deeper, richer softening! Penaten, in Woodbury De Luxe Dry Skin Cream, helps rich, smoothing emollients penetrate into pore openings. Lanolin's softening benefits go deeper, softening tiny lines... smoothing flaky roughness to fresher, younger-looking beauty.



In *Champion*, a brilliantly realistic drama of the fight racket, Kirk Douglas makes love to Ruth Roman, daughter of the owner of the lunchroom where he works, and is forced to marry her. He deserts her, hits the road and becomes a prizefighter.



His savage natural skill and the handling of a clever, cynical manager—plus ruthless double-crossing—make him champion. He's hailed by the public as a splendid, clean-cut athlete.

MOVIE REVIEWS

by Christopher Kane



Yet all the time, we know him for a conscienceless rat. After messing up a number of lives, he climaxes things by slugging his crippled brother (Arthur Kennedy). Then he gets his.

CHAMPION

Cast: Kirk Douglas, Marilyn Maxwell, Arthur Kennedy, Paul Stewart, Ruth Roman, Lola Albright.
United Artists.

In Ring Lardner's original story, Midge Kelly was an unmitigated rat. He beat his crippled brother, he beat his old mother, he spent his money on women, and he lived a happy, prosperous life. Our movie Midge (Kirk Douglas) is a trifle less ruthless—he supports his old mother, and has a certain affection for his crippled brother (Arthur Kennedy). He comes to a much more hideous end, and it's easier to feel some sympathy for him, since you're shown that social forces, and not inborn cussedness alone, have played their part in shaping him. We see Midge as a poor boy, knocked around, looked down on, cheated, until in rebellion at the world, he resolves to be rich and do a little looking down, himself. Trouble is, he takes too kindly to it. First he deserts the girl (Ruth Roman) he's been pressured into marrying, and goes off to become a prizefighter. Right away, he goes back on an agreement he makes to take a dive in one fight, and instead beats the blazes out of a fighter (John Day) who's befriended him. This nets him the fighter's girl friend (Marilyn Maxwell). She's an expensive lady to keep, and she has no time for has-beens. Neither has Midge. He fires his loyal manager (Paul Stewart) in order to cinch a deal with a big promoter, finds he likes the promoter's wife (Lola Albright), and is all ready to make off with her when the promoter gives him a mess of money to forget the affair. Midge's memory is obligingly short. He becomes world champion, idol of the crowds and touted by the press as a clean-living American boy. His mother dies. He gets home too late to see her, but not too late to mess up crippled brother Connie's life. Connie's always loved Midge's deserted wife. He's found her, has her on the point of marrying him, when Midge appears and makes a couple of passes. Midge gets his, of course, in a scene so horrible you'll never forget it, but by then he's already crucified everybody who's ever come near him. There are fight scenes in this picture to sicken strong men. There are pieces of acting without flaw. (Notably Douglas', Stewart's, and the girl, Ruth Roman's.) While it's not lighthearted, it's quite a perfect production.

TULSA

Cast: Susan Hayward, Robert Preston, Pedro Armendariz, Lloyd Gough.
Eagle-Lion.

Bock in the early days when Tulsa was a boom town, Susan Hayward's pappy, a cattle man, gets annoyed because the oil from a well on the next ranch is polluting his stream and killing his herd. He goes over to tell the oil people about it, and is promptly blown up. (Nitroglycerin explosion. Accidental.) Susan complains to oil bigshot Bruce Tanner (Lloyd Gough), and then she meets up with an old soak who insists on giving her some oil leases. (That means you can drill on the property.) The old soak is killed, and there she is, an heiress. Tanner now comes forward. He'll buy the leases. Drilling for oil's a gamble. Play safe, little girl. Sneering widely, Susan turns Tanner down. Then, with the aid of Jim Redbird (Pedro Armendariz), an Indian who's in love with her, and Brad Brady (Robert Preston), the old soak's son, she starts operations. Suffice it to say her oil well comes in. Soon she's the richest girl in Oklahoma, with lots and lots of wells. Gets greedy, too. Joins forces with Tanner. Up till here, she's gone along with Jim Redbird's plea that she leave some green space for cattle—at least on *his* property. The land will be there long after the oil is gone, but it will be ruined forever if oil-crazy operators don't stop sinking derricks every two feet or so. Still, Susan's so set on being Tanner's partner that if Jim Redbird didn't go almost mad, do you hear, mad, and start a raging fire, why she'd most likely never have come to her senses. But that's all she needs. To quote a studio release: "Now . . . she is exactly the girl he (Brad) has dreamed she could be. Together they face the future, ready to build another oil empire. . . ." Anyhow, the picture has exciting Technicolored moments. (The fire, especially, is a tensely spectacular sight to see.) And the background of oilfield operations is not only interesting but moderately educational—at least, it shows you that life in the oilfields can be awful messy. . . . Another interesting feature is Chill Wills carrying on like a carbon copy of Hoagy Carmichael.



Tulsa: Susan Hayward gets richer and richer in the oil business, invalving Pedra Armendoriz and Bab Prestan in considerable excitement.



Will he see you at your ***BEST*** *tonight?*



Don't just miss because of

TOBACCO MOUTH

[OFF-COLOR BREATH
OFF-COLOR TEETH]

The yellow film of "tobacco mouth" is a *little* thing—but it can disfigure your smile like a missing tooth!

And the odor of "tobacco mouth" . . . oh—oh! Lady, it's just not like you. Why offend a friend? Why annoy a neighbor—even in all innocence? It's so easy to be completely sure of yourself if you use Listerine Tooth Paste. Here's why—

It contains *Lusterfoam*—a special ingredient that actually *foams* cleaning and polishing agents over your teeth . . . into the crevices—removes fresh stain before it gets a chance to "set" . . . whisks away that odor-making tobacco debris!

See for yourself how Listerine Tooth Paste with *Lusterfoam* freshens your mouth and your breath! Get a tube and make sure wherever you go—you won't take "tobacco mouth" with you!



TOBACCO MOUTH

...give it the "brush-off" with



"Feel that Lusterfoam work!"



Take Me Out To The Ball Game: Esther Williams, Gene Kelly, Fronk Sinatra, Betty Garrett, ond Edword Arnold fralic through o tole af baseball. Need we soy there's much dancing and singing?

TAKE ME OUT TO THE BALL GAME

Cast: Frank Sinatra, Esther Williams, Gene Kelly, Betty Garrett, Edward Arnold, Jules Munshin.

MGM.

Here we have Frank Sinatra and Gene Kelly as baseball stars (Teddy Roosevelt era) in a movie that's fun. (The boys do a vaudeville act during baseball's off-seasons, which gives you some idea. Lots of song and dance numbers.) When Frank isn't singing, dancing or playing ball, he's attempting to beat up some brawny character or other. (Thinks he has muscles.) Once Kelly says desperately, "Why don't you ever pick on somebody your own size?" to which Frankie can only answer, "There ain't nobody my size." Both Gene and Frank fall for Esther Williams (she owns their ball-club) but Frank is being diligently pursued by Betty Garrett. (Betty gets her first real movie break here, and makes the most of it. She's funny, and a little bit sad, and quite wonderful.) There's a scene in which Betty tries to separate Frank from Esther, and Gene says, "But she owns him. She owns me, too." Betty looks at Esther in sheer wonder. "Gosh, can you do that?" she says. If you get a kick out of sprightly carryings-on. and breezy dialogue, here they are. Kelly's never danced better, there's never been brighter Technicolor, Frankie's more appealing than he's been in ages, and there's even a pool scene for Esther. There's a kind of a plot, too, but it doesn't interfere much with anything.

IMPACT

Cast: Brian Donlevy, Ella Raines, Charles Coburn, Helen Walker, Anna May Wong.

United Artists.

This is a rambling affair, lousy with anti-climaxes. Millionaire Brian Donlevy loves his wife, Helen Walker. She, the fool, has been carrying on with an unpleasant young man (Tony Barrett) to whom she gives monogrammed shirts. She even permits this young man to attempt murder on her spouse. Spouse, whose head is harder than the jack it gets bashed with, wakes up in a ditch one night. Young man, in spouse's car, rushing to meet Helen Walker, comes to worse end. Crashes car into gasoline truck. Burns. When the car is found with unidentifiable body, wife thinks Donlevy's dead, as per schedule. It worries her that boy-friend hasn't shown up, but she's got time. Donlevy, to whom the whole dreadful plot has become apparent, takes his aching head off to the country to sulk. A smart policeman (Charles Coburn) eventually brings wife to trial for Donlevy's murder, while Donlevy sits tight in the country, and falls in love with a girl (Ella Raines) who owns a garage. But once honest Ella hears his story, she insists that he go back, tell all. He goes back. The minute his wife sees him alive and kicking, she knows her true love is dead, and she accuses Brian of the murder. Now Ella feels bad. See what she's brought Brian to? What to do! Everything turns out swell for Brian and Ella, but the only person I worried about in the whole picture was the poor slob driving that gasoline truck. Nobody gave him a thought.

SCOTT OF THE ANTARCTIC

Cast: John Mills, Harold Warrender, Derek Bond, Reginald Beckwith, James Robertson Justice, Kenneth More.

Eagle-Lion.

This is the story, based on documented facts, of the British Captain Robert Scott who attempted to conquer the South Pole, in the year 1910. His was to be a different kind of expedition from any which had gone before.

YOU'LL FIND OUR SALUTE-TO-YOUTH SECTION BEGINNING ON PAGE 29.

"We'll take dogs," he said. "But we'll also take horses and machines." A Norwegian, who'd been adviser to the noted explorer, Amundsen, told Scott he was wrong. "Take dogs," he said. "And dogs, and dogs." Scott, however, stuck to his own ideas. If you've ever read the history of his last expedition, you know it was tragic. Brave men fighting a thousand miles of barren ice and hostile wind, being beaten to the Pole (Amundsen got there first, after all), having their animals die, their food supply diminish, and, in the end, themselves perishing. Scott's diary contained these last words: "Had we lived, I should have had a tale to tell of the hardihood and courage of my companions . . ." That the picture is engrossing is due largely to the excellent cast, headed by John Mills, as Scott. That the picture is not quite as moving as you'd expect may have something to do with the fact that we live in an age when many men have died gallantly, though the ways of their death were not ways of their own choosing. This soon after a world war, the idea that once men who could have stayed peacefully at home, preferred to risk death by chasing adventure, is still a trifle surprising. You're desperately sorry for the Scott expedition, but you know that the Antarctic is just a great icy waste. And you wonder why these men threw their lives away when there wasn't any need to.

FLAMINGO ROAD

Cast: Joan Crawford, Zachary Scott, Sydney Greenstreet, David Brian, Gladys George. *Warners.*

A complicated, absorbing drama about ambition and politics. Joan Crawford's a carnival dancer adrift in the small town of Boldon. She meets Deputy Sheriff Zachary Scott. He's nice to her, but Sheriff Sydney Greenstreet, who has big plans for Zach, breaks up the attachment. Sydney succeeds in marrying weakling Zach to a rich, influential lady, but he doesn't succeed in driving Joan out of Boldon, even though he has her arrested and sent to jail, on a trumped-up charge. When she gets out of the clink she hot-foots it for a roadhouse run by Gladys George, who's in solid with the state political machine bigshots. Sydney won't dare touch her there. At the roadhouse, Joan meets David Brian, head of the machine. He marries her, buys her minks and a new house. Sydney dislikes David Brian, and he dislikes this turn of events. (Brian's not as



Flamingo Road: Sydney Greenstreet, sheriff with politicol ombitions, brews a storm in teocups for Joon Crowford ond David Brian.

TONI TWINS prove magic of SOFT-WATER Shampooing



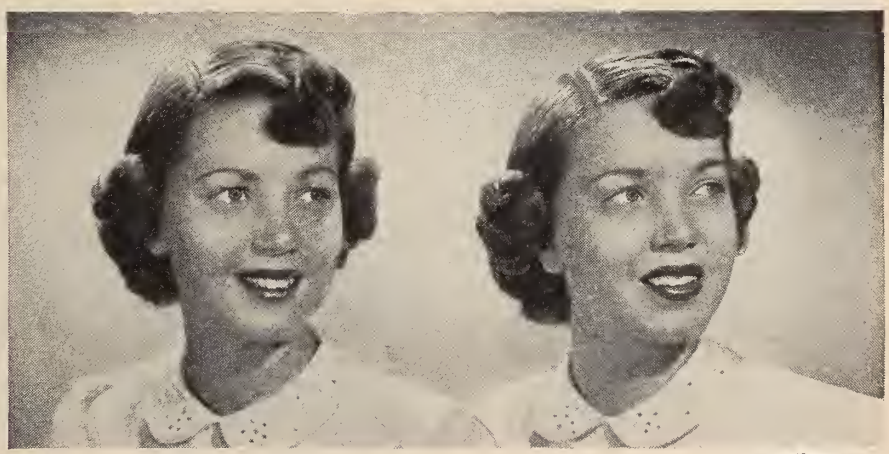
LATHER . . . WAS KATHERINE'S PROBLEM.

"My shampoo simply would not lather right", complained Katherine Ring. "I'd rub and rub but still my hair never had much glint to it!" And no wonder! Katherine was using a soap shampoo, and soaps not only fail to lather as well in hard water—they actually leave a film on hair that dulls natural lustre! So your hair lacks highlights, looks drab and lifeless!

BUT KATHLEENE GOT HEAPS OF IT!

"Look at all this lather", smiled her twin, Kathleene. "I discovered that Toni Creme Shampoo gives Soft-Water Shampooing even in *hard* water! I never saw such suds! Never saw my hair so shining clean before, either!" That's what Toni's Soft-Water Shampooing means. Even in hard water it means billows of rich, whipped-cream suds that leave your hair shimmering clean!





NOW IT'S TONI CREME SHAMPOO FOR TWO!

Yes, it's Toni and only Toni for both the Ring twins from now on. Because Toni Creme Shampoo gives Soft-Water Shampooing in hard water! That creamy-thick lather rinses away dirt and dandruff instantly. Leaves your hair fragrantly clean, gloriously soft! And Toni Creme Shampoo helps your permanent to "take" better—look lovelier longer. Get a jar or tube of Toni Creme Shampoo today. See it work the magic of Soft-Water Shampooing on *your* hair!



Enriched with Lanolin



crooked as Sydney, and he won't let Sydney have his own way about putting hand-picked men into choice state jobs. For a while, Sydney wants to make Zach governor, only he finally decides he'd rather be governor himself, and when this doesn't appeal to Brian, Sydney frames Brian neatly. Before he's done, Zach's killed himself, Sydney's connected the suicide with Joan to get her run out of town, Brian's on his way to jail, and Sidney's set to be governor. Sydney doesn't make it, though, and he doesn't make it in a spectacular way. This picture moves so fast it leaves you breathless, and newcomer David Brian is sensational. He's a big blond guy (in looks, kind of a cross between Sonny Tufts and Dan Duryea). No kid (late 30's, probably), he's got charm, a warm presence, great ability. He's got, in fact, more than one man deserves. Joan's hard to take as a carnival dancer (she sounds too cultured) but the minute she slings a mink across her shoulder, you're right back with the Crawford you know and understand.

ADVENTURE IN BALTIMORE

Cast: Robert Young, Shirley Temple, John Agar, Albert Sharpe, Josephine Hutchinson. *RKO.*

Cute's the word for *Adventure in Baltimore*. It's young, gay and good-natured. Shirley Temple, minister Robert Young's older daughter, is expelled from school in the year 1905. She thinks three petticoats are enough, and she wants to paint pictures from life, so the school authorities consider her a fallen woman. At home, Shirley turns her eyes on John Agar, the boy next door. Alas, he loves another. Shirley is heartbroken, but she manages to keep busy. Gets into scrapes like the one after which John has to come to jail and bail her out with his last $50. As a peace offering, she writes John a speech. He's supposed to address a group of townspeople (at school) and he hasn't had time to prepare for the event. Big night arrives. Speech is handed to John by Shirley two seconds before he's due to read it. It turns out to be an impassioned plea for woman suffrage, to the hysterical amusement of his audience. Before he's lived that down, Shirley's involved him in still a worse scandal. She enters a painting (of a more or less unclothed blacksmith) in a "Spirit of Labor" contest, and the painted figure is topped off by John's head. Elsewhere along the line, Shirley's father is elected Bishop of Maryland, Shirley's little brother clutches a guppy till it gasps its last, and then hastily returns it to the fishbowl, and Shirley's mother (Josephine Hutchinson), a very dignified lady, has her eye blacked in a suffragette parade. Most amazing highlight of the film, however, is John Agar's performance. He may be inexperienced, but he's good. To see him making that women's rights speech, with the sweat standing forth on his brow, and his nervous voice-breaking, is worth the whole picture. (Shirley gets him in the end. Didn't want you to worry.)

TOO LATE FOR TEARS

Cast: Lizabeth Scott, Don De Fore, Dan Duryea, Arthur Kennedy, Kristine Miller. *United Artists.*

Lizabeth Scott is a female who's already driven one husband to suicide, and who murders second husband Arthur Kennedy when he and she get their mitts on a satchel of money intended for blackmailer Dan Duryea. You see, Arthur wants to turn it over to the police. He's checked it at the Union Station, and hidden the claim check. So goodbye, Arthur. Duryea, who wants his money back, becomes Liz's partner in crime and they try to find the claim check. But their efforts are thwarted by Kristine Miller, the dead man's sister, and Don De Fore, who claims to have been overseas with the dead man, but who's really a brother of Liz's first husband. Kristine and Don find the claim check before Liz and Duryea do, but Liz has a gun, so she ends up with the claim check. She gets the money, kills Duryea, and she comes to no good end. Arthur Kennedy's talent is wasted here, while the beautiful Miss Scott's acting is—well—inadequate. Duryea's very good. As for Kristine Miller and Don De Fore, they're both so big and healthy-looking, everybody else in the picture seems dwarfed.



Adventure in Baltimore: Suffragette Shirley Temple's advanced ideas (far 1905) give the boy next door (John Agar) some hard times.



Too Late For Tears: As a beautiful murderess, Lizabeth Scott craftily outdoes her partner-in-crime, Dan Duryea, in the villainy department.



The Younger Brothers: Geroldine Brooks, Wayne Morris and Bob Hutton take time out for smiles in this exciting epic of the big, bad West.

THE YOUNGER BROTHERS

Cast: Wayne Morris, Janis Paige, Bruce Bennett, Geraldine Brooks, Robert Hutton, Alan Hale.

Warners.

The Younger brothers, Wayne Morris, James Brown and Bruce Bennett, are outlaws waiting for a Minnesota parole. They want to go home to Missouri and farm life. (Circumstances forced them to be outlaws in the first place. Their hearts are pure.) A man named Ryckman (Fred Clark) doesn't want the boys paroled. He's a crippled ex-detective, and he hates the Youngers because he got his bad leg by falling off a horse one time when he was chasing them. Janis Paige doesn't hate the Youngers (she goes for Wayne, in fact) but she doesn't want Wayne and his brothers to turn straight, either. She, herself, is an outlaw chief, and honest folk bore her silly. Fortunately for Ryckman and Janis, a fourth Younger brother shows up in town. He's Bob Hutton and he's come from Missouri to see his brothers paroled. Ryckman frames it so Hutton kills a man, and as if that weren't enough, Janis has Hutton kidnapped, and then Wayne goes to rescue him, and Janis has the men tie him up, too. She's planning to rob a bank, and leave the Youngers there as security, so to speak. With no horses, and no guns, they'll simply have to sit and wait for the cops to

(*Continued on page 106*)

PHOTO CREDITS

Below you will find credited page by page the photographs which appear in this issue.

6 Modern Screen staff—8 *Lt.*, Wide World, *Rt.*, Floyd J. Hopkins—12 *Lt.*, Acme Photo, *Rt.*, Wide World—14 Wide World—30 *T.*, Bert Parry, *Bot. Lt.*, RKO, *Bot. Rt.*, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer—31 Harry Warnecke—32 RKO—33 *T. Lt.*, RKO., *T. Rt.*, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, *Cen. Lt.*, Gus Gale, *Cen. Rt.*, Floyd McCarty, *Bot. Lt.*, Goldwyn, *Bot. Rt.*, Eagle-Lion—34 Bob Beerman—35 20th Century-Fox *Exc. Rt.*, Bert Parry—36-39 Bert Parry—40 *T.*, Bert Parry, *Bot.*, Walt Davis—41 Bob Beerman—42-47 Bob Beerman—50-53 Bert Parry—54 *T.*, Paramount, *Cen.*, Bob Beerman; Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, *Bot.*, Columbia; Warners—55 *T.*, Fox; Frank Powolny, *Cen.*, United Artists; Warners, *Bot.*, Jack Woods; Bob Beerman—56 Bert Parry—57 *T.*, Bert Parry, *Bot.*, Eagle-Lion—58-59 Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer — 60 Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer *Exc. T. Rt.*, Bert Parry, *Bot.*, Wide World—61 Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer—65-70 Jacques Simpson of Pagano Studios.

Abbreviations: Bot., Bottom; Cen., Center; Exc., Except; Lt., Left; Rt., Rigbt; T., Top



Are you really Lovely to Love?

try the test below

Have you ever wondered if you are as lovely as you could be—are you completely sure of your charm? **Your deodorant can be the difference . . .** and you will never know how lovely you *can* be until you use FRESH.

FRESH is so completely effective, yet so easy and pleasant to use...Different from any deodorant you have ever tried. **Prove this to yourself** with the free jar of creamy, smooth FRESH we will send you.

Test it. Write to FRESH, Chrysler Building, New York, for your free jar.



"WHY THIS FUSS ABOUT HAVING BABIES?" GROWLED BOGART. THEN HE BECAME A DADDY HIMSELF . . .

ROCK-A-BYE BOGEY

By JOHN HARKINS

■ One day a few months ago, a friend dropped by for a quiet drink with the Humphrey Bogarts. It was that peaceful, easy last hour of the afternoon. Lauren—or, as she's known to intimates, Betty—had gone to her room to change before going out to dinner. Fred, the Negro houseman with the Oxford accent, had lighted the logs in the fireplace, inquired, "Will there be anything more, M'lord?" (a form of address that is an endless jest between him and Bogey) and vanished noiselessly.

For a while, Bogey and his guest talked aimlessly while they watched the shadows from the kindling fire dance over the deep chairs, the grand piano in the corner and the copper pieces around the room. Then, "What do you think of approaching fatherhood?" the caller asked.

"What do I think of it?" Bogey replied. He paused for a few seconds—and then (*Continued on page 104*)



SCOOP: Born on Jonuory 6, Stephen poses here with mo Lauren Bacoll and po Humphrey Bogort for his very first picture.

He'll say "Kiss me... Kiss me!" when you use Tangee



A Kiss Coming Up in a Tender Love Scene Starring

LON McCALLISTER

AND

PEGGY ANN GARNER

IN

"THE BIG CAT"

AN EAGLE LIONS FILM RELEASE
IN TECHNICOLOR

Tangee KISSABLE TEXTURE

1. Keeps lips soft...invitingly moist.
2. Feels just right...gives you confidence.
3. Does not smear or run at the edges.
4. Goes on so easily...so smoothly...so quickly.
5. And it lasts—and LASTS—and L-A-S-T-S!

Tangee KISS COLORS

TANGEE PINK QUEEN—The pink of perfection ...makes lips exciting—inviting—irresistible to men.

TANGEE RED-RED—The reddest red of them all. Just what you need "to get your man."

TANGEE RED MAJESTY—No. 1 shade for brunettes! Sure to make your lips his "target for tonight."

TANGEE MEDIUM RED—Not too dark...not too light...but just right to tempt—and tease.

WINNER TAKE ALL?



Jane Wyman was at adds with Ranald Reagan when she and Lew Ayres (abave) were attracted making *Johnny Belinda.*



Jane's Academy Award came ta her after a year af great ematianal strains in her private life. During this period, Lew Ayres repartedly gave her much understanding counsel. She and Reagan, naw divarced, are still friendly and keep in clase tauch.

Jane Wyman has gained an actress' highest triumph. But what of the personal happiness she so deserves?

By JANET FRANKLIN

■ As Jane Wyman stood on the Academy Theater stage amid the tumult of applause and flashing camera bulbs, her tear-starred face was one of the most dramatic ever photographed. A slender figure in a round-necked, white crepe gown, her dark hair brushed back simply, her enormous brown eyes glowing, she was silent for a moment, clutching her gold Oscar tightly in both hands. Then she bent forward and said shakily, "I accept this award very gratefully—for keeping my mouth shut once. I think I'll do it again."

And with this, probably the shortest Academy Award speech on record, she walked off the platform and into the arms of the friends who'd crowded backstage. Walter Huston, Jerry Wald, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Jean Hersholt hugged her joyfully. And a little to one side, smiling quietly, Lew Ayres waited for her patiently. . . .

Still holding her Oscar as though she could never put it down, Jane gave breathless answers to the barrage of questions. "I've never been so frightened in my life," she said. "When Ronald Colman called my name and I walked up to that stage, I was scared to death." She posed (*Continued on page 76*)

Your loveliness is Doubly Safe



because

Veto gives you Double Protection!

So effective . . . Veto guards your loveliness night and day—safely protects your clothes and you. For Veto not only neutralizes perspiration odor, it checks perspiration, too! Yes, Veto gives you Double Protection! And Veto disappears instantly to protect you from the moment you apply it!

Always creamy and smooth . . . lovely to use!

So gentle . . . Always creamy and smooth, Veto is lovely to use and keeps you lovely. And Veto is gentle, safe for normal skin, safe for clothes. Doubly Safe! Veto alone contains *Duratex*, Colgate's exclusive ingredient to make Veto safer. Let Veto give your loveliness double protection!

Veto lasts and lasts from bath to bath!



Rayve Creme Shampoo makes hair behave so beautifully!



Yet Rayve costs no more than ordinary Shampoos

See the miracle in your own mirror! Even on shampoo day, your hair *behaves* . . . when you use wonderful Rayve Creme Shampoo! Rayve leaves your hair silky soft, clean, and shimmering with highlights . . . yet so easy to manage!

Here's the secret! Your hair has a natural body that helps keep it in place. The pure lanolin in Rayve is specially blended with other important ingredients to help preserve the natural body of your hair. That's why Rayve makes hair behave *beautifully*—even right after it's shampooed!

Rayve is not a soap so it can't leave dulling soap film! Rayve billows into rich, active lather that cleans—*rinses* quickly. No flaky dandruff remains. Always use Rayve—the perfect shampoo before and after home permanents.

Your Hair Needs Special Summer Care! *Look for the display of summer hair care needs featured now at drug and cosmetic counters.*

ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF PEPSODENT

Rayve Bargain!

2 TUBES for 33¢

REGULAR 50¢ VALUE!

Limited time only-hurry!

Your letters . . .

ABOUT COLLEEN TOWNSEND

Dear Editor: I was very much impressed with your article concerning Colleen Townsend. I think that any star with such devotion and determination could not help but find success and happiness in the happiness she brings to others.

BILL GREGORY, U. S. M. C., GUAM

(*The article entitled "Soldier of God" appeared in the March Modern Screen, and traced Miss Townsend's religious awakening.—Ed.*)

Dear Editor: As far as I know, the article about Colleen Townsend in your March issue is a lie. Her story reveals nothing more than the time-honored attempt of selfish people to rise to the top at the expense of minority groups, in this case, the Mormons. Colleen was probably never ostracized for being from Hollywood. Other students will attest that Colleen was well-liked on the campus and no one "shied away" from her. I'm afraid Miss Townsend has made it hard for future Brigham Young University students from Hollywood, however, who will be required to live down your little story.

CLIFFORD M. MCALL, PROVO, UTAH

(*Mr. McAll's letter, referring to the article's statement that Miss Townsend started at Brigham Young University "with two strikes on her," was forwarded to the actress and brought the following reply.—Ed.*)

Dear Editor: I'm terribly sorry that Mr. Clifford McAll was offended by certain references to my life at Brigham Young University as reported in Modern Screen. It is true that I told Mr. Louis Pollock that it took me a long while to feel I belonged there. However, I attribute this to the fact that not only was I from Hollywood, but that my picture was on the covers of several national magazines just at the time I entered B. Y. U. I know that I was being over-sensitive in my attempt to be just an average new girl at school, and would not feel the same today. I was probably wrong in sensing a slight skepticism about my earnestness in attending B. Y. U., but I couldn't help noticing that while many of my freshman friends were receiving invitations to join social units, I was not, and did not. At the time this hurt a little. Later, I realized that happiness at B. Y. U. did not depend on one's membership in a unit, because the school as a whole was a warm and friendly place. Anything in Mr. Pollock's article suggesting that B. Y. U. is not a friendly school was certainly not meant to sound that way. After all, I spent tremendously happy times there. I made some of my best friends there whom I still see often. I have a fat scrap book of my college days. I would like Clifford McAll and his friends to know that I am still a fan of my "Alma Mammy," and I never meant to imply anything different.

COLLEEN TOWNSEND, HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.

PROOF POSITIVE

Dear Editor: I want to say to Joan Furst and any other readers who may have the same idea that the Questionnaire Box is *not* a "put-up job," as she charged. Just the other day I received my first free copy of Modern Screen—and that was because I was among the first 500 to mail back the questionnaire.

SADIE E. PRINTZ, LURAY, VIRGINIA

sweet and hot



by leonard feather

**Highly Recommended
*Recommended
No Stars: Average

FROM THE MOVIES

BARKLEYS OF BROADWAY—album featuring Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers* (MGM). Some brand new hits by Harry Warren and Ira Gershwin, plus a revival of *They Can't Take That Away From Me,* the same George Gershwin ballad they introduced in *Shall We Dance?* twelve years ago. One of his new novelties here, *Shoes With Wings On,* fits Fred's style as perfectly as the wings fit his shoes.

CONNECTICUT YANKEE—album featuring Bing Crosby with Rhonda Fleming, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, William Bendix, Murvin Vye** (Decca).
For a reluctant budget—single releases: *Once and For Always* by Tony Martin* (Victor); Dinah Shore (Columbia); Jo Stafford (Capitol); Art Mooney (MGM); Vic Damone (Mercury).
If You Stub Your Toe on the Moon by Frank Sinatra* (Columbia); King Cole* (Capitol); Tony Martin (Victor); John Laurenz (Mercury).
When is Sometime by Perry Camo* (Victor); Jack Fina (MGM); Vic Damane (Mercury).
Busy Doing Nothing by Jack Smith (Capitol); Vaughn Monroe (Victor); Modernaires (Columbia); Jack Edwards (MGM).

ROADHOUSE—"Again" by Mel Torme* (Capitol); Gordon Jenkins* (Decca)

SORROWFUL JONES—"Having a Wonderful Wish (Time You Were Here)" by Dinah Shore* (Columbia).

TAKE ME OUT TO THE BALL GAME—title song, and "Yes Indeedy!" bath by Gene Kelly and Betty Garrett* (MGM).

WORDS AND MUSIC—"Blue Moon" by Mel Torme** (Capitol).
A fine record, with credit due to the accompaniment by Pete Rugolo's orchestra.

"BOPULAR"

GEORGIE AULD—"They Didn't Believe Me"* (Discovery).

MILES DAVIS—"Move"* (Capitol).
Strange and interesting new bop band including a tuba and a French harn.

DIZZY GILLESPIE—"Laver Come Back To Me"* (Victor).

BENNY GOODMAN—"Undercurrent Blues"* (Capital).
Yes, Benny's band has switched to bop, and successfully! Thanks mainly to arranger Chico O'Farrill, a bop expert from Havana.

METRONOME ALL STARS—"Overtime"** (Victor).
Terrific all-star cast in a great record.

GEORGE SHEARING—"So Rare"* (Savoy); "I Only Have Eyes For You"* (London); "Moon Over Miami"** (Discovery).
The sensational blind bop pianist from Britain has a trio on the first two discs; the last record, more recent, features his present quintet, with Margie Hyams' vibes.

Beauty is my business—



SAYS
LEONA FREDERICKS,
ALLURING COVER GIRL:

AND SWEETHEART BEAUTY CARE MAKES MY SKIN LOOK SPRINGTIME FRESH AND YOUNG! IT FEELS SOFTER AND SMOOTHER, TOO!

• "It's true that my face is my fortune! So I can't afford to take chances. I put aside casual skin care and decided to use only SweetHeart Soap for daily complexion care. In just one week my skin felt far softer and smoother. It looked radiantly young and fresh as spring flowers."

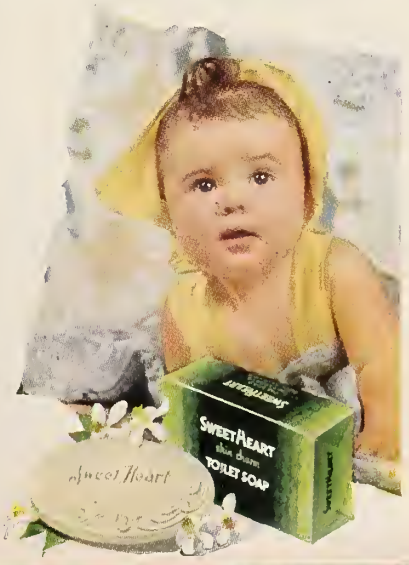
Take a tip from pretty Leona! Change to SweetHeart Beauty Care. Each night and morning, massage your face with SweetHeart lather. Rinse with warm—then cold water. In seven days *see* the difference!

For the gentle Floating Lift of SweetHeart's soft, billowing lather is a remarkable beauty action. Countless bubbles bathe the outer pore openings. *Lift off—float away*—dirt and rough skin flakes. In one week your skin looks softer . . . smoother . . . younger.

Beauty is my business, too!

• Posing in a sun suit and a SweetHeart complexion all over, Karen is already a model at 7 months. Her mother, a smart New York housewife, has always bathed her with pure, mild, fragrant SweetHeart Soap.

For baby's bath—for your family's tubs and showers—you can now also get the new, large bath size SweetHeart Soap.



SWEETHEART
The Soap that AGREES with Your Skin

Now! There's Something *Thrillingly New!* in Palmolive's Famous "Beauty Lather"



New Fragrance!
New Charm!
New Allure!

And Doctors Prove Palmolive Can Bring You A Lovelier Complexion— Regardless of Age, Skin Type, or Previous Beauty Care!



Millions of women will prefer this "Beauty Lather" Palmolive over all other leading toilet soaps . . . the minute they try it!

And small wonder! For Palmolive's famous "Beauty Lather" has a new, clean, flower-fresh fragrance for new allure, new charm.

And using Palmolive Soap, the way doctors advised, is so effective that *all types of skin* —young, older, oily—respond to it quickly.

Dull, drab skin appears fresher and brighter . . . coarse-looking skin finer. Even tiny blemishes—incipient blackheads—disappear or improve.

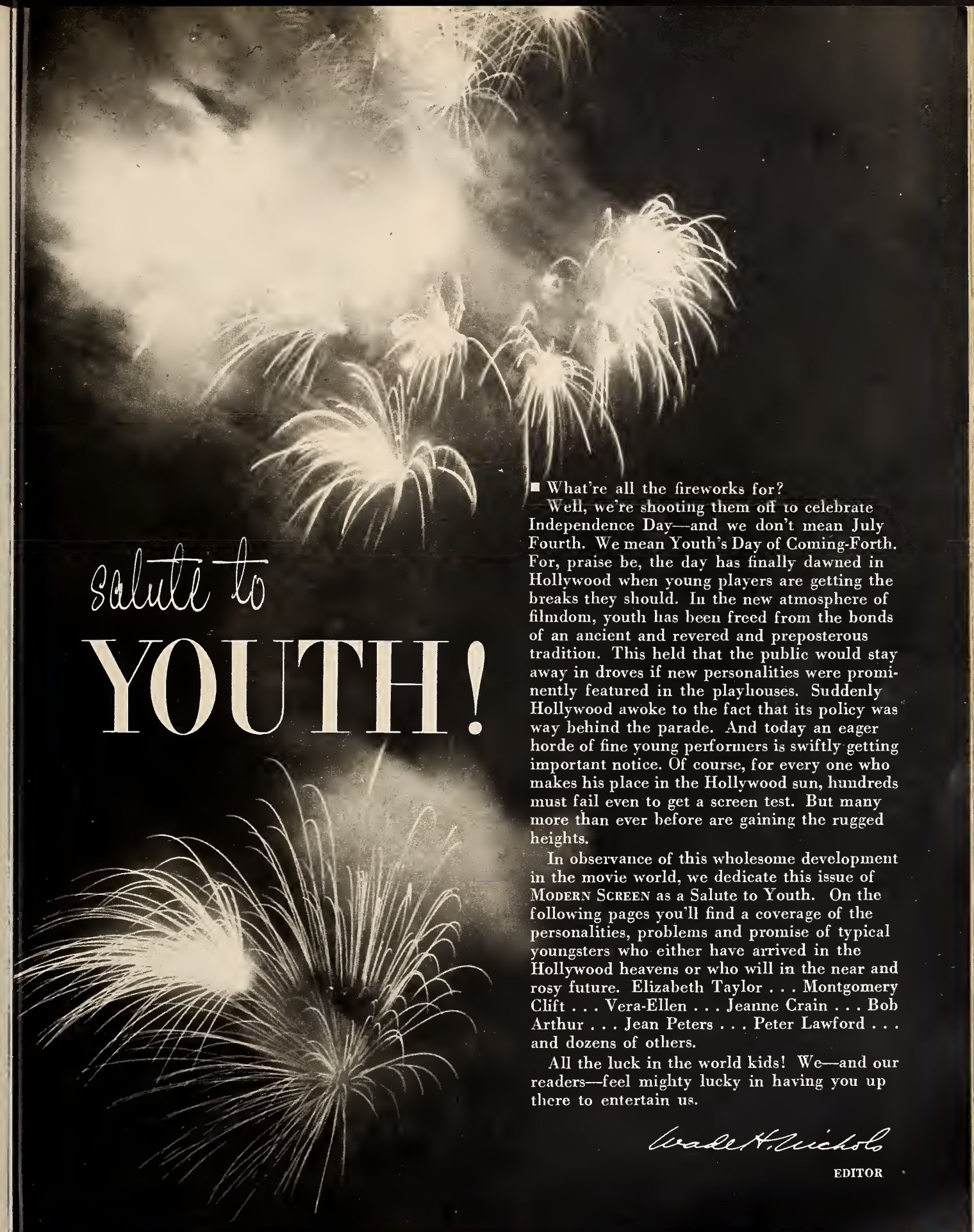
So do as Doctors advised. Stop improper cleansing! Instead, wash your face with Palmolive Soap three times each day, massaging Palmolive's wonderful "Beauty Lather" onto your skin, for sixty seconds each time, to get its full beautifying effect. Then rinse! That's all

But 36 doctors—leading skin specialists—advised this way for 1285 women, and *proved* Palmolive can bring lovelier complexions to 2 out of 3 in just 14 days. Get Palmolive Soap and start today!



Get Bath Size Palmolive, too!

Use it regularly in tub or shower. It's big! Long-lasting! Economical! Gives you Palmolive's proved complexion care *all over!*



salute to YOUTH!

■ What're all the fireworks for?

Well, we're shooting them off to celebrate Independence Day—and we don't mean July Fourth. We mean Youth's Day of Coming-Forth. For, praise be, the day has finally dawned in Hollywood when young players are getting the breaks they should. In the new atmosphere of filmdom, youth has been freed from the bonds of an ancient and revered and preposterous tradition. This held that the public would stay away in droves if new personalities were prominently featured in the playhouses. Suddenly Hollywood awoke to the fact that its policy was way behind the parade. And today an eager horde of fine young performers is swiftly getting important notice. Of course, for every one who makes his place in the Hollywood sun, hundreds must fail even to get a screen test. But many more than ever before are gaining the rugged heights.

In observance of this wholesome development in the movie world, we dedicate this issue of MODERN SCREEN as a Salute to Youth. On the following pages you'll find a coverage of the personalities, problems and promise of typical youngsters who either have arrived in the Hollywood heavens or who will in the near and rosy future. Elizabeth Taylor . . . Montgomery Clift . . . Vera-Ellen . . . Jeanne Crain . . . Bob Arthur . . . Jean Peters . . . Peter Lawford . . . and dozens of others.

All the luck in the world kids! We—and our readers—feel mighty lucky in having you up there to entertain us.

Wallace Nichols

EDITOR

The next 34 pages tell the dramatic story of Hollywood youth today.

MEET THE '49ERS

by Louis Pollock



DORIS DAY was a solid juke-box favarite before she finally signed up with Warners—ta became a musical film stor almast overnight.



JANE GREER, whase facial mability resulted from exercises ta cure paralysis, got her contract after appearing an a magozine caver.



ARLENE DAHL, like Jane Greer, gets storlet treatment by being photographed against a background emphosizing her lush beauty.

These bright young stars are finding there's gold in them thar skills.

■ One afternoon a few weeks ago, a slim, blonde girl and a portly, grey-haired man chanced to meet at the entrance of the commissary at the MGM studios. The girl smiled but the man did not. Instead, he seemed to be studying her. Then he said something that stopped her dead in her tracks. Her faced flushed and her eyes filled with tears.

The man was Louis B. Mayer. What he said was, "Arlene, you've made it."

Arlene Dahl doesn't remember how she got to her table, or that she sat there, alone, her eyes unashamedly wet. She only remembers that *that* was how she found out she was entering stardom.

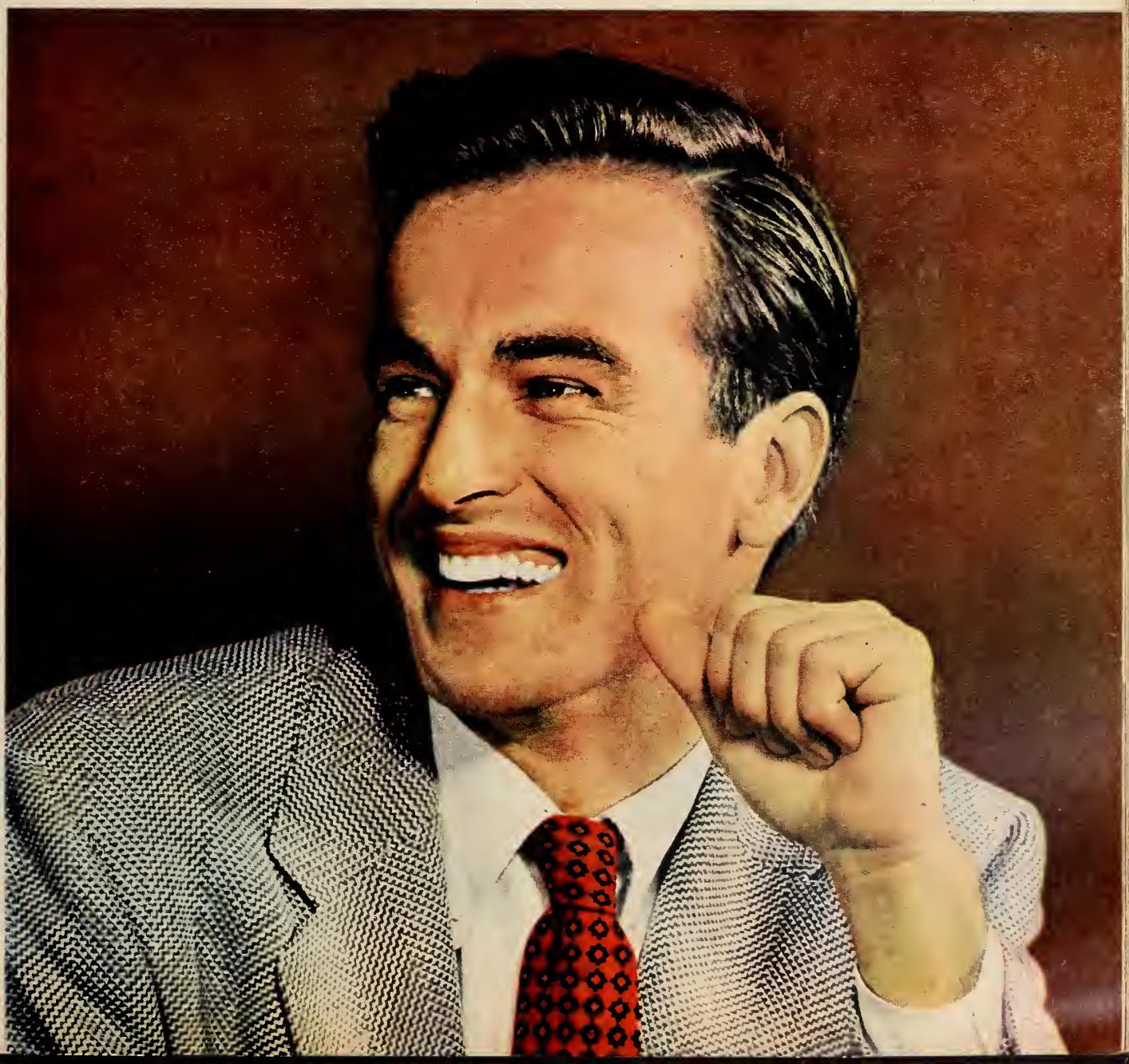
She'd been notified—and, obviously, very officially notified.

Hollywood is pretty sure that, besides the 24-year-old Arlene, 16 young men and women and one child will be notified in 1949 that they've achieved solid cinematic importance.

Elsewhere in this issue of MODERN SCREEN, you'll find feature stories on five of these '49ers—Lois Butler, Wanda Hendrix, Janet Leigh, Jean Peters and Robert Arthur. The others, whose backgrounds and possibilities we propose to examine briefly here, are Betsy Drake, Doris Day, Joanne Dru, Joan Evans, Jane Greer, Pat Neal, Scott Brady, Montgomery Clift, Gordon MacRae, Kirk Douglas, Ricardo Montalban and eight-year-old Gigi Perreau.

While each member of this glittering group is plainly an

MONTGOMERY CLIFT, after making two hit movies, became a star important enough to write his own ticket at any major studio



MEET THE '49ERS



GIGI PERREAU is the youngest of the group of talented '49ers. She first appeared in *Madame Curie* and now, at the age of eight, is a veteran of 18 movies, including *Enchantment* and *Family Honeymoon*. She writes and distributes her own little "newspaper."

This Year's Crop of Stars Is Young and Versatile

individual personality, all have four things in common: Youth, ambition, good looks and magnetism. And then there's a fifth thing they share—something that, in past years, seems to have been considered scarcely essential in Hollywood if the performer were blessed with those other four attributes. The fifth element is hard, reliable, professional competence. In brief, these kids can act.

The brightest new name in pictures today is that of a 28-year-old, dark-haired gentleman who, at this writing, is living in Manhattan in a tiny, sixth floor, walk-up apartment, busily reading—and rejecting—proffered scripts. Since he is reported to own only one business suit, he most likely will be wearing slacks and a sports jacket. No studio head has ever said to this young man with the brilliant technique, "You've made it." The reason is that he's not interested in studios—only in good roles. Here's what he said to the last production topper who practically offered him a half-interest in Los Angeles if he would sign a contract:

"Sorry—I can think only in terms of story and part. I couldn't do justice to a part if I didn't feel it, and if I were on steady salary I'd be obligated to take it anyway."

The name he refused to put down on the dotted line was Montgomery Clift, of course. It happened after he'd made *Red River* and *The Search*, and had accepted a co-starring role with Olivia De Havilland in *The Heiress*. After making that statement, he drove his second-hand 1940 Chrysler to his one-room apartment with a pull-down bed. (There he started in again to try to finish Norman Mailer's novel, "The Naked and the Dead," before he was due back on the Paramount set for rehearsals.)

Next to acting, says Monty, his greatest love is living a normal life. That, to him, does not include blooming out in an Adolphe Menjou wardrobe, nor buying a Bel Air manor-house with water reservoir attached to swim in, although he could easily afford to do so. (*Continued on page 81*)



BETSY DRAKE, the Cary Grant discovery, had training in the theater to equip her for the top roles in which she's begun her film career.



RICARDO MONTALBAN came to Hollywood as a dancer but is eager to turn his talents to dramatic roles.



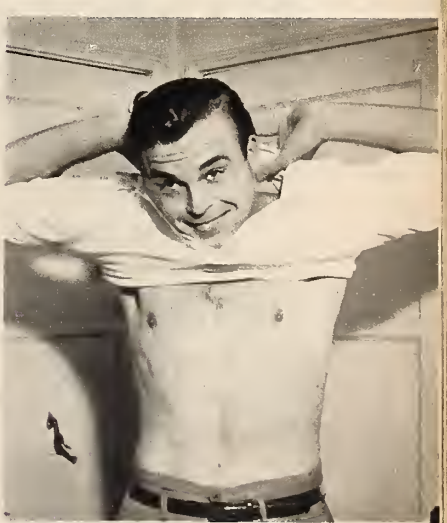
JOANNE DRU came out of housewifely retirement to appear in *Red River*. Public responded so well, she's starring in *All the King's Men*.



GORDON MACRAE, already a radio singing star seems certain of even greater success as a movie luminary.



JOAN EVANS had had no dramatic experience when discovered by producer Sam Goldwyn and signed to a role in *Roseanna McCoy*.



SCOTT BRADY, Lawrence Tierney's brother, was a champion amateur boxer before Hollywood welcomed him.



Do girls go wrong in Hollywood? Listen to Jean Peters' mother . . .

She never left home

by Mary E. Peters

As told to Robert Peer

Back in 1945, Jean Peters was 19 and a junior at Ohio State University when a friend entered Jean's picture in the Miss Ohio State contest. Jean won, and received as a prize a trip to Hollywood and a 20th Century-Fox screen test. In this frank story, her mother tells how her home-town friends and neighbors were convinced no good would come to Jean in "wild" Hollywood—and how false this notion turned out to be—THE EDITORS.

■ I didn't cry that cold morning in January 1946 when my daughter Jean got into the car and we started to pull out of the wide farm yard, heading for the railroad station. I had promised myself I wouldn't shed any tears when I watched her go away from East Canton, away from home to start a career of her own in far-off Hollywood.

I remember how slowly I walked back into the house afterward, put on my apron, and busied myself with the breakfast dishes. "Everything's going to work out all right," I tried to reassure myself. "You don't have to worry. You know your daughter Jean. . . ."

But the shocked expressions of so many of my friends and neighbors, when they'd first heard about Jean's Hollywood contract, kept creeping into my mind. Whenever I'd pick up the telephone receiver—we still have a 12-party line on our farm—I could hear people expressing their opinion that it would be just a matter of time, a very short time, until I'd be sorry I had let my Jean go out to that legendary place.

East Canton, Ohio, is a small town. And its distance from Hollywood can be measured in more than just miles. Really, they're two different worlds. But all East Canton now suddenly became Hollywood-conscious. Gossip about neighbors and neighborly affairs was suddenly supplanted by the latest Hollywood gossip.

According to popular conception, my Jean would have little choice but to get involved shortly after her arrival in the film capital in some sort of love triangle, or wild party, or some other unfortunate happening that would make sensational headlines. Yet my belief in my daughter and her (*Continued on page 100*)



At 14, Jean Peters was an imaginative, self-reliant youngster who'd already decided on a career—she'd become a doctor.



Jean's low-cut blouse in *Captain From Castile* shocked some of her hometown neighbors. They felt she must have changed.



On a visit to Hollywood, Jean's mother found her daughter had remained the wholesome, unaffected girl she had always been.

there's no place like HOLLYWOOD

Young players find Hollywood life strange.

■ While Janet Leigh was attending the College of the Pacific in Stockton, California, a close friend and sorority sister was Marge Hiers. Janet, as everybody knows, left the school in her second year for the more broadly educational field of MGM stardom. Marge stayed on and will be graduated this June.

Thus it was that, while Janet was studying hard in the new, strange wonderland of Hollywood to master two accents at once (she's been working in two films at the same time, in one as a Russian ballet dancer, in the other as an English socialite), Marge was wrinkling *her* pretty brows over mid-term exams. While Janet had fun with her screen sisters on the set of *Little Women,* Marge and her sorority sisters at the Alpha Theta Tau house merrily stuck a classmate under a shower to stop her giggling during a pledge party. Janet wrote Marge that she'd had a wonderful time in a Santa Claus outfit at the Press Photographers' ball—"which you might call Hollywood's answer to the COP Mardi Gras ball." Marge wrote back to report she was stumped about what she'd wear to that school shindig. Janet, at 22 working in her seventh movie in two years, was still amazed about it all. "It's been said before—but there's simply no place like Hollywood. At least, there's no place I can think of where such miracles can happen overnight!" Marge was still undecided about what she'd do after graduation. Maybe she'd teach . . . maybe she'd marry. "I'm too busy to think about it much."

On these pages, MODERN SCREEN presents a photographic comparison of the activities of the two friends.

The huge sound stages at MGM still fill Janet Leigh with awe when she comes on the lot each morning. Yet everyone she meets is friendly and likes to chat.

anet Leigh's activities contrast sharply with those of a college chum.





Lately, Janet (left) has been posing, in clothes based on the costumes of Little Women, *for fashion photographs taken by MGM's famous Clarence Bull. Had she remained at the College of the Pacific, she might have worked with her sorority sister, Marge Hiers, and Bob McMahon (above) when they organized the winter formal and the spring Mardi Gras, two of the biggest annual events on the campus.*





Acting in her seventh picture in two years, Janet has a heavy load. For the past few weeks, she's been studying ballet every morning for her role as a Russian dancer in The Red Danube. *The exercises, she says, get steadily harder. Meanwhile, at college, Marge is happy over the fact that she went to summer school and thus has less cramming to do for mid-term exams than her friends.*

Janet and Marge both enjoy themselves in widely different situations.





Janet pays a noontime visit to Greg Peck in his dressing room on the set of Great Sinner. *"He's even nicer than you've heard," she wrote to Marge. Later in the afternoon, Janet reported for costume fittings and attended a special rehearsal class with other young studio players. During her free time at college, Marge (left, above) is often found chatting and sipping cokes with one of her friends in a cozy booth at the Student Union Building.*





Friday night means dating for Janet and Marge, who can sleep late the next day. Janet and her escort, Arthur Lowe, Jr. (left), dine in the Beverly Wilshire's Mayfair Room to the strains of a rhumba orchestra. Bob Delaney, the head waiter, stops by their ringside table to make sure they're enjoying the filet mignon. For Marge, Friday night often brings a seat at the College's basketball game. She's usually squired by Mike Monnick, a student.



Bob Arthur once sported a mustache to add years to his face. The beard he raised for *Yellow Sky* helped him into older roles.

Baby Face

YOUTH, BOB ARTHUR FOUND, CAN BE ITS OWN HANDICAP. • By CARL SCHROEDER

■ Robert Arthur was disgusted. His best girl had just stood him up for the second time in favor of that tall basketball player, a muscle-man with a leathery face like Gary Cooper's.

He slammed the receiver down on its hook, slid out of the phone booth in the Aberdeen, Washington, drugstore and lounged over to the tobacco counter.

"Gimme a package of cigarettes." Bob tossed down a quarter.

"Give *you* a package of cigarettes?" The clerk with the lean, sardonic face and voice to match grinned in derision. "I'll tell you what I'll do, sonny. You come back in about five years and I'll sell you a whole carton. How'd you like that?"

This was murder. It happened all the time. Though Bob Arthur—or, as he was named then, Bob Arthaud—was old *(Continued on page 93)*



Bob, bearded for *Yellow Sky* role.

Can young actors rise in Hollywood by dumb luck? Ask Madison's agent—who knows her Guy. by Helen Ainsworth

Not by breaks alone...



Guy Modison ond ogent Helen Ainsworth hove frequent tolks obout his coreer problems. For most young octors, experienced odvice is essentiol.



Helen Ainsworth first sow Guy on the cover of o novol troining stotion mogozine ond brought him to the ottontion of Selznick's Henry Willson.

■ I dunno, maybe my client, Guy Madison, *is* a hard one to figure. People are always coming up to me and demanding the real low-down on him. I look at them in some amazement.

"Why," I begin, he's a great big wonderful American boy who—"

But they never let me finish. "We've heard all that stuff," they interrupt impatiently. "That's the *outside* story. But you're his agent. You found him. You're really close to him. So give with the straight goods. Of course we know the poor boy is absolutely naïve and hasn't the slightest idea what's happening to him."

This is typical of the sort of problem Guy Madison faces. He looks naïve. Sometimes his actions seem naïve. But I'm more than just a wee bit tired of that line. Guy isn't an up-country galoot lost in the fast company of Hollywood. Take it from his agent and oldest Hollywood friend, he's actually a darned bright lad!

I'll admit to Guy's critics that he's absent-minded. Not long ago, for example, he had to go to Dallas for the opening of *Texas, Brooklyn and Heaven.*

After racing for the train, he discovered he'd left his wallet, with all his identification papers and money, at home.

Was he fazed? Was he troubled? Did this keep him from grabbing that train to Dallas? Not Guy.

He simply called my office—I'd preceded him to Texas for the opening—and my secretary told him to go ahead and get on the train. She'd call Edward Golden, the producer of the picture, who'd wire the money to Guy. (It's an agent's job to make arrangements of this sort.)

So Guy boarded the train without money or papers. At the first stop, Guy strolled to the telegraph booth to pick up the money which was supposed to be wired. But it hadn't come. The lad was not so much miffed as hungry. He hadn't eaten since he'd boarded the train.

So, money or no money, he decided to go into the diner and get himself some victuals. He had a pleasant meal. And when the check—something like two-bucks-fifty—was delivered—

"Thanks so much," Guy said, returning it to the waiter. "I'll take care of this later." (*Continued on page 73*)





Glamor is the final reward, but for some newcomers loneliness begins it all . . . by Vera Ellen

The other girls in the stage revival of *A Connecticut Yankee* gathered round to bid me farewell. The Technicolored lightning had struck—I'd just signed a movie contract with Sam Goldwyn.

"Hollywood—where every convertible comes equipped with boy!" That, with variations, was what Imogene kept saying.

"Coming up! Another pair of bare shoulders for Ciro's—with stars in her eyes and a great, big, live star to hold her hand!" That was Mimi talking.

"Don't forget to write how it feels to stall off Van Johnson so you can go out with Ty Power, and stall Ty the next night so you can go out with Cary Grant!" That from Lydia.

"Can you forget you know how to swim, Vera? Or *aren't* you going to let those hunks of men at the big beach and swimming pool parties teach you all over again?" This from Roberta—wistfully . . .

So, that night four years ago, we all kissed and cried and I ran for my train. The girls who'd painted such a gay prospect knew I was married to Bob Hightower—but they knew, too, that the marriage had hit the rocks and that he and I were separated. As they blithely interpreted the prevailing Hollywood code, it would be quite all right for a divorce-bound gal to take full advantage of movieland's attractions and go stepping—and they figured I would.

Well, I hadn't given it much thought, myself, but now it was time to decide. And when I got off the Chief at Pasadena, I'd made up my mind—not too willingly. Whatever the practice in Hollywood, in my family (Lutherans, and strict Cincinnati Lutherans at that) a married woman was a married woman no matter what the technicalities might be. So, I'd decided, I'd behave like one.

This was my high resolve when I reported into the studio the first morning—and I was determined that nothing should break it. (*Continued on page 78*)

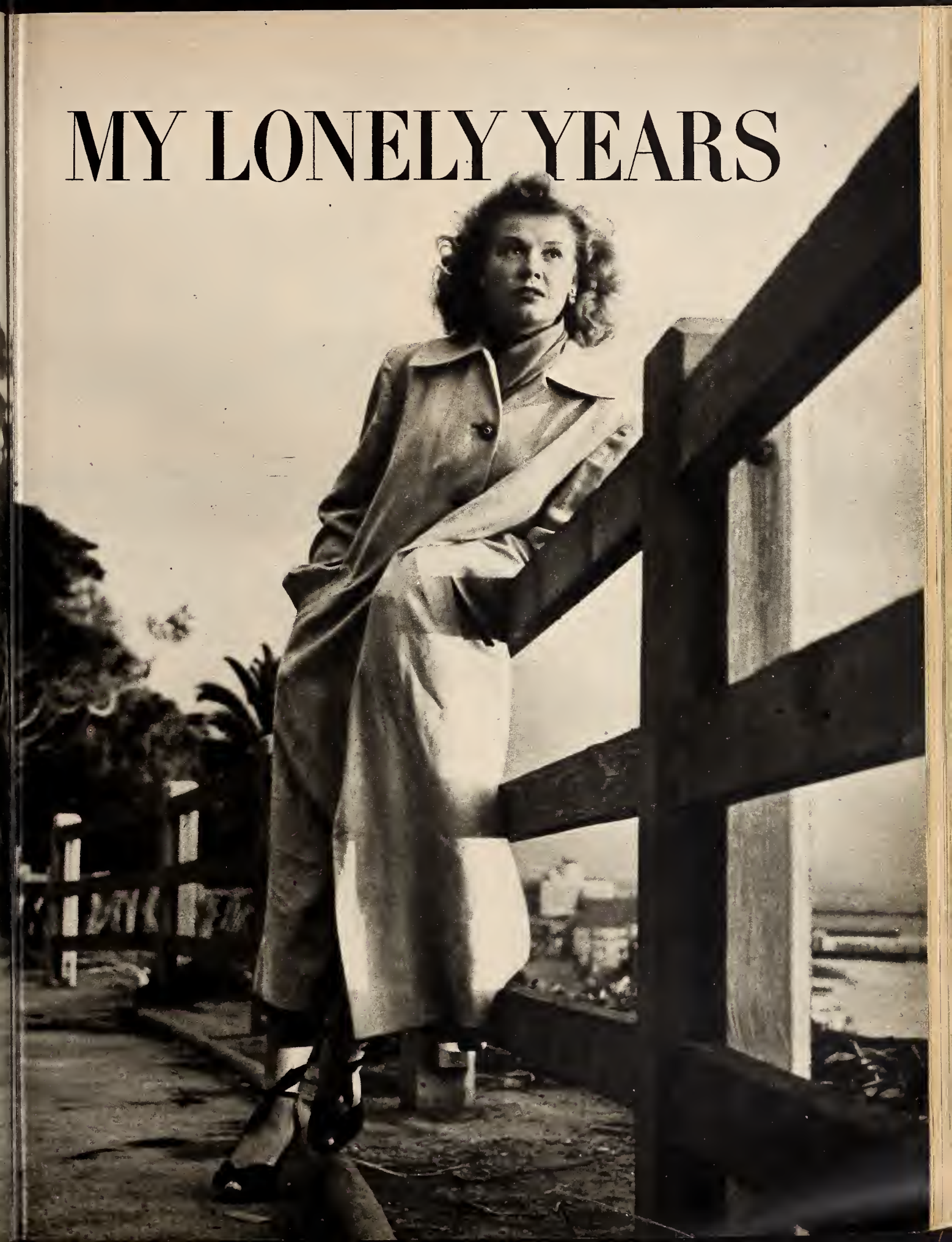


Dancing at Ciro's with Rocky Hudson, a Selznick discovery. Vera-Ellen catches up on some of the stardust she missed as a newcomer to Hollywood.



Vera and her dad, Martin Rowe. Both parents came West with her—they still live happily together in a modest house.

MY LONELY YEARS



All work and no play makes jack—but young players need fun, too!

HAPPY HUNTING

by Viola Moore



Scavenger hunters chaase teams at Mona Freeman's.

At Earl Carrall's, Bill Williams diverts charines while teammates A. C. Lyles, Marilyn Maxwell and Barbara Hale swipe plumes.

■ Mona Freeman says she doesn't remember just who thought up the great idea. It was either her husband, Pat Nerney, or her best friend, Diana Lynn. Anyway, they were having dinner at Lucey's one night and brooding over ideas for their next party, when *somebody* got brilliant and suggested a scavenger hunt. The other three agreed it was a fine notion, and before they'd finished their coffee, they had drawn up a guest list and decided on an evening the following week.

Just a simple scavenger hunt. Just a few people. Sounded like fun. But that particular party turned out to be a major upheaval in Hollywood, with surprised citizens from Beverly Hills to San Fernando doing double-takes as they observed some of Hollywood's most promising talent fiercely intent on fey doings. Here's what went on:

When Terry Moore and Jerome Courtland climbed the stone steps to Mona's apartment on the appointed night, they found the rest of the gang already in a huddle on the living-room floor, studying the list of "props" to be brought in before the stroke of midnight.

It was, to say the least, a brightly varied list: "One of Hedda Hopper's hats. A trout from the Sportsman's Lodge trout stream. A feather from an Earl Carroll Girl's costume. A doghouse. Raindrops from the rain-on-the-roof at the Seven Seas night club. A movie star's portrait from the Brown Derby. A beach concession prize (must be won). A turkey egg autographed by three orchestra leaders. A live lobster. A potted palm. A hobby horse. A live kid—a baby goat, that is! A plaster animal from someone's lawn."

Now, by drawing matches, they chose three teams of four scavengers. Terry and Jerome found themselves teamed with Mary Hatcher and Tony Curtis; Marilyn Maxwell and A. C. Lyles with Barbara and Bill Williams; Mona and Pat Nerney with Diana Lynn and her husband John Lindsay.

Then Pat dramatically gave the signal to be off—and everyone dashed downstairs to the cars. They all had one idea in mind. To get out to Oleson's egg ranch in Universal City where turkey eggs are sold.

Equipped with their eggs, the three teams headed in different directions, intent on scavenging up orchestra leaders to sign them—all, that is, except the bright little redhead on Team 3. "Listen," said Mary Hatcher solemnly. "Let me take the egg home and boil it first. That way we'll be sure not to get it broken when it's signed. It won't take more than a few minutes—and there's nothing worse than a drippy egg." So while Mary and Tony Curtis sped off to boil the egg, Terry and Jerome headed for Hedda Hopper's house to get one of her bonnets—having agreed they'd all meet afterward at the Seven Seas night club on Hollywood Boulevard and catch some raindrops from the artificial hurricane which brews up nightly on that palm-thatched roof.

Meanwhile, Team 2, headed by Marilyn Maxwell, was already buzzing back to town, egg in hand. They decided that next on the agenda would be borrowing a portrait off the wall of the Brown Derby. So while Bill and Barbara Williams engaged headwaiter Bill



Scavenger hunt list included a Hedda Hopper hat. Hedda (above) having obligingly dragged all her miracles out, John Lindsay, Diana Lynn, Pat Nerney and Mona Freeman look over the assortment.



Mary Hatcher dangles a trout; teammate Tony Curtis carries a stone duck, Terry Moore and Jerry Courtland wrestle with a doghouse. Below: The Lindsays and Nerneys clutch their varied loot.





Scavenger hunting in the dark isn't made easier if your object is a black kid. The Williams' are catching one only because he sticks close to his white mother.



Mary Hatcher and Tony Curtis have a moist time getting raindrops at the Seven Seas restaurant, where there are artificial rainstorms on the roof every night.

Chelios in talk over a menu, Marilyn and A. C. sneaked the caricature off the wall. Then Barbara spotted Phil Harris and his writers at a table, digging into their roast beef. She hurried over with her turkey egg and asked him to autograph it.

"Do *what*?" asked Phil.

"Please—I'm in an awful hurry." Barbara begged. "I've just *got* to have your signature. And please don't press down too hard. It hasn't been boiled, and it might break."

"Look," said Phil. "What do you want my name on an *egg* for? Do you feel all right?"

"He's stalling," said one of Mr. Harris' literary men. "Mr. Harris never learned to write."

Barbara sighed patiently. "Mr. Harris, it's for a *scavenger* hunt."

Marilyn and A. C. and Bill were waving impatiently. They had the picture and they wanted to be off. Phil Harris's pen poised. He signed the egg. He marred it only a little bit—made just one small hole on its side. Barbara wrapped it gently in her handkerchief, gave effusive thanks, and fled from the restaurant. As they left, a be-diamonded dowager, peering over the flames of her *crêpes suzette*, said in ringing tones. "Well, I never! What happened?" Nobody answered her. After all, this was Hollywood—anything could happen here.

Next stop for team 2 was the Palladium, where Dick Jurgens was leading his orchestra. Marilyn took the by-now dripping egg from Barbara and she and A. C. Lyles danced over to the bandstand to get Dick's signature.That was easy. Dick and Marilyn were old friends, and he signed the egg without batting an eye.

Then disaster struck. When they got out to the sidewalk again, Marilyn sneezed. The egg flew out of her handkerchief and splattered on the sidewalk.

There it lay in all its juicy splendor. The only egg they had. Should they go back to Oleson's and try to get another? There wasn't time.

Then A. C. rose to the occasion. "Don't worry, kids. We'll get something *better* than the egg. Let's see—what's on the list that's hard to get." His eyes lighted up. "Here—a feather from an Earl Carroll girl's costume! Let's do that. They won't be able to spare many feathers, and if we get there first, no one else'll have a chance. Now, listen closely —here's how we'll map out our (*Continued on page 96*)

HAPPY HUNTING



Bill and Barbara Williams engage Brawn Derby-headwaiter Bill Chelias in earnest canversation, while behind his back scavenger hunters Marilyn Maxwell and A. C. Lyles barraw an autographed picture of Clark Gable.



The turkey egg that bandleader Dick Jurgens is autagraphing far Marilyn and A. C. at the Palladium came to a sad end an the sidewalk. (Anather team wisely bailed its egg befare starting.)

Back at Mana's, tired scavenger hunters campare nates. They sent the black kid hame after the team that caught him was chasen winner.





PETER AND

Young actors need publicity and smart ones put on a good show. Take Peter Lawford—the fox in wolf's clothing

by sheilah graham

■ When a strikingly handsome young actor is seen repeatedly in the company of Hollywood's most glamorous women, he can expect to attract attention. He can predict that he'll be photographed as often as the Washington monument. He can know with certainty that his name will appear in Hollywood news columns on almost a daily basis.

When the same young actor changes companions about as often as he changes his tie, he can also be certain he'll be called a wolf. Perhaps the expression won't be quite so blunt; perhaps he'll merely be called a playboy. But the thought will be there, however it's phrased.

Young bachelor Peter Lawford is the sort of guy who, by superficial standards, has earned the "wolf" title. A large auditorium could be filled with beautiful women Peter has dated. Magazine editors, looking through Hollywood news pictures, are sometimes astonished by the frequency with which young Lawford's face appears. (And he's always in the best of glamorous company!)

Is Peter really a wolf?

There are two Peter Lawfords. There's Peter. And there's the wolf. The wolf is Peter's own creation, product of young Mr. Lawford's keen sense of publicity values. Peter the person is an intelligent, skilled self-publicist. Peter the "wolf" is the result of that publicity.

Personally, I think we've all been underestimating Mr. Lawford. In the columns, in magazine interviews we have made him appear immature and irresponsible, a playboy with a heart of gold, and nothing more in his noggin than the desire to have a good time. Brother, the joke is on us! This suave, handsome young Britisher is completely adult and completely practical. Everything seems to happen to him according to plan, and nearly everything he does is calculated to corral publicity and advance his career.

Turning social activity into a tool for publicity is a routine operation practiced by almost all young actors and actresses in Hollywood. Of all such operators who've ever struck moviedom, Peter Lawford, for tireless industry, uncanny judgment and spectacular results, belongs at the head of the class.

Just think a little. Who was the first to date Jane Wyman after her divorce from Ronald Reagan? Mr. Lawford. Who escorted Nora Flynn to her

first party after she separated from Errol? Mr. Lawford. (To make a double killing in the columns, Pete and Nora were in the same party with Clark Gable and Iris Bynum.) I don't believe that Pete had more than one date with either girl. He didn't need it. The important thing for a smart boy with a yen for publicity is to be the Fustest with the Mostest public interest.

Remember when the rumors about the June Allyson-Dick Powell marriage were flying from coast to coast? Right away the gossipers linked Mrs. Powell with Lawford the Wolf in a supposedly torrid romance. It wasn't true, of course. Pete merely (accidentally-on-purpose) happened to get himself invited to the party given for June by Mervyn LeRoy. The shindig took place at the photographer-flooded Mocambo and Pete danced with June. When the denials had all subsided, it added up to another hefty chunk of limelight for the imperturbable Pete.

When Gloria de Haven separated from John Payne the time before last, Pete—nor any other man—had nothing to do with the case. But whenever Gloria appeared in New York and Philadelphia's better-known bistros at that time, Pete was sure to be

THE WOLF

among those present. So, natch, there were rumors —and another publicity haul for Pete.

Pete who is now 25 years old, gets better-looking —and hence better cast as a "wolf"—as he gets older. "He just can't miss getting to the top," a pert starlet said to me recently. "Has he ever taken you out?" I asked her. "I'm not important enough," she replied briefly—and somewhat bitterly. But I think she was doing Pete an injustice.

Pete's dating isn't, naturally, *all* done for career-building publicity. I believe, for instance, that he had a couple of dates with a messenger girl at Metro. And recently there have been some rendezvous with one of the faculty at UCLA and I doubt if their course of discussion concerned publicity! Yes, Pete has been known on some few occasions to spend an evening quietly with a girl who couldn't possibly get her picture in the papers—unless he married her, and there's no fear of that. Pete, as of now, doesn't want to marry anyone.

Don't get me or Pete wrong. There's nothing wrong or shameful about a young actor wanting all the publicity he can get. It's a big part of his job. In these days of Hollywood (*Continued on page 89*)







"Lawford the Wolf" always manages to be seen with glamorous women just at the time when they are most newsworthy.

Some young couples, like Shirley

TIME of their LIVES



When John Agor ond Tom Gallary boosted they could cook, their wives laughed ond soid, "Prove it!" In defense, the boys offered to prepore o dinner—ond did. John tosses salod os Joyce Reynolds looks on.



Restouront owner Bob Dolton shows Shirley, Joyce ond John how to seoson steaks. John ond Tom hadn't reolized the ort involved. Bob served as odviser to the omateur chefs ond held the porty ot his home.

■ Hollywood is a town of night clubs—glamorous, romantic establishments where stars gather to amuse themselves. Obviously, business enters into Hollywood night-clubbing: it's "smart to be seen." But many famous young players vastly prefer sitting across from one another at their own dining room table, or dropping by a friend's home for a casual dinner—as in Anytown, U.S.A. Among them are Shirley and John Agar, who prefer a quiet evening like the one pictured here.

This particular party resulted from a battle of the sexes in the Agar household several nights before. Shirley, John, Joyce and Tom Gallary had settled down for an after-supper corn-popping session. When the conversation turned to food, John made a statement destined for posterity. "I guess anyone can cook if he puts his mind to it," the brave man said. Somehow the girls couldn't stop laughing. With their masculine dignity in danger, Tom and John offered to prove their culinary abilities. The girls immediately took them up on it.

Playing safe, John called pal Bob Dalton, who owns "The Elbow Room," a local eatery where gourmets gather. Bob not only agreed to help, but invited the couples to his home for the test.

Dinner proved a major victory for the boys.

After it was finished, John sat beaming. *"Now* what do you have to say about our cooking?"

"Darling," Shirley said meekly, "what are you serving for dinner tomorrow night?"

and John Agar, find their excitement in the simple delights of home life.



Above, steaks are brailed after being morinoted in o speciol mixture. For recipe see poge 86.



Bab coaks the meat over o fire of glowing coals while Shirley wotches the seoring process.

With Bob Dolton's aid, Tom ond John praved their skill. Below, Bob serves up the evidence.





"Before I met Audie, I was smug in the conviction that the most magnetic male in the universe couldn't distract me from my work."

THIS LOVE OF OURS

by Wanda Hendrix



second in a series

Of all the choices the young heart makes, the first is happiness.

■ Volumes have been written about happy brides, but practically nothing about sad brides. Someday, as an authority, I'm going to write a book on sad brides. For I was certainly one.

My honeymoon with Audie turned out to be a personal appearance tour through Texas and Oklahoma in connection with openings of Audie's film, *Bad Boy*. It had to be that way—the schedule had been worked out months ahead. This was quite all right with me, for by now *Bad Boy* had a special place in my affections and I wanted it to go well.

But literally, the honeymoon was over in two weeks. With more than half the tour still ahead, I had to leave for Hollywood to start work on *After Midnight*. Kissing Audie goodbye at the airport, I wondered what some of the Hollywood gossips would have imagined if they could have seen the new Mrs. Murphy, slightly weepy, heading home from her honeymoon alone.

For the next three weeks, back in our lovely new apartment by myself, I was probably the world's unhappiest new wife. When I wasn't at the studio, I'd wander mournfully through the place, alternately admiring every beautiful thing that Audie had chosen and feeling utterly desolate because he wasn't home.

Sometimes, the fact that Audie and I had actually been married would seem like a dream. . . .

It had been characteristic of Audie that he'd gone about Operation Love with the same directness that helped win him the distinction of being America's most-decorated hero of World War II. He simply explained to his studio (he had come to Hollywood to make screen tests) that he'd seen a girl's picture on a magazine cover and that he had to meet her. Would they please find her for him?

Taking Audie's cue for directness, the studio representative, undoubtedly on her strangest assignment, phoned me, told me all about Audie, his magnificent war record and his current mission—to meet me. Would Miss Hendrix accept an invitation to a small dinner party the following Thursday evening?

My reactions to the prospect of meeting this hero were as detached as only a 17-year-old's can be—a 17-year-old who had had but one dream since she was 14, the dream of a career. I was smug in the conviction that the most engaging, magnetic male in the universe couldn't distract my attention from my work. Patriotic, that's what I was being, just patriotic and friendly, when I accepted that dinner invitation. How Fate must have giggled when she saw *that* thought cross my mind.

Driving to the dinner with the young woman who had invited me, I asked a few polite questions. "What's he like?" "What does he look like?"

Her answers were vague, so I found myself drawing my own mental picture, which turned out to be a cross between Victor McLaglen and General Eisenhower. Certainly I was unprepared for the quiet, slender young soldier with a shy grin, nice auburn hair and eyes greener than mine, who opened the door for us as we stood there on the porch of his friend's house. I still couldn't believe that this boy, just about my own age, was the fabulous Audie Murphy. I kept looking over his shoulder for "the hero."

There were six of us at dinner, a nice cosy number for intimate talk and easy congeniality. Audie was very quiet, said little and almost died of embarrassment when his friends insisted on bringing out his medals. He was like a small boy who wishes that the family wouldn't keep bragging about the gold stars on his report card.

Audie took me home that night. Then and there he became a man of distinction in my book, because he escorted me to my door, asked if he might phone some time, and didn't even suggest kissing me goodnight!

After that, I didn't see him again for weeks. He called several times and asked for dates, but I was always busy. Finally he became angry and stopped phoning. "I decided you were just being high-hat," he told me later, "and no actress was going to push me around." But one day, inexplicably, Audie found himself driving out toward my house. I remember looking out the living room window and there he was, coming up the walk. . . .

True to the first wonderful impression of Audie, it was two months before he even tried to kiss me. Incidentally, that was the night I decided that loving a very nice guy and being loved in return was a much sounder basis for happiness than the most glamorous career in the world. That night that Audie put his arms around me, kissed me, and said, "Good night, Skipper." "Skipper" has been Audie's nickname for me ever since.

Any place but in Hollywood, the way to the altar from this point would have been smooth and blissfully marked with happy, small events like bridal showers and perhaps a raise in the prospective bridegroom's pay envelope. But in this city dedicated to make-believe romances, a real-life love story often takes a terrific beating.

First of all, Audie is proud, with the double-barrelled pride of an Irish Texan. As much as we loved each other, we both knew that of the two, (*Continued on page 72*)

MAKE WAY FOR YOUTH!

As new stars rise, old ones tremble, for

by hedda hopper

In Hollywood you can be young in heart,
But looks are the important part.
For every wrinkle around your neck
You get a cut in your salary check.
—M. F. E.

■I had a letter the other day from a young girl, an ardent movie-goer, who put her finger on something important that's been wrong with Hollywood.

"Dear Hedda," she wrote, "How can I be expected to get hot and bothered over movie heroes who are old enough to be my father? Why do most of the big pictures star graying actors whom I like all right and respect—but who don't thrill me for a minute? Golly, I've grown up knowing Gary Cooper and Clark Gable, Ronald Colman and Walter Pidgeon—and I've also grown up knowing my dad."

She has something there. Hollywood was born, raised and nourished on one thing: Romance—boy meets girl. But when the "boy" is pushing 50 and the "girl" is only a few steps behind, where's the kick and the illusion for the new, the young, the 1949 world? A lot of people I know are crying, "Done with the old—up with the new."

The studios know it—and youth is on the march in Hollywood.

In the face of the growing accent on youth, it's baffling to Baby why certain mature stars, who should be smarter by now, blind their eyes to the talented youngsters on their tails and, in fogs of self-importance, turn temperamental and practically ask the youngsters to take over.

For example, take Ray Milland. Since *The Lost Weekend,* he's fussed and fretted with Paramount over every picture job. He even went on suspension when he balked at doing (*Continued on page 98*)



John Lund, rising fast in films such as Night Has A Thousand Eyes *(above), is young, eager, cooperative. Ray Milland has been balking at recent assignments. When Ray turned down* Bride of Vengeance, *he was replaced by Lund, who may soon be tops at Paramount.*



Jeanne Crain (right) has replaced Gene Tierney as ace actress at 20th-Fox. Gene, Darryl Zanuck's favorite young star for years, temporarily left the screen. Now Jeanne, solidly established by a series of hits, will star in Zanuck's 1949 prestige picture, Pinky.

this is the rule of Hollywood — where careers can go out like neon signs.





Deborah Kerr (above with author Hedda Hopper) was brought from England by MGM when studio queen Greer Garson began telling execs what she would and wouldn't do. Deborah's presence is a potent factor in Greer's current acceptance of the studio's ideas.





John Derek owes his success to Humphrey Bogart. Bogie starred his talented protege in Knock On Any Door *and John received the critics' raves. After a few more hard-guy roles, young Derek should provide considerable competition for his discoverer.*





Kirk Douglas has made sensational strides in the past year. He recently signed a long-term contract with Warners, where filmland's top tough guys gather. James Cagney, back at that studio for rugged roles, will find Kirk pushing him mighty hard for honors.





Patricia Neal at 23 is sharing prize roles with Jane Wyman on the Warners lot. She recently completed The Fountainhead, *opposite Gary Cooper. Barbara Stanwyck, who'd recommended the novel to the studio, was set on playing the 22-year-old heroine.*

STAIRWAY TO THE STARS

What's the secret of stardom?

by Jack Wade



Dancer and singer Lois Butler found the magic key in hard work, luck.

■ Lois Butler, star of her first picture at 15, showed utterly no talent until she was a year-and-a-half. Then she swallowed a large Indiana grasshopper and immediately took to dancing and singing.

At three-and-a-half, she gave an exhibition of acrobatic dancing at the Agricultural State Fair in Indianapolis that convinced the judges—a famous pair of fellers named Lum and Abner—that she rated the first prize of $50 over some 350 other contestants.

It should be added that Lois did her dance handicapped by a badly swollen cartilage in one instep. Playmates, it seemed, had dropped either a heavy box or an electric iron on her foot (they were all too young, including Lois, to report accurately). Lois insisted that her mother slit open her dancing shoe to permit wearing it over the swelling—and went on. . . . She still has those shoes. They are exactly three-and-seven-eighths inches in length and a fat man would have a great deal of trouble getting his thumb into one of them. She also still has the scar of the injury. . . .

There are, obviously, many paths that youngsters have followed to break into the movies. However, the one most frequently trodden is the one that led Judy Garland, Mickey Rooney, Geraldine Brooks, Scotty Beckett, Jimmy Lydon and innumerable others into Hollywood's golden confines. That, of course, is the earnest pursuit of a career in one or more of the many branches of show business starting almost in infancy.

For a recent shining example of how successfully this tried-and-true route may be traveled, let's continue to consider young Miss Lois Butler. Lois was born in Indianapolis, Indiana, on February 13, 1931. Her family had moved out to Los Angeles when, at seven, she made her professional dramatic debut at the Pasadena Playhouse—not as a dancer, not as a singer, but this time as an actress. She was given an important part in *The Great American Family* and subsequently toured in this and other Playhouse plays, including Shakespeare's *The Tempest*. When the company played the Curran theatre in San Francisco, a critic took note of her "complete lack of nervousness." It was the first time that Lois had ever heard you were supposed to be nervous on the stage. She immediately started cultivating a splendid shakiness of limb and tremor of voice—until the harassed play director discovered what was going wrong with her scenes and threatened to beat her over the head with her favorite dolly if she didn't cut it out.

At 10, Lois was a "one-man show," doing *Hansel and Gretel* at school musicals and similar gatherings and playing all the characters herself. She was 11, going on 12, when her voice (*Continued on page 87*)



Lois Butler in a recent work-out in the Hallywood Bowl—where, at 12, she sang. Her first triumph was when, three-and-a-half, she won a dance contest in shaes shown an apposite page.



Cadet Allen Packer (above) had Lais far his date at West Point one week-end last year. Her current flame is Levere Montgomery af New Orleans, wham she met on a persanal appearance tour.

Many grow up in movies—but few as perfectly as Elizabeth.

PAST PERFECT

by Beverly Ott

■ Elizabeth Taylor was puzzled. The script called for one of its characters to "return, looking like a cinema star."

"How does a cinema star look?" the little girl asked her mother.

Mrs. Taylor explained. Cinema stars were movie stars, the kind she saw at the studio every day.

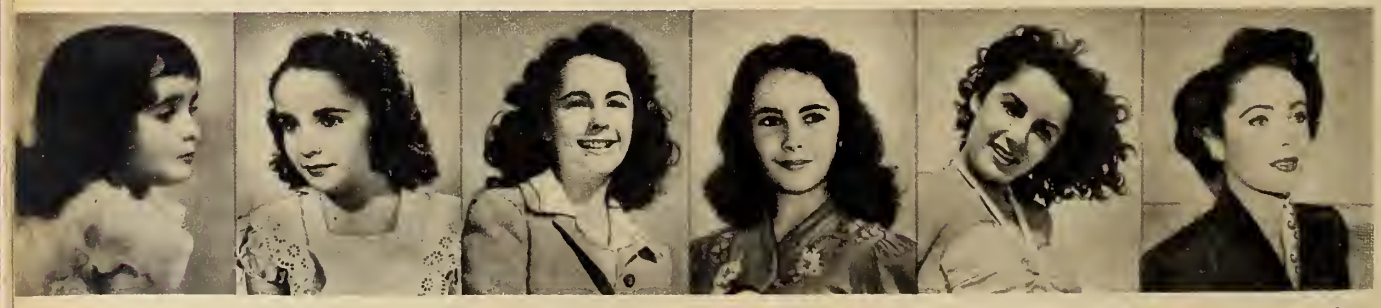
"But how can a person *look* like one? Actresses are just people like everybody else."

Elizabeth grew up believing just that, while Mother gave thanks for her child's good sense.

Among the young stars of Hollywood, there are some who, with little or no previous show-world training, came straight from Hometown in their teens to win their spurs overnight. There are other youngsters who also achieved movie marquee billing while teen-agers after becoming youthful veterans of the stage. Then there are those who have grown up on the screen.

The latter are a species apart. They cut their teeth on movie sets, learned the alphabet from a scenario, aged gracefully while millions of fans watched adoringly. Shirley Temple, Margaret O'Brien, Peggy Ann Garner (to name a few) have spent the greater part of their lives on sound stages. With only slight variation, Elizabeth Taylor followed this pattern.

Moviegoers first noticed her as a nine-year-old in *Lassie Come Home.* They acclaimed her a star in *National Velvet,* saw her receive her first screen kiss in *Cynthia.* People could fondly detect in these films and others in between that Elizabeth was growing up. But it wasn't until *A Date With Judy* that the full impact of her mature beauty struck the fans like sudden lightning. They didn't give her the usual sentimental smile. They were too stunned. The reaction, when it finally came, was "Hubba-Hubba!" MGM execs rubbed their eyes. Their little girl had become a grown-up star. Elizabeth was swiftly graduated from teen-age parts and sent to England to play an adult (*Continued on page 61*)



These pictures graphically show the growth of Elizabeth Taylor from a beautiful child of three to a lovely girl of 17.



At nine, Elizabeth held her awn with such veterans as Nigel Bruce in *Lassie Come Home,* her first impartant mavie—and audiences were charmed.



On the strength af *Lassie,* Elizabeth won a lang-term cantract at MGM—and attended school at the studia with ather young hopefuls such as Dorryl Hickman (right).



Because it made use of her riding skill, 10-year-old Liz was eager ta da *National Velvet.* It mode her a star.

Grawing gracefully, Elizabeth never suffered fram "the awkward age." Starring in *Cynthia* at 15, she received her first screen kiss fram Jimmy Lydan.





Animals have always been important in Liz Taylor's life. Besides the long-suffering Twinkle (above), there've been horses, turtles and ducks.



It was suddenly realized that the adolescent Elizabeth was on the verge of extraordinary beauty. Mild "cheesecake" shots were taken now.



Elizabeth's always had a full social life. Here she is at the '47 Press Photographers' Ball with Janet Leigh, Stanley Reams and Tommy Breen.

Today, Elizabeth and Lt. Glenn Davis are a romantic duo. It's reported he'll return from Korea this fall as assistant football coach at West Point.





Having left England as a child, Liz, now a celebrity, returned recently for *Conspirator*. Here she's with a Tower of London guard.

PAST PERFECT

role—that of Robert Taylor's wife in *The Conspirator*.

Her private life is more wonderful than ever, too. She's in love. She wants to marry Army football hero Glenn Davis. It's like something in the movies—only better.

Aside from being a star, Elizabeth has grown up in a distinctly normal way. She went to dancing class and took singing lessons—to overcome her shyness. At 13, she spent her weekly 50-cent allowance on comic books. Elizabeth had her first real date when she was 14. A boy named Freddy took her to the Starlight Roof at the Waldorf. They sat at a table for two trying hard for the sophistication they thought the event required. And she had the little battles any 15-year-old has with parental authority. She fought valiantly and sometimes vainly for lipstick, black formals and off-the-shoulder blouses. As actress and adolescent, she often gave her all to that universal line, "But Mother, you don't under*stand*!"

These are some of this movie star's memories—completely lacking Hollywood's magic touch. Of course, there are other recollections—that only a girl brought up in movies would have: Studio hours of make-believe that would enchant any child . . . wardrobe fittings . . . lessons on the set . . . sessions with the still photographer . . . radio shows . .. interviews . . . the ever-present fans. . . . Lots of it may have been trying at times but, like any other screen child, she never really wanted to give up any of it.

THE END

Cherry delight IN SUMMER
Cherry surprise IN WINTER



TEMPTING, isn't it? This gem of a cherry tart owes its luscious gloss, its ruby richness, its *just-sweet-enough* taste to KARO* Syrup.

KARO blends delightfully with all fruits . . . never masking the full-ripe flavor of cherries, strawberries, peaches and other fruits . . . whether you use them in delicious fresh-fruit tarts or pies at their peak in summer . . . or use them canned or frozen in mid-winter.



Karo Ruby Cherry Tart

½ cup sugar
4 tablespoons corn starch
¼ teaspoon salt
½ cup KARO Syrup, Red Label
3 cups fresh, canned or frozen, sour cherries, pitted
¼ teaspoon almond extract

6 baked tart shells (3½ inches)

Combine sugar, corn starch and salt in top of double boiler. Add KARO Syrup and mix well. Add cherries. Place over boiling water and cook, stirring constantly until mixture thickens (about 10 minutes). Cover and continue cooking about 20 minutes, stirring occasionally. Remove from heat. Add almond extract. Cool. Pour into baked tart shells. Chill. Just before serving, top with whipped cream sweetened to taste if desired.

*KARO is a registered trade-mark of Corn Products Refining Co., N. Y.







Treat your family to cherries all year round. It's easy to preserve or freeze summer-ripe cherries with Karo Syrup and sugar. Cherries canned and frozen with Karo Syrup have better flavor, firmer texture, brighter color. Get the simple directions for canning and freezing all of summer's lush fruits. Just send for the Karo booklet, "Finer Canned and Frozen Fruits". It will be sent to you absolutely FREE. Send a post card with your name and address to Karo, Dept. K, Box 647, St. Louis, Mo.

There are three kinds of KARO—1. Red Label (crystal white), 2. Blue Label (golden dark), 3. Green Label (maple-y flavor).



Scotty Beckett



John Bromfield



Geraldine Brooks



Vanessa Brown



Rory Calhoun



Corinne Calvet

You'd need a crystal ball to name all of tomorrow's stars. But here are

WHO'S NEW

■ Here are 48 players not otherwise mentioned in MODERN SCREEN's "Salute To Youth." But they, together with those already featured in this issue, seem most likely to be the stars of tomorrow. When they came to Hollywood, not long ago, they decided to stay, and nothing could change their minds.

NAME AND STUDIO	BORN	APPEARANCE		SPOUSE	USED TO BE	LATEST PICTURE
BATES, BARBARA—WB	Denver, Col. Aug. 6, 1925	Brown hair Green eyes	5'5" 115 lbs.	Cecil Coan	Model	Happy Times
BECKETT, SCOTTY—20th-Fox	Oakland, Calif. Oct. 4, 1929	Brown hair Brown eyes	6' 165 lbs.		Kid star	A Date With Judy
BROMFIELD, JOHN—Para.	South Bend, Ind. June 11, 1922	Brown hair Hazel eyes	6'1" 190 lbs.	Corinne Calvet	Tuna fisherman	Bitter Victory
BROOKS, GERALDINE—MGM	New York City Oct. 29, 1925	Brown hair Blue eyes	5'2" 98 lbs.		Kid star	Highland Lassie
BROWN, VANESSA—20th-Fox	Vienna, Austria March 24, 1928	Chestnut hair Blue eyes	5'5" 120 lbs.		Quiz kid	The Fan
BUKA, DONALD—U.A.	Cleveland, O. Aug. 17, 1921	Brown hair Brown eyes	5'10" 145 lbs.		Kid star	Vendetta
CALHOUN, RORY—Selz.	Los Angeles, Calif. Aug. 2, 1922	Black hair Blue eyes	6'3" 185 lbs.	Lita Baron	Fireman	Fighting Mike McCall
CALLAHAN, BILL—20th-Fox	New York Aug. 23, 1926	Brown hair Blue eyes	5'11" 160 lbs.		On stage	Chicken Every Sunday
CALVET, CORINNE—Para.	Paris, France April 30, 1921	Brown hair Blue eyes	5'4" 110 lbs.	John Bromfield	Sculptress	Rope of Sand
CAREY, JR., HARRY	Saugus, Calif. May 16, 192(?)	Reddish hair Blue eyes	6' 150 lbs.	Marilyn Fix	Summer stock	Three Godfathers
CHANDLER, JOAN—WB	Butler, Pa. Aug. 24, 1923	Brown hair Brown eyes	5'4½" 115 lbs.	David McKay 1 son, 1 daughter	On stage	Rope
DOWNS, CATHY	Port Jefferson March 3, 1926	Brown hair Blue eyes	5'2" 122 lbs.		Model	Massacre River
EDWARDS, PENNY—WB	New York Aug. 24, 1928	Blonde hair Blue eyes	5'6" 120 lbs.		Dancer	Two Guys From Texas
FLEMING, RHONDA—Para.	Los Angeles, Calif. Aug. 10, 1923	Red hair Green eyes	5'6" 118 lbs.		Dancer	Great Lover
FOCH, NINA—Col.	Leyden, Holland April 20, 1924	Brown hair Blue eyes	5'7" 115 lbs.		Student	Hounded
FORD, ROSS—Col.	Sterling, Col. Feb. 24, 1923	Brown hair Blue eyes	6' 160 lbs.		On stage	Sign of the Ram
GRANGER, FARLEY—Gold.	San Jose, Calif. July 1, 1925	Brown hair Brown eyes	6' 165 lbs.		Student	Roseanna McCoy
GRAY, COLEEN—20th-Fox	Staplehurst, Nebr. Oct. 23, 1922	Brown hair Brown eyes	5'3½" 115 lbs.	d. Rodney Amateau	Student	Sand
JAECKEL, RICHARD	New York Oct. 10, 1926	Blonde hair Blue eyes	5'8½" 155 lbs.	Toni Jaeckel 1 son	Messenger	City Across The River
JANIS, CONRAD—20th-Fox	New York Feb. 18, 1928	Brown hair Brown eyes	5'10½" 145 lbs.		Student	Beyond Glory
LAWRENCE, BARBARA—20th	Carnegie, Okla. Feb. 24, 1930	Blonde hair Blue eyes	5'8" 124 lbs.	d. John Fontaine	Model	Mother Is a Freshman
LONG, DICK—U.I.	Chicago, Ill. Dec. 17, 1927	Brown hair Blue eyes	6' 160 lbs.		Student	Tap Roots

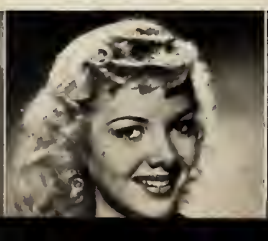
Coleen Gray



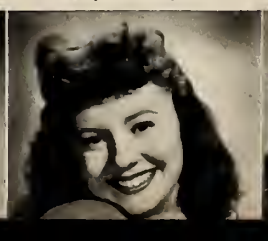
Conrad Janis



Barbara Lawrence



Betty Ann Lynn



Patricia Marshall



Donald O'Connor



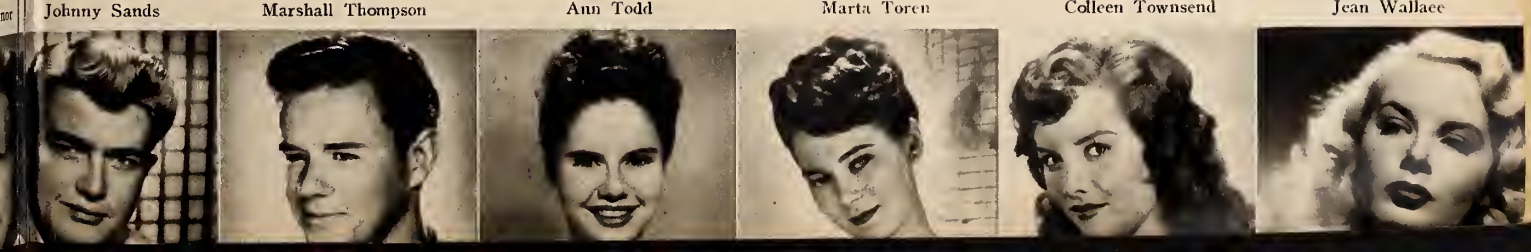


Joan Chandler | Cathy Downs | Rhonda Fleming | Nina Foch | Ross Ford | Farley Granger

48 more newcomers whose futures look as bright as their shining dreams . . .

So far they haven't been sorry. In the future, some of these youngsters may pack up and leave; others may start building mansions in Bel Air. It's hard to tell. You can't count the young hopefuls who come to Hollywood every year, and it's useless to try counting the ones who go home. But you can be certain that too many people want to act, and too many casting offices say no. Today, however, the outlook is bright for the young, the talented and the beautiful. If they're willing to pull hard, if they're willing to wait their turn, many of them may someday reach the topmost levels of Hollywood.

NAME AND STUDIO	BORN	APPEARANCE		SPOUSE	USED TO BE	LATEST PICTURE
LYDON, JIMMY	Harrington Park, N. J. May 30, 1923	Brown hair Blue eyes	6' 150 lbs.	d. Patsy Clifford	Child actor	Bad Boy
LYNN, BETTY ANN—20th-Fox	Kansas City, Mo. August 29, 1928	Red hair Blue eyes	5'3" 105 lbs.		B'way chorus	Mother Is a Freshman
MALONE, DOROTHY—WB	Chicago, Ill. Jan. 30, 1925	Brown hair Blue eyes	5'7" 124 lbs.		College student	South of St. Louis
MARSHALL, PAT	Minneapolis, Minn. Jan. 13, 192(?)	Brown hair Brown eyes	5'3½" 107 lbs.	Danny Markowitz	Singer	Good News
McDOWALL, RODDY	London, England Sept. 17, 1928	Brown hair Brown eyes	6' 160 lbs.		Child star	Macbeth
MEADOWS, JAYNE	Wu Chang, China Sept. 27, 1922	Red hair Brown eyes	5'6" 125 lbs.	Milton Krims	Stage actress	Enchantment
MITCHELL, CAMERON	Dallastown, Pa. Nov. 4, 192(?)	Brown hair Brown eyes	6' 173 lbs.	Johanna Mendel 1 son	Baseball player	Command Decision
O'CONNOR, DONALD—U.I.	Chicago, Ill. Aug. 30, 1923	Brown hair Blue eyes	5'8" 135 lbs.	Gwen Carter 1 daughter	Vaudeville	And Baby Makes Three
O'DONNELL, CATHY—Selz.	Oklahoma City, Okla. July 6, 1923	Brown hair Brown eyes	5'4" 110 lbs.	Robert Wyler	Stenographer	They Live By Night
PERRY, SUSAN	Vienna, Mo. Nov. 12, 1925	Brown hair Green eyes	5'5½" 120 lbs.	Mel Torme	Model	Knock On Any Door
ROBERTS, ALLENE	Birmingham, Ala. Sept. 3, 1928	Brown hair Brown eyes	5'1" 95 lbs.		Model	Knock On Any Door
SANDS, JOHNNY—Selz.	Lorenzo, Texas April 29, 1927	Brown hair Blue eyes	6' 180 lbs.	d. Sue Allen	Sheepherder	Massacre River
SARGENT, ANN—U.I.	West Pittston, Pa. Nov. 18, 1923	Brown hair Hazel eyes	5'4½" 110 lbs.		Stage actress	Naked City
STERLING, JAN	New York, N. Y. April 3, 1923	Blonde hair Blue eyes	5'2" 110 lbs.	d. Jack Merivale	Drama student	Johnny Belinda
THOMPSON, MARSHALL	Peoria, Ill. Nov. 27, 1926	Blonde hair Blue eyes	6'1" 155 lbs.	Barbara Long	Student	Roseanna McCoy
TODD, ANN	Denver, Colo. Aug. 26, 1932	Brown hair Brown eyes	Growing		Student	Three Daring Daughters
TOREN, MARTA—U.I.	Stockholm, Sweden May 21, 1927	Brown hair Blue eyes	5'7" 115 lbs.		Drama student	Illegal Entry
TORME, MEL—MGM	Chicago, Ill. Sept. 13, 1925	Blonde hair Grey eyes	5'7" 118 lbs.	Susan Perry	Child performer	Words and Music
TOWNSEND, COLLEEN—20th-Fox	Glendale, Calif. Dec. 21, 1928	Brown hair Blue eyes	5'4½" 116 lbs.		Student	Chicken Every Sunday
TURNELL, DEE—MGM	Downes Grove, Ill. Nov. 27, 1930	Blonde hair Green eyes	5'6" 115 lbs.		B'way chorus	Words and Music
WALLACE, JEAN	Chicago, Ill. Oct. 12, 1923	Blonde hair Blue eyes	5'5½" 120 lbs.	d. Franchot Tone	Night club dancer	Man On The Eiffel Tower
WELLES, VIRGINIA—Para.	Wausaw, Wis. June 25, 1925	Blonde hair Blue eyes	5'2" 105 lbs.		Student	Dynamite



Johnny Sands | Marshall Thompson | Ann Todd | Marta Toren | Colleen Townsend | Jean Wallace

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Frances Sider interprets the important new "crisp look" with this striking sarong skirt (starched with LINIT!) worn over an elasticized swim suit of the same Ever-fast cotton print.*

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*LINIT is a registered trade-mark of Corn Products Refining Co., N. Y.

young fashions at young prices

by connie bartel, fashion editor

■ This is MODERN SCREEN'S Salute to Youth issue, so naturally this month's vacation fashions are aimed especially at you young fans of young stars.

It seems to us that the younger you are, the harder you fall—for cute, gay clothes. Look-at-me clothes. Here-I-come clothes. Clothes that say you're alive and alert and that you love fun. But (and what we've got to do is get rid of that "but")—the younger you are, the harder it is for you to afford all the clothes you want. Naturally, anyone can look a million—on a million. But keep fashionable on a budget? An allowance? A young career girl's pay envelope? Ouch! That takes doing.

So, we're doing it for you. As we hope you know, Modern Screen Fashions have always worked (love that work) to bring you the dreamiest fashions at bite-sized prices. We know you want to knock your audience dead—now, while you're young and still have bubbles in your heart. And we think you can make a definite dent in your public with the clothes in this issue—all of which have very young prices. Start on the opposite page, to see what we mean.

Ava Gardner wears a young playdress

■ Ava, the luscious, whom you're currently drooling over in MGM's *"The Great Sinner,"* wears a sundress that rates prolonged whistles . . . and will do the same for you any weekend at all.

The shirred waist makes yours look tiny, the halter bodice does things for your bosom—and when you turn your back, it isn't there.

It's striped corded cotton chambray, gay as a beach umbrella. White with grey, green or tan stripes. Sizes 10-18.
By Loomtogs. $10.95.
At Oppenheim Collins, New York and Brooklyn. Other stores, page 71.

Bag by Simon Bros.


modern screen fashions



Young cottons go places

■ Take a toast shawl-collared blouse; add a terra-cotta hip-pocket skirt—and you're ready to go anywhere! Sanforized broadcloth with a silky taffeta finish in dreamy mix or match colors. Blouse $2.98. Skirt $3.98. By Art-Mor. Saks-34th, N. Y. Other stores page 71.

■ The winged collar—fashion passion straight from Paris. Bright red flocked lawn scored with white pique—attention getter for any girl's weekend. Red, navy, copen blue. Sizes 10-18. By Claire Tiffany. About $9. Lord & Taylor, N. Y. Other stores, page 71.



Luggage by Samsonite. Straw bag by Simon Brothers

■ Crisp waffle pique with blocks and squares, spiked with jet buttons and patent belt. The high fashion shawl collar slants to a semi-plunge; the skirt has unpressed center pleats. Sizes 10-20. By Sacson. About $8.98. Gimbels, N. Y. Other stores, page 71.

■ Pique dress-plus-jacket—a prize at the price. Cool but covered portrait dress is right for travel, street, dates—jacket gives coverage when wanted. Green, burgundy, brown, black. 10-18. By Tommie Austin. $10.95. Joseph Horne, Pittsburgh. Other stores page 71.



MOTHER, PIN A ROSE ON ME!



Red carnation on navy faille ribbon, complete with "gold" scarf loop. By Flower Modes, $1.98.



White carnations on a chartreuse ascot—to make any sweater sophisticated. By Flower Modes, $2.50.



Violets on a white mesh hatlet—begging to be worn for a summer romance. By Heineman Flowers, $3.98.



Garland of roses on a velvet ribbon, to tie around a portrait neckline. By Glamour Fashions, $10.95.



Green carnation to point a plunge. By Heineman, $1. Plunge blouse in jersey, many colors, by Coral, $1.98.

Cabbage rose on the pocket of a black tulle stole—midnight around your shoulders. By Glamour Fashions, $10.95.

■ Mother, pin a rose on me—or a carnation, a gardenia, a violet! Just as long as it's a beautiful phony flower—fake but fascinating. This summer fashion has a serious crush on pseudo flowers—they're the biggest accessory news since scatter pins. You'll want to wear one at your throat, tuck one in your belt, pin one on your pocket. You can buy single flowers, like the rose stickpin next to our title—glamour for 50c!—or you can pick your flowers already mounted on scarves, hats, stoles. Whatever you do, whatever you wear, wherever you go—wear a fake flower—and be the most fashionable girl in sight!

For where to buy flowers shown please turn to page 71.



Young sophisticate

..and it's a half-size!

■ Satin stripe shantung —with that certain something you *young* half sizes insist on. Smart rounded shoulders; flip-up collar to pin a rose on; pouch pockets; pearl buttons to hem. Adds up merely to wow. Yellow with grey stripes; powder blue with royal; pink with black; aqua with grey. Sizes 16½-22½. By Rite Fit $7.95. At Stern's, N. Y. The Fair, Chicago. Other stores, page 71.

12-strand necklace by Karu

WHERE YOU CAN BUY MODERN SCREEN FASHIONS

(Prices may vary throughout country)

Striped halter neck playdress worn by Ava Gardner in color photo (page 65)
Boston, Mass.—*Filene's,* Washington St., Surf Shop, 5th fl.
Brooklyn, N. Y.—*Oppenheim Collins,* 485 Fulton St., Gallivant Shop, 2nd fl.
Evanston, Ill.—*Lord's,* Fountain Square
New York, N. Y.—*Oppenheim Collins,* 33 W. 34th St., Gallivant Shop, 3rd fl.

Taffeta broadcloth skirt and blouse (page 66)
Chicago, Ill.—*Madigan's,* 4030 Madison St.
New York, N. Y.—*Saks-34th,* 34th St. & Broadway, Sportswear, 3rd fl.
Philadelphia, Pa.—*Wanamaker's,* Market & 13th Sts., Little Sportswear Shop, Main fl.
Springfield, Ohio—*Carmen's,* 25 S. Limestone St., Sportswear Dept., 1st fl.
Washington, D. C.—*Philipsborn Co.,* 610 11th St., NW, Sportswear, 1st fl.

Dotted flocked lawn dress with pique (page 66)
Baton Rouge, La.—*The Dalton Co.,* 3rd & Florida Sts., Fashion Salon, Main fl.
Columbus, Ohio—*F. & R. Lazarus & Co.,* High & Town Sts., Daytime Dresses, 2nd fl.
Des Moines, Ia.—*Younkers,* 701 Walnut St., Daytime Dresses, 3rd fl. West
New York, N. Y.—*Lord & Taylor,* 5th Ave. & 38th St., Budget Dresses, 2nd fl.
St. Louis, Mo.—*Scruggs, Vandervoort & Barney,* 10th & Olive Sts., Pin Money Shop, 2nd fl.

'ique dress with blocks and squares (page 67)
Akron, Ohio—*Yeager's,* Daytime Shop, 2nd fl.
Chicago, Ill.—*Mandel Bros.,* State & Madison Sts., Daytime Dresses, 3rd fl.
New York, N. Y.—*Gimbels,* 33rd St. & Ave. of Americas, Daytime Dresses, 2nd fl.
Philadelphia, Pa.—*Gimbels,* Market & 9th Sts.
Sacramento, Calif.—*Hale Bros.,* 9th & K Sts., Cotton Shop, 2nd fl.

Pique dress-plus-jacket with straw belt (page 67)
Dallas, Texas—*Sanger Bros.,* Main & Elm Sts., Thrift Dept., 4th fl.
New York, N. Y.—*Gimbels,* 33rd St. & Ave. of Americas, Tommie Austin Shop, 3rd fl.
Pittsburgh, Pa.—*Joseph Horne Co.,* Penn Ave., Tommie Austin Shop, 2nd fl.
Washington, D. C.—*S. Kann & Sons Co.,* 8th St. & Penn Ave., Sportswear, 2nd fl.

Rose stickpin (page 68) and cabbage rose on tulle stole (page 69)
Write: Glamour Fashions
12 West 37th St.
New York 18, N. Y.

Red carnation on navy faille ribbon (page 68)
New York, N. Y.—*Bloomingdale's,* 59th St. & Lexington Ave., Flowers, Main fl.
Philadelphia, Pa.—*Wanamaker's,* Market & 13th Sts., Neckwear, Main fl.

White carnations on chartreuse ascot (page 68)
New York, N. Y.—*Bloomingdale's,* 59th St. & Lexington Ave., Flowers, Main fl.
Philadelphia, Pa.—*Wanamaker's,* Market & 13th Sts., Neckwear, Main fl.

Violets on white mesh hatlet (page 68)
New York, N. Y.—*Wanamaker's,* Broadway & 9th St., Main fl.

Garland of roses on velvet ribbon (page 68)
Bridgeport, Conn.—*D. M. Read Co.,* 1050 Broad St., Main fl.

Green carnation to point a plunge (page 69)
Detroit, Mich.—*Crowley, Milner Co.,* Gratiot Ave., 1st fl.
New York, N. Y.—*Wanamaker's,* Broadway & 9th St., Main fl.

Satin striped half-size dress (page 70)
Chicago, Ill.—*The Fair,* State & Adams Sts., Dresses, Downstairs
Los Angeles, Calif.—*Broadway Dept. Store,* Broadway & 4th Sts., Dress Dept., Downstairs
Milwaukee, Wis.—*Gimbels,* 101 W. Wisconsin Ave., 2nd fl.
New York, N. Y.—*Stern's,* 41 West 42nd St., Downstairs
San Antonio, Texas—*Joske's,* Alamo Plaza

How to Order Modern Screen Fashions

(1) *Buy in person from stores listed.*
(2) *Order by mail from stores listed.*
(3) *Write Connie Bartel, Modern Screen, Box 125, Murray Hill Station, New York 16, N. Y.—for store in your vicinity.*

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THIS LOVE OF OURS

(Continued from page 53)

his career was the important one if our marriage was to last. Then he was offered the lead in *Bad Boy,* and we knew that on it, more than on any one factor, hinged our future together. In those months of great happiness and great fear, I would have given up Hollywood gladly at one word from Audie that he would rather settle down at some other job in Timbuctoo or any place. But that wouldn't have been like Murphy. He'd never run away from a fight before. And he was going to lick Hollywood or die trying.

When I finished work on *The Sin of Abby Hunt* last summer and went to Italy to make *Prince of Foxes,* Audie gave me my engagement ring. It was all settled. When I returned, we'd have a pretty fair idea of his future. *Bad Boy* would be finished, and it would be a good yardstick.

As hard as I worked in Italy on my own role, I prayed even harder for the success of Audie's back in Hollywood. And when the first rushes were reviewed with enthusiasm by his studio bosses, we were in seventh heaven—although, with an ocean and a continent between us, it was a little difficult to celebrate.

I'll never forget the last endless moments of those five lonely months I was away. Fog was so dense as we neared Los Angeles airport that we couldn't land and had to go on to Burbank. When they made the announcement at the Los Angeles field, everyone waiting there for friends or relatives on our plane, started on a mad dash for Burbank, to be there in time. The only one who made it before our plane hit the runway was Murphy!

With the date set, the church decorated and my wedding dress pressed and waiting, I came down with an attack of the "flu" I had picked up in Italy. But I was determined not to postpone the ceremony. On the long-awaited day, I walked down the aisle—a little wobbly, but all brides are shaky and no bride was ever happier.

Then came that brief, combination honeymoon-personal appearance tour—which I had to leave to return to Hollywood after two weeks. . . .

Alone in our beautiful apartment, the only time I wasn't blue was when I was fixing up his dresser, arranging socks and ties and shirts in the new chest in our bedroom, and hanging his suits and jackets in their new closet. I folded and re-folded everything so many times, I nearly wore holes through the material. (And this is one of the things Audie seems to get the biggest kick out of—this wifely fussing. He likes to have his things laid out for him. He's never said so, but if I forget or leave it for him to do, he hints broadly, "Where are my pajamas, honey?" or "What shirt should I wear?")

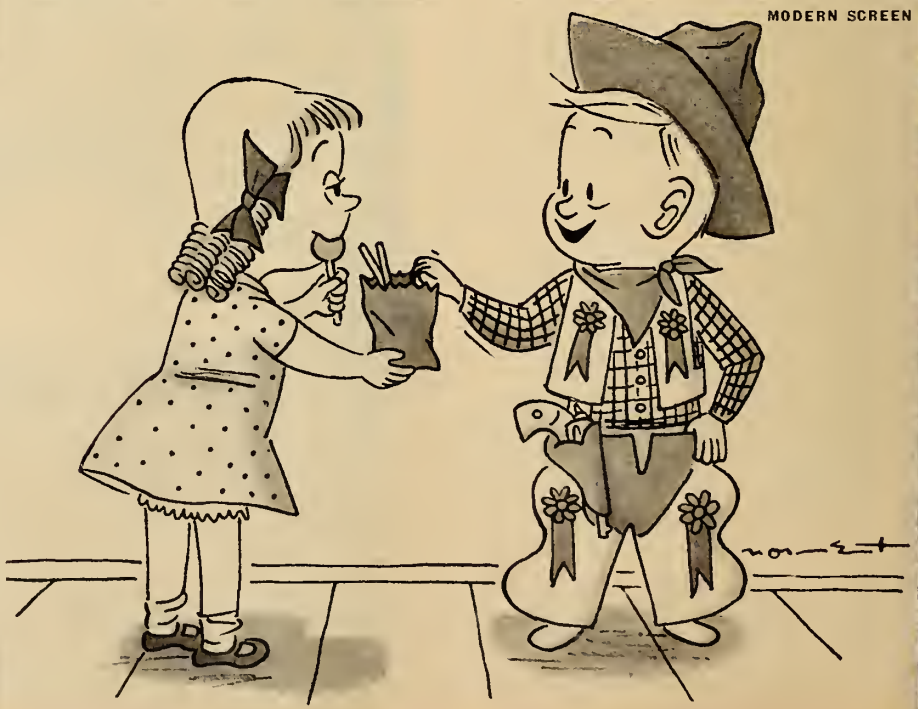
Then, at last, after a separation of three weeks that seemed an eternity, Audie returned from his tour. Heaven! But we'd barely had time to decide which towel rack was whose when once again we were parted—this time for five weeks while Audie made another tour in the East.

Now, with no more separations in the offing, this is our real honeymoon and our homecoming. We've had so many goodbyes, but now, finally, this is the dream we've dreamed so long. . .

It's certainly not spectacular as Hollywood dreams go. Evenings, we sit by the fire in robes and slippers. It's a make-believe fire with make-believe logs, but it looks real enough to poke and occasionally we do. Audie likes to watch the fights on televison and we both think the wrestling matches are fun, with their fascinatingly horrible character. Sometimes we play records or friends drop in—but more often we just sit and talk and plan.

"Who but the Murphys would start on a honeymoon and housekeeping simultaneously?" I laughed, as I fixed dinner that first night he was home from Texas.

"Well, after all," he pointed out, thoughtfully, as he made a lid-lifting tour of our gleaming new stove, "This one is a very special kind of honeymoon, Mrs. Murphy. It's going to last forever." THE END



"Thanks, Maribelle! If you were a horse I'd kiss you."

NOT BY BREAKS ALONE

(*Continued from page 40*)

He went back to his compartment. In a few minutes he had some visitors who seemed anxious to collect for the dinner. They said they could not understand how someone occupying a compartment couldn't pay for dinner. "Who are you, anyway?" they asked.

He told them. They nodded their heads, the same expression on their faces as if he'd just told them he was Napoleon. "Guy Madison, the movie actor? And you haven't got three dollars to pay for dinner?"

So Guy tried to explain. If ever there was a less plausible story, the train officials hadn't heard it. So they said, "May we see your driver's license or something to back up your story?"

And when he pulled that old chestnut about having left his license at home, the conductor, the trainman and the others started muttering about deadbeats. "Enjoy yourself, pal," they said. "Our next stop is Albuquerque where you will be met by the Police Division of your fan club. . . . You *have* a fan club, of course?"

"Oh, yes," Guy said modestly.

At Albuquerque, Guy nonchalantly went to the telegraph station. No money. Then he was greeted by several minions of the law. "Here," the train people said to the station police, almost as one man, "this is the fellow who says he's Guy Madison."

take it easy . . .

"Well, by gosh, he *is*," said one of the local policemen. "Guess I ought to know. My wife runs his fan club down here."

Yes, Guy is absent-minded; it's one of his problems. Sometimes I have to serve as his memory. He's so relaxed, he takes things so easy, that people get the impression he's just a bewildered country boy. Nonsense! He tells me, "The way I figure it, things always turn out okay in the end—so why get steamed-up in the process?"

There's another Guy Madison story around town that I, as his agent, would like to blast. This one contends that Guy has no mind of his own, that anyone can talk him into doing anything.

Now look, I know this boy. I'll bet the story causes some astonishment to his girl, Gail Russell. We know, Gail and I, that Guy very definitely has a mind of his own. Once he makes up that mind about something, he sticks to it. He won't argue or fight. He just sits there, convinced he's right.

Guy has a determined streak a yard wide—but when he realizes he's been wrong, he'll admit it at once. That's because Guy has no highfalutin' illusions about himself. Certainly, one of the prime problems of young actors is retaining their original hat size in the face of inevitable adulation. And I don't know anybody else who'd have as much justification as Guy in getting a swelled head. But he steers clear of this occupational disease by deliberately and intelligently keeping to a common-sense viewpoint of himself.

When I first saw him, he was on the cover of a naval training station magazine that a friend of mine was editing down in San Diego. The cover showed a blond young giant of a sailor expertly going up a mast. I liked his face and I noticed he had the kind of physique that men push up bar-bells to achieve.

"Who," I asked in a letter I sent to San Diego, special delivery, "is that magnificent thing? If he ever gets up this way on leave, tell him to look me up."

That started a sequence of events which

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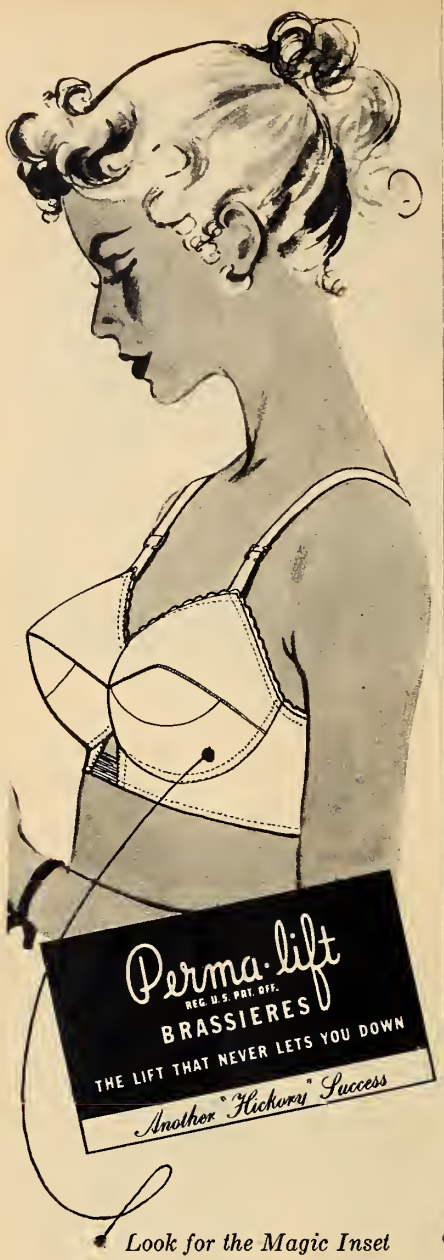
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wound up with Henry Willson and David O. Selznick sensing something unusual in the lad, giving him his break. He used to come up from San Diego on every liberty. He'd hitch rides like any other young serviceman. Most of his buddies didn't even know he'd made *Since You Went Away* until the picture played the base.

The point is, Guy didn't go Hollywood then, and he hasn't gone Hollywood since. He likes to move alone when he's not dating his best girl, Gail Russell. Maybe that's why some people think he's cold and remote.

One day I was sitting at a friend's beach home, down in Santa Monica. I looked out the big window and saw a well-built fellow walk down the sand with a towel wrapped around his neck. He removed the dungarees he was wearing over his trunks, threw off the towel and ran down to the water. From where I sat, it looked like Guy Madison, and I said as much to my hostess.

"Heavens," she said, "if that was Guy, he wouldn't have to carry his own towel and come to the beach with his trunks on."

"I know," I added. "He'd have a million invitations from people with beach houses. But also, if it were Guy—he'd turn them all down and come to the beach this way."

I went out on the beach and sure enough, it was Guy.

It isn't that he's snooty, or "vants to be ahlone." It's just that he probably got that swimming idea on the spur of the moment and didn't want to be beholden to anyone.

They say Guy has "no business sense." This may be true of most young actors. One of the greatest problems faced by newcomers to Hollywood is how to cope properly with business matters concerning their careers. Many an actor has found himself stymied for years thereafter by making decisions on affairs whose merits he has insufficient experience to judge.

But Guy Madison's an exception. In business matters he's shown himself to be, in his own quiet way, as smart as a whip. I like the story of the time a high-powered agent thought he'd do a little talent-grabbing. He got a friend to ear-bang Guy about all he could do for Guy if Guy would only switch agents.

Guy didn't want to change, bless him. But the agent's friend was persistent. "What can you lose?" he said. "Just go and talk to this fellow. That's all he wants to do, just talk to you."

So they arranged a meeting. They gave Guy their super de luxe pitch. Told him what they'd done for all their other people and how much more they could do for *him*. How they'd been looking for someone exactly his type and money really didn't matter. They just liked him and wanted him for their client, even if they couldn't make a dime out of him.

"Oh, you mean you want me for a *client?*" Guy asked.

They had to admit that this was roughly what they were leading up to.

"But I thought," Guy said, "you just wanted to talk to me."

Oh, sure, they said. They wanted to talk to him all right. But it would ever be peachier if they could talk and be agent-client at the same time.

Guy never looked duller. He said: "But I already have an agent, thank you. Miss Ainsworth is my agent. Thanks for the nice talk."

And he left, leaving them confused—and, I'm sure, convinced that the lad was not so bright. I'm asking, who was smart and who was stupid in that little tête-à-tête? Seems to me, Guy met the problem intelligently.

Another Guy Madison story I'd like to scotch is that he's the original Timid Soul. The truth is, Guy is quiet, long-suffering and patient. Maybe that's why some people think he's got a little of Casper Milquetoast in him. But provoke him, and he's anything but timid.

That's the way he is about being an actor, for example. Guy knew with what handicaps he had to start. Most actors have the problem of working their way up from the bottom. They're lost to view while they learn. They carry spears in the background while the experienced stars makes with the heavy emoting in the foreground. They don't get much recognition but they learn about acting.

It wasn't that way with Guy. He attained fame in his first bit. He got ou



"Okay, Spike, start talking. Mr. Bushkin here wants to buy the movie rights."

of the Navy to find he was a movie star and, yet, as he was the very first to say, there was an awful lot about acting he had yet to learn. And he had to do all his learning right out there in front of the faithful fans who were enthusiastically boosting his stock.

It would have scared a lesser man stiff. Guy was scared, sure, but he faced the situation sensibly.

He went down to La Jolla to play in *Dear Ruth* on the stage with Diana Lynn. I visited him some days later. He was sitting in his dressing room, morose, and a little blue.

He saw me come in. He picked up a sheaf of newspaper clippings and held them out to me. "Here, look at these," he said.

They can hardly be said to have been flattering to him.

I started to try to explain them away. He broke in. "They're right," he said, "absolutely right."

Much more experienced stars than Guy Madison are terrified of what the critics might say of them on the stage. I could name 10 stars who came to movies via the stage who admit they are scared to death to return to the footlights and an in-person audience.

Higher education . . .

So I wasn't going to blame Guy for being timid about being a stage actor. But early this summer Guy came up to me and said he wanted to go back to summer stock. "The experience would be good for me. I'd learn a lot," he said.

"What about those man-eating critics?" I suggested.

"Well, what about them?" he countered.

So, as his agent, I arranged the tour. I knew what he wanted. Good, bad or indifferent, he just didn't want to be considered a quitter. And when he returned after six weeks of playing *John Loves Mary*, he showed me his clippings again. You know what? They said now that he'd learned a lot as an actor and could now be considered a good performer with a distinct and pleasant personality.

Of course, the current big buzz-buzz about Guy has to do with Gail Russell. People are always giving *me* the inside dope about this. One version has it that she won't marry him, the other that he won't marry her. I've heard it was all publicity and that they were both "secretly" in love with two other people. Oh, the wonderful Madison-Russell stories I've heard!

But I'll tell you something. When we were down in Dallas for that *Texas, Brooklyn and Heaven* opening, there was an absolutely stunning gal who attached herself to us. She was a typical example of she-wolves who are always on the make for good-looking young stars like Guy. The way she kept looking at him was more eloquent than words.

She tagged Guy through a round of cocktail parties and dinner parties. Finally, about 11 o'clock, we were at a party in the hotel where we were staying. Guy turned from the girl to me the minute the beautiful creature took time out and left him unguarded.

"You know, Miss Ainsworth," he said, "I'm not having much fun. I'm going upstairs and call up Gail." And he quietly departed.

I may not know all the answers to the Madison-Russell romance. But I've seen enough to tell which way the wind is blowing.

And in the five years I've known him, I've seen enough of the nice, quiet, gentlemanly Mr. Madison and the intelligent way he meets his problems to know that any girl could well be proud to have him for her Guy.

THE END

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WINNER TAKE ALL?

(*Continued from page 24*)

for photographers, standing out as the only girl present in a high-necked dress in all that array of strapless gowns. She chatted with Claire Trevor, congratulating her on her Award. Then Lew Ayres took her gently by one arm, Jack Warner by the other, and she went off to a party at the Champagne Room of the Mocambo.

Here were gathered 130 people—Jane's old friends and all the fellow-workers from Warners who had helped her make *Johnny Belinda* her greatest role. This night, Jane's cup of happiness was filled and running over. She was on top of the world. Her friends were gathered about her. And yet, there remained one dark question mark: What of the men in her life? . . .

A few weeks before, I'd seen Jane Wyman and Lew Ayres together at the Errol Flynn party. Jane looked happier than I'd seen her for a long time. Lew, his thin, tanned face responsive to her every remark, looked happy, too. They spent most of the evening chatting with the Ronald Colmans. Every once in a while, Jane would wander off to greet her friends, and Lew would remain where he was, waiting for her. . . .

already at odds . . .

Watching them together, I thought back to *Johnny Belinda* and the tender love scenes these two played in it at the time Jane was getting ready to call quits to her marriage to Ronald Reagan.

I don't believe for a minute that Lew, or any other man, was responsible for the break in what Hollywood had long considered the "perfect marriage." I'm sure that Jane had decided quite a while before she and Lew made *Johnny Belinda,* that she and Ronnie Reagan were heading in different directions. However, when a girl is already emotionally at odds with her husband, close association with another man, attractive and considerate, might cause her to view her mate with an even more critical eye.

And, undoubtedly, while Jane and Lew were working together in *Johnny Belinda,* she found Lew a very pleasant fellow to be with—he's an interesting conversationalist, with a rare and alert sense of humor. As I watched them at Errol's party, they were having lots of laughs and both seemed very intent on what the other was saying.

This scene contrasted so sharply with one I'd witnessed when I watched Jane and Ronnie Reagan dining at Le Papillon, on The Strip, just before she took off for New York where she finally admitted she was separating from her husband. They weren't laughing at all, and their few smiles were pretty wooden. Once or twice Ronnie went into long dissertations, and I gathered from Jane's expression that she was pretty uninterested in what he was saying.

I'm sure that Jane went through a terrific emotional upheaval when she finally took her first step away from Ronnie. She was exhausted physically and mentally when she finished her long, Award-winning job in *Johnny Belinda.*

Things had been piling up for Jane even before she began the picture. She'd lost the baby she had been expecting, and Ronnie went through a siege of illness brought on by virus X. Then the two children had heavy colds, which caused her a good deal of worry.

When she went to New York, after the picture was finished, she behaved as if she'd have liked to have found a nice cozy hole to crawl into. She wouldn't leave her hotel room for fear of meeting someone who'd ask her questions about her marriage. Then she announced that she and Ronnie were going their separate ways.

By the time she returned to Hollywood, she was in a very emotional state. Then she took off for Las Vegas, where she said she was going to file for divorce, but while moping around the Flamingo Hotel, she met so many friends who wanted to know what was up, she fled from there, too.

To all appearances, it looked as if the little girl didn't know what she wanted to do. She was almost as distraught as "Belinda" was, when she was standing trial for murder. I've often wondered if Lew Ayres didn't give her some friendly counsel in real life then, just as he had in the picture. Lew had gone through a lot of emotional upheaval himself, when he announced during the war that he intended to serve but not carry arms for his country. He was completely misunderstood at that time, because the public couldn't understand a young man who said simply that he couldn't kill another human being. (Later, of course, after he had served with distinction in an Army medical unit in Pacific battle areas, those who'd attacked his stand completely changed their minds.)

It is very likely he was able to give Jane understanding advice that helped her to get a grip on herself. At any rate, she suddenly snapped out of her indecision, came back home, and calmly went about getting a divorce in Los Angeles. She testified that Ronnie caused her mental torture because he was so interested in politics.

However, what really happened between this supposedly ideally mated pair is all guesswork, for neither of them has ever told anyone what actually happened. The California divorce law allows a wife to charge mental cruelty without going into too much detail, so what Jane told the judge can only be about half the reason she made up her mind to stop being Mrs. Reagan.

When I lunched with her recently and asked her if she cared to discuss her marriage break-up, she said she'd talk to me about anything on earth but that.

This attitude of Jane's would indicate that she's been very much on the defen-

coming attractions!!

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cover co-starring
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june 10

sive about her marital collapse. She's doubtless had many an argument with herself. Ronnie's preoccupation with matters outside the home may not seem in itself to be a strong reason for throwing in the sponge on an eight-year-old marriage which had survived many ups and downs. And yet, wives who have gone through somewhat the same experience can sympathize with her to a great degree.

Undoing a marriage is a difficult business. There are so many mutual ties. It takes a long time to begin thinking about oneself as a separate entity. Jane hasn't gotten over this hurdle yet.

I asked her recently about a jeweled locket she was wearing, made in the form of a horse's head. "Oh, Ronnie and I have a racing stable," she smilingly replied, without thinking. "This is one of the racers we have high hopes for. If it doesn't win, I'll probably throw this locket in the ashcan!" She was still thinking of herself as part of a team with Ronnie!

They are friendly, and saw a lot of each other before Ronnie went to England to make *The Hasty Heart.* While he was there, they talked frequently by trans-Atlantic telephone, when Jane would give him all the news of the children. And every week she sent him a supply of steaks. At this writing, Ronnie is expected to return in a few days, and after she completes *The Octopus and Miss Smith* with Dennis Morgan, Jane herself will leave for England—to make a film for Alfred Hitchcock.

Away from the studio, Jane has taken up painting. She told me that many nights when she can't sleep, she gets up to work with her oils and brushes to settle her nerves. In her living-room there is little else right now but a huge oil portrait of herself in the role of Belinda. It was painted by her teacher, Paul Clemens.

She's also taken up golf and has been going regularly to the Riviera Country Club at six o'clock in the evening, an hour when the course is usually deserted. She prefers not to have people watching her.

future uncertain . . .

Jane works as hard at being a mother as she does at being an actress. Remembering the old days when she was a dancing kiddie, she stopped little Maureen's piano lessons, because the child was getting too expert.

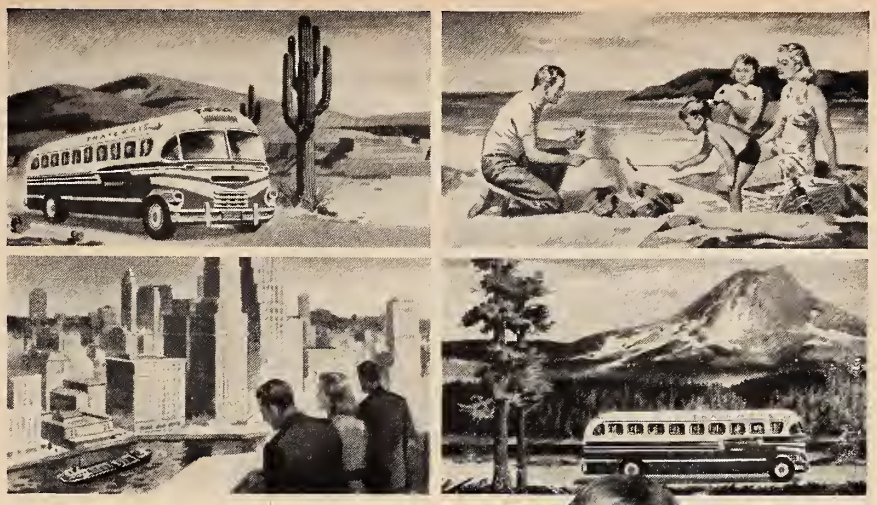
"I want them both to grow up just perfectly normal, healthy children with lots of fun and the way of life kids are entitled to," she explained.

While painting, she lets seven-year-old Maureen and three-year-old Michael (who's adopted) sit with her and, with great earnestness, try to make the same pictures as she does with their colored crayons.

It was a great blow to her when she lost her baby in 1947. She hopes sometime to marry again and have more children. But having failed to find enduring happiness in two marriages, she tells friends she's going to be very certain it will work out before she tries it again.

Lew Ayres was first married to Lola Lane, and then to Ginger Rogers. He, too, is shy about trying it again. You can be certain that should he and Jane decide it's really love between them, they'll still be in no rush to wed. . . .

And so, amid the great and well-deserved triumph of an Acadamy Award that underlines the shining promise of even greater fulfillment ahead for the extraordinary talents of Jane Wyman, the major question in her personal life still remains: Will all the heartbreak of her shattered marriage to Ronald Reagan be healed and forgotten in the deep and lasting happiness that may someday await her with Lew Ayres? THE END



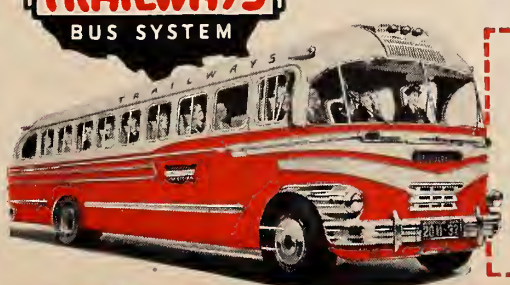
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MY LONELY YEARS

(*Continued from page 42*)

So one of the first men I met was Farley Granger. So one of the first things he did was to invite me out. So—I'll never forget how I stood there looking at him and wanting to say yes. I was heartsick. Not until that moment had I realized what I'd let myself in for with my stern resolution—which I could now feel rapidly melting away to nothing. Yet, at the same time, it hit me that if I broke down this quickly I'd never be able to respect myself.

Farley Granger will never know, until he reads this, what it cost me to say no—as I did. He just straightened up, I remember, and said, in a funny kind of way, "Okay . . . however you feel."

blues day and night . . .

Well, my feeling was far from happy, but that's the way it had to be. In self-defense I threw myself into rehearsals for my first picture—*Wonder Man,* with Danny Kaye. It didn't matter to me whether the studio scheduled rehearsals or not, I came down daily and danced anyway. But even this didn't keep me busy enough—or tired enough so that I wouldn't even want to go out nights—so I enrolled privately at Belcher's for additional ballet lessons. I was living with Mother and Dad, and each evening I went straight home from the studio, sometimes sighing ruefully to myself about the predictions of Imogene, Mimi and the others.

Convertible with boy? Hah! The nearest I got to this was the second-hand 1937 coupe I bought to get around in. It didn't come equipped with boy; it came equipped with 200 different squeaks and rattles, an engine that pinged and bucked, and a horn that sounded like a baby seal.

Ciro's? One night on my way home from some late shooting at the studio I stopped outside and sat in my car watching. I saw laughing couples enter, the girls with their shoulders bare and I heard the thin wisps of music that would come trailing out to me every time the door opened. I imagined being inside with all the fun, and went limp with longing. When I jammed my heel down on the starter to get away from there my eyes were so filled with tears that I could hardly see to drive.

Big beach parties? Oh, yes! I think there were a quarter of a million people at some of them—everyone who cared to drive down to the public beach at Santa Monica on a hot Sunday and join Mother and Dad and me.

But I stuck to my no-date pledge and hoped that after a while I'd fall into the rut of this sort of life and it wouldn't bother me any more. (Later, as you shall see, I became horrified at the thought that I *was* in a rut, and moved fast to get out of it!) All this time I faced one more decision I couldn't make. I hadn't yet applied for my divorce. I was certain the marriage was over. There was no point to waiting. And yet, the actual step was too much for me. I know it doesn't make sense, but I just can't explain it any more clearly. It sort of had to do with a dream that I didn't want to give up—even though it had given me up. . . .

One thing had finally come about—a good thing, I suppose, though I didn't feel too happy about it. Long before I got used to saying no to an invitation, people got used to not asking me out. Even so, I might have given in had I been living with a girl friend; sooner or later there would have been a chance to come on a double date that would've hit me when my will power was minus nil or something. Being home with my parents helped a bit.

I got so I could lick the temptation to go out while I was busy on a picture, but in between pictures, time hung awfully heavy. That's when I had my jalopy overhauled and took Mother and Dad on a series of trips to see California and the nearby West. My idea was to get away from Hollywood when I wasn't working.

I got away from Hollywood but not from my situation—quite. The second morning at Yosemite Valley a big, footballish kid said hello and didn't I want to hike to Glacier Point with him? At Sequoia National Park a tall, dark vacationer introduced himself to Dad, got to meet Mother, and finally worked his way down to me . . .

Can it be that a girl traveling with her parents appeals more to men than when she's alone? At least, I've been on trips by myself and received less attention than on those sightseeing jaunts with Mother and Dad to San Francisco, Carmel, Reno, Virginia City and a half dozen other scenic and historic spots. Or maybe it's just that the spirit of the West makes everyone more hospitable and friendly—especially the kind of men you would love to date but can't.

It was bad enough to be just lonesome, as I was in my first year in Hollywood. But in my second year something else developed—something a little frightening. It came over me one night when I took Mother and Dad to the preview of *The Kid From Brooklyn.* I wore a simple blue satin dress; simple—but form-fitting—and, to tell the truth, simple but daring. After I got it on, after we got to the theater—well, it was nice to be with Mother and Dad but the dress just *shrieked* for a tall, handsome escort to be beside me! I came home depressed. I told Mother to take the dress and cut it up or give it away—anything to get it out of my sight.

She picked up the dress but looked at me oddly as she did so. Then it hit me. She didn't have to say it: maybe I was losing confidence in myself.

fight against fear . . .

It was a pretty shocking thought, but there was more than my willingness to give up the blue dress to prove this might be so. Things I had been worrying about for months crowded into my mind. In addition to my stage work I had always been a good ballroom dancer—I had even won an Arthur Murray Award as the year's most versatile dancer. But I hadn't danced once with a man since coming to Hollywood. Was there a fear in me that I would do badly trying it now? I had always worked hard to cultivate an ability to converse easily. Was I afraid I'd sound dull if I went out again? And that old zip to my personality that I started developing so assiduously when I was a kid and had always fancied was mine—was I convinced now that it had died from non-use?

It was all in the look my mother gave me and it was all in my heart. It was also all I needed to take quick action.

Within two days I had filed suit for divorce, had my hearing soon afterward and knew it would be only a year before the decree would be final.

A year to go . . . but I didn't have to wait a year. Before it was up we got startling news. My husband had remarried in England. I was free.

It's funny, but after that first surge of emotion, after talking my new state over with Mother and Dad, after driving all alone to one of the hills overlooking Holly-

wood and thinking and thinking about what I wanted for myself now, I found a great inner desire to go along quietly for a while as if nothing special had happened. But—I did accept a date.

It was my first real date in Hollywood. It was for a small cocktail party, and I went with a man I like very much, Bob Snody, a 20th Century-Fox executive. Bob said something about going to one of the night clubs instead, but I preferred the private party. It was almost as if I didn't want to trust myself in public yet. For almost three years I had opened my own doors, paid my own checks, thought and acted for myself alone. Now I wanted time to feel natural again about having things done for me by a man.

There were other quiet dates. And then, one morning, Farley Granger phoned. "Say, remember when you first got to Hollywood," he said, "and I asked you—?"

"Oh, yes!" I interrupted. "Yes! Yes! Yes!"

"What do you mean 'yes'?" he asked. "Yes, you remember, or yes, you—?"

"Yes I'd like to go out," I cut in.

"Oh!" He came back. "That's what I was leading up to!"

"Well, you're there now!" I declared. "As a matter of fact, you were there three years ago—if only I could have accepted!"

Then one night I met Rory Calhoun (before he married Isabelita, of course).

"I'm awfully glad this has happened," Rory said. "I feel I have the right to call you up some night, now."

Just to show you how soon a girl can get back into stride, my flip reply to this was, "Oh, I've felt that way for a long time!" Rory was a little taken back—and I had to ask myself, "Did *I* say that?"

But just the same, he phoned me in a day or so and made a date to take me out to Ciro's. This was the date, I decided, that would see the definite end of the old Vera-Ellen and the beginning of the new.

It was a wonderful night. Not only did I dance with Rory, but I danced with Guy Madison, with Peter Lawford, with a dozen other Madisons and Lawfords. And, to top it off, just before we left for Ciro's I got word that I was to dance with Gene Kelly in MGM's *Words and Music*.

Yes, it was a wonderful night. So wonderful I hardly even noticed a little voice inside of me that was still speaking up guiltily every once in a while. "Why, Vera-Ellen!" it seemed to be saying. "You? You out with a MAN?"

It was a voice out of the lonesome past—and as far as I was concerned that's where it belonged.

And so, with all the spirit of my new-found confidence, "Get lost!" I said.

THE END

I SAW IT HAPPEN



While visiting the Warner Brothers studio I asked Dennis Morgan for his autograph. The pen I handed him suddenly started dribbling ink all over Mr. Morgan, ruining his hands as well as his costume. I was so embarrassed I could only stand there waiting for his reaction. It came with a roar of laughter ending in a weak murmur from Dennis. "It leaks a little, doesn't it?" he said.

Betty Beacham
Los Angeles, California

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Is your ring finger long? You take chances, gamble with life and love.

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Watch for your hand



Is the tip of your little finger pointed? You're quick-witted, with a wonderful gift of expression.





Does a lucky star twinkle under the third finger of your right hand? You've talents which, developed, spell success.

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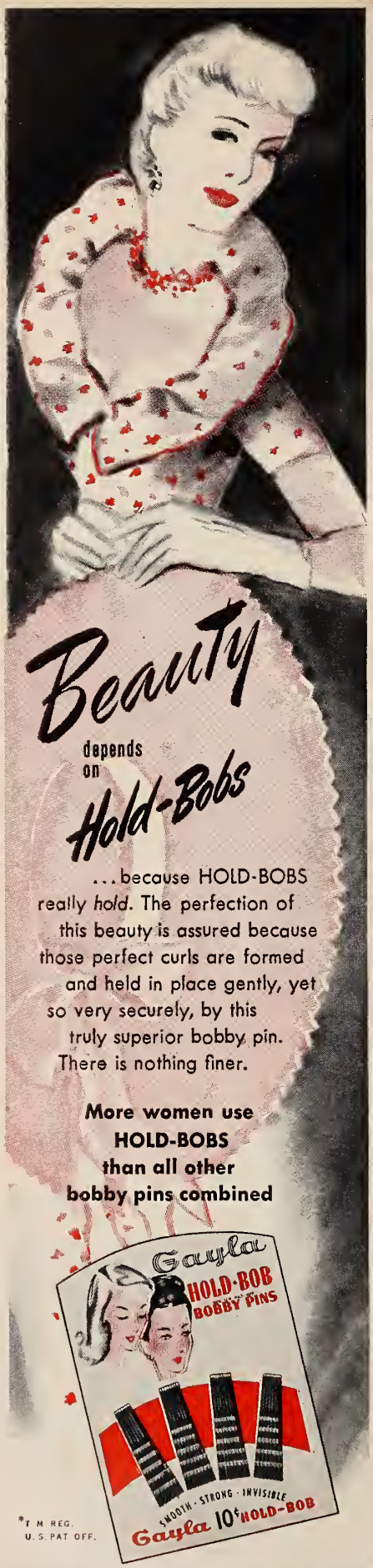
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Barbora Botes, Worners storlet, knows oll the tricks of complexion care.

clean as a kitten

By Corol Corter, Beauty Editar

■ You'd really be horrified if you examined closely all the particles of dirt your pretty face can pick up in a few hours—dust, bodily wastes left by perspiration, stale powder and make-up and assorted smudges, smears and deposits, depending on how you've been spending your time. Soap, warm water and a wash cloth are among the best friends a young skin ever had.

As you will remember from physiology class, your skin isn't an enamel-smooth surface, to be whisked clean at the first try. It's full of tiny pores and ridges and oil pockets, all of which are constantly collecting dirt. Cleansing creams are excellent in helping to soften some of the grease and dirt deposits, so unless you have an acneous condition and your doctor warns against creams, get the first layer of dirt off with cream and tissue off carefully.

So, whether your skin is dry, normal or oily, don't be afraid of washing it, but use a slightly different method in the case of dry or oily. Use a soft face cloth for the dry skin; a complexion brush or rough cloth for the oily skin. Use warm water on the dry skin; hotter on the oily. Wash the dry skin once a day with water and a mild, cold-cream soap and clean it with cream any other time of day. Scrub the oily skin at least twice a day to help get rid of excess oil and also for the sake of cleanliness—because an oily skin accumulates more dirt. Use cleansing cream on either type of skin, but remove every bit of it with soapy water if your skin is oily; if your skin is dry, pat cream on just before going to bed. The girl with a perfectly "normal" skin can steer a middle course, except that she must continue careful skin care to *keep* her complexion clear and smooth.

Always rinse your face and neck thoroughly with clear, warm water, and then splash on plenty of cold. This is stimulating and just the thing for most complexion difficulties. In the morning, splash a dry skin with cold water and follow with cleansing cream. For the oily, more soap and water, or cleansing cream followed by a lively patting with an astringent lotion.

Let your U. S. Senator or Congressman know, by letter, that you think the 20% cosmetics tax is unfair! Every protest helps make repeal of it more certain

MEET THE '49 ERS

(*Continued from page 33*)

Which is something that makes Monty somewhat different from Gordon MacRae. Gordon, who is 28, married, and the father of three, is out to enjoy California life to the fullest—and now. As soon as he'd signed his Warners contract early last year, he sank every dime he had into down payments on a valley house equipped with swimming pool; a Buick for himself, and a Cadillac for his wife, Sheila. This was perhaps not quite so fearless an expression of self-confidence as it might have seemed, for Gordon was already well established as a front-rank NBC singer—and it was fairly safe to assume that his lucrative radio and recording careers would continue onward and upward. They have: he has his own radio show, "The Railroad Hour," and currently his recording of "So In Love" is a sizable hit.

And as far as his movie career is concerned, there have been no options dropped. After doing excellently in a non-singing role in *The Big Punch*, he followed up strongly in the soon-to-be-released *Somewhere in the City*. His next film was the current *Look for the Silver Lining*. Studio talk now is that he'll be starred in a musical version of *Brother Rat*, to be called *Rise Above It*.

Gordon is nothing if not self-assured. On the morning he was first due to begin work at the studio, he arrived bright and early and a publicity man offered to take him around so he could meet the key people of the organization.

"Thanks," said Gordon, "but I think I know them all."

"I don't get it," said the puzzled press agent. "Isn't this your first day out here?"

"Yes, officially," replied Gordon. "But I dropped in yesterday afternoon and walked around. While I was at it I thought I might as well tell people who I am. So I did."

Doris Day began rocketing last year with her first movie, *Romance on the High Seas. My Dream Is Yours* has just established this blonde, delightful dynamo as one of the largest attractions in musical filmdom. Born Doris Kappelhoff in Cincinnati on April 3, 1924, she had made a place for herself in the show world as a juvenile hoofer when an automobile accident broke both her legs and put a stop to that. This blessing in disguise led her to take voice lessons and, still in her teens,



that's hollywood!

"I'd like you to know that for me Bette Davis can do no wrong. If she's in a good picture, I like her. If she's in a bad picture, I like her. There is something spirited and lyric about her acting that you get occasionally in French and Italian films, but rarely in American films. It's vigorous and exciting and there ought to be more Bette Davises."

(ANNE SHIRLEY)
Irving Hoffman
Hollywood Reporter

Goldilocks *and the* Three Spoons

ONCE upon a time Goldilocks was out buying her silverplate and she came to a store that showed her three spoons. One spoon was an ordinary spoon with no form of wear protection at all.

THE next spoon she saw was one of the extra-plated kinds. But the third spoon was something extra special. It had these



IT was a Holmes & Edwards Spoon... and like all the most used spoons and forks in this really finer silverplate—it was Inlaid with two blocks of Sterling Silver at the backs of bowls and handles to stay lovelier longer.

When she heard *this*, Goldilocks ran all the way home . . . *with* her beautiful new chest of Holmes & Edwards, of course!



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"I dress for a bride's shower... at 8 o'clock in the morning!"





1. **"For daytime duties** I wear a versatile costume. A short, chic, cardigan jacket. A jaunty white hat with a feather to match my dress. A gay roomy basket bag. It's really a traffic stopper! And, of course, I rely on gentler, even more effective Odorono Cream . . . *because I know it protects me from perspiration and odor a full 24 hours!*"

New Odorono Cream brings you an improved new formula in a bright new package. Stays creamy smooth, too . . . even if you leave the cap off for weeks!

2. **"For the evening** surprise party, from under my jacket appears a picture-pretty party dress. Around its soft blue tie silk I put a white organdie sash which matches the dainty gathered V-neck insert, and I'm set! I'm confident of my charm all evening, too, thanks to new Odorono Cream . . . *because I find it gives me the most effective protection I've ever known!*"

It never harms fine fabrics, and is so gentle you can use it right after shaving! You'll find it the perfect deodorant!



New Odorono Cream safely stops perspiration and odor a full 24 hours!

(Now in new 25¢ and 50¢ sizes, plus tax)

she got a job as vocalist with Barney Kapp's orchestra. Barney decided Kappelhoff, while a nice enough name, was sort of lacking in oomph, and gave her the moniker of Day. Jobs with Bob Crosby, Fred Waring and Les Brown made her a favorite of the jukes and brought her Hollywood offers. These she turned down, being very fond of singing with bands. But finally, while doing a solo at the Little Club in Manhattan, she gave in and signed with Warners.

Doris, one of the friendliest girls in the world, finds Hollywood a charming place to live. She seems certain to be one of its best-known citizens for a long time to come.

Perhaps the most interesting of the new personalities is Joanne Dru, a mother of three before she ever appeared before a camera. For that matter, she's convinced that being a mother is going to help her with her career. The responsibility of caring for her children means, she holds, that she'll have to look at her career objectively.

It was while she and her husband, Dick Haymes, were still living together, that Nancy Hawks, wife of producer-director Howard Hawks, first put the movie bug into Joanne's head. Joanne agreed to take some dramatic coaching from Howard and spent a year at it, but with no more thought to it than perhaps accepting an occasional part in a picture. That was in her mind when she played the feminine lead in *Abie's Irish Rose*. But after *Red River*, her stock went sky-high. It's even higher now that she's starred in the John Ford picture, *She Wore a Yellow Ribbon*.

top two . . .

Betsy Drake's triumph with Cary Grant in *Every Girl Should Be Married*, and Jane Greer's consistently fine work make them the favored pair of newcomers at RKO these days.

Betsy has started right at the top with a starring role. This, of course, was done with Cary's help, but her talent is undeniable. Born in Paris but raised in America in the East and Southeast, she has good theatrical grounding on the stage. Around the studio she is a very quiet girl, wears no jewelry, no fingernail polish, and asks permission to watch the shooting on a set even if the scene is part of her own picture.

When she was making *Every Girl Should Be Married*, she attended a get-acquainted luncheon with eight members of RKO's press department at Lucey's. It turned out to be a most difficult time for all concerned. Betsy was terribly nervous. Her cigarette trembled in her lips and her fingers plucked busily at the tablecloth. Soon she'd gathered so much of it in, that the people on the other side almost found themselves eating on bare board. She did become more poised as the weeks passed—but she's still a bashful girl who doesn't like to talk about herself.

The big future for 24-year-old Jane Greer, as far as anyone who knows her is concerned, lies in a type of acting she's never engaged in up to now—comedy. Her ability as a comedienne is in large part an aftermath of a peculiar ailment from which she suffered when she was 16. Called Bell's disease, it temporarily paralyzed the muscles on one side of her face. To regain mobility, she exercised them for long periods daily and now has a control of facial expression that's extraordinary.

She can flutter one eyelid while the other remains motionless, or adjust her face into an amusing, human caricature of almost anyone she wants to impersonate. She had a dozen hardened studio workers howling the other day as she illustrated the way Bob Mitchum and Kirk Douglas tried to underplay each other when they

were making *Out Of The Past.* Bob, as everyone knows, is a relaxed player, barely drawling his lines—and that technique just seems to steal scene after scene. This day Kirk decided to relax, too, and as the dialogue went on, each one slouched more and more, until they both were practically doing the sequence lying down on the floor. Jane in her mimicry even managed to look like them.

Formerly married to Rudy Vallee, Jane is now Mrs. Edward Lasker and the mother of a two-year-old son. She was born in Washington, D. C., and got her professional start singing with Enric Madriguera's orchestra. Picture offers came after Life magazine had her on the cover in a WAC uniform, and she signed with Howard Hughes. Later she got a release from him and signed with RKO. Since he now controls that studio, she says, "I'm back where I didn't want to be—and that's where I wanted to be all the time."

Coming back to Arlene Dahl at MGM—she'll probably be on a fast boat to Italy about the time you're reading this, to go into an important picture as yet not named. Her work with Robert Cummings in *Reign of Terror* and with Van Johnson in *Scene of the Crime* won her this assignment. Arlene used to think that being a model was the most wonderful thing in the world, which is why she left Minneapolis for New York. There she became one of the highest paid models in the city. One day, Joe Pasternak at MGM saw her picture in a magazine and wired her agent for information about her. But Arlene didn't know about it—for the agent, not wanting to lose her, carefully mislaid the telegram. She was singing on Broadway in *Mr. Strauss Goes to Boston* when she was offered a contract with Warners.

That led to her role opposite Dennis Morgan in *My Wild Irish Rose* and this in turn led to an MGM contract and roles with Van Johnson in *The Bride Goes Wild* and Red Skelton in *A Southern Yankee.*

Van Johnson was a Warner Brothers player, but just leaving, about the time that Arlene started there. When they first met on the MGM lot, Van remembered her. "Didn't I see you at Warners?" he asked.

I SAW IT HAPPEN



Betty Grable came to Fort Bragg, N. C., during the war. As a public relations Sergeant, I went to one of the training units with a photographer to take a series of pictures of her in the kitchen with the cooks and the K. P.'s. When we finished our pictures, the officers—a Captain and four Lieutenants—grabbed off Miss Grable to sit at their table for dinner. After dinner the Captain suggested that it would be nice to have photographs of the officers and Miss Grable. I replied that we were there to photograph her with enlisted men. He insisted—so what could a Sergeant do when a Captain insisted? I whispered to the photographer, "Snap a few, but don't use any film. Then we'll tell him they turned out bad." The Captain and the Lieutenants posed smilingly for many pictures. They were completely unaware of the hoax. But I could tell by the twinkle in Miss Grable's eyes that she knew!

Don Bishop
New York City



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Only Lustre-Creme has Kay Daumit's magic blend of secret ingredients *plus* gentle lanolin. This glamorizing shampoo lathers in hardest water. Leaves hair fragrantly clean, shining, free of loose dandruff and so soft, so manageable!

Famous hairdressers use and recommend it for shimmering beauty in all "hair-dos" and permanents. Beauty-wise women made it America's favorite cream shampoo. Try Lustre-Creme! The man in your life—*and you*—will love the loveliness results in your hair.

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Whichever you choose, you'll never know how pretty you can be until you try Magic Touch—thrilling new cream make-up. Large size compact $1. Trial size 39¢. FREE Beauty Booklet of make-up secrets. Write Campana Sales Company, 1200 Lincolnway, Batavia, Ill.



"Yes. I was there a year," Arlene told him. "How long were you there?"

"Oh, they found *me* out in just six months," he replied.

Kirk Douglas, who has zoomed to stardom overnight in *Champion*, hails from Amsterdam, New York. He did everything from carnival wrestling to punch-press operating before he got started on Broadway. And what a start! His first stint was as a singing-messenger boy—and he can't sing. His next role was with the Katharine Cornell-Judith Anderson-Ruth Gordon staging of the Russian classic, *The Three Sisters*—in which he played an offstage echo. But after a hitch in the Navy, and more stage and radio work, he hit strongly in movies in *The Strange Loves of Martha Ivers* and *A Letter to Three Wives*. The word is out that the best work he's done is in *Champion*, just being issued now.

One thing Kirk can't forget is his poverty-stricken days. He dropped into a restaurant with a friend the other day and when their food was served, they both agreed it was so bad as to be unappetizing. But to his friend's surprise, Kirk cleaned his plate anyway. "I can't, I just can't waste food," he explained. "Too many times at home I opened our icebox—and I don't mean refrigerator—to see nothing but an old can of Mazola. Too many times I met the early morning train from New York at five o'clock to get an armful of newspapers to sell so I could run back home with breakfast cereal and milk for my four sisters and myself."

Ricardo Montalban, whose parents came from Spain but now live in Mexico, where Ricardo was born 28 years ago, is a dancer who never danced professionally before getting into pictures. He has deep dramatic ambitions and, even though the MGM execs think he's a great hoofer, doesn't feel he's properly a dancer at all.

the play's the thing . . .

Some weeks ago he was at Loretta Young's, attending a family party. (His wife, Georgianna—the mother of his three children—is Loretta's sister.) Ricardo, in the course of the festivities, was clowning around and fell, twisting his back. A doctor diagnosed his injury as a sacroiliac slip, and everyone's face promptly got grave. "Oh, Ricardo!" they mourned. "What about your dancing?"

He laughed. "Who cares?" he replied. "Now at last I will have to do some straight acting to make a living."

But the sacroiliac worked back into place and he can dance again. However, the latest dope is that he may get a chance to go dramatic in the picture MGM is making about the Battle of the Bulge, *Battleground*.

Pat Neal, who says she got her husky, Tallulah Bankhead-like voice playing (and yelling) "Run, sheep, run!" as a tomboy in Packard, Kentucky, where she was raised, is the tallest of the new stars—five-feet-eight. There are a lot of other Tallulah characteristics to her and her career. One of Tallulah's greatest successes was as Regina in *The Little Foxes*, on Broadway, and Pat played the same role in the play that concerned the same character, *Another Part of the Forest*. Tallulah came to see Pat after the first night and told her, "Darling, you were as good playing Regina as I was—and that's darned good!" And out at the studio, Pat has a habit of shocking Warner Brothers executives à la Tallulah.

One of them ran across her on a Monday morning and happened to ask, "Well, what have you been doing over the weekend?"

"Shoplifting," replied Pat.

She shocks them, but she also pleased them so much in *John Loves Mary* that they put her in *The Fountainhead*, with



Gary Cooper. Right after that they sent her to attend a Command Performance in London and to stay on there with Ronald Reagan to do *The Hasty Heart*. (She wrote a letter from England to a studio friend, saying that when she went for a walk with Ronald one day, fans besieged them and they had to seek refuge in the Tower of London. "We were locked up for an hour," she said, "but we didn't lose our heads.")

The youngest two players among the new stars-to-be are Gigi Perreau and Joan Evans. Joan is not yet 15 but fully looks her part as Farley Granger's mountain sweetheart in *Roseanna McCoy*. It's a bit odd to see Joan go from a love scene with Farley to the little "schoolhouse" on the studio set to pick up her high-school lessons again. Soon after the picture started, she showed up one day with a worried look and told the director, Irving Reis, that she was worried about her "test." "Why, your screen test was perfect!" he exclaimed. "I don't mean *that*," she cried. "I mean my biology test."

Joan's parents are both writers who have worked close to the picture business, and her godmother is Joan Crawford. Yet she got her chance through a "cold" discovery when a Goldwyn talent director, William Selwyn, discovered her in a private school in her native New York City. She's chestnut-haired and has brown eyes. So far, she seems quite calm about her screen career.

Little Gigi Perreau, at eight, is already practically a screen veteran, having appeared in 18 pictures. Her brother, Peter Miles, who is 11, is a child star in his own right with his latest picture, *Red Pony*. There's another girl in the family, Janine, a year younger than Gigi. Yep, Janine has been before the camera, too. That was when she was given a bath by Katharine Hepburn in *Song of Love*. When the director of that picture had trouble showing Janine what to do, Gigi took over and supervised Janine in the scene.

Gigi's real first name is Ghislaine. She knows it's a classical French name, she knows that her grandfather was dean of the Paris stock exchange, and she also knows how to draw a circle with a compass and cut it up into angles. Around the studio, she issues a newspaper written in pencil, with such items in it as, "Rita Hayworth may get married," "Wallace Beery isn't feeling too good," and "Flash! Gigi

Perreau went to court yesterday to have her Goldwyn contract renewed." She is proud of her work in *Enchantment,* but the biggest kick she ever got was at a preview of *Family Honeymoon* in which she appears with Claudette Colbert and Fred MacMurray. Her role called for her to be quite a trial to her elders and as she was leaving the theater with her mother, she heard a woman remark, "Wasn't that little girl a brat!"

"Did you hear that, Mother?" Gigi asked. "I must have acted real well to be *that* bad!"

Scott Brady is an ex-amateur pugilist champion, now punching out a film career for himself. Hailing from Westchester, New York, the son of a police chief, he went into the Navy right after high school and won the light-heavyweight boxing crown at the Pensacola naval station. After the war he visited Hollywood to see his brother, Lawrence Tierney. A few months later he was under contract to Eagle-Lion. Then he made *Canon City* and *He Walked by Night.* His latest picture is *The Western Story,* with Jane Russell and George Brent.

Scott is 25, stands six-feet-two and weighs 180. That's near perfect for movie he-men, combining required ruggedness with necessary photographic slimness. He's still a bit bashful about being an actor. Late last spring, he was punching the heavy bag at the Hollywood YMCA when a man stopped to talk to him.

"I like the way you handle yourself, kid," he said. "How'd you like to fight for a living? I handle boxers."

"No, thanks," said Scott, blushing. "I've got regular work."

"Better than boxing?" said the manager.

"I like it better," said Scott.

The man went away and Scott's brother, Dick, who was standing nearby, wanted to know why Scott hadn't simply declared that he was in the movies.

"G'wan!" said Scott. "Who'd believe it?"

Well, the modest Mr. Brady may be correct in the assumption that he'd never, off-screen, be mistaken for a thespian. But it's a cinch that no one seeing him perform in a film could think that he was anything but an actor, and a whale of a good one.

And that, as we've said, is something that goes for every one of these clearly talented young players. Their qualifications for screen eminence go much deeper than their abundant personal attractions. In Hollywood 1949, technical ability is being demanded first and foremost of newcomers who make the grade.

The '49 ers have everything needed. It's a great thing for the movies. THE END

MEET THE AUTHOR

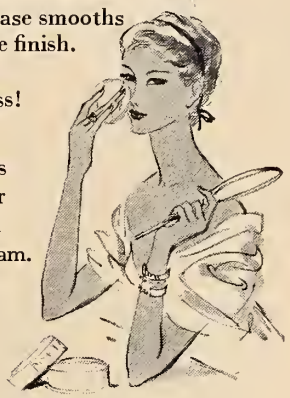
Louis Pollock was born tongue-tied in Liverpool, England, and was headed for Montreal in the same condition, at 11 months of age. An operation, performed at sea, worked wonders, and Louis has been talking steadily ever since. Wanderings brought him to Chicago where, as a newspaperman, he was fired three times. To this distinction he adds that of being the first reporter in the journalistic history of the city who was scooped repeatedly by his own paper.

Lured into press-agentry, Pollock became advance man for everything from faith healers to Sally Rand.

He left the management of a tent show in Florida to go into motion picture advertising. While at work he wrote a book called Stork Bites Man, *and left that job to write for magazines and await royalties from his book. At present, he is still waiting with a wife, two children and open arms.*

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Sheer, satiny powder base—greaseless! Looks fresher, more natural! Protects skin!

Here's the secret of a make-up that always looks charmingly *right*—always in perfect taste. Never heavy and artificial. Before powder, just smooth on a feather-light base of Pond's Vanishing Cream. No streaking—no shade problem. The cream leaves only a protective, *transparent* film that takes powder superbly—and *holds* it!



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For bright, clear beauty for a bright evening ahead, always give your face a refreshing pick-up with a 1-Minute Mask. Cover your face, except eyes, with lavish fingerfuls of Pond's Vanishing Cream. The Cream's "keratolytic" action loosens stubborn dirt and dead skin roughnesses. Dissolves them off! After one minute, tissue off clean. Your skin looks vibrant, *alive*—smoother and clearer—ready for a flawlessly lovely make-up!



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by Bissell



The house is shining-clean for the wedding . . . when excelsior from Aunt Clara's last-minute wedding gift goes all over the carpet! What to do?

Just whistle . . . and whisk out the Bissell Carpet Sweeper. That new "Bisco-matic"* Brush Action sweeps clean without any pressure on the handle . . .



Works automatically, adjusting itself to any rug, from the thickest broadloom to the smoothest Oriental! It even picks up perfectly when the handle is held *low,* for sweeping under tables and chairs.

Hint to brides: Use your vacuum for periodic cleaning, a "Bisco-matic" Bissell® for everyday quick pick-ups.



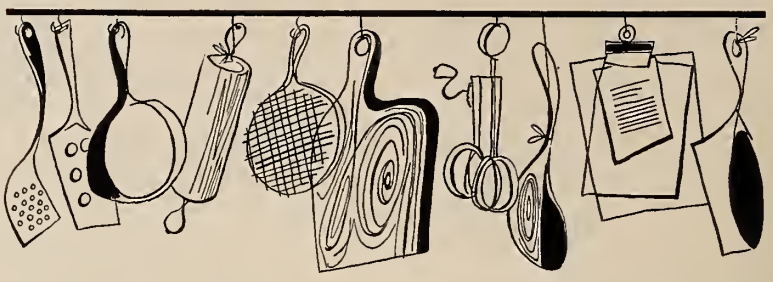
Exceptional values. "Bisco-matic" Bissells with "Sta-up" Handle and easy "Flip-O" Empty as low as $6.45. Other models far even less. Illustrated: the "Vanity" at $8.45.

Bissell Sweepers

The Bissell Carpet Sweeper Co.
Grand Rapids 2, Michigan

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. Bissell's patented full spring controlled brush

fan fare



Bob Dalton, cook extraordinary, saved the day for amateur chefs John Agar and Tom Gallary (see "Time of Their Lives" on page 50), and he can do the same for you. Mrs. Agar and Mrs. Gallary took Bob's recipes home and we were sure you'd want them, too.

caesar salad for four

- 4 small heads romaine lettuce
- 2 chopped hard-boiled eggs
- 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
- ½ teaspoon dry mustard
- ½ teaspoon freshly ground pepper
- ½ cup garlic oil
- 12 anchovies, diced
- 4 heaping tablespoons grated Parmesan cheese
- ½ cup toasted diced bread
- Juice of 2 lemons

■ Chop the romaine, put into bowl and cover with crushed ice. Put in refrigerator for an hour before using. The salad should be very cold and crisp. Stir eggs, lemon juice, Worcestershire sauce, mustard, pepper and garlic oil into mixing bowl, then pour over the chopped lettuce. Toss about one minute. Add diced anchovies, cheese and diced bread. Salt to taste and serve.

stuffed baked potato

■ Bake large Idaho potatoes and cut in half, lengthwise. Scoop out potatoes, whip with warm milk, melted butter, salt, pepper and chopped chives. Put whipped potatoes back in shells and sprinkle with paprika and grated cheese. Put into oven and bake to golden brown just before serving. The cheese will form a crust over potatoes.

garlic toast

■ Slice a loaf of French bread lengthwise. Rub a clove of garlic into shallow pan and pour in melted butter. Dip the bread and toast it.

garlic oil croutons

■ Cut 1 clove of garlic in half and let stand overnight in ½ cup of any good salad oil. Cut croutons in ½ inch squares, rub in garlic oil before toasting.

marinade for steaks

- 1 cup salad oil
- 2 tablespoons smoke salt
- ½ teaspoon freshly ground pepper
- 1 halved clove garlic (optional)

■ Pour the salad oil into shallow pan, add salt, pepper and garlic. This should be well-blended and let stand for about 2 hours before using. Before broiling steaks, marinate them in this mixture, turning frequently.

STAIRWAY TO THE STARS

(*Continued from page 57*)

already a good one, became a lot better. By the time her 12th birthday came along, she decided that everyone who told her she was too young to enter the Hollywood Bowl Auditions was silly. So she entered. She was so small that lowering the microphone was not enough—she had to stand on a trumpet case to reach it. But out of her elfin body came song and volume that electrified the audience and judges. Lois lost first place by a shade but got runner-up honors—and also a string of professional bids which included an offer from Alfred Wallenstein to sing with the Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra and another from Nelson Eddy to sing on his radio program. When John Charles Thomas heard her remarkable range and then took note of where it was coming from, he promptly dubbed her a "coloratura in a nutshell"—and the best he had ever heard anywhere.

"Surely your mother was a singer," said one of the Bowl musicians to her.

Lois shook her head in denial.

"Then your father?"

"Oh, no, he's in the building line," she told him.

"But such technique, such color and control!" the musician exclaimed. "You must have studied music—and how you must have studied!"

"How?" asked Lois blankly.

"Yes," he said. "Even if you are a child, you must have a profound knowledge of music."

Lois thought. Finally she replied, "All I know is that if the notes go up you sing high, and if they go down, you sing low."

The poor man stared at her. "Up . . . high?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Down . . . low?"

Lois nodded again. He nodded in be-



critic's corner

WHICH PAPER DO YOU READ?

Bad Boy—with this debut, young Mr. Murphy has formally leaped into the ranks of important Hollywood stars . . . he is bursting with vitality and vitriol. You go way back to the early days of Jimmy Cagney before you recall a boy radiating such vigor. By design or coincidence, this scenario was tailored exactly to his style and he has taken full advantage.

Alton Cook
N. Y. World-Telegram

The whole thing is such an apparent compilation of cliches and romance played in a strictly make-believe manner, that it is hard to stomach, much less believe . . . Precisely why Mr. Murphy should play a juvenile crook is neither apparent nor reasonable in other than exploitation terms, for he is obviously not a criminal and he is not over-able to act. His gaudy displays of insolence are like a kid's in a cops-and-robbers game.

Bosley Crowther
N. Y. Times

BOY!
but meat is a baby builder!



Swift's Strained Meats have what it takes to help baby grow his best!

Baby gets all this body-building goodness in every spoonful of Swift's Strained Meats.

Complete, high-quality proteins—needed for sound, sturdy growth.

Natural B vitamins—vital to baby's health and good appetite.

Food iron—to help baby build good, red blood—avoid anemia.

Swift's Strained Meats are extra-smooth and soft. Easy to feed *earlier* in life. Baby's choice of delicious beef, lamb, pork, veal, liver, heart. Each one 100% meat.

Swift's Strained Meats are ready to serve, cost less than if you prepared them at home!



YOUR DOCTOR—*is best qualified to say how early your baby should start Swift's Strained Meats.*

All nutritional statements made in this advertisement are accepted by the Council on Foods and Nutrition of the American Medical Association.

ACCEPTED COUNCIL ON FOODS AND NUTRITION AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION

P.S. (PLENTY SPECIAL) DICED MEATS for—



TEETHERS (to encourage chewing)



"PICKY" EATERS (to tempt lagging appetites)



BUSY MOTHERS (nourishing-easy to fix)

Tempting—Thrifty—Time-saving



SWIFT ...foremost name in meats

...first with 100% Meats for Babies

SWIFT & COMPANY, CHICAGO 9, ILLINOIS

"My beauty routine with Westmore Cosmetics"



says
ALEXIS SMITH
STARRING IN
"ONE LAST FLING"
A Warner Bros. Production



● Foundation—"After a thorough skin cleansing, Westmore's Foundation Cream, for *daylong* complexion beauty *without* dryness. It spreads on so smoothly and evenly, and covers tiny wrinkles and blemishes."



● Rouge – "Then blend on Westmore's Rouge. It's so natural-looking and lasting – and a perfect lipstick match."



● Powder—"Finish with Westmore's feather-light Face Powder! This soft, finely-sifted powder clings for hours—gives the flattering 'close-up' beauty every girl wants!"



● Lipstick – "And last, one of Westmore's 7 luscious lipstick colors (especially the exciting new Rapture Pink). They're extra creamy-smooth because they're lanolin enriched – and they go on to *stay* on!"

59¢ PLUS TAX*

Also available in 29¢ sizes

Westmore Make-up for Natural Beauty

"Regardless of Price You Cannot Buy Better"

wilderment. "That's right," he said. "And that's all. But why did I spend 50 years learning it?"

Up to this time, Lois had been doing most of the pushing herself. Now events began to lead her. She had to get an agent to comb through the theatrical offers coming in and one of these, when the right papers were signed, found her at Eagle-Lion Studios set to play the name role in *Mickey*—the story of a pig tailed tomboy in a Mid-Western American town. When the cameras turned on Lois for the first time she was 15.

When young artists develop so soon and rise so meteorically they almost always turn out to be intense young people who have shoved everything else in life aside in favor of their careers; romance, play, keeping up with friendships are forgotten.

If that's the way genius usually behaves, then Lois, to use a biological term, is a mutation of the species. Not only has she lived a well-rounded life up to now, but she's already decided that what she's going to push into the background is her *career*—and soon, and completely!

marriage comes first . . .

Blue-eyed Lois, who is under five feet and whose hair looks reddish blonde, although her studio originally declared it was chestnut-colored (of course, her studio saw her first), wants most of all in the world to be happily married. And she's not going to wait till she is thirty-ish ("Heavens, no!") and she is *not* going to combine career with marriage. In one of the most extraordinary statements ever made by a one-picture starlet, she has declared: "Maybe two or three more years of singing and pictures. Then I want to fade out quick and get married in a church, with all the trimmings, and to one man—I mean only *one*, ever!—and have a big family."

"But you'll only be about 20," it was pointed out. "A wonderful time to be starting out on a career."

"It's a more wonderful time to start out to be a mother," she came back.

After Lois attended the world premiere of *Mickey* in Des Moines, she made personal appearances in connection with other openings of the picture throughout the country. Among the dates on her itinerary was a three-day stay in New Orleans at the Joy theater, one of a circuit owned by Levere C. Montgomery. It seems there is also a Levere C. Montgomery, Jr., and on the first evening of her appearance there, he made himself known to Lois and her mother. After a few minutes of small talk he went into some big talk—and when that was over Lois found that they had a date for dinner together. They also had dinner the second night, and it was no different the third night—nor, they both realized, was it getting monotonous.

After Lois returned to Hollywood, young Mr. Montgomery, or "Monty," as a member of the United States Marine Corps Reserve putting in a couple of weeks of training, found himself at a Marine base in Southern California not a whoop and a holler away from Lois' home in the San Fernando Valley.

"Well!" she cried out in surprise one day when the doorbell rang and there stood Monty—as if she hadn't had six letters from him stating he was coming.

At this writing, Monty seems to be the favored boy friend. Lois is due to spend a week at his home in New Orleans next Christmas on invitation from his mother. Monty apparently has replaced another lad who dated Lois for a full year during the preparation of and shooting of *Mickey*. He is Skippy Homeier, who was in the picture with her.

Because she has wifehood in mind, Lois is not just sitting idly by while the studio prepares another picture for her. She is tutored at the studio now, but has been granted permission to graduate at John Marshall High, where she started and where all her friends go. In addition to this education, she is getting her hand in at things a lady of the house should know. She seems to have no talent for sewing, but shows promise at baking—at least, her mother reports that what was left of her first loaf of bread, after she got dough smeared all over the kitchen, tasted fine.

She doesn't do too good a job at taking care of her clothes. But this, her family believes, is due to a mental hazard tracing back to punishment administered for the way she removed a grease spot from a new dress when she was a child. She removed it with a pair of scissors.

But whether or not she can bake, cook or sew, her mother is certain that Lois will make a good mother, for Lois has always had a wonderful way with pets and she intends to make pets of her children.

Lois even has a way with fish—and this is on the word of her oldest brother, Russell, now chief game warden of a couple of thousand square miles of wilderness north of Fairbanks, Alaska. A few years ago he, Lois, and Mr. and Mrs. Butler went trout fishing up around Grand Mesa, Colorado. Russell made Lois go sit by herself because she insisted on singing to the fish to take her hook, and singing, he assured her, would only scare them away. So Lois sang and got three fine trout on her line. Russell, a big game man from away back, got nothing. Ditto their father and mother. Today the whole family is convinced that Lois has special powers in her voice. Russell even thinks he has it all analyzed.

"You remember when Lois swallowed that grasshopper when she was a baby?" he once asked his mother. "She gagged on it and you tried to remove it. If I remember right, you got everything but the legs—that's what grasshoppers make their music with. And boy, do trout love grasshoppers!"

Whatever the secret of Lois' attraction may be, it undoubtedly exists—and not just for trout. She's going to lure untold millions of cash customers into the theaters in the next few years—customers who'll be going home delighted by a girl whose twinkling talents, before she ever came to the screen, were developed by the soundest kind of show-world training.

THE END



HOW TIME FLIES!

■ Garlands to Judy for her swell singing in *Broadway Melody of 1938*. This thirteen year old is certainly going places.—*Modern Screen November 1937*

Love is On The Air. This little number deserves mention for just one reason and that's Ronald Reagan, one of the newest finds for Warner Brothers. He has an engagingly wide grin and a nice manner.—*Modern Screen January 1938*

PETER AND THE WOLF

(*Continued from page 49*)

confusion and competition, it isn't quite enough to give a good performance on the screen (Pete's a swell actor)—you have to get the public talking about you. And if they talk about you as a wolf—well, that just means the conversation will be more widely engaged in.

They certainly talked about Lawford the Wolf during his Rita Hayworth episode! Rita had just left Orson Welles for the second or third time. She was big news then, as always. "I think she's wonderful," Pete sighed to me in the Metro café, glancing carelessly at the Hayworth headlines. "I'd give anything to meet her." "Why don't I say so in my column?" I replied. "Then Rita will read it, and—" "Oh, no!" Peter interrupted. "It might scare her off . . . She's so beautiful, so fascinating. . . ."

Came Sunday and a movie commentator's radio show. Almost in the same language given me by Pete, I heard of his mad crush on Hayworth and how he panted to meet her. When I saw him in the studio café the next day I chided him. "I thought you didn't want anyone to know?" "I didn't, I'm furious!" Pete exploded. "Now Rita will probably *never* speak to me!"

happy hovering . . .

But Pete wouldn't be where he is today if he gave up easily. A week later I was at the Sam Spiegel New Year's Eve party. Pete came in alone. Rita came in ditto. Mr. Lawford hovered happily around his objective. When I looked up the next time, they were dancing together, surrounded by a phalanx of photographers. They left together. For one beautiful week of popping flash-bulbs and an evening-by-evening accounting in the columns, Rita and Pete were said to be in love, and giving a very reasonable facsimile thereof. But when the news value was exhausted, so was the romance.

During Rita's early Aly Khan shenanigans, I asked Pete what he and Rita had found to talk about—for Rita isn't famous for her conversation. "She's interested in *everything*," he said enthusiastically, without telling me what.

Maybe I should have asked Rita what Pete talks about on a date—because that's one of the unravelled Hollywood mysteries. The same disgruntled starlet quoted earlier told me, "Peter, like all actors, talks only about himself." More girls who've been out with him tell me, "One or two dates and no more! He makes them feel they're lucky to be with him." She was probably exaggerating—but it wouldn't surprise me if there were some truth in what she said. A rather superior attitude toward women is an old British custom, because of the odd-million more women than men in England. (It used to be two million. That's one reason I left England to live in America!)

There's also a big shortage of attractive men in Hollywood. Maybe that's why movie-star wives who shed a husband, or beautiful girls who lose a beau and find themselves suddenly in a lonely manless world, are grateful to be taken to Romanoff's, Ciro's, The Players, La Rue's, and Mocambo by the very presentable Pete. . . .

Except Elizabeth Taylor! Shortly after her success in *A Date With Judy*, I heard that Liz had succumbed to Pete's dating charms. So when I saw Pete deep in conversation with her on the Metro lot, I waited until he walked away to ask, "Is it true what they say about Peter being a wolf?" "Definitely not," retorted Miss



Fels-Naptha Soap

THE ONE WASHDAY 'MIRACLE' THAT CAN BE EXPLAINED!

Women who use Fels-Naptha Soap see a 'miracle' of cleaning performed every washday. And they know how it's done:



This astounding laundry soap is produced by blending the two greatest cleaning agents known to science—gentle, active naptha and mild, golden soap. The formula for this blend is preserved where it was created—in the Fels laboratories.



Thus the gentle, thorough Fels-Naptha cleaning action is unique. It cannot be duplicated by any other soap—certainly not by any chemical soap substitute.

Dainty garments come out of your Fels-Naptha wash as sweet and fresh as a daisy—safe from strong chemical action. Badly soiled work clothes, grimy towels, infant diapers are washed stainlessly clean, without a trace of odor—even in your automatic washer.

Incredible? Not to the women who have tried Fels-Naptha Soap—because they want more than promises. Get Fels-Naptha for *your* first washday 'miracle' *now* . . . because you know *what* it will do . . . and *why*.

For your machine or automatic washer, get gentle, quick-cleaning, sneezeless Fels-Naptha Soap Chips.



FOR EXTRA CLEANING ACTION USE

Fels-Naptha Soap

MILD GOLDEN SOAP AND ACTIVE NAPTHA

MADE IN PHILA. BY FELS & CO.

She guards her glamour!



Safe-and-sure deodorant ends perspiration troubles!

1. **ETIQUET** actually ends under-arm perspiration odor—*safely—surely!*
2. **ETIQUET**—made by specially patented formula—really checks under-arm perspiration!
3. **FLUFFY-LIGHT AND SOOTHING**—Etiquet goes on easily—disappears in a jiffy! No gritty particles!
4. **NO DAMAGE TO CLOTHING** when you use Etiquet—famous cloth-test proves!
5. **MORE ECONOMICAL TO BUY**—Etiquet won't dry out in the jar! Four sizes, 10¢ to 59¢, plus tax.

Etiquet

THE SAFE-AND-SURE DEODORANT



REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

PRODUCT OF LEHN & FINK



that's hollywood!

"Live your life so that you'll be proud to have Don Ameche play it someday."
—*Judy Canova.*

"A fool and his money—is a good fellow to have around."
—*Frank Morgan.*

"America's best buy for a nickel is a telephone call to the right man."
—*Ilka Chase.*

Irving Hoffman
Hollywood Reporter

Taylor. Then she giggled, looking after Pete's retreating figure. "Don't you think he walks like a duck?" (Forgive Liz, Peter—she was only 15 at the time!)

Janet Leigh, who is not much older than Elizabeth, doesn't agree with her. Janet was all a-flutter when Pete called her immediately after her divorce from Stanley Reames—to give her the rhumba treatment at Mocambo.

Someone once tried to explain Peter to me by saying, "He's never grown up." That could be partly true—especially his intense hero-worship for men in the spotlight. Pete's long friendship for Van Johnson dates from the period of *The Human Comedy,* when Van catapulted to fame overnight in his bit role of soldier. After that, everywhere that Van would go, Peter was sure to be along. It was a very cosy quartet in those days, Van, Pete, Keenan, and Keenan's wife—as she was then—Evie. (It was fun for the photographers, too.)

quick pupil . . .

Pete's attachment to Keenan predates his friendship with Van. It is based on gratitude. Keenan, one of nature's noblemen, runs an unofficial school of acting at Metro. When Pete signed a contract at the studio, Keenan coached him for his roles. Pete learned so fast that Keenan invited him to do a personal appearance with him and gave him such good routines that Pete snagged most of the applause. It wasn't true, by the way, that Keenan was miffed by his pupil's success, as reported elsewhere. He was pleased and Pete, bless him, was sore as all get-out over the nonsensical story.

(After the Keenan Wynn marriage, I heard a newspaperman crack, "Now who gets custody of Pete?" They were making the same little joke when Van Johnson married Keenan's first wife, Evie.)

The perennial Lawford little boy-big man crush is Frank Sinatra. It is very cute to see the way Pete tags along after Frankie—and the popular crooner is good for Pete, who copies him. Pete is inclined to be thoughtless and to brush past people he knows without bothering to say hello. I watched him make the omission the other day. He was talking to a girl and either didn't see his friends or couldn't be bothered. Then Frankie came in, gave out with large greetings for everyone. For the first time Pete looked up, saw Sinatra, saw his friends, and switched into general friendliness.

I had heard of the Hope diamond of course—but not much about Gloria MacLean until she came to Hollywood after her divorce from Ned MacLean, whose

mother owned the famous jewel. But Pete knew about both. Someone told me that Gloria is the one girl that Lawford has ever really loved. I wonder.

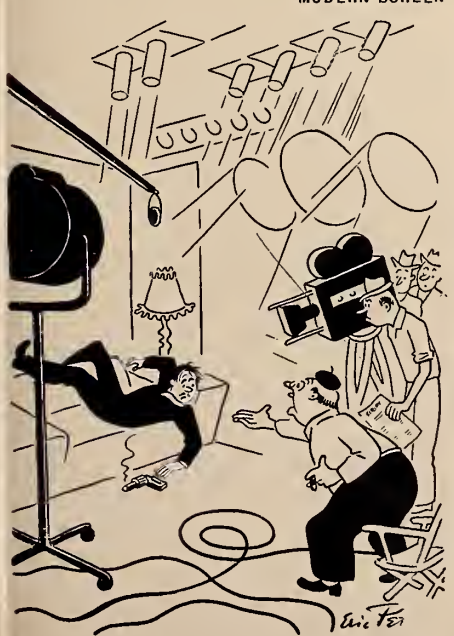
It's true that since Gloria came here to divide her dates between Pete, and Jimmy Stewart, Lawford has not attached himself to any other girl for longer than it takes to take a photograph. But the whole business of going out with girls seems to be such a methodical card-indexed business with Pete, that should his heart ever really get involved, no one will believe it—and that should include the girl.

For instance, he seemed to be very much smitten with Lana Turner for a while. This was just preceding her short-lived romance with Tyrone Power. After that, Pete seemed even more deeply affected by the lady. He even had a public battle over her in a night club. But there were no regrets on either side when Lana dashed off to New York and Bob Topping.

Yet Pete does not put all of his publicity eggs into one basket. He can also get his name into the papers via non-romantic projects. As when Lucille Ball started her sponsored radio show and Pete, with his then unmarried pal Keenan, threw a huge party for what I was told would comprise all Lucille's most intimate friends. They should have added "friends of the press." Every man, woman and child who writes for the newspapers was invited to the party in Ciro's Ciro-ette room. A very professional time was enjoyed by all.

Until Greer Garson went around with Texas oil man Buddy Fogelson, his name was not news in Hollywood.. Now if he goes to a party, or buys a new car, or walks down the street, you read the fascinating fact. So I wasn't too surprised to learn that Pete is now a buddy of Buddy's. And Pete not only admires successful business men, he now wants to be one—and is forming a company with Fogelson to make cartridges.

Are you beginning to realize how cock-eyed is the still-current belief that Pete is a babe in the Hollywoods? It's high time to stop under-estimating this highly intelligent, very adult young man. Far from being merely a light-minded wolf, he's a genius—at reaping publicity from whatever social situation in which he carefully places himself. THE END



"No! No! You're dying, my good man, dying! Now try it again, and put some life into it!"



Lucille Ball

showed me how to hold a Man!

It was all over between us.

Gene hadn't phoned for ages! I was heartbroken until the night I read: "Rough hands embarrass a man," warns Lucille Ball. "Men like a woman's hands to look *feminine*... feel soft. Keep your hands smooth and romantic with Jergens Lotion—I do!"

I started Jergens-smoothing my hands that night!





The next time I met Gene... my hands looked so soft and smooth. "So nice to hold," teased Gene (on our second dinner date in one week)! I know he meant it, too ...'cause now I'm wearing Gene's ring!

See how much softer, smoother, lovelier today's finer Jergens Lotion keeps your hands. Being a liquid, Jergens quickly furnishes the softening moisture thirsty skin needs. Leaves no stickiness! Still only 10¢ to $1.00 plus tax.



Hollywood Stars Use Jergens Lotion 7 to 1 Over Any Other Hand Care

Used by more Women than any other Hand Care in the World!

she wears Tampax

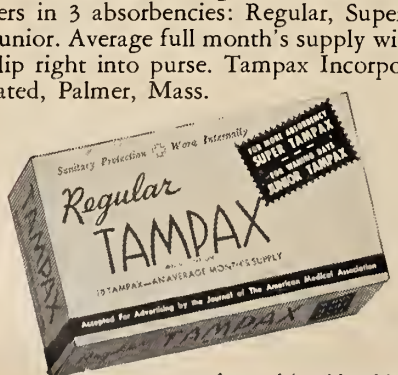
... that socially alert woman whose poise you have admired and perhaps envied



The secret of feminine poise is the knowledge that "everything is right"—seen or unseen. And on *those critical days* each month, Tampax can be a helpful contributor to that feeling of surety and confidence. For Tampax is "another kind" of monthly sanitary protection—neat, dainty and compact beyond the dreams of users of the older belt-and-pin type.

Invented by a doctor, Tampax is *worn internally* and is only one-ninth the bulk of the other. Made of pure surgical absorbent cotton, it comes in slender insertion-applicators, and the wearer does not feel it when in place. You needn't even remove it during a tub, a shower or a swim!

Be like millions of other modern girls and women—*try Tampax*. No pins or belts. No odor or chafing. No embarrassment at disposal time. Tampax can cause no ridge-lines under dresses, slacks or swim suits. Sold at drug and notion counters in 3 absorbencies: Regular, Super, Junior. Average full month's supply will slip right into purse. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association

the fans

MODERN SCREEN FAN CLUB ASSOCIATION



GLORIA LAMPERT
director

BEV OTT
associate

Active members in the Glenn Vernon (Komenda) club are rewarded by a personal interview in their journal. Points are awarded to members on a basis of club activity and the clubber having the most points at the end of the year gets the write-up . . . Vera-Ellen club members have already received their membership cards, designed and donated by their star . . . The Mel Torme club and the Monty Clift club of Mt. Vernon have each found new ways to enlist new members. When Mel was making a personal appearance at the Paramount in New York, his club members gave out balloons with his name. Stunt was very eye-catching. Monty's club received permission from a local theater manager to place a poster advertising the club when *Red River* was shown. They received four new members each day . . .

Would you like to win a real Esther Williams swim-suit? Her club is running a raffle, proceeds to go to their adopted war orphan, and the prize is a swim-suit very much like the kind she wears in her movies . . . Lanny Rees, whom you'll soon see as Junior in *The Life Of Riley*, has an up-and-coming club headed by Bernard Jenkins of Washington, D. C. . . . The Ray Eberle Fan Club is starting a membership drive and the first 50 people who write to Rose Marie Stroeher will win a year's membership at 50c . . . **Congratulations** to the Ronald Reagan club members, soon celebrating their tenth anniversary . . . Ronald Farrington, who is president of the Washington Jack Smith fan club, received a cash award from Jack because his journal was named best in its league by the MFSCA . . . Louise Warnes is president of both the Richard Jaekel and Jim Brown fan clubs and is offering a reduced membership fee to the first 25 to write to her. The Alan Ladd fan club of Brooklyn is offering free memberships to the first 75 shut-ins who write to prexy Janet Miller.

Members in the Harlem area of New York would do well to join Chaplain Nat Harrington's group. They have literary and social get-togethers, outings to various radio programs. They have lots of fun and do good work, besides . . . **Ideas, Inc.** The Art Roberts-Ken Keese Club (soon to become an all-disc-jockey club) has a novel idea for its membership campaign—and credit for the plan goes to Betty Ricker. Betty has divided the members into groups of five, and each group works as a team. Naturally, team members live near each other, and work together. There's lots of competition among the groups, which makes the business of winning new fans for Art and Ken lots of fun. Nelda Clough, president of the Charles Korvin club, writes, "Another idea which many of our new members have remarked very favorably on, is my practice of sending each new member a copy of our two-page club dictionary. This is a mimeographed enclosure explaining all about the club and it's various activities; telling how our journal got its title, etc. This helps immeasurably in making the new member familiar with the club, and he feels that he can step right in and be active from the very beginning of his membership—instead of floundering around and wondering—what happens next, if anything. This dictionary stresses that our main purpose always, is to boost our star." **We know** it's very difficult to run a club with over 500 members, get out journals on time, and correspond with the various members. But we do think our League 1 clubs could be a bit more active. Month after month, we have no entries from League 1 clubs in various of our prize and point categories. Of course, we don't expect prexies to handle all the club work (and this applies to other clubs as well) so why not delegate jobs to active members of your clubs. Teamwork makes better clubs . . . Our Candid Camera Contest is beginning to feel neglected, so how about you camera fiends going to work and sending in some new entries? They can be snaps you took on your vacation this year, or a good picture of your neighbor's dog—just as long as it's interesting. Remember, in addition to winning valuable points for your club, you also win a personal prize for yourself.

Prizes: Ah, you lucky editors! Each of you is the winner of a lovely REVLON KING'S RANSOM SET. Each set, attractively boxed in black velvet, contains a gold lipstick holder and seven re-fills in luscious shades. THIS IS MY BEST winners receive a handsome, gaily colored ENGER-KRESS BILLFOLD. They have many compartments to take care of money, papers and snaps and are very durable. You club correspondents had better start writing us some newsy letters if you want to win a genuine ELGIN AMERICAN compact. We can tell you they're finished in jeweler's bronze and are perfectly lovely, but remember, seeing is believing. TANGEE TRIP KITS are the very special prize we're offering to club artists. They're filled with Tangee's special cosmetics and in order for art work to be eligible for a prize, it must appear in a club journal.

9th Semi-annual TROPHY CUP CONTEST
4th lap

This Is My Best: (100 points) "Is It Supercolossal?", Anne Klucher, Bobby Breen Journal. "To An Actor," Margaret Woodworth, Anthony Quinn Journal. "Not Fans, but Friends," Gerrie Gruener, Joan Crawford Journal. "Hazy Holiday," Sally Hall, Al Jolson Journal. "Questioning Kerry," Elaine Homan, Gene Kelly Journal. "Friendship," Grace Fox, Nelson Eddy International Club. **Best Journals:** (500 points) League 1. Jane Wyman Journal. League 2. tied. June Allyson Journal. New Stars Journal. League 3. Esther Williams Journal. **Best Editors:** (250 points) League 1. Rita and Jo Mottola, Nelson Eddy Music Club. League 2. Elaine Homan, Gene Kelly Journal. League 3. Terry Di Francesco, Bing Crosby (Bingites) Journal. **Best Covers:** (250 points) League 1. Jane Wyman Journal. League 2. Burt Lancaster Journal. League 3. Gene Reynolds Journal. **Membership Increases:** (100 points) League 1. None qualified. League 2. Mel Torme Club. League 3. Michael Kirby Club. **Worthwhile Activities:** (250 points) League 1. John Garfield Club (Donation to orphanage, books and cards to hospitals). League 2. Ronald Reagan Club ($100.00 to March of Dimes). League 3. Richard Walsh Club (3 packages to Germany). **Best Artist:** (150 points) Jeannette North, Vaughn Monroe Club (Yaggie). **Candid Camera Contest:** (100 points to first prize winner, 50 to others) Robert Breslin, Ella Raines Club. Helen Pollex, Rise Stevens Music Club. Ginger Bagnall, Jack Berch Club. Irene Ashcroft, Betty Grable Club. Frank Bellinger, Penny Edwards Club. Martha Kay, Alan Ladd Club (Kee). **Best Correspondent:** (50 points) League 1. Rita and Jo Mottola, Nelson Eddy Music Club. League 2. Ruth Schweitzer, Allan Jones Club. League 3. Nell Ambrose, Club Friendship. **Leading Clubs So Far:** League 1. Jane Wyman Club, 1550, Gene Autry Club 850. League 2. June Allyson Club, 1050. Joan Crawford Club, 1050. League 3. Charles Korvin Club 750. James Melton Club 700. Peggy Lee Club 650.

BABY FACE

(*Continued from page 39*)

old enough to smoke, his face still looked as if he'd yet to pass his first Boy Scout merit test. There was nothing to do about a situation like that. It doesn't pay to punch drugstore clerks in the nose. And even growing a moustache hadn't helped. He'd tried that, to the delight of all his friends, who kept telling him to go home and wash that smear off his lip.

So Bob walked out of the store without a smoke, as he'd done dozens of times before—and as he still would when, five years later, he'd wind up in Hollywood for his first movie job, playing Rosalind Russell's son in *Roughly Speaking.*

Now he can laugh about it. "That baby face gave me my start, and now I'm glad that I grew up a half dozen years before it did. Of course, in my first few pictures I was cast strictly from wholesome, but after *Mother Wore Tights* and *Green Grass of Wyoming,* along came my first real relief. They called me in and told me I was to be one of Gregory Peck's hard-boiled gang in *Yellow Sky.* Could I raise a beard?

"Could I raise a beard! I promised the healthiest beard the casting department ever saw. By gad, I'd show 'em—and I did! I startled them and myself when the darned beard came out red. But anyway, it was a genuine beard, even if it did have to be touched up a little."

as the girls go . . .

As for the romance department, Bob, at 23, no longer feels the slightest twinge of pain over the girls he lost when he was in his teens. Some of them are now married to buddies of his up around Aberdeen, Washington, and raising families.

What happens to Robert Arthur now when he gets on the telephone for a date? He gets the girl, of course. If anyone can name a couple of prettier, more exciting young ladies than Colleen Townsend or Betty Lynn, whom Bob has been dating regularly, he'd like to know about it.

That's not bragging. He just enjoys having put his inferiority complex aside for good. It isn't funny to grow up in a country where the population is 40 per cent lumberjack, where the men are thicker through the chest than the trees they chop down, and weigh an average of slightly over 200 pounds—whereas you, at 15, tip the scales for 118 pounds and are too frail to go out for football.

Anyone with a complex can look into Bob's life and take heart. One evening in his home in Aberdeen, he stared in the bathroom mirror and said to himself, "Boy—that's your face. You're stuck with it, so what are you going to do?"

He had to be tough, that's all. If he couldn't be rugged on the outside, he'd find that steel quality inside and let it shine through, in his voice and in the way he handled himself.

A couple of afternoons later, he had the big fight of his life. A buddy of his was walking home from school with him. The guy said, casually, "Looks like a good night for a toboggan party. How about it, Baby Face?"

For an answer, Bob grabbed his friend by the shoulder, swung him around and growled, "Square off!" They shed their jackets. Bob pasted a set of knuckles on his friend's chin. The boy got up and exclaimed, "What's that for?"

"For calling me something you're never going to call me again."

"Shucks, I didn't know you'd get sore. But if you want a fight, you'll get one."

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They fought, then, slugging it out on the icy road, slipping, falling down, getting up, knocking each other down. A half hour later they were still swinging. Neither could have killed a horsefly with a head-on punch by that time. At last, they both fell, exhausted. They had just enough strength left to reach over and shake hands.

After that, word got around among Bob's friends. No one ever again remarked about his amazingly youthful face. Among his friends, that is. And people Bob didn't know, he didn't care about.

After school, Bob worked in a supply store for lumberjacks. He had a few uncomfortable moments when these grizzled monuments would storm in, crash big fists down on the counter and yell for service.

"They'd hit town from camp with several weeks' pay and $100 to spend on new duds. It was my job to sell them as much stuff as I could. Then they'd go out and break up a few bars before going back to work.

heroic effort . . .

"While I was pulling out heavy shirts and boots I used to stand as tall as I could and say to myself, 'I'm tougher than you are, you big lug.' And in a heroic effort to give that impression—and in order to be heard over the customers—I'd roar when I talked out loud. Guess that's where I developed a deep voice."

He was deep-voiced for good now, a far cry from the boy soprano in the school choir. He had confidence in himself and he proved it by coming out on top in competition with 200 other young men in a series of auditions for a job as all-around announcer for Aberdeen's station KXRO.

Then he went to Seattle and took an exam for the Navy V-12 program. They enlisted him, and when he stood for the first time in a chow line being served by kindly lady helpers, one of them looked at him in dismay, then turned to her neighbor and exclaimed, "They have no business putting a mere child like that in a sailor suit!"

Bob laughed his deepest laugh. He's five feet nine inches tall and hard as nails. Until he was hospitalized and later discharged, he did fine with the Navy gang. Except for one little incident. He was living in a dorm on the Washington campus with a huge Navy veteran who was several inches over six feet tall. They had an argument about nothing. As a climax, Bob walked over to his buddy's locker, pulled everything out and scattered equipment all over the room.

The buddy watched this procedure in amazement. When Bob was through, Bob walked up to him, stuck up his chin and said, "What are you going to do about it?"

The guy reached out, grabbed Sailor Arthur at the collar in one huge fist. He lifted him up a foot so they could look eye to eye.

"What am I going to do about it? Why, you nervey little character—what can I do about it without killing you? Come on, kid, let's go to a show."

When the Navy days were over, Bob Senior had a long talk with Bob Junior. It was time now for son to follow in father's footsteps and go into the savings and loan business.

"I'm going to stick with radio," Bob declared. "And I'm heading for Hollywood."

"You're crazy, son," the father said. "But go ahead—and I'll stand back of you. If you don't make it, there's always room back here."

"I'll make it," Bob promised.

Oh, no, he wouldn't. Not in radio. The "baby face" was going to give him trouble again after all these years. Bob Arthaud, now Robert Arthur, arrived in Hollywood with his entire savings—$100 in travelers' checks. He registered at the Hollywood Plaza Hotel and went to dinner that night at the Brown Derby, just across the street. He saw Jack Benny, Alice Faye and Phil Harris. He also saw two dozen agents and radio announcers. He felt he could have talked with any one of them, but he kept a respectful distance. He was sure he'd know them all in a few months. He tipped the waiter a dollar, then went home to bed.

"Including the cost of my hotel room, I'd spent exactly $14 of my total stake. So I checked out the next morning and went looking for a rooming house. I found one a few blocks from CBS, across Hollywood Boulevard, right next door to Jimmie Fidler's office. My landlady, an ex-vaudevillian named Pearl Early, was very encouraging about my future in radio, so I set off with a letter of recommendation in my pocket, ready for work."

His first interview was a complete flop. An executive laughed when he applied for an announcer's job. "Why, you're much too young."

"Too young? Who's going to see me?"

"You're still too young for this town," was the reply. "But you do have excellent recommendations. . . . Say, how'd you like to start in sound effects?"

Bob knew the time had come to stand up for his reputation. "Nothing doing," he declared.

He went home to the boarding house and told Mrs. Early he was heading for Arizona. There was a station there that would give him a job.

"Why don't you try pictures?" she asked.

"Pictures? That's ridiculous. What do I have to offer?"

"Try it, anyway. Another day won't hurt. We'll check with my agent."

"This is against my better judgment," Bob insisted.

And exactly 12 days after he arrived in Hollywood to work in radio, he was on the payroll at Warners—playing one of Rosalind Russell's sons in *Roughly Speaking*. When the deal was signed, Bob called his father by long distance.

"Guess what, Dad!" he crowed. "I'm in pictures."

Bob Senior's reply was unbelieving in the extreme. "Look, son—if you're really ill you can come home."

What happened next was the complete reversal of all Bob's earlier experiences. He expected that on a movie sound stage



HOW TIME FLIES!

What is this thing called love? Tyrone Power kisses Janet Gaynor a fond goodbye as she sets forth for New York firmly believing she is the only girl in his life. Next day Sonja Henie arrives in Hollywood and Mr. P. is on hand to kiss her a fond hello. And Loretta Young, who gave up Director Eddie Sutherland for Tyrone, now goes with producer Joe Mankiewicz.—*Modern Screen, January 1937*

he'd be treated as a mere peasant in the presence of the glamorous Russell and the big-shot male star, Jack Carson. Instead, he hadn't been on the set half a day before Roz began talking to him. She found out that this was his first day in pictures and that he was nervous. In 10 minutes he was so at ease that he found himself telling her the story about failing to get a job as a radio announcer because he "looked too young."

Roz roared at that. "Why," says Bob, "she actually slapped me on the back and asked me to come and see the rushes."

Then, to top off the incredible day, she drove him home that night after work. "Shucks, I discovered that these people were just like the people back home, friendly and helpful."

He discovered something else, too. That Hollywood can be as romantic as it looks. He began to go out with Wanda Hendrix. Nothing really serious, but they were both on the same lot and they had something in common. They wanted to play in *Life With Father*. They rehearsed together over sodas at a Toluca Lake drugstore. They made the test together. Everybody on the lot said it was fine. It was, but neither one of them won a part in the picture.

there to stay . . .

Then Bob's big bubble was broken. Studio production hit a slump and Bob's option wasn't picked up. "After *Nora Prentiss*, with Ann Sheridan, I was back on the town. I went into little theater work, then landed a part in *Sweetheart of Sigma Chi* at Monogram. After that came little theater work. By now I was a part of Hollywood and knew that nothing could ever make me leave."

After he signed his 20th Century contract and went to work in the Betty Grable picture, *Mother Wore Tights*, he went house-hunting. From experience with his dad in the savings and loan business, he knew how to negotiate a good buy.

After he finished a musical in which Colleen Townsend also worked, he had a new girl to date. "But I didn't want to jinx her," he smiles. "If Colleen and I had started to 'go steady,' she'd have been a cinch off my past record to be a bride in no time at all. I'm sort of kidding, of course. Anyway, Colleen introduced me to Betty Lynn. I'd been trying to meet her because she looked like a beautiful rag doll with red hair. She'll murder me for saying that, but I hope she'll keep on giving me dates—even though she has more admirers than any girl I ever knew."

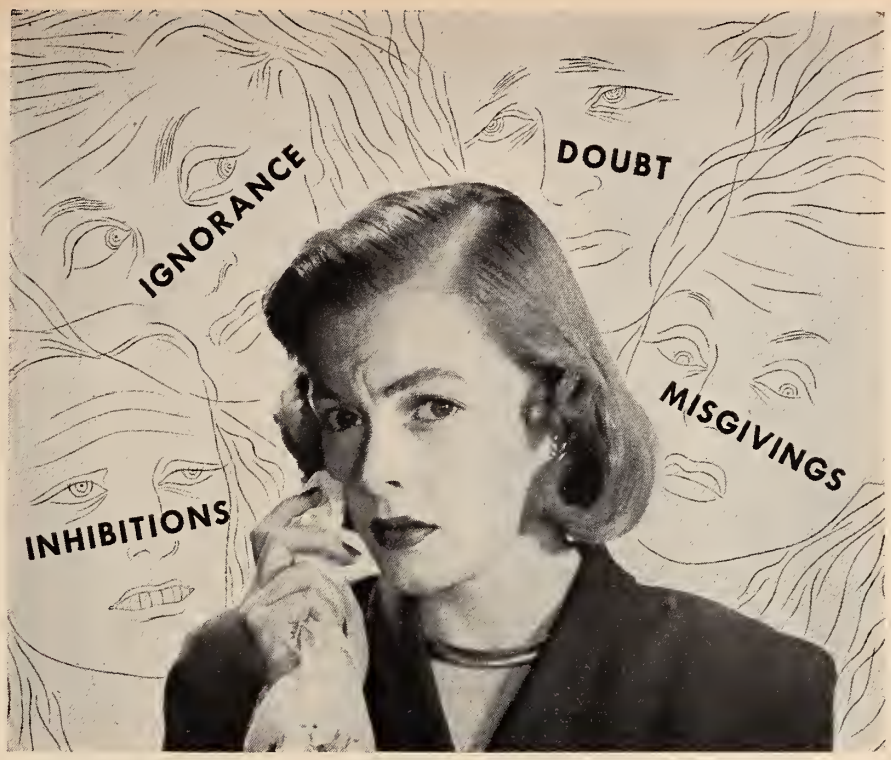
There's the lurking suspicion that Bob rather likes his bachelor status. That's usually the case when an actor will freely admit how much he likes a girl. And this is true even though he's now sold his house in the canyon and is building his own dream house atop a high hill overlooking Brentwood.

"That's going to be some house," he declares. "It'll practically hang in space. At first there'll only be three rooms, supported by a single steel girder. Later on, when I'm ready and can afford it, I'm going to add rooms on the top and on the bottom. And, movies willing, that's where I'm going to stay until I'm an old man."

That's some time off. Bob Arthur is 15 years younger than the average big-time leading man of today—and he'll be stepping into that rank shortly. He really made a hit in *Yellow Sky*.

Of course, Gregory Peck is in the picture too, but is it Bob Arthur's fault that, in a new way, he has some of what Gregory has too much of?

No one has called Bob Arthur "Baby Face" for six years and three months now. And if someone should, he wouldn't mind. After all, it's the face he didn't like that put him where he is today. THE END



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HAPPY HUNTING

(*Continued from page 46*)

campaign." His Napoleonic brain was working swiftly. "You kids do the talking; I'll do the grabbing. All we've got to do is get in backstage and catch one of the girls as she comes by."

"First we've got to get *in*," said Marilyn, practically.

"That's going to be easy," put in Bill Williams. "Once I had a job as a dancer there, and I still know the doorman. Maybe *I'd* better do the talking."

So they linked arms and crossed Sunset Boulevard from the Palladium to the back door of Earl Carroll's restaurant. In a matter of minutes, Bill was patting the doorman on the back and edging his teammates in backstage.

Some of the chorines were carrying their skimpy, beaded costumes, some were already dressed. A. C.'s eyes darted hither and yon. He spotted two lighty-clad dancers hurrying past with pink and white feathers swaying temptingly from their hips. The gang moved forward simultaneously. They introduced themselves and then maneuvered the girls up against a rack of costumes at the back of the stage. Bill Williams evoked old memories of the time he was one of Stuart Morgan's dancers, and the girls were soon eagerly re-hashing the old days. Diana Mooney in the white feathers, and Winona Smith, in pink, were deep in chatter of "Remember the time when" as A. C., half hidden by the hanging costumes on the rack, reached out a hesitant hand and plucked a plume from Diana's waist. At the same time, Barbara fleeced a feather from Winona. Of course, the chorines felt their feathers jerking from them, and turned indignantly on the thieves. "Hey!" they chorused. "What's going on?"

fine feathered friends . . .

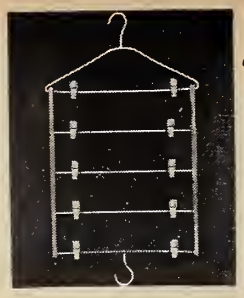
Their ruffled plumes and feelings were smoothed down as Marilyn and Barbara explained. Marilyn had broken their egg. If they didn't stand a chance to win the scavenger hunt, they could at least come back with something pretty important—like the feathers, for instance.

Winona and Diana were won over. But, they warned, the next team that came around collecting feathers would find them all out of spares. There just wasn't one single feather that could possibly be spared from their scanty costumes. This last remark delighted everyone on Team 2. It meant Teams 1 and 3 wouldn't get any ostrich plumes. Bidding farewell to their feathered friends, they dashed off to get a potted palm from the front porch of columnist Ivy Wilson, a pal of A. C.'s.

While all this was going on, Team 1, composed of Mona and Diana and their husbands, was busy piling its collected loot in the back of Pat's Ford station wagon. They'd been down to the beach, where Diana had won a huge pale blue china pig by throwing darts—three dollars' worth. They'd dropped in at the King's restaurant, where proprietor George Distel had escorted them back to the gleaming kitchen to receive a live lobster from the willing hands of his chef. And Mona's mother had dragged out a hobby horse that she'd been keeping for Mona's two-year-old infant.

Next stop was Hedda Hopper's house, to ask for one of her hats. When they rang the doorbell at 11 o'clock, Hedda had just got home, and had slipped into her red and gray hostess gown. She opened the door herself, a stately figure in her beautifully-appointed hallway.

If Hedda was surprised, she didn't raise



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a patrician eyebrow. Instead, she stretched out a hand in welcome and ushered them into her living-room. There the gang told her what they'd come for. One of her fanciest hats, if she didn't mind. Miss Hopper swept off to her hat closet and obligingly brought forth an armful of her famous bonnets.

Hedda placed her hats on the living-room floor. They made splashes of bright color and odd shapes against her elegant gray carpet. One was a twist of purple velvet with a bird-of-paradise feather. Another was a cartwheel of black and white ospreys, another a circle of delicate gray fox fur. The kids couldn't make up their minds which to take, though the girls tried them all on, and Pat even made the blue pig model a hat.

Finally, all but Mona settled on a gigantic green felt pagoda tastefully decorated with miniature lamb chops. This gay number, Hedda explained, had been presented to her by Nancy and Frank Harmon of the famed Shangri-la restaurant in Chicago. But Mona held out for a speckled feathered pyramid. Hedda let them take both.

Hedda waved them on their way with a scented handkerchief and a tolerant smile. For Team 1, the evening's loot was as complete as they could make it. Mona was anxious to get back to check on the refreshment situation, for, as hostess, she had that little problem in addition to loot-collecting. So they called it a night.

But Team 3—composed of Mary and Terry, Jerome and Tony—was still hard at work. They were going to get raindrops, next. . . .

At the Seven Seas restaurant, the rain-on-the-roof had just started its downpour. This is a nightly feature much appreciated by the folks at the bar who, sipping tropical concoctions of rum and fruit juice, can stare at the artificial backdrop of thatched roof and waving palms, and imagine they're on some remote Somerset Maugham isle, waiting for Sadie Thompson. Tonight, as the raindrops thundered down in a satisfying deluge, an elderly gent at the bar sputtered into his drink at the sight of a lovely redhead dashing to the backdrop to start catching raindrops in what appeared to be a cream bottle. He summoned the bartender, who was deep in conversation with three other young people. They were obviously discussing what the redhead was doing.

"Well," said the elderly gent. "What *is* she doing?"

The bartender shrugged. "She's catchin' raindrops. For a party. That answer your question?"

"Whoever heard of taking artificial raindrops to a party?" the gent inquired indignantly. "Somebody ought to report the whole thing. This would *never* happen in New York. Never!"

"Maybe not, but this is Hollywood," grinned the bartender. He flapped a fat hand in salute as Mary carried her raindrops reverently from the restaurant.

"One trout from the Sportsman's Lodge trout stream," Mary muttered as she crossed *raindrops* off her list. That was their next project—at this Valley restaurant, guests are invited to fish for their own dinners in the establishment's renowned trout stream. Here, Terry and Mary, Jerome and Tony baited their hooks with liverwurst and cast their lines. It didn't take long to catch a satisfactory trout.

he got my goat . . .

Meanwhile, Barbara and Bill Williams were off in the country, galloping gaily in hot pursuit of a black goat. The fact that the night was inky-dark and so was the goat, didn't help matters. But the goat's mother was pure white, and acted like a beacon as they chased her progeny round a haystack in the San Fernando Valley. Egged on by the cheers of A. C. and Marilyn, Bill made a flying tackle, and came down with the bleating black kid in his arms.

All this happened on the ranch of cartoonist Dick Shaw, with the team promising to return the tiny kicking creature in the morning. As they struggled to get it into the car, Barbara glanced at her watch. "We'll have to step on it, Bill. We've just got time to get back before midnight."

They whizzed down the highway—and just as they turned onto Sunset Boulevard and Laurel Canyon, they found themselves racing neck and neck with Team 3.

Bill rolled down his window and yelled to Jerome Courtland, "Did you get everything?" Jerome yelled back, "No, but we got the fish and the raindrops—and other stuff." A. C.'s car came up next. "We got the goat!" yelled A. C. "And the Carroll Girls' feathers." He waved the plumage happily out the window.

Later that night, in Mona's living room, the props were counted and checked off. Team 2 was hailed as Winner—getting the goat being considered the most difficult feat of all.

Now the happy hunters settled down to heaps of fried chicken and hot biscuits, accompanied by gallons of coffee. Drumsticks in hand, they talked over the night's experiences.

Jerry told how she and Mary had helped the boys drag a doghouse off a neighbor's lawn. And how incredibly heavy a stone duck can be when you're racing against time to get the cement creature off your best friend's front grass. And how they'd had Carmen Cavallero sign their egg while he was dining at the Sportsman's Lodge.

Mary Hatcher, seated astride the hobby horse, had a brilliant idea. "Hey, let's do it all over again, next week, hummm? We could start at my house. And some of the things we could look for would be—let's see—hair from a hairless Chihuahua dog —key from the Roosevelt Hotel linen closet—and Alan Ladd!"

There was dead silence from the munching hunters. They just looked at her. Then Mona leaned over, and clapped Hedda's pagoda hat on Mary's head.

"That'll be enough out of *you*," she said.

Yep, scavenger hunts are lots of fun, but one a year is enough. And that's a sentiment heartily endorsed by this particular host and hostess, who, stuck with the props, now had to figure out graceful means of getting them back to their original owners. THE END





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MAKE WAY FOR YOUTH

(*Continued from page 54*)

the Lucretia Borgia story with Paulette Goddard, *Bride of Vengeance*. When he walked out on the part, in stepped a pretty important threat to Milland's place at Paramount: John Lund.

There isn't a bright and forceful young actor anywhere around with as divine a disposition as John's. He gets along with everyone. Dietrich and even the unpredictable Jean Arthur loved making *A Foreign Affair* with him. He gives every part he plays everything he's got. He owns a sense of humor that twinkles like the star he's bound to be. He's modest, happily married, perfectly adjusted and sunny.

And Ray—well, he gets out of Hollywood every chance he has, and his fumings have brewed trouble with his attractive wife, Mal, several times, although they're working out their marriage right now. On the screen these days, Ray, for all his matchless charm, not only has the handicap of maturity, but a wooden indifference you simply can't miss. Ray may wind up handing over his position on the Paramount pedestal to John Lund.

It wasn't all a cozy coincidence that MGM imported young Deborah Kerr to Hollywood at the very time that the studio's "First Lady," Greer Garson, was getting hard to handle. Greer minted money with straight aces for Leo's lair, and then she started telling her bosses what she would and wouldn't do. So they brought a new hand into the poker game—red-headed, like Greer, English, like Greer—and the first job given her was with Clark Gable, the very star who figured in Greer's bumps-a-daisy, *Adventure*—which Greer herself insisted on doing, despite the pleadings of almost everyone at MGM, who knew the part wasn't for her.

Well, Deborah didn't do much better, I'm afraid, with Clark in *The Hucksters* than Greer had done with him in *Adventure*. *If Winter Comes* clinched MGM's disappointment in Deborah, who had rated on her arrival the biggest press fanfare with which I've ever seen any Redcoat march into our town. I'm happy to report that her latest, *Edward, My Son*, pleases everybody—so the Big Plans are back again for Deborah Kerr.

I doubt very much if she'd ever have had that grand entrance to Hollywood fame and fortune if Greer Garson hadn't bulled through her desire to co-star with Clark Gable in his first post-war picture. Gable needed a lusty, slam-bang American girl for *Adventure*—and he got an English lady acting too darned cute. Well, Greer got her urge for slapstick cured in that and in *Julia Misbehaves*. Now she's back playing what suits her, what made her famous—a "lydie," proper, mature and growing gracefully old—in *The Forsyte Saga*, with about two dozen changes of costume and four or five leading men. But, in my opinion, it was Deborah Kerr's entrance at MGM that said "wh-o-o-a" to Greer's high horse.

Last year, Bette Davis was way up in the top bracket of Hollywood wage-earners. Last year she came back after a year off the screen to have her baby. Yet last year, too, in stepped 23-year-old Patricia Neal, to divide honors as the fair-haired dramatic actress at Warners with Jane Wyman, whom everybody had been taking for granted for years and years—everybody except Jane, that is.

After her fine work in *John Loves Mary*, Pat Neal was given the part in *The Fountainhead* that Barbara Stanwyck had had her heart set on. And the reason for the switch was purely a matter of years: The character Barbara wanted to play was 22.

I'm a firm fan of Bette Davis and Barbara Stanwyck and I'm very, very fond of them. They're both stacked with courage and greatness and they've written Hollywood history. Barbara, an Academy Award nominee this year, is still solid at the box-office. And though Bette, after taking time off to have her baby, made a sizable mistake in her comeback picture, *Winter Meeting*, she rallied well enough in *June Bride* with Bob Montgomery. She'll have Joe Cotten with her next, in *Beyond the Forest*. So Bette, while she may no longer be the spotlighted romantic-dramatic studio monarch she was for years, is still a mighty luminary in the movie skies.

Patricia Neal is younger, prettier and, though she may not yet be in Bette's league, is one heck of an actress. She's a quality girl with a sound acting background. (She bagged five different awards for her Broadway work in *Another Part of the Forest*.) She's serious and dedicated and untempted by Hollywood's fleshpots. After making *The Fountainhead* with Pat, Gary Cooper told me, "Hedda, she can't miss. She's going to be a great star"—and I think Gary ought to know about such things by now. When Pat Neal returns from making *The Hasty Heart* in London, she'll start dividing the casting plums at Warners with Jane Wyman.

But if it hadn't been for Pat Neal or Jane, Bette would have lost out to somebody else. And she's smart enough to

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know it. Time, as they say, marches on.

Of course, as there is in Stanwyck and Davis, there's plenty of life left in some of the other senior boys and girls. For instance, when Judy Garland's jangled nerves, which cost MGM a pretty penny throughout *The Pirate,* acted up again and she couldn't pull herself together to meet rehearsals for *The Barkleys of Broadway,* who took over? Ginger Rogers, a standard Hollywood star when Judy was playing paper dolls. And before that, who stepped in to save the day in *Easter Parade,* when young Gene Kelly broke his ankle? Fred Astaire, who'd previously announced his retirement. Thus, a box-office team that was Hollywood's pride a dozen years ago is again aces in pictures, and will be for quite a spell now.

Competition is the crucible that makes a Hollywood star glow hot and bright—and if young Jane Russell can crowd out Dottie Lamour to pep up Bob Hope's antics with new and diverting feminine charm, then I'm getting Russell-conscious right now—as who isn't? (In this case, Dottie doesn't much care—she's had a yen to be more dramatic than decorative for a long time.)

the old master . . .

There's only one way for a veteran to meet the recurring rookie challenge—that's to work harder and better.

I think the way Bing Crosby rolled with Frank Sinatra's young punch is the most graceful maneuver Hollywood maturity ever made when confronted by youth's cocky come-up. When the bobby-soxers screamed Frankie to hysterical fame, people shook their heads and sighed, "Poor Bing." But Crosby didn't waste one second feeling sorry for himself. Instead of bucking Frankie, he embraced him.

I saw the first air show on which Bing and Frankie shared the spotlight. Bing tossed all the gags Frank's way, smothered him with praise, boosted his stock, put out the biggest "Welcome" mat he had. Then he proceeded to prove he could still sing rings around Sinatra. In fact, Frankie's challenge to the Old Master started a good guy, who was getting soft, to fulfilling his true great promise.

When Bob Hope first heard Frank sing in New York—before Frank ever hit Hollywood—Bob leaped for a long-distance phone and got Bing out of bed, 'way past midnight.

"Say, Bright Eyes," needled Bob, "I've just heard a kid here who's going to come to Hollywood and make you go back to work." And you know what Bing, woolly-headed with sleep as he was, replied?

"Bring him along," he said. "I'm getting too fat and lazy, anyway."

You'll have a hard time convincing me that Bing Crosby's amazing bow as a distinguished actor in *Going My Way* and *The Bells of St. Mary's* didn't have its start right there.

Every time a star drops his guard in this town, there's a challenger handy to sock his way through the opening. The stakes are high and the competition fierce, as they always have been in the city that movies made.

I'm not using that prize-ring lingo idly, because there are a couple of young scrappers climbing through the ropes right now who figure to make things uncomfortably hot for the hard guys, the way they're going. I mean John Derek and Kirk Douglas.

It was Hollywood's ranking hard guy himself, Humphrey Bogart, who gave John Derek his break in *Knock on Any Door.* But it must have wrung a twisted smile from Bogey to see Derek collect all the critics' raves when the picture opened in New York.

Bogey first ran into John Derek during

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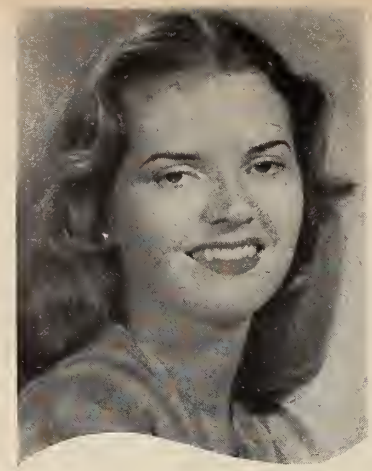
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the war when that baby-faced husky was stationed at the Army's Desert Training Center down below Palm Springs. Bogey was on location near there, making *Casablanca*. He liked this young soldier who told him about his acting dreams.

"If I can ever give you a hand, let me know," Humphrey offered, and he wasn't just talking.

After John Derek fought through the war as a paratrooper, he came right back to Hollywood. He was signed and dropped by 20th Century-Fox without a look at a camera. The minute he was dropped, Bogey caught him for *Knock*. John's made *All the King's Men* since, and he'll be starred in his third picture, *The Hero*. Soon he'll be knocking loud on Humphrey Bogart's door.

Now look at Kirk Douglas. After *Champion*, Kirk could have signed a long-term starring contract at important money with any studio in town. The offer he liked came from Warners—and he's just signed on there for seven years. The Warners, who now have under their canny wings some of the best young talent in Hollywood, have something really terrific in Kirk. He's loaded with masculinity, sex appeal, menace and strength. Kirk was an intercollegiate wrestling champ at St. Lawrence University and he's all man. He can also act, as he's proved in six or seven pictures before *Champion*—including *Out of the Past* and *I Walk Alone*. He's dynamic, a young man who knows where he's going. His first Warner film will be *Young Man with a Horn*, in which he'll share billing with Doris Day and Lauren Bacall.

Stack young Kirk or John Derek up against Jimmy Cagney, back home again and comfortable in rugged roles at Warners. Jimmy's making *White Heat*, playing the same kind of toughie part that made him a star in *Public Enemy* years ago. But that was just that—years ago. Cagney's a grand gentleman and nobody wants to snatch any of his laurels away from him. Yet, if he's planning on heading the hard-guy list again, I'm afraid he's going to be surprised by the rough competition he'll get from young knuckle-dusters like Derek and Douglas.

You can't call Jeanne Crain a brand-new newcomer, but still she's young enough to have that divine discontent and the confident, "Put me in, coach" urge of youth. Jeanne has packed a few brief seasons with hay-making hits. *Margie* and *Apartment For Peggy* alone will keep the bosses of 20th Century-Fox in new Cadillacs for some time to come. And so Jeanne, doing the sweet-little-girl jobs in Zanuckland, has just gently plopped Gene Tierney down from her satin seat on top of the Fox lady-star heap.

Gene, who's a veteran at 28, was Darryl's pet young dramatic actress for seven years. Now they're hailing a new stand-out star at 20th—and she is, of course, 23-year-old Jeanne. Miss C. is set for *Pinky*, the red-hot controversial treatment of the color problem that Darryl Zanuck is tackling as his prestige-picture follow-up to *Gentleman's Agreement* and *The Snake Pit*.

Gordon MacRae, young and eager, with a heavenly baritone and dying to deliver, works for Warner Brothers. So does Dennis Morgan. Dennis is a big star; Gordon MacRae isn't—yet. And the contrast between their attitudes has been striking.

For a time, Dennis Morgan was sitting back on a contract he signed a couple of years ago. It gave him all the money and security he needed, time off for hunting and fishing and just lazing around his mountainside mansion. Denny, who'd formerly liked to work, began to duck and dodge it. He was getting uncooperative about the necessary annoyances of a star's existence—publicity pictures, interviews, extra-curricular appearances. No youngster, he was coasting on the reputation which began brilliantly with *Kitty Foyle*. And in spite of his fat weekly check and his still voluminous fan mail, Dennis, I regret to say, seemed dangerously close to a slide downhill.

But recently, Dennis seems to have seen a great light. And he's been given important co-starring assignments with Jane Wyman (*The Octopus and Mrs. Smith*) and Ginger Rogers (*Perfect Strangers*).

That young, ambitious, talented, friend-making guy I mentioned a minute ago, Gordon MacRae—who's being voice-coached by John Charles Thomas, no less—is sure of being a big hit with June Haver in *Look for the Silver Lining*. If Dennis Morgan hadn't snapped out of his unfortunate lethargy, who do you think would have been getting the romantic singing plums at Warners—indifferent Dennis, or this boy with the zing in his sing who's been saying, "Move over, mister," and meaning it?

The pressure in Hollywood is always from below, and when the stars totter on their pinnacles there's always somebody around poised to climb aboard in their stead. Somebody young, eager, ambitious and talented. Youth must be served. And nowadays in Hollywood, it certainly is.

THE END

SHE NEVER LEFT HOME

(*Continued from page 35*)

upbringing remained unshaken. She'd always managed her boy friends with complete aplomb. For that matter, she'd never been too interested in fellows anyway, because Jean was always ambitious for a career for herself. Until she was 18, she'd never "gone steady" with anyone. And when, for a short while, she finally decided to do so, she picked three friends simultaneously. Furthermore, her dates were planned in advance to the last detail, in a very businesslike manner. Like the time that Johnnie, a neighbor's boy, phoned her for a Saturday night date.

"I'd love to," Jean said, "*if* we'll go to a movie. . . ."

"Sounds swell," Johnnie had agreed.

"And see Tyrone Power in *Crash Dive*," Jean went on.

"O.K.," said Johnnie.

"And," my daughter insisted, "if I can have an ice-cream soda afterwards."

Johnnie graciously consented on all counts.

"A chocolate ice cream soda with whipped cream and a cherry on top of it," Jean added, sounding very final.

"Sure, sure," Johnnie had conceded. He knew that Peters girl. When you made a date with her, you had to agree in advance to detailed plans for the whole evening. And no deviations would ever be allowed by her.

So, as far as men were concerned I felt positive Hollywood wouldn't change Jean. But there were other fears about Hollywood. "When you're an actress," people told me, "you keep on saying lines from scripts until after a while, you act both on and off the screen, and completely lose your own personality."

Smilingly, I recalled the first time Jean

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had "lost" her own personality. She'd been eight then. It was a Friday morning, and I had told her to clean up her room. But even at eight, Jean couldn't be occupied doing just mechanical work, her mind had to accomplish something too.

She always did a good job of cleaning her room, but she always found ways to get in at least a few minutes of reading while doing it. She had books hidden everywhere throughout her room, where they could easily be put back should I come in unexpectedly—under the pillow, beneath the mattress, in her bureau drawers. When she'd hear me coming, she'd pop back the book and, with an angelic expression, outdo herself giving the floor a brisk scrubbing or dusting the shelves or making her bed.

But that Friday morning, when I walked into her room, Jean was slumped on the bed, quietly weeping.

Drying her tears, I tried to imagine what was bothering her. To get her mind off whatever it was, I suggested, "Jean, why don't you go out in the garden and pick some berries for lunch?"

Her only response was a violent burst of tears.

I hoped that leaving her alone for a while might help. Half an hour later, Jean came into the kitchen, still looking very woebegone.

"How about setting the table, darling?"

The weeping started all over again. I had to get to the bottom of this. "Just what *is* the matter, Jean?"

"She's dying, Mother," Jean sobbed. "She's dying and there's nothing I can do about it."

"Who's dying? I didn't know anyone was sick."

"Beth, Mother. Beth's dying . . ." The tears came in a flood.

"Beth?" Suddenly it dawned on me I'd seen Louisa May Alcott's "Little Women" on Jean's bed. So that was it! My Jean had identified herself completely with Beth. Her sympathy was so intense she couldn't control her emotions.

And a similar incident, though not so dramatic, happened after Jean had read her first Zane Grey story. Dressed in overalls and a checked shirt, with my husband's leather belt slung loosely around her waist,



critic's corner

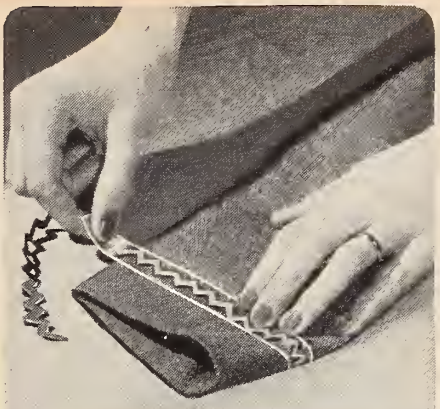
WHICH PAPER DO YOU READ?

In spite of a John Steinbeck story and screen play, *The Red Pony* is little more than just another sick horse fiction . . . Steinbeck observes the traditions, but his human relationships are much too sketchy. It is a vague piece which comes out clothed only in a flimsy chemise of pathos.

Otis Guernsey
N. Y. Herald Tribune

John Steinbeck was in a tender mood when he rearranged the original *Red Pony* collection into this scenario. He has made no important changes in his material, simply arranged his events into a sequence better suited to movie purposes. His warm, salty dialogue, the eager dreams of childhood and a boy's ecstasy in animal comradeship all have been affectionately caught in the picture.

Alton Cook
N. Y. World-Telegram



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Jean strolled into the kitchen where I was baking a cake.

"Howdy, podner!" she began in a slow drawl, reaching for the gun holster that wasn't there.

"Howdy yourself," I came back to please her, not too busy to notice that she was furiously chewing away on some straw.

"How's everything on the Bar-M, podner?" she went on.

"Look, podner," I said, "how about going out to the yard and gathering some eggs? Or is that below a cowhand's dignity?"

"Shore, podner, I'll gather them eggs right gladly!"

She strode out of the kitchen—but "howdy, podner" went on until Jean was through with her Zane Grey stories.

By this time I knew I had a young actress on my hands who already was mastering the difficult art of "living the part" she was to act. . . .

So, as for Jean's losing her own personality in Hollywood—why couldn't it have happened just as easily right here in East Canton after a high-school play, or at the University of Michigan or Ohio State where she went to college? She threw herself into her roles, of course, but of course she never really "lost her own personality" any more than she really had when absorbed in "Little Women" and Zane Grey. So why on earth should such a thing happen to her in Hollywood?

new worlds . . .

But I *was* concerned about one situation in particular that might arise. Jean was perhaps too open and trusting. Like many friendly girls from the country, she'd be apt to accept people at face value.

So I was concerned about the people Jean was going to meet, work with, play with. Actors, producers, directors—people from all over the world, from all walks of life, with all kinds of different standards.

My daughter was used to the kindly neighbors, whose simple evening pleasures consisted of playing Monopoly, or just visiting and discussing the weather, farm prices, and livestock, or attending an occasional square dance.

"Well," I told myself, furiously wiping the last of my breakfast dishes, "she'll be all right. She's a Peters!"

But I couldn't deny that I felt relieved to know that Jean would have somebody to look after her when she first arrived in Hollywood. Two years before, Mr. and Mrs. Fink, our former neighbors and good friends, whose son had gone to school with Jean for several years, had moved to Los Angeles. They'd offered to have Jean live with them till my sister Melba could go to California to keep house for Jean.

Neverthless, I used to send Jean newspaper clippings about unhappy people who had got their names in lurid headlines—just to remind my daughter what could happen, and to caution her never to become like that.

An additional worry was the possible influence of all this hullabaloo on her 13-year-old sister, Shirley. Jean had always been Shirley's ideal. Whatever she did was right. And Shirley had always tried to copy her. If Jean should change in Hollywood, Shirley might go through the very same change in East Canton. Already, two weeks after Jean had left, Shirley felt the first reaction of her sister's new career. Whenever she did anything wrong in school, anything out of the ordinary, her classmates were quick to surmise, "She thinks she's different, just because her sister's in Hollywood." But her classmates soon got used to Jean's new status. And, when that happened, Shirley's school associations returned to normal.

So, as the months went by, East Can-

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ton got used to the idea that the Peters girl was in Hollywood."

Then came that fateful day when the movie, *Captain from Castile* was shown. The town was a little shocked that Jean was photographed to look so sexy, that her gowns were cut so low. "We told you so!" I heard over and over again. "She couldn't play a part like that unless she had changed."

For six more months I heard "unless"—for six more months I kept sending Jean clippings and motherly advice. Finally, I decided to go to California to find out for myself if I'd been right in letting my girl go to Hollywood—or if I should have listened to that well-meant neighborly advice.

When I arrived in Westwood, where Jean had moved when my sister Melba had joined her, I found that their home is no different from the usual home anywhere in Ohio. No swimming pool. No servants. No tennis courts. No stables or elaborate gardens. Just an ordinary, two-bedroom home in a nice, residential district of Los Angeles, out near the campus of the big University of California.

Jean still had her 1940 sedan. There was no flashy convertible, such as most people seem to expect a movie actress to have. Jean still dressed simply, and, as before, made most of her own clothes.

Also, Jean's social life is as unpretentious as it ever was. Still no wild parties or going to night clubs six times a week. Jean's idea of a binge is to have a few, intimate friends over for dinner, play charades or Monoply, just as she used to in East Canton, or go to the movies, a habit she hasn't outgrown, even in Hollywood. And Jean still attends church regularly.

There are no romantic implications in Jean's life. Even the much-publicized "romance" with Howard Hughes, about which I had read so much back in East Canton, and followed with more than a little anxiety, must have sprung from the fertile imagination of columnists and publicity men. Certainly, Jean has gone out with Mr. Hughes. But she has gone out with other famous men as well. Probably the cause for all the comment has been the fact that, while she appears so very seldom at nightclubs and almost never at Big Hollywood parties, she has been seen dining with Mr. Hughes a few times. But there's absolutely no foundation to these marriage rumors. For that matter, Jean feels she's too young to get married. Like the little girl of eight, she still wants to concentrate on her career for the next few years. And when Jean makes up her mind about something, she sticks to it. She's a Peters.

But just as I suspected, Jean is still a very open and trusting girl. Yet, surprisingly, it has proved an asset rather than a liability—it has helped her popularity at her studio immensely. Since Jean loves to meet people, she quickly makes the acquaintance of everyone on the set of her current picture. She knows their names, their problems, their likes and dislikes. "After all, Mother," Jean has told me, "a studio is really just like a small town. Sure there's gossip. There's bound to be. But what about East Canton? Didn't you used to talk about Mrs. Somebody's new dress, and why young So-and-So used to lose job after job? How Mr. and Mrs. Such-and-Such were having a struggle with five children to support? But you knew them, and you helped them when they needed you. And it's just the same way out here."

it takes teamwork . . .

As a matter of fact, Jean has a much better chance to make friends on the set than under any other circumstances she's encountered so far. When you work with people all day, when your whole acting career depends on their helpfulness and cooperation—the way your co-actors feed you lines, the way the make-up man does his job, the way the lighting and props and so forth are handled—then you really know what friendship means. A star doesn't build himself. That's done by the cooperation of the director and the grip, the make-up man and the electrician, the designer and the cameraman. And if you want cooperation, you have to be a friend.

Jean's relationship with studio workers isn't confined to work alone. She sponsors a baseball team on the lot made up of carpenters and grips, actors and clerks and other employees of 20th Century-Fox—who are very much like the crowd back home. They get together about twice a week for practice or games with other teams on the lot. And Jean's right in there, pitching madly, catching worse! She's very proud of her team. And although I'm Jean's mother, I think they're kind of proud of her, too.

I remember one game not long ago when the "Peters Team" was playing the "Rex Harrison Team." Jean was cheering furiously, but in vain. I hate defeat, so I left. But my Jean stayed till the bitter end. She came home as heartbroken as the day when East Canton High lost against Canton Township.

No—my Jean hasn't changed in Hollywood.

Sure, there are occasional scandals in Hollywood. There are temptations there, just as there are temptations anywhere in the world. But for girls like my Jean, girls with the proper upbringing, the right ideals and home training and a sufficient amount of common sense, Hollywood is no better and no worse than any other town in this whole country. And, just like my Jean, who'd been thrust into a position of prominence and attention, other girls can remain themselves no matter how much fame comes their way. Jean has changed her viewpoint only in that where previously she wanted to become a good school teacher, she now wants to become a good actress.

Wherever I hear another mother express the popular misconception that Hollywood is a good place to stay away from, or if a militant critic cries that Hollywood is a nest of sin, I can only be thankful that I didn't succumb to those false ideas and stand in the way of my daughter's going to Hollywood. For there she's remained her own natural, sweet self—my daughter, Jean. THE END



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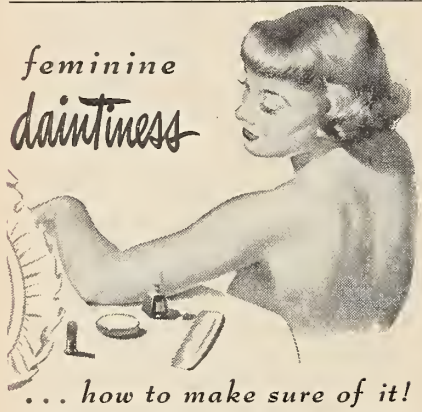
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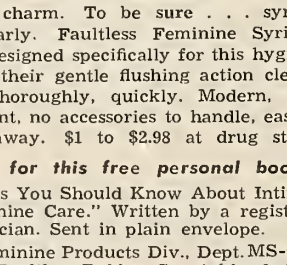
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ROCK-A-BYE BOGEY

(*Continued from page 22*)

went on with sudden decision: "I'll tell you what I think of it. I think most people think too much of it. What's so remarkable about having a baby? People have them every day. Why, right now it seems like half the people Betty and I know are having babies. Why the fuss? I tell Betty that the American Indian had the right idea. When her time came, the squaw stepped a few feet off the trail, had her baby, and pretty soon got back on the trail. The quicker she got back, the shorter the distance she had to cover to catch up to her old man. Especially if he were riding the family horse."

But the rough-and-grumble exterior wouldn't have fooled anyone. It failed completely to cover up the simple fact that Bogey was frightened by the prospect of parenthood. His fear was elemental. He knew nothing about children, so he was afraid of them.

When he realized the source of his fear, and made an effort to get acquainted with the children of friends, he no longer was frightened. He was terrified. But that came later.

pleasant dream-world . . .

At the outset, he was told that life was to go on just as usual. The doctor had a large part in the creation of this pleasant dream-world in which Bogey lived for a few months.

When they are in Hollywood, which ordinarily is only when they are working, the Bogarts are home folks. Sunset Strip night clubs may be having a tough time now, but they would have been in trouble long ago if they'd had to rely on Betty and Bogey for business. The house they bought a couple of years ago was designed for family life. The former home of Hedy Lamarr, it included a nursery, a feature that must have caught Betty's eye when they were house hunting.

As the doctor said it would, life went on as usual. A couple of nights a week, they showed a movie at home. They rarely get out to a movie theater, for the first show at seven is too early for them, and the second at 10 is too late. There were evenings, not necessarily quiet, with friends like Ida Lupino and Collier Young, or Peter Lorre, or Paul Douglas, or Dutch Leonard, the veteran baseball pitcher. Or Bogey played chess with Mike Romanoff, another game in a long tournament in which Mike, at last count, was a game up.

By day, Betty continued to play tennis and to plunge from the diving board into the swimming pool that's just outside the front door. She was then under a studio suspension, not because she was going to have a baby, but because she didn't like a part the studio wanted her to play.

When they're not in Hollywood, which ordinarily is the instant they wind up work in a picture, the Bogarts head for Newport Harbor, a boating community some 50 miles down the California coast from the film city. There they have a second home in a 55-foot yawl named, like Bogey's recently-formed producing company, the *Santana*.

The yacht is just the place for a Shoeless Joe life. It's as complete and comfortable, in its slip, as what passes today for a three-room apartment in New York or Los Angeles. It even has an extension phone in the main cabin that can be plugged into an outlet on the slip so a Beverly Hills beachcomber can keep in touch with the world without putting on sneakers and going ashore.

It was in this salt-water Eden that Bogey felt the first pangs of approaching fatherhood, detected the first fault in his dream world.

A few days earlier, the doctor had repeated in his beguiling purr his counsel that Betty was to continue her normal, routine existence. Except, he added this time, she should not go on the boat. There was something about the motion, the rhythm of a boat, he said profoundly, that made her presence there inadvisable in the circumstances.

Then Bogey finished work in *Knock on Any Door*, lowered himself into his underslung convertible, and headed down the coast highway. More tired than usual at the end of a picture, he was looking for a lot of quiet in which to relax. But he wasn't looking for all the quiet, and loneliness, too, that he discovered the boat offered without Betty. A solitary figure in a fireman-red shirt and old blue trousers, he prowled and growled from bow to stern. He beat down every impulse to telephone home. He had a feeling he'd look silly, grabbing for a phone when he'd been gone only a few hours and was a mere 55 miles away. Finally he had an idea: If he put the call through by way of London, a round trip of 12,000 miles, it would not seem silly at all, but rather inspired. But the operator at the Claridge Hotel in London wouldn't cooperate. She wouldn't send back to California a call originating in California. She told Bogey he was being silly.

That was the first thing Bogey learned about being a dad, even a prospective one: He could expect some lonely moments. After that, he began to learn other things fast. Things began to happen fast.

Then, late one night, Betty woke him to say that she thought they should redecorate the butler's pantry. Friends had warned him to expect odd requests at two o'clock in the morning, had warned him that expectant mothers had midnight whimsies and yearned for things like ice cream and pickles or peanut butter-and-marshmallow sandwiches. But he wasn't prepared for a call to redecorate the butler's pantry. The pantry looked O.K. to him, and he said so, and asked why she wanted a new paint job. He was advised, with quiet finality, that the pantry was the wrong color for a home that was going to have a baby in it.

architect at night . . .

That was the first of a series of middle-of-the-night sessions that resulted in a large part of the house being done over.

"At first, maybe because I was sleepy, I didn't pay much attention," Bogey recalled afterward. "I didn't protest too much, even though it was the first I knew kids ought to wake up according to a color scheme. I still don't know which are the right colors, but I sure feel sorry for Hedy Lamarr's kid waking up to the wrong color all that time. Well, it wasn't as though she was asking me to crawl out of a warm bed to go to the ice box. I didn't feel any pain —until I saw the bills."

Once the house was redecorated, Betty moved on to gadgets. She proposed a photo-electrically operated gate in the canyon driveway. She wondered about the possibilities of having a canopy that would slide over the sunny part of the patio at the push of a button. Some of the suggestions were so fantastic Bogey was not sure whether she was awake or dreaming.

He'd noticed that for some time there

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had been a growing stack of strange magazines piling up in the library. For no reason at all, he had had a notion they were magazines of instruction, probably on child feeding, or how to bring babies up alive. Now he investigated, and what he learned drove him to a hurry call to Morgan Maree, his business manager.

"She's reading all the wrong kind of books," he reported. "Books about how to build bigger houses and gardens, and how to equip them like the house of the day after tomorrow. You better take over."

So Maree took over. After that, when Betty suggested some new gadget, Bogey agreed heartily, and suggested she consult the business manager about it.

"Maree was really tough," Bogey says. "A couple of times he held out for as long as a month before giving in."

Along about now, if everything has gone on schedule, Bogey and Maree should be delivering their final token of surrender: It's a model of the refinished house, including all the changes made by Betty.

mysterious moppets . . .

With Maree relieving him of the business phase of approaching fatherhood, Bogey found time for the soul-searching whereby he concluded that the reason he was afraid of children was that he knew nothing about them. His life had been wrapped up in show business. He could give a learned opinion on anything even remotely connected with movie-making. He could see Jimmy Stewart and Gabby Hayes lunching together and tell the plot of their next picture. But he could not answer a child's simplest, "Why, Daddy?" There'd been nothing in his three previous marriages, all childless, to equip him for that.

So he set out to learn something about youngsters. He began by consulting friends who had children and by spending more time in their homes.

"At first, talking with the kids of friends, I tried to bluff," he says. "And that's when they really terrified me. You can't fool a kid. There's something about his eyes. He looks you straight in the eye when you're trying to pull a fast one, discovers you're a liar and walks out on you.

"No kid of *mine* is going to have a chance to do that to me if I can help it. Anytime the boy comes around to me with a question, I'm going to tell him, 'Ask your mother. She's smarter than I am.'"

On January 11, when he was five days old, Stephen Humphrey Bogart moved from the hospital into the house in the canyon. Bogey was there to welcome the baby, who'd been named after him not once, but twice: Humphrey for Humphrey, Steve for the character Bogey played in *To Have or Have Not*, in which he met Betty on and off screen.

For a month, the baby never opened his mouth except for food, never opened his eyes at all when Bogey was in the house.

"It's a shame you ever have to open your eyes at all, the world being what it is," Bogey told his son. "But as for keeping your mouth closed, howl your head off. Don't worry about me, junior. My room's at the other end of the house."

That night, Bogey roused to a cry that came from no hillside coyote. When he shook the bewilderment out of his head, he realized it was the baby, at the far end of the house, that he was hearing—thanks to one of Betty's gadgets. She'd had his room wired for sound, adjustable so that the baby's faintest whisper could be made to carry to Bogey's room like a rising storm.

Bogey grinned. Life at the Bogarts' would be going on as usual. As usual, that is, as in millions of other homes newly equipped with a baby. Very happily, he roused himself from his warm bed and padded down the hall. THE END

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MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 21)

arrive and pin the robbery on them. But Janis reckons without the un-kidnapped brothers. These two foil the robbery, and then there's a slam-bang wind-up in which the Youngers are paroled, only to be chased by Ryckman and a Ryckman-incited posse taking the law into their own hands. The Youngers triumph, in a thoroughly satisfying finish. This is a fast, cheerful Western, with proper performances from everybody. I regret to add that Wayne Morris is getting powerful fat. He also has the yellowest hair that's ever been seen in Technicolor.

THE STRATTON STORY

Cast: James Stewart, June Allyson, Frank Morgan, Agnes Moorehead, Bill Williams.
MGM

The Stratton Story is less mawkish and much simpler than most film biographies of famous-people-who-have-suffered. You meet Monty Stratton (Jimmy Stewart), a farm boy who wants to play big-league baseball. He works hard, he dreams of being a pitcher. He meets a run-down old character who used to be in the game, the run-down old character (Frank Morgan) thinks he's wonderful; they hitch-hike to California, Stratton tries out for the Chicago White Sox (in training there) and in a little while he's on the team. He meets a girl named Ethel (June Allyson), they fall in love, they get married. Stratton becomes a star, they have a baby. They spend off-seasons back on the farm with Stratton's mother (Agnes Moorehead). And in one off-season, when Stratton's out hunting, he's shot in the leg; his leg has to be amputated. This picture shows his trial by fire. He's never wanted to do anything but play ball; he feels as though his life is over. How he readjusts, how he comes, ultimately, to a painful triumph, is touchingly set forth here. The real Monty Stratton cooperated with MGM so they could make his story, and MGM did right by him. Jimmy Stewart and June Allyson turn in some beautiful work (it's quiet, but it's real) and for baseball fans, there are some actual players appearing as themselves. (Gene Bearden, Bill Dickey, Jimmy Dykes and Mervyn Shea.) *The Stratton Story's* fine.



The Stratton Story: Jomes Stewart is baseboll hero Monty Stratton who made a comeback after losing his leg. June Allyson plays his wife.

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The Lawton Story: The sincerity of performers makes the enactment of the life of Christ (Millord Coody, above) a moving experience.

THE LAWTON STORY

Cast: Ginger Prince, Millard Coody, Forrest Taylor, Gwyn Shipman
Hallmark.

This is basically a documentary about the annual Easter Pageant at Lawton, Oklahoma. As such, it has moments of majesty and beauty made even more impressive by Cinecolor. But someone decided that the yearly religious ritual in the Wichita Mountains wasn't, by itself, box-office. So for box-office, there's six-year-old Ginger Prince, a cute little Margaret O'Brien, who has two uncles. The uncles aren't so cute. They don't talk to each other (haven't passed a word in 20 years). One uncle is Mark Wallock (Forrest Taylor), a minister. He started the idea of the Pageant, but this year he's ailing and can't make it. The other uncle is the town banker who's not interested in anything but his debtors. This Ginger, though, she can sing and she can act and she can bring her uncles together—all of which she does. She leads Uncle Banker to the Pageant and it has an effect on him. Makes him forget his cash balance. Practically drives him to the bedside of his sick brother where all is forgiven. That's it. The Pageant, itself, filmed in the dawn against a natural setting of mountains, is stirring. The cast, for the most part, is composed of citizens of Lawton who know and love their Bibles better than their profiles. It's the sincerity of their non-professional acting which comes across, and turns the enactment of the life of Christ (played by Millard Coody) into a moving experience.

MR. BELVEDERE GOES TO COLLEGE

Cast: Clifton Webb, Shirley Temple, Tom Drake, Alan Young, Jessie Royce Landis.
20th Century-Fox.

Mr. "Sitting Pretty" Belvedere (Clifton Webb) is back, and this time he's going to college. Seems he can collect a certain $10,000 literary award only if he holds a university degree. (The kindergarten where once he spent two nauseating weeks didn't give degrees, and those two weeks comprised the whole of Belvedere's formal education. He

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intends to rectify this tragedy by completing a four-year course in 12 months, and collecting his cash.) Belvedere runs into some trouble because war-widow-with-a-baby Shirley Temple, who works on the college paper, insists on following him around, quoting his off-the-record remarks in her articles, and snapping his picture at various ridiculous moments. Also, sophomore-who-sniffles Alan Young hazes our hero roundly. Well, they can haze him, but they can't faze him. Belvedere knows how to speak 11 languages, cooks in all of them, gives lessons in manners and dancing to young ladies, holds the world's pole-vaulting record, is an accomplished musician, can stand on his head for hours, and pals around with J. Edgar Hoover. How could Shirley Temple hurt *him*? Before he's finished, Belvedere even straightens out Shirl's personal life. The man she loves (Tom Drake) thinks he doesn't like children, doesn't know she's a widow with a child, etc. Mr. Belvedere's willingness to turn the other cheek provides a happy ending. (Fox seems to be currently fascinated by the idea of adults in college. They sent Loretta "Mother Is a Freshman" Young to school first, and here's Clifton hot on her heels. Now how about Lionel Barrymore in *Grandad at Yale*?)



Look For The Silver Lining: June Haver portrays Marilyn Miller and Roy Bolger is Jock Donahue in this musical biography of the famous dancer.

LOOK FOR THE SILVER LINING
Cast: June Haver, Ray Bolger, Gordon MacRae, Charlie Ruggles, Rosemary De Camp. *Warners.*

After eight years of searching for the "right girl" to play the late Marilyn Miller, Warner Brothers finally ended up with Fox's June Haver, and, incidentally, a very Fox-like Technicolor musical, complete with huge new production numbers from huge old productions. Story starts with young Marilyn joining her parents and two sisters in a mediocre vaudeville act and takes her to the heights. There are several pleasant things in this picture. Ray Bolger, to mention most of them. In the role of Jack Donahue, the famous dancer, he's not only superb in the dance department, but strong on acting, too. In the scene where he explains to the 15-year-old Marilyn (who's bursting with puppy love for him) that he's happily married, but terribly flattered by her affection, he achieves a sweetness and a tenderness few actors could match. As Frank Carter, the lad Marilyn marries, Gordon MacRae sings well, has an agreeable personality and a nice face. (His forehead's a little low for an ideal Hollywood hero, but if he sticks around out there, they'll probably fix it. They fixed Rita Hayworth's.) Whether June Haver satisfies you as Marilyn depends on how highly you value authenticity. Miss Miller was considered the greatest dancer-actress of her day, which Miss Haver is not, by any means. But she works awfully hard, and she's very pretty, so why complain?

also showing . . .

capsule criticisms of films previously reviewed

THE ACCUSED (Para.)—The accused is Loretta Young, and she's accused of killing Douglas Dick—as indeed she had when his affectionate nature got out of hand. Wendell Corey is the detective who brings her to trial. Robert Cummings is her lawyer. Well done and entertaining.

ALIAS NICK BEAL (Para.)—A heavy-handed drama about an ambitious but good-hearted politician who gets places by selling his soul to the devil. With Ray Milland, Thomas Mitchell, George Macready and Audrey Totter.

BAD BOY (Allied Artists)—The reformation of a young criminal at the Boys' Ranch in Texas. Audie Murphy, as the delinquent, is very good in his first big role. A good, interesting movie. With Lloyd Nolan, Jane Wyatt and Jimmy Gleason.

THE BRIBE (MGM)—G-Man Robert Taylor goes to Central America to look into crooked export business and finds Ava Gardner innocently involved with the villains he's after—Vincent Price, John Hodiak and Charles Laughton. Pretty implausible, but exciting and well acted.

BRIDE OF VENGEANCE (Para.)—A costume thing about the Borgias, full of sinister intrigue. It's all a bit on the silly side. With John Lund, Paulette Goddard and Macdonald Carey.

A CONNECTICUT YANKEE (Para.)—The world's greatest entertainer—Bing Crosby, of course—sings some pretty good songs, says and does some funny things, and is assisted by a fine cast including William Bendix, Sir Cedric Hardwicke and Rhonda Fleming. Yet you keep expecting more to happen than ever does. Still, this *is* a pleasant and lavish Technicolor item.

DOWN TO THE SEA IN SHIPS (20th-Fox)—Dean Stockwell is inducted into his family's maritime tradition on a whaling ship skippered by his stern grandpa, Lionel Barrymore, with Richard Widmark as the helpful first mate. An authentic sea story, with lots of excitement and drama.

EL PASO (Para.)—John Payne finishes fighting the Civil War and takes on a nest of coyotes who've been running things their own evil way in El Paso. A swell, gunsmoke-wreathed Western, in Cinecolor. With Gail Russell, Sterling Hayden, Dick Foran, Gabby Hayes and Henry Hull.

THE FAN (20th-Fox)—A fine production and excellent performances by Jeanne Crain, George Sanders, Madeleine Carroll and Richard Greene make this version of Oscar Wilde's *Lady Windermere's Fan* something sure to please the ladies.

FORCE OF EVIL (MGM)—A brisk study of the numbers racket, with John Garfield, Beatrice Pearson and Thomas Gomez. It's fair.

JOAN OF ARC (RKO)—You know—Ingrid Bergman, Technicolor and eight million bucks. Of course you'll see it. Who wants to be a social outcast?

KISS IN THE DARK (Warners)—Concert pianist David Niven has his eyes opened to the facts of life and hot jazz by Jane Wyman. A moderately good comedy. With Victor Moore, Wayne Morris and Broderick Crawford.

KNOCK ON ANY DOOR (Col.)—Newcomer John Derek as a youthful criminal and Humphrey Bogart as his lawyer with a social conscience, are excellent in this outstanding film which once more points the dismal truth that poverty breeds crime.

LITTLE WOMEN (MGM)—A charming version of the tear-drenched old novel, beautifully produced in Technicolor and superbly acted. June Allyson as Jo and Margaret O'Brien as Beth are remarkably good in a gilt-edged cast that includes Elizabeth Taylor, Janet Leigh, Peter Lawford, Mary Astor, Lucile Watson, Sir C. Aubrey Smith and Rossano Brazzi.

MOTHER IS A FRESHMAN (20th-Fox)—Loretta Young, to get funds for herself and spoiled daughter Betty Lynn, goes to college with her on a $3,000 scholarship. Professor Van Johnson, whom Betty adores, falls for Loretta. All in all, a bright comedy. With Rudy Vallee, Barbara Lawrence, Bob Arthur and Technicolor.

MY DREAM IS YOURS (Warners)—Jack Carson makes a radio star of Doris Day despite typical musical comedy complications. A highly enjoyable Technicolor musical, with good songs and relaxing merriment. Doris Day is wonderful and Jack Carson, Lee Bowman, Adolphe Menjou, Eve Arden and Cuddles Sakall also entertain expertly.

THE PRIDE OF THE YANKEES (RKO)—Made in 1942, this moving film biography of Lou Gehrig, the great first baseman, is now being reissued. By all means see it if you missed it the first time. Gary Cooper plays Lou and Babe Ruth appears as himself. With Teresa Wright and Walter Brennan.

RED CANYON (Univ)—Ann Blyth's romance with cowpoke Howard Duff hits a snag when her old man, George Brent, learns that Howard's a member of a family he hates like poison. A very superior Technicolor Western.

SHOCKPROOF (Col.)—Patricia Knight, a murderess paroled in the tender custody of parole officer Cornel Wilde, goes and gets mixed up with a shady gambler, John Baragrey. Nicely performed, but it's shoddy stuff.

STREETS OF LAREDO (Para.)—Outlaw chief Macdonald Carey stirs up lots of trouble for ex-lieutenants William Holden and William Bendix when they join the Texas Rangers. A good Western. It's in Technicolor, natch. With Mona Freeman.

THE UNDERCOVER MAN (Col.)—Treasury agent Glenn Ford tracks down an underworld czar who's been holding a big city in the palm of his vicious hand. An exciting, well acted, realistic thriller.

WAKE OF THE RED WITCH (Rep.)—An action-packed tale of the South Seas, with John Wayne as a rugged skipper in the thick of the battle for a fortune in pearls. Gail Russell, Adele Mara and Henry Daniell are also present.

WE WERE STRANGERS (Col.)—A story of Cuban revolutionists in the early 1930's, this great film blends nightmarish horror and poetic beauty into a tremendous cinematic experience. Jennifer Jones, John Garfield, Pedro Armendariz, Gilbert Roland and every other performer in it are magnificent. Directed by John Huston, this is a giant among motion pictures.

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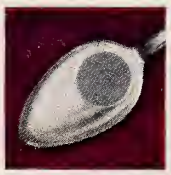
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"Wh-e-e-e-e!" Cute-as-a-button Lorna Lynn, 16-year-old New York fashion model, finds the roller-coaster at Palisades Amusement Park as thrilling as her own lightning climb to success. And her dates find Lorna's Ipana smile plenty thrilling, too!

Like so many successful junior models, Lorna knows how much a dazzling smile depends on firm, healthy gums. "I follow the *Ipana* way to healthier gums and brighter teeth," she says, "*because dentists say it works!*" Here's how this professionally approved Ipana dental care can work for you, too . . .

Lorna shows the Ipana way is easy as 1, 2:

1. *Between regular visits to your dentist*, brush all tooth surfaces with Ipana at least twice a day.
2. Then massage gums the way your dentist advises—to stimulate gum circulation. (Ipana's unique formula actually helps stimulate your gums. You can *feel* the invigorating tingle!)

Try this for healthier gums, brighter teeth, an *Ipana* smile. Ipana's extra-refreshing flavor leaves your breath cleaner, your mouth fresher, too. Remember, a good dentifrice, like a good dentist, is *never* a luxury!

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Ipana dental care promotes Healthier gums, brighter teeth*

P.S. For correct brushing, use the **DOUBLE DUTY** Tooth Brush with the *twist* in the handle. 1000 dentists helped design it!

*In thousands of recent reports from dentists all over the country.

(Advertisement)

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Don't be Half-safe!



by

VALDA SHERMAN

At the first blush of womanhood many mysterious changes take place in your body. For instance, the apocrine glands under your arms begin to secrete daily a type of perspiration you have never known before. This is closely related to physical development and causes an unpleasant odor on both your person and your clothes.

There is nothing "wrong" with you. It's just another sign you are now a woman, not a girl . . . so now you *must* keep yourself safe with a truly effective underarm deodorant.

Two dangers—Underarm odor is a real handicap at this romantic age, and the new cream deodorant Arrid is made especially to overcome this very difficulty. It kills this odor on contact in 2 seconds, then by antiseptic action prevents the formation of all odor for 48 hours and keeps you shower-bath fresh. It also stops perspiration and so protects against a second danger—perspiration stains. Since physical exertion, embarrassment and emotion can now cause apocrine glands to fairly gush perspiration, a dance, a date, an embarrassing remark may easily make you perspire and offend, or ruin a dress.

All deodorants are not alike—so remember—no other deodorant tested stops perspiration and odor so completely yet so safely as new Arrid. Its safety has been proved by doctors. That's why girls your age buy more Arrid than any other age group. More men and women use Arrid than any other deodorant. Antiseptic, used by 117,000 nurses.

Intimate protection is needed—so protect yourself with this snowy, stainless cream. Awarded American Laundering Institute Approval Seal—harmless to fabrics. Safe for skin—can be used right after shaving. Arrid, with the amazing new ingredient Creamogen, will not dry out.

Your satisfaction guaranteed, or your money back! If you are not completely convinced that Arrid is *in every way* the finest cream deodorant you've ever used, return the jar with unused portion to Carter Products, Inc., 53 Park Pl., N.Y.C., for refund of full purchase price.

Don't be half-safe. Be Arrid-safe! Use Arrid to be *sure*. Get Arrid now at your favorite drug counter—only 39¢ plus tax.

JULY, 1949

modern screen

the friendly magazine

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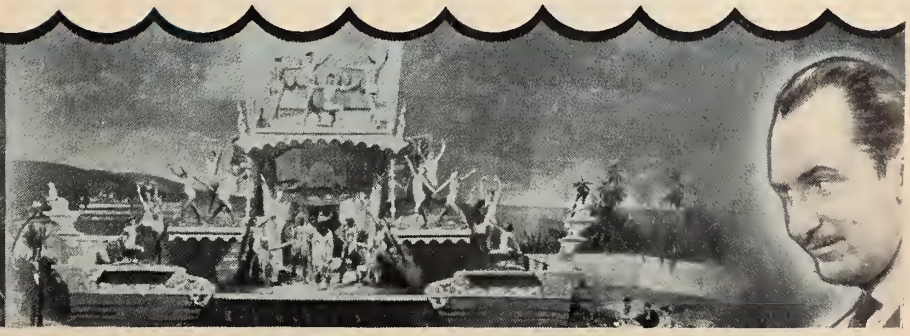
Romance! between beauteous Esther and handsome Ricardo Montalban!

Screen Play by Dorothy Kingsley
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Rhythm! by Xavier Cugat and his exciting orchestra!

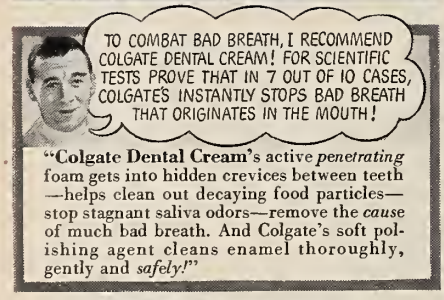


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Sorry, Pal! You're Dispossessed!







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LATER–Thanks to Colgate Dental Cream







EXCEPT FOR OCCASIONAL belts across the mouth, no one ever tries to stop us when we feel like talking. Once in a while we say something good and a pal writes it down for the Reader's Digest. The Digest always looks the other way. Anyway, we're making a collection of our own bright comments and someday we hope someone will be smart enough to print them. Despite our mastery of the *mot juste* or the squelch, as it is familiarly known, there is one person in Hollywood who has us beat. She has only to part her lips and out slips a pearl. We humbly bow before Barbara Stanwyck—the Queen in "The Queen Says 'Nuts!' " on page 46 of this issue. . . .

WE'VE ALWAYS BEEN a little jealous of Clark Gable—and our best friend often tells us we should be. Sometimes we think that if we could only get a little more of that California sunshine things would be different . . . But even with a sunburn, would we catch a glance from Ann Sheridan or Nancy Davis? We doubt it. Would *any* girl chase us if we didn't snatch her pocketbook first? We doubt that, too. So we've put our mustache back on the shelf and we're not as sorry as we might have been, because C. G. has his troubles now. (We could use troubles like his!) The question on page 52 is: "Which Girl Has The Gable?" Line forms on the right. . . .

ONCE IN A while we lock up our typewriter, put our feet in a bottom drawer, and dream. We're often carried away. The day we felt like Hamlet was hard on everyone—especially Ophelia who was reading proofs in a corner of the office. We were pretty shocked when Hedda Hopper said she knew a few more like us. Seems the woods are full of split personalities. To prove it, Hedda dished up a tasty morsel called, "Myths Stars Believe About Themselves." It's on page 34. . . .

SOME MONTHS AGO, Bob Stack shot a bullet into the air and a brace of pheasants promptly dropped at his feet. Bob thought a small dinner party would be in order, and proceeded to pluck the birds. By the time his guest list was completed, though, the pheasants had gone back into a deep freeze, a caterer had opened his kit in the kitchen and the party had turned into a costume brawl. Reba and Bonnie Churchill (our own) got rigged up in style and went on along. Their report on the riotous affair, "Footloose and Fancy Dress," starts on page 48. . . .

A PERSON MIGHT think we'd run out of story ideas after a while. But, person, we never do. In fact, we are loaded. If you've ever thought of being a baby-sitter (or if you already have a degree) we're sure you'll be interested in our baby-sitting experiences at Betty Hutton's house. (No, we didn't sit with Betty.) You can read all the details in next month's issue. We also expect to surprise and delight you with hand-written tales about Doris Day, Dan Dailey, Bob Stack and many others of your favorites. Dick Powell, by the way, will have his say on the rumors concerning him and June Allyson. But hold on—the August issue's not on sale till July 8th. . . .

If you thought 'THE PALEFACE' was funny... Wait 'til you see this HONEY!



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LUCILLE BALL

in Damon Runyon's

"Sorrowful JONES"

with

Wm. Demarest · Bruce Cabot · Thomas Gomez

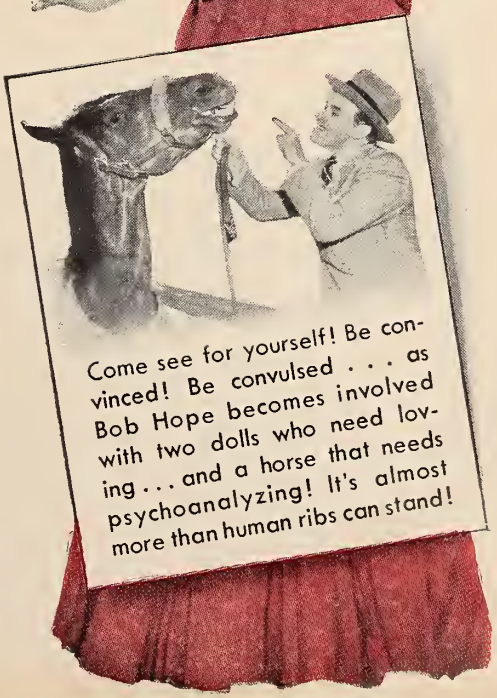
and Introducing

MARY JANE SAUNDERS

Foreword narrated by Walter Winchell

Produced by ROBERT L. WELCH · Directed by SIDNEY LANFIELD

Screenplay by Melville Shavelson, Edmund Hartmann and Jack Rose • Adapted from a Story by Damon Runyon and a Screenplay by William R. Lipman, Sam Hellman and Gladys Lehman



Come see for yourself! Be convinced! Be convulsed . . . as Bob Hope becomes involved with two dolls who need loving . . . and a horse that needs psychoanalyzing! It's almost more than human ribs can stand!



Liz Taylor and Glenn Davis on one of their last dates before they broke up.

Special: What happened to Elizabeth Taylor's romance?

■ Elizabeth Taylor's broken engagement to football hero Glenn Davis is a big surprise to everybody but—Elizabeth Taylor!

When she came over to my house and I asked her point blank, "What in the wide world happened between you two kids?" she opened her eyes wide and said, "Oh, there was never really an engagement between us—we were good friends, and we still are."

Oh, come now, Elizabeth!

Before she went to England, and later to Florida, she was the most-in-love teen-age girl I have ever seen. She swore she would wait for her West Pointer to come back from a military assignment in Korea if it took the rest of her life. In fact, things were so torrid that her parents and her studio had to get her to promise that she would not get married until she was 18.

Now Glenn is as lonely as that little gold football charm Elizabeth loved so much when he gave it to her—and which she has put "among her souvenirs."

If you ask me—and even if you don't—I have my own private idea of what might have happened to Lizzie's young heart. And I don't mean the story that she fell more deeply in love with William Pauley, Jr., whom she met in Florida.

Sure, she and the young socialite are dating. But she is also seeing Tommy Breen, whose father is Mr. Censor of the Johnston Office, and Jerome Courtland and Lawrence Sheerin are other smitten beaux.

But I hear different about who the real gent is.

If my inside tipster is right, Elizabeth has done what many young girls do: she has become very infatuated with an older, much more sophisticated man. She met him in the East. That he looks upon her as just a lovely girl, little more than a child, makes no difference to the way he makes her heart go pitty-pat.

In fact, I hear the gentleman is a little worried because of the obvious "crush" the beautiful young girl has developed for him.

It isn't serious with him—and it won't last long with her, you can be sure. When I was exactly her age, I fell madly in love with a middle-aged doctor in my home town and lived and breathed (or didn't breathe) according to the smiles he bestowed upon me.

Falling in love with a Sophisticate and a Man Of The World is part of the business of growing up. Come on, reader, confess—hasn't it ever happened to you?

■ One thing Bob Mitchum must be very careful about since his trouble is not to be too sensitive.

The other night at the Beachcombers café he was very upset because he thought his old friend, Frank Sinatra, had not spoken to him. I heard Bob mutter, "I guess I'm not worth speaking to *now*."

Well, I was sitting at the same table with Frankie and I know he did not see Bob nor know that Bob was trying to speak to him. Both Frankie and I were sitting with our backs to Mitchum and as Frankie left very soon after dinner, he didn't know Bob was in the place.

Mitchum is being such a good boy now and conducting himself so well, he must not make himself unhappy through purely imaginary slights.

* * *

Most conspicuous new twosome at the Friars' Frolic—at which $300,000 was raised by the biggest stars in Hollywood for Hollywood's own charity, the Motion Picture Country Home—was Audrey Totter and Brian Donlevy.

Brian has been a lone wolf, romantically speaking, ever since he and his blonde wife, Marjorie, broke up so sensationally last year. Taking Audrey to the Frolic might not have meant so much if he hadn't shown up the



James Stewart, Walter Pidgeon, Fred MacMurray and Van Johnson cheerfully go through paces as chorus boys at annual Friars' Frolic.

LOUELLA PARSONS' Good news

very next night with her at the Seacombers, romantic café down by the sad sea waves in Santa Monica.

Audrey is a gal who gets herself engaged and disengaged more times than anyone else in Hollywood—so we will just have to wait to see what we shall see with this combination.

* * *

How far out of their way can certain writers go to pick on an actor? Several Hollywood scribes reported that Jimmy Stewart tried to "steal" the show at the Friars' Frolic when he fell to his knees during his dance routine with Fred MacMurray, Robert Taylor, Van Johnson, Ray Milland, Walter Pidgeon, George Murphy and Peter Lawford.

It was really a cute number to watch as these top-flight lovers played and danced a chorus number in top hats and tails while Gene Kelly, all dolled up like a girl, flirted with them.

What happened to Jimmy was this: He missed a step, got out of line, and started walking on his knees out of sheer exasperation with himself.

You'll never make me believe those other swell guys were miffed—as reported.

* * *

The Argentine polo team and the American, took over Hollywood, socially speaking. There were so many dinner dances and cocktail parties that most of us had to take a rest cure after Mary and Laddie Sanford left town.

Mary used to be Mary Duncan, star of the silent screen, and she has many pals in Hollywood. Marion Davies loaned the Sanfords her beautiful home for their elaborate cocktail party—and at least 300 guests must have come to meet the polo-playing gentlemen of both teams.

Cutest couple on hand were Jane Powell and her fiancé, Geary Steffen, who are so in love they don't know whether they are meeting polo players or Hottentots. They shake hands with other people but they have eyes just for each other.

Janie wore a lovely cocktail dress of gray with a modest Peter Pan collar but with a daring little slit in the skirt. With her pretty legs, why not?

Another delightful party for the Polo-ers was hosted by the Mike Romanoffs. Gloria, Mike's pretty bride, was a delightful hostess who saw to it that everyone had a good time.

Just so there would be no wallflowers, each man drew a slip of paper to find out who his partner would be for the following dance. Ronald Colman kept drawing his wife's name —which looked like a put-up job to me, they were plainly so delighted to get each other.

(Speaking of Ronnie as a dancer—he is the most ardent Square Dancer in town. Works at it as though it were an Academy Award-winning role and gets a bit miffed when someone makes a mistake!)

Still another funny angle about this name-drawing business was that not once during the evening did Jimmy Stewart get Gloria Hatrick McLean, the lady he "brung"! Instead, Jimmy had to keep watching out of the corner of his eye while his girl danced with Peter Lawford—the competition.

If Jimmy doesn't make up his mind soon about giving up his bachelorhood, there are bets around that Pete will walk off with the very attractive Gloria.

* * *

Tattle Tales: Peter Lawford is plenty burned over those stories that he is tight with his money and is a slow man with a dollar. Well, Pete, one way to beat it is to toss a little lettuce around—throw a party or something. . . . Paris stylists report that Rita Hayworth is planning the shortest of short hair cuts. If this is true, you can bet she is *not* planning to make a movie soon. Rita once told me that short hair is not glamorous on the screen and that she would keep her shoulder-length bob as long as she was an actress. . . . I wish someone would tell Lew



Producer Horry Brown casts a slightly apprehensive eye at the dynomic blonde—who happens to be the Belle of the Frolic, Gene Kelly.



It wos a fine night for getting autographs. Here Greg ond Greto Peck give theirs. Benefit roised over $300,000 for the Country Home.



That's no mod hotter, that's Fronk Sinotro waiting to go on with Van Johnson. Stors gave time and talent to make the Frolic a success.

Brush up and light up your smile



USE THE BRUSH WITH

Real Nylon Bristles



Made by the makers of DR. WEST'S MIRACLE-TUFT 50¢



Ted, Lindsay and Betty Huttan Briskin watch little Candy's reactian ta her first birthday cake.



Clawn Abe Galdstein entertains Guy Madison and Gail Russell at the Clyde Beatty Circus.



Calleen Tawnsend, with Lau Evans, gives an autagraph autside the Fax Inglewaad Theatre.

Ayres that it is not up to the man to deny romance stories. Lew's persistent insistence, "I am not planning to marry Jane Wyman" is bad manners—and it is nice that Janie is such an understanding girl where he is concerned, for otherwise she would have the right to be angry. . . . Well, get this! George Sanders says: "A woman with a perfect disposition would bore me to death. It is much more interesting when you open a door, not to know whether you will be greeted by a kiss ar a vase." Interesting, maybe—but hard on the nerves!. . . . The girl who has been going around impersonating Arlene Dahl must be the most conceited person in the world. If she were as beautiful as Arlene, she would not have to impersonate anyone. . . . Shirley Temple refused to tell how much money she came inta on her 21st birthday, but it is estimated at close ta $9,000,000. She instructed her lawyer not ta disclose the exact amount and it did not have to be published because she is not taking over the management of her fortune. "My father is a banker and understands money," Shirley explained, "so he will continue to manage my finances."

I never thought the day would come when Franchot Tone would be the one not to make up with Jean Wallace. He has been so madly in love with her for years and took a lot of bossing around.

There was a time when she would upbraid him in public and he'd do nothing but sit there and take it. But that is all over.

When Franchot said "Goodbye" this last time, he meant it. Even after Jean followed him to Paris, hoping that he would forgive and forget just one more time, he didn't change his heart.

Somewhere in all this there is a lesson for wives and girl friends wha make a habit of leading men around by the nose, always sure that they will be forgiven.

* * *

Dick Haymes' divorce from Joanne Dru is coming high—$5,000 a month alimony. Dick has not worked in pictures far a long time and it takes a lot of radio engagements and records sold to add up to that much money. But Joanne is adamant in her demands that he pay.

Meanwhile, I don't know whether his girl friend, Nora Eddington Flynn, will be divorced


"Whatever it is, there is nothing you can't tell the woman you love!"
DAY AFTER DAY YOU'LL KEEP REMEMBERING EVERY STIRRING MOMENT OF THIS HEART-GRIPPING ROMANCE FROM WARNER BROS.
A sister shamed, and a doctor who breaks a confidence to keep from breaking a woman's heart.
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"Nothing timid about the author or producers of this one!" DOROTHY KILGALLEN Famed Columnist
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Transportation Edmonton to Fairbanks over Alcan Highway, 17 nights accommodations; scenic side trips. ☐

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*City & State*_____ DM79



Cory Grant, recovered from yellow joundice, returns from Englond to be met ot the boot by Betsy Droke. She still insists they're just friends.

LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD NEWS

by the time this is in print or not. She keeps postponing her trip to Las Vegas for two reasons. (1) She does not want to leave Dick while he is having so many headaches getting his own divorce settled. (2) She hates to leave her children, and Errol won't let her take little Rory with her.

* * *

Sometimes I feel like scolding Shelley Winters, but she really has a good eye for publicity.

When she was asked if she and Farley Granger were in love, instead of pulling the old "we-are-just-good-friends" gag, she said, archly: "We're good friends in a romantic sort of way."

Incidentally, she waited to make this announcement until Patricia Neal, the chief competition for Farley, was back in town from London.

* * *

Betty Grable is the only star I know who eats her cake and keeps her figure, too. But it takes a bit of doing.

Between pictures Betty "eats like a horse" (the quotes are hers) and puts on between 10 and 12 pounds above her correct screen weight, which is 115. Then, four or five weeks before she goes back to work, she goes on a dieting and exercising spree and lives like a hermit so she won't be tempted to eat.

"It just isn't possible for me to starve myself all the time to keep my figure," Betty told me. "I keep remembering when I was a chorus girl and didn't have enough money to buy a good meal. What's the sense of having the money—and a wonderful cook—and then not being able to eat those wonderful pies and cakes and gooey things I love? No, sir, I had rather do it the hard way—eat what I want between movies and then suffer to take it off!"



Joon Crowford brings Christopher and Christine to the Copitol Records' circus porty for stors' children. Between them is Joonnie Fink.



Roy Rogers and Dole Evons help Trigger get immortolized by hoving his footprints ploced in the cement ot Groumon's Chinese Theotre.

Are you in the know?



Which should be your hairdo guide?

- ☐ *Your own type*
- ☐ *Your favorite actress*
- ☐ *What your crowd's wearing*

When groping for a new hairdo, maybe you'd follow the fad-mad crowd—or hitch your noggin to your favorite star. Think twice! According to a famous Paris stylist, your hairdo should suit your own type. *Your* kind of face . . . *your* kind of personality! Different girls have different needs in sanitary protection, too. That's why Kotex offers you *3 absorbencies* to choose from. Which one is practically tailor-made for *you?* Try Regular, Junior, Super—and see!



In dining cars, what's a good plan?

- ☐ *Freeze strangers*
- ☐ *Make new friends*
- ☐ *Bring a book*

Traveling alone? Train etiquette doesn't say nay to exchanging polite, impersonal small talk. Don't think you must clam up . . . or form a lifelong friendship. Use good judgment. If in doubt, *read* while waiting for your meal. Helps ward off unwelcome chatter! On certain days, good judgment tells you to keep on the cautious side with Kotex. For Kotex gives you *extra* protection . . . has an exclusive *safety center* that guards you, at home and "abroad"!



If you didn't hear the name clearly—

- ☐ *Say so*
- ☐ *Let it pass*
- ☐ *Repeat it anyway*

See what happens when a friend *mumbles* introductions? You didn't get the name! Well, *say* so, rather than ignore or garble it. Even if his monicker's Schnicklefritz, he'll expect you to remember—and pronounce it right. (You'll be glad you did, next time you meet!) And to meet *any* situation with assurance, "that" time of the month, choose Kotex. Why? Because those special, *flat pressed ends* don't cause revealing outlines. Let Kotex be your poise-preserver!



When you're a house-guest, should you—

- ☐ *Follow your whims*
- ☐ *Fit into the plans*
- ☐ *Forget about clock-watching*

To be a really *welcome* guest, consider your hostess instead of your whims. If a picnic's planned—*go*, and have fun. Even if you'd rather dress up for dancing. And throughout your visit, keep clock-conscious, so you won't be late for meals or curfew. Whatever the plans, you can be *comfortable* regardless of your calendar—by choosing the new Kotex. It's the napkin made to stay soft while you wear it; gives you *downy softness that holds its shape*. You're always so at ease with Kotex!



*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

More women choose KOTEX than all other sanitary napkins*

3 ABSORBENCIES: REGULAR, JUNIOR, SUPER



Which deodorant would you decide on?

- ☐ *A cream*
- ☐ *A powder*
- ☐ *A liquid*

Granted you're in the know about napkins . . . what about *deodorants* for napkin use? Fact is, while creams and liquids will do for everyday daintiness—yet, for "those" days a *powder* deodorant's best—sprinkled freely on sanitary napkins. That's because a powder has no moisture-resistant base; doesn't slow up absorption. And soft, soothing *Quest Powder* is made especially for napkin use.

Being unscented, Quest Deodorant Powder doesn't just mask odors. Quest *destroys* them. Safely. *Positively*. To avoid offending, buy a can of Quest Powder today!



Quest Deodorant Powder

Ask for it by name

TONI TWINS prove magic of SOFT-WATER Shampooing



Lather . . .
was Alva's problem!

"Imagine trying to shampoo your hair without enough lather," complains Alva Anderson. "And that's just about what happens every time I use a soap shampoo!" Of course, Alva won't *ever* get the lather she wants with a soap shampoo —especially in hard water! And she can't rinse away that dulling soap film, either. That's what leaves hair looking drab and lifeless. Makes it hard to manage, too!

But Alice
got heaps of it!

"Toni Creme Shampoo is wonderful! Even in hard water, I get all the rich, creamy lather I need—and then some!" says twin Alice. And Toni does more than that! After Soft-Water Shampooing, your hair is exquisitely clean . . . shinier . . . more glamorous than you ever dreamed possible! Each strand shimmers with all, yes *all* its natural beauty! Curls are fresh, vibrant-looking . . . soft as a moonbeam!





Now it's Toni Creme Shampoo for Two!

The Anderson twins know there's nothing like Toni Creme Shampoo! *Nothing* like Soft-Water Shampooing in hard water! For Toni bursts into oceans of thick, billowy lather . . . rinses away dirt and dandruff instantly. Toni leaves your hair wonderfully fresh and radiant . . . sparkling with precious new highlights. Helps your permanent "take" better . . . look lovelier longer. Get the jar or tube of Toni Creme Shampoo today. Try Soft-Water Shampooing. It's for *you!*



Enriched with Lanolin



Shirley Temple and John Agar celebrate her 21st birthday on location for *Always Sweethearts.* The cake was from the cast and crew.

LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD NEWS

Jane Wyman is making *The Octopus and Miss Smith* for Michael Curtiz, the gentleman from Hungary who can tie up the Queen's English in a way that makes Sam Goldwyn look like an amateur.

The other day, Mike was telling the Warner Brothers fashion designer, Milo Anderson, just how he wanted Jane dressed for a certain scene.

"She must be very sophisticated and chic," explained Mr. Curtiz. "She should look like a *Happy* Carnegie model!"

* * *

Keep your eye on Ruth Roman, the girl who plays the wife in *Champion.* She's headed for stardom or I miss my guess. The impressive thing about her is that she is smart enough to retain her own personality and not try to imitate some other top-notcher.

In private life, Ruth lives in a professional boarding house where she pays $125 a month for a big sunny room, three home-cooked meals a day and a maid to keep her room and press her clothes. Even her new Warner Brothers contract, which runs into hundreds weekly, hasn't inspired her to move to swankier quarters. "And spend a lot of money? Phooey to that!" says Ruth.

She tries to help other girls, living in the boarding house, who have not been as lucky as she.

And she abides by all the house rules—home from dates by 12:30 at night, no borrowing clothes or cosmetics from other girls, and all radios turned off by 10 p. m. for those who have to retire early for morning calls.

* * *

When nine-year-old Nancy Sinatra is asked how she likes her new room in the house big Nancy and Frank have just bought in Bel Air, she merely shrugs her shoulders.



Aly Khon looks glum os he strolls with Rito Hoyworth ot the St. Cloud rocetrock in Poris. His horse finished next to lost in on eorly roce.

"All the rest of the stuff around here is *new*," sniffs Missy Sinatra, "but I still have my same old furniture."

Lest her nose get too definitely out of joint, the Sinatras are getting her new trappings as a birthday "surprise."

* * *

Close-up of June Allyson: She likes to flirt and have lunch at the studio with her good-looking leading men—all on the harmless side, of course. . . . Secretly, she likes to think of herself as a *femme fatale*. Once, when an overly-jealous and silly wife went to Dick Powell and complained because Junie had lunched at the studio with her husband three days running, Dick roared with laughter—which made both June and the jealous wife furious. . . . She likes Peter Pan collars even on dinner clothes and cocktail suits. . . . She doesn't think she looks well in hats. . . . She takes her shoes off the minute she gets home, and is constantly getting holes and runs in her stockings. . . . She has a nervous habit of "eating" lipstick off her mouth and is trying to cure herself of it. . . . She's a natural-born "back-seat driver" and likes to give advice on everything from running a car to running your life. . . . She eats lemons and is amused when people pucker up and almost die watching her consume one. . . . Unlike other players who pretend they can't bear to watch themselves on the screen, June gets a kick out of going to see her own movies. She's kind of a June Allyson fan—but she's always looking for ways to improve her performances. . . . She adores children but can do without child actors. . . . She loves artichokes, lamb chops, Gershwin tunes, fan magazines, new novels, shampooing her hair, freshly-made coffee and the smell of freshly-baked bread. . . . She is honest in admitting that the studio was right and she was wrong about *The Stratton Story*. She did not want to do it at first. Now it's her favorite picture of all she has made.



That "Left-Out Feeling" can begin at home!

It hurts when a husband seems so indifferent. Yet sometimes a wife has *herself* to blame. So remember—*never trust your charm to anything but creamy, dependable Mum!* Mum's unique modern formula contains no water to dry out or decrease its efficiency. Be a safety-first girl. Get a jar of Mum today.

Mum-Safer for Charm ... Mum checks perspiration odor all day or evening. Protects against risk of *future* underarm odor after your bath washes away *past* perspiration.

Mum-Safer for Skin .... Smooth, creamy Mum contains no harsh or irritating ingredients. Doesn't dry out in the jar to form scratchy crystals. Gentle Mum is harmless to skin.

Mum-Safer for Clothes .... No damaging ingredients to rot or discolor fabrics. Quick, pleasant to use. Economical—no shrinkage, no waste.

For sanitary napkins—Mum is gentle, safe, ideal . . . dependable for this important use, too.



Product of Bristol-Myers

keeps you nice to be near

Have You Heard?

Speaking of husbands, let's consider the matrimonial venture of the telephone pole climber who first glimpsed his wife-to-be as she leaned, lorelei-like, out of a sky-scraper. If this doesn't prove that boy can meet girl under the most incredible circumstances I'll eat Emily Post . . . and that's just one story from the fabulous archives of radio's wedding whiz — "Bride and Groom."

This is one of the most delightful boysterous and girlsterous shows I have heard. For sheer talent and ingenuity emcee Johnny Nelson gets my vote for his aptitude at deflustering brides-to-be. And the impromptu tales he evokes from the engaged couples on how they met, provide an endless variation on the boy meets girl theme. You're likely to hear anything from love among the Lily Cups to tales of unbelievable enterprise.

But spontaneity (which I have almost come to regard as a lost art in radio) is really the keynote of this matrimonial matinee. From the moment the engaged couple wafts before the mike, there's a happy, unrehearsed quality about "Bride and Groom" that makes you feel as though you were part of the wedding party (staged by Sterling Drug Inc.). Johnny Nelson has a merry theory that a wedding a day keeps the blues away. "Bride and Groom" not only banishes blues but rings in a half hour of utterly unique entertainment.

★ ★ ★

If the quickest way to a man's heart is through his stomach, the shortest way to "the quickest way" is to hear "The Betty Crocker Magazine of the Air." For this quarter hour is literally the answer to any dining dilemma. Betty Crocker (I'm constantly amazed at the way in which "Betty Crocker" portrays the company personality of General Mills) has a way of inspiring you to turn a cooking chore into a charm . . . gives recipes and hints that I haven't been able to find elsewhere. To counteract the old adage that all work and no play makes Jill a dull girl, Betty Crocker also features outstanding guest stars who add spice and sparkle to the proceedings.

Wedding bells ring on *Bride and Groom* at 2:30 PM EDT Monday through Friday. *The Betty Crocker Magazine of the Air* goes to press at 10:30 AM EDT Monday through Friday.

Other Tips on Daytime Dialing

"Breakfast Club"	9:00 AM edt
"House Party"	3:30 PM edt
"Kay Kyser's College"	4:00 PM edt

Joan Lansing

Gloria Swanson, glamor girl of the silent screen, who returns to the screen in *Sunset Boulevard*, told me she is amazed at the lack of real, honest-to-goodness glamor in the glamor girls of today's movies.

"They have beautiful bodies and faces—but they do nothing to make themselves exciting! Oh, perhaps they wear a daring gown now and then, but real allure should come from the imagination.

"The real trouble is that underneath all the trappings of clothes and publicity, they are, at heart, just nice little girls playing at being sirens.

"They are about as mysterious as a hamburger, constantly making a round of the night clubs with an assortment of escorts. When they are interviewed, most of them talk about what homebodies they are at heart and how they love to wear slacks and low-heeled shoes.

"That's all right for the mousy types—but it doesn't make for good copy. The trouble is, most of them are too lazy to make themselves interesting!"

Gloria, my friend, that is a mouthful—but I'm going to have to agree that there are just a handful of today's stars who have built up the thrills and excitement of such old-timers as Pola Negri, Mary Pickford, Jean Harlow, Carole Lombard—and you.

* * *

When Sam Goldwyn was forced to reshoot much of *Roseanna McCoy*, there were rumors that the reason for this had been 15-year-old Joan Evans' complete lack of screen experience. But at the time, Sam told me that the gossip was untrue, and said that Joan is, in fact, a good actress.

Now those rumors should be completely silenced, for Joan is back in Hollywood to make another picture for Goldwyn. It will be called *Beloved All Over*, and in it Joan will once more share starring honors with Farley Granger.

Incidentally, I am glad to say that, aside from a few slight scars, Joan has fully recovered from the wound she received in her arm when a gun in Farley's hand accidentally went off during a scene in *Roseanna McCoy*.

* * *

That's all this month. Thanks for the letters and keep writing, because your ideas are always interesting!

FREE SUBSCRIPTIONS!

You've probably heard the old one about the best things in life being free. Well, we might be prejudiced but we think MODERN SCREEN is one of those things. To the first 500 people who fill out this questionnaire and send it back, we'll be pleased to send a three-month subscription to MODERN SCREEN. Just fill in all the information below, rush it back to us, and the August, September and October issues may be yours—and all for free!

QUESTIONNAIRE

Which stories and features did you enjoy most in our July issue? Write the NUMBERS 1, 2, and 3 AT THE RIGHT OF YOUR 1st, 2nd, and 3rd choices.

Can Judy Garland Love Again? . . . ☐
Ava Gardner's Greatest Gamble . . . ☐
Now I'll Talk! by Robert Mitchum ☐
Small Wonder (Jeanne Crain) . . . . ☐
Myths Stars Believe About Themselves (Mature, Crawford, Flynn, Sinatra) by Hedda Hopper . . . . ☐
My Daze by Ronald Reagan . . . . ☐
Lady in Waiting (June Haver) . . . ☐
The House She Left for Him (Rita Hayworth) . . . . . ☐
He Could Have Been a Bum (Burt Lancaster) . . . . . ☐
The Queen Says "Nuts!" (Barbara Stanwyck) . . . . . ☐
Footloose and Fancy Dress (Bob Stack, Guy Madison, Donald O'Connor) . . . . . ☐
Which Girl Has The Gable? . . . . . ☐
This Love of Ours (Louis Jourdan) ☐
Never Underestimate The Power (Tyrone Power) . . . . . ☐
Goddess in Shadow (Ingrid Bergman) . . . . . ☐
Picture of the Month (The Great Sinner) . . . . . ☐
Louella Parsons' Good News . . . . ☐

Which of the above did you like LEAST? . . . . . .

What 3 MALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them, 1, 2, 3, in order of preference . . . . . .

. . . . . .

What 3 FEMALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them, 1, 2, 3, in order of preference . . . . . .

. . . . . .

What MALE star do you like least? . . . . . .

What FEMALE star do you like least? . . . . . .

My name is . . . . . .

My address is . . . . . .

City . . . . . Zone . . . . . State . . . . . I am . . . . . years old

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MOVIE REVIEWS

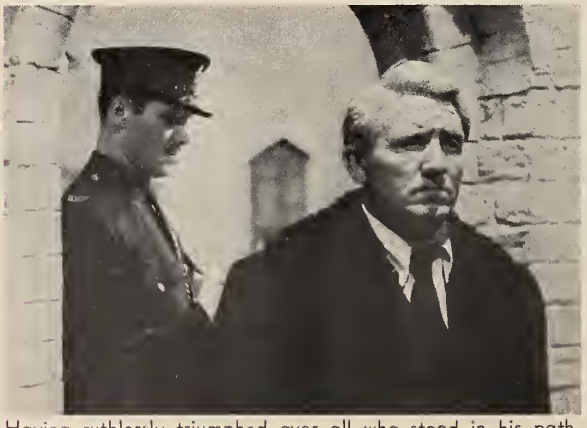
by Christopher Kane



In *Edward My Son,* parents Spencer Tracy and Deborah Kerr join in a birthday toast to Edward as he sleeps upstairs.



Worship for Edward drives Tracy to wealth and power. His wife has a detective watch his affair with Leueen MacGrath.



Having ruthlessly triumphed over all who stood in his path, Tracy, old and alone, eventually goes to prison for his misdeeds.

EDWARD MY SON

Cast: Spencer Tracy, Deborah Kerr, Ian Hunter, James Donald, Mervyn Johns, Leueen MacGrath

MGM

I didn't see Robert Morley on the stage in *Edward My Son,* though his is generally conceded to have been one of the greatest stage performances of the generation—greater than the play itself, in fact. But I think Spencer Tracy's movie portrayal of the same man lacks a little of the cruelty the character needs. Here's a fellow so unscrupulous he burns his business down for the insurance money, allows his oldest friend to go to jail for him not once but twice, drives his wife literally to drink, and rears a son who is a monster. Yet Spencer never appears to be quite that evil. (Morley has a crueler mouth, I guess.) Anyhow, Spencer's a small business man, until his son Edward is born, at which time, he, Spencer, determines the world is going to be sonny's oyster. There it begins. The burning of the business. The going on to bigger, more crooked deals (big thieves don't get caught, only little ones). A private school wants to chuck Edward out because he's a corrupt little stinker. Spencer buys the mortgages on the school. Edward gets a girl into a delicate condition. Spencer smiles indulgently, and takes care of it. Edward wants money, money, money. Spencer gives it to him. Edward's mother, Deborah Kerr, can't mold the boy's character; her husband's power and personality are so tremendous they completely overshadow her efforts. She grows old, and embittered, and alcoholic. Eventually, Edward is killed in the war. Nothing honorable about it. He'd been stunt-flying; the other young men in his plane had also died for his playfulness. His father, by then a lord (he'd wanted the title to pass on to Edward) and his mother, a bent, wispy woman, are left alone in their great house with their terrible memories. Deborah Kerr is wonderfully good: she's the sum of all lost illusions. Tracy's always fine, and Leueen MacGrath, as Tracy's mistress, is nice, too. She's rather stylized, as to postures and attitudes, but she manages to be warm and graceful at the same time. Mervyn Johns, as Tracy's rap-taking friend, has a few excellent moments. As for Edward, the central character, you never get to meet him at all.



The Lady Gambles: Barbara Stanwyck just can't pass up a gambling table, while Bob Prestan can't help looking worried—that's his money.

THE LADY GAMBLES

Cast: Barbara Stanwyck, Robert Preston, Stephen McNally, Edith Barrett, John Hoyt.
Universal-International

This is about a lady who can't stay away from the gaming tables. When she hears those dice chatter, she's a gone goose. But the picture falls short of being a *Lost Weekend* by nine million miles. Neither the script nor the acting is real enough so you can put yourself in any of the assorted characters' places for a minute. Barbara Stanwyck's with her husband, Robert Preston, out in Las Vegas. He's a newspaperman doing an article on the Hoover Dam. She's an idiot who throws all his expense money away at craps and Russian Bank and pokerino. This worries her, and she has to go on gambling till she's won the money back. Hubby Preston is getting to be a nervous wreck. He takes her to a little house in Mexico, for the cure, and she seems to be doing fine, until he leaves on an overnight trip. Then she meets some oldtime gambling pals, they tempt her, she falls. This time she doesn't just spend Preston's expense money, she spends his life savings. He has to go back to Chicago and get a job, instead of writing his book in Mexico. (He was writing a book in Mexico. I forgot to say that.) Barbara sinks lower and lower. She goes back to Las Vegas, looks up the manager of a fancy club (this guy kissed her one time) and asks him for a job. He makes her front for a horse-racing syndicate, but she's so unpredictable she even ruins a big deal for them, and they ditch her. Well, she takes up with a crook called French, some indignant dice players beat her up in an alley, and John Hoyt (he's a doctor) tries to nurse her back to health. She has no will to live, it turns out. Her mother'd died in childbirth when Barbara was born, Barbara's sister (Edith Barrett) has always made Barbara feel guilty about it, so Barbara's been trying to atone by slowly destroying herself at chemin de fer. It's a plain pity. Robert Preston's standing by, though, sister Edith gets nixed off, and as we leave beautiful Universal-International, there's a big hot hope for the future.

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Home of the Brave: Lloyd Bridges tries to make peace between James Edwards (left) and Steve Bradie (right). Steve can't adjust to Army life and vents his bigoted feelings on James.

HOME OF THE BRAVE

Cast: Douglas Dick, Steve Brodie, Jeff Corey, Lloyd Bridges, Frank Lovejoy, James Edwards, Cliff Clark.
United Artists

A fine play about anti-semitism has become a fine movie about Negro discrimination. It's wise and fair and courageous. It tells the story of five soldiers on a mission in the Pacific. There's a young major (Douglas Dick); there's Technical Sergeant Mingo (Frank Lovejoy), thirty-ish and thoughtful; there's Corporal T. J. Everitt (Steve Brodie)—he's had a fat income and a shiny car before the war; there's Finch (Lloyd Bridges), good-tempered and easygoing; and there's a surveying expert, Peter Moss (James Edwards), who's a Negro. Moss had gone to high school with Finch; they'd been friends. Finch, the soldier, is just Finch, the boy, dressed in a uniform. He's not a complex person. He's glad to see Moss again; he's missed him; he expects Moss to reciprocate in kind. As for the Major, he's just interested in getting the job done. So is Sergeant Mingo. But big-shot T. J. Everitt, resentful of the Army, unable to take orders except as personal affronts, vents all his frustrations on Moss. He's an incurably stupid man; even when he's being friendly toward Moss, he's patronizing and disgusting. The group is on a Jap island for four days. They're attacked by heat, mosquitoes, snipers, and their own fear. As tension mounts, T. J. rises to new heights in his baiting of Moss; he's inspired. Finch is finally shot by Japs. Moss, in order to save important maps, has to leave Finch. Later, the Major won't let him go back after Finch; he says the Japs will kill Finch anyway; going back can only jeopardize the safety of the rest of the men, by leading the Japs to their position. Eventually, (the Japs having left him for dead) Finch crawls back into the clearing where Moss is standing guard. Moss, unbelieving, picks up the dying Finch, cradles him in his arms, rocks him back and forth crooning tender little broken phrases. (I never expect to live through a more affecting scene.) By the time the other men are ready to leave the island, Moss can't walk to the boat. He appears to be paralyzed. The paralysis is a result of his guilt feelings; he thinks leaving Finch constitutes a rejection of the one white man who ever offered him love and friendship. He feels Finch's death is his responsibilitiy. A good army doctor (Jeff Corey) eventually helps Moss back to himself, but the picture states very clearly that the few understanding and overworked doctors aren't able to undo even a fraction of the harm done in the field of race relations by the rest of us, even the well-meaning ones. A man's spirit is proud and delicate, and it bruises easily, and the bruises can't be treated with mercurochrome. Still, as long as there are hearts and talents capable of shaping this sort of picture, there may be hope for the world.

ILLEGAL ENTRY

Cast: Howard Duff, Marta Toren, George Brent, Gar Moore.
Universal-International

A bunch of racketeers are smuggling aliens into the U. S. (they collect vast sums from the aliens' relatives) until George Brent, Immigration Inspector, gets on the job. He has Howard Duff, ex-Air Corps pilot, to help him. Howard scrapes acquaintance with Marta Toren, who works in a restaurant suspected of being the gang's headquarters. (Howard was in the service with Marta's now-deceased husband, which is a legitimate excuse for looking the girl up.) Marta plays cold. She likes Howard, and she doesn't want him to get mixed up with the crumbs she works for. But he manages to have himself hired by the gang, and he's all set to fly aliens across the border from Mexico, before you can say dear me. (Reason Marta's involved in the mess is her brother. She's paid the gang to smuggle him from Europe—it would have been years before he could have joined her legally, under the immigration quota—and if she tells on her bosses, they tell on her brother. Not much of a life for brother, either, since he's confined to a small room in Marta's apartment, and never allowed to show his face to the world. He ultimately commits suicide, thus freeing Marta from her bondage.) Howard's narrow escapes while hob-nobbing with the mob are breath-taking. Gang knows somebody's giving away information, but other people keep walking into the traps set for Duff. This picture's semi-documentary, a style that's very popular these days, and the gangsters are played by Richard Rober, Tom Tully, Paul Stewart and Gar Moore. Moore's a dead ringer for Rory Calhoun.

THE BARKLEYS OF BROADWAY

Cast: Fred Astaire, Ginger Rogers, Oscar Levant, Billie Burke.
MGM

Glittering's the adjective. Technicolored furs and jewels, and Fred Astaire re-united with Ginger Rogers. Josh (Fred) and Dinah (Ginger) Barkley are musical-comedy stars. They live royally, they love tenderly, and they fight incessantly. Josh's favorite topic in a



The Barkleys of Broadway: Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire are a musical comedy team, but she has hankerings to become a great actress.



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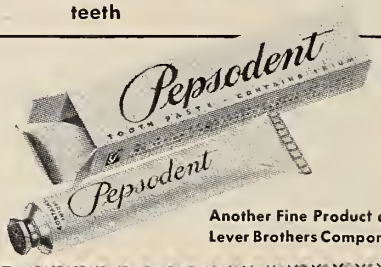
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Offer expires August 31, 1949

fight is: Where would you be without me, since I taught you everything you know? Dinah's convinced she'd do splendidly on her own, and at a country house-party, she meets a playwright with a French accent, a golden head, and a surplus of boyish charm. He thinks she should play Sarah Bernhardt in his new play. So does she. The Barkleys split up. Dinah's going to show Josh. Josh, a tender soul, who doesn't want his wife to fall on her face, sneaks into the Bernhardt rehearsals, notes rough places in Dinah's performance, phones and coaches her every night. (He uses a French accent, so she'll think he's the playwright.) Bernhardt play opens, Dinah's the toast of serious drama fans. Now, having proved her point, she goes back to Josh. The finale's a big dance, just the way it should be. Ginger seems young and gay again, Astaire's graceful and witty, the script is merry, the songs and dances—particularly a song about a weekend in the country, and a dance about winged shoes—are swell, and there's a stylish comedy bit by a girl named Carol Brewster. For me, the only sizeable flaw was Ginger's big scene in the Bernhardt play. She recites the Marseillaise with so much growling in the throat and such ferocious grimaces that you laugh where you're supposed to throb. Still, like I said before, it made her the toast of the town, and I'm sure not going to argue about it.

THE FOUNTAINHEAD

Cast: Gary Cooper, Patricia Neal, Raymond Massey, Kent Smith, Robert Douglas, Henry Hull.
Warners

Ayn Rand, who wrote the novel, "The Fountainhead," also did the screen play for the movie. Her characters don't converse; they make windy speeches. Raymond Massey's a newspaper publisher. He believes money's power. Robert Douglas is one of Massey's editors (I think he's supposed to be a symbol of Communism) and *he* knows power is owning the minds of men. Goes around in a wing collar saying geniuses are an insult to the rest of us, so they mustn't be allowed to exist. Crucify 'em. Now the hero: Gary Cooper,



The Fountainhead: Gary Cooper, as the architect who won't compromise, and Patricio Neal, as the rich girl, finally find they're soulmates.

modern architect. Won't compromise with public taste. He's offered big jobs ("But we're the board of directors," men cry peevishly. "You have to do as we say!") only to turn them down. Clutching his integrity close, he goes to work in a stone quarry. Rich Patricia Neal ("You'll find me hard to bring into submission.") takes one look at Cooper's flexed muscles, and her nose dilates. They're in love. She wants him to stop fighting for what he believes in, because he'll get hurt. He says no, he's not afraid. So she marries Raymond Massey. Cooper becomes rich and famous, despite the evil plottings of the mob. And one day he discovers somebody's changed his plans for a housing development; they've built the thing all different. Cooper takes it like a man, he goes right out and dynamites the development. After this, he makes a speech in court. Says he's not interested in poor people. He did the housing development because it was a challenge, not because some slobs needed housing. Furthermore, any man who works without being rewarded for his work is a slave, and a man must think of himself. Then he presents the line of the century. "Our world is perishing from an orgy of self-sacrifice," he says. In an age which is literally bleeding to death for the lack of some kindness and understanding between fellow creatures, Warners allows one of its heroes to make that statement. Naturally, the court exonerates him, leaving the movie-goer breathless, and rather terrified. . . . Now, I'm not pleading for mob rule, and neither am I questioning the right of the character portrayed by Mr. Cooper to his own ideas about architecture. He may have been wholly justified in his contempt for public taste. But to claim that integrity requires a man to think only of himself! Mr. Cooper says he's not his brother's keeper. I should think he'd be ashamed.

LUST FOR GOLD

Cast: Ida Lupino, Glenn Ford, Gig Young, William Prince, Edgar Buchanan, Will Geer.
Columbia

William Prince goes hunting for a lost gold mine in the Superstition Mountains, out near Phoenix, Arizona. Another fellow, after the



Lust For Gold: Ido Lupino pretends to be in love with Glenn Ford, but she's really after information leading to the missing gold-mine.

IF YOUR HAIR LOOKS LIKE THIS





WHEN IT SHOULD LOOK LIKE THIS

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same loot, is shot and killed right before Prince's eyes, and the Phoenix Sheriff explains that an unseen murderer has polished off four gold-seekers in the last two years. "But my grand-daddy owned that mine," says Prince. Which wouldn't mean anything to a murderer, but which sets the scene for a flashback. A hundred years before, two Spaniards (brothers), up from Mexico to prospect, had found the fabulous mine. One brother had organized a big expedition, dug 20 million dollars' worth of ore out of the ground, and got killed for his pains by Apaches, who considered the gold sacred to their gods. (The Apaches walled the Spaniards and the gold up tight, and went home.) Many years afterward, the second brother had decided to re-find his mine. That's where Prince's grand-daddy comes in. Grand-daddy (Glenn Ford) follows second brother to the mine, kills him and his companion, then kills his own companion. So now he's a rich murderer. In Phoenix, the townspeople take one look at the quality of the gold he's toting, and ask him where he got it. He won't tell. Men try to follow him, find out the location of the bonanza, but he's too slick. Until Ida Lupino pops up. She's ambitious. She's also married to Gig Young, only she tells Young to get lost for a while, and sets out to vamp Glenn, who vamps with alacrity. Ida discovers the location of his mine, he discovers that's all she was after, and there's a violent pay-off scene, complete with an earthquake and sudden death. End of flashback. "Now I want grand-daddy's mine," says Prince. But there's still a murderer at large, and don't you forget it. The ending's a surprise; also, Will Geer, as a Deputy Sheriff, is fascinating.

MASSACRE RIVER

Cast: Guy Madison, Rory Calhoun, Carole Mathews, Cathy Downs, Johnny Sands. *Allied Artists.*

Guy Madison's not from the same social stratum as Rory Calhoun (they're both cavalry officers stationed in Indian country after the Civil war) but the Colonel's daughter, Cathy Downs, loves self-made Guy. (Rory loves Cathy.) Guy and Cathy become engaged. Then Guy meets a lower-class (*his* class) lady (Carole Mathews) at a saloon. She makes eyes at him. Against his will, he's fascinated. He even kills a man, to defend her. This forces him to resign from the cavalry. Ah, disgrace. Oh, dishonor. But he still has Carole. They're going to make a new start, only the Colonel's son (Johnny Sands), furious on behalf of the Colonel's daughter, comes around to kill Guy. Jilt my sister, willya? Guy isn't going to fight with the kid, but Carole shoots him dead. You can't exactly blame her. Guy isn't armed, and Johnny's awfully murderous. Well, so Guy and Carole head West. But they've reckoned without Rory Calhoun, cavalry officer and gentleman. He's chasing them, to avenge Johnny's death, and Cathy's jilting. By the time he's caught up with them, deep in hostile Indian country, and he's heard the true story of Johnny's death, it's too late to apologize and turn back. Indians are blasting away at the trio. Indian Chief Yellowstone arrives after a bit, and makes his boys cut it out, but Carole's already expiring in Guy's arms as the picture ends. There seemed to be some question about this in the mind of a lady who sat behind me. She was wondering if Carole died, or if she got better. I'm here to say she was deader'n a door nail.

also showing . . .

capsule criticism of films previously reviewed

ADVENTURE IN BALTIMORE (RKO)—A gay, good-natured comedy of 1905 in which Shirley Temple, a minister's daughter with advanced ideas, causes highly amusing complications for herself, her parents (Robert Young and Josephine Hutchinson) and the boy next door (John Agar). All the performances are fine—especially John Agar's.

THE BRIBE (MGM)—G-man Robert Taylor, hot on the trail of export-business villainies in Central America, finds Ava Gardner innocently mixed up with rascals Vincent Price, John Hodiak and Charles Laughton. Not too believable, but fast, exciting and well acted.

CHAMPION (U.A.)—A tense, realistic, brilliantly acted and directed story of the rise and fall of a heel in the prizefight racket. Kirk Douglas is splendid in the title role and Paul Stewart, Ruth Roman, Arthur Kennedy, Marilyn Maxwell and Lola Albright are excellent supports. Dont' miss it.

DOWN TO THE SEA IN SHIPS (20th-Fox)—An exciting, authentic version of the old whaling novel, with Dean Stockwell as the sea-going youngster, Lionel Barrymore as his crusty skipper grandpa and Richard Widmark as the sympathetic first mate.

EL PASO (Para.)—John Payne, a returned veteran of the Civil War, finds an even more dangerous activity in fighting a gang of varmints who've got El Paso in their grip. A brisk, action-packed Western, in Cinecolor. With Gail Rusell, Sterling Hayden, Dick Foran, Gabby Hayes and Henry Hull.

FLAMINGO ROAD (Warners)—Joan Crawford starts out as a carnival dancer adrift in a Southern town and then, despite all Sheriff Sydney Greenstreet, a political despot, can do to her, she rises in the world. The atmosphere of crooked politics is interesting, the drama lurid but absorbing, the action fast, the acting good. With Zachary Scott, David Brian and Gladys George.

IMPACT (U.A.)—A rambling affair about murder and domestic infidelity. With Brian Donlevy, Helen Walker, Ella Raines and Charles Coburn. Not so hot.

THE LAWTON STORY (HALLMARK)—The annual Easter Pageant at Lawton, Oklaboma, in which the life of Christ is performed by townspeople, is the main business of this Cinecolor film. That part is impressive, but the present-day story which serves as a framework, featuring six-year-old Ginger Price, is pretty feeble. Almost all the performers are non-professionals.

LITTLE WOMEN (MGM)—A beautifully produced, superbly acted and altogether charming Technicolor version of the tearful New England Classic. June Allyson as Jo and Margaret O'Brien as Beth are especially wonderful, but everyone is excellent in the cast that includes Elizabeth Taylor, Janet Leigh, Peter Lawford, Mary Astor, Lucile Watson, Rossano Brazzi and the late Sir C. Aubrey Smith.

LOOK FOR THE SILVER LINING (Warners)—A Technicolor biography of the famous musical comedy star, Marilyn Miller, with many songs and dances. June Haver is Marilyn. With Ray Bolger, Gordon MacRae, Charlie Ruggles and Rosemary De Camp.

also showing

MR. BELVEDERE GOES TO COLLEGE (20th-Fox) —Clifton Webb, as the gifted Mr. Belvedere who started his screen life in *Sitting Pretty*, invades the collegiate scene as a beanie-wearing freshman and straightens out Shirley Temple's romance with Tom Drake. Obviously, a very funny film.

MOTHER IS A FRESHMAN (20th-Fox) —And in this one, Loretta Young goes to college. Her spoiled daughter, Betty Lynn, is also a student. Betty loves Professor Van Johnson, who falls for Loretta, to the distress of Loretta's lawyer, Rudy Vallee. A bright comedy, in Technicolor, with Bob Arthur and Barbara Lawrence.

MY DREAM IS YOURS (Warners) —An entertaining Technicolor musical dealing with the efforts of Jack Carson to get Doris Day to the top in radio. Good songs and lots of laughs. Carson and Day are nifty and so are Lee Bowman, Adolphe Menjou, Eve Arden and Cuddles (S.Z.) Sakall.

RED CANYON (Univ.) —Howard Duff, a wandering cowboy, wanders into Ann Blyth and gets right friendly with the little lady until her dad, George Brent, finds out Howard's family is one be plumb detests. A very sound Technicolor Western.

SCOTT OF THE ANTARCTIC (Eagle-Lion) — Done with painstaking authenticity, this is the story of British Captain Robert Scott and his heroic attempt, in 1910, to be the first man to reach the South Pole. An all-British cast, with John Mills as Captain Scott, is excellent and many of the polar scenes—some actually taken in the Antarctic—are breathtaking. In Technicolor.

THE STRATTON STORY (MGM) — A biography of Monty Stratton, the big league baseball pitcher who made a comeback after losing a leg in a hunting accident. Jimmy Stewart, as Stratton, and June Allyson, as his girl, turn in some beautiful work in this fine and inspiring film. With Frank Morgan, Agnes Moorehead and Bill Williams.

TAKE ME OUT TO THE BALL GAME (MGM) — Frank Sinatra and Gene Kelly as baseball stars in a Teddy Roosevelt era ball club owned by Esther Williams. The comedy, dancing, and singing are all very nice. In Technicolor, with Betty Garrett, Edward Arnold and Jules Munshin.

TOO LATE FOR TEARS (U.A.) —Lizabeth Scott as a deep-dyed villainess in a poor crime story. With Dan Duryea and Arthur Kennedy.

TULSA (Eagle-Lion) —Susan Hayward gets rich and greedy in the oil fields. Lots of exciting drama and interesting background atmosphere. With Robert Preston, Pedro Armendariz and Lloyd Gough. In Technicolor.

WE WERE STRANGERS (Col.) -One of the best films of all time. A story of Cuban revolutionists in the early 1930's, it combines horror and beauty with tremendous impact. Directed by John Huston, the performers, including Jennifer Jones, John Garfield, Pedro Armendariz and Gilbert Roland, all are magnificent.

PHOTO CREDITS

Below you will find credited page by page the photographs which appear in this issue.

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Abbreviations: Bot., Bottom; Cen., Center; Exc., Except; Lt., Left; Rt., Right; T., Top.

For lips men long to kiss again.. and again ...and again— Tangee



Lips eager to kiss in a romantic love scene between

SUE ENGLAND

AND

PETER FERNANDEZ

IN

"CITY ACROSS THE RIVER"

A UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL PICTURE

Tangee

KISSABLE TEXTURE

1. Keeps lips soft...invitingly moist.
2. Feels just right...gives you confidence.
3. Does not smear or run at the edges.
4. Goes on so easily...so smoothly...so quickly.
5. And it lasts—and LASTS—and L-A-S-T-S!



Tangee

KISS COLORS

TANGEE PINK QUEEN—You'll be queen of his heart with this perfect pink on your lips.

TANGEE RED RED—This reddest of reds makes all girls more kissable—especially brunettes!

TANGEE THEATRICAL RED—Dramatize your lips—for him—with this amorous, glamourous shade.

TANGEE GAY-RED—A kiss-catching color for the fair-haired girl.

Don't trust your romance to anything less than Tangee!



After four years, the Vincente Minnellis are breaking up their marriage. Temperamental difficulties were the cause.

For Judy, it's happened before—the crashing walls of a marriage and then heartbreak. And healing can come only from deep within herself.

By GEORGE BENJAMIN



Three-year-old Liza, who's been in two films, went to live with Judy when she left Vincente.



Judy married David Rose when she was only 20. When he returned from Army service two years later, they called it a day—they couldn't seem to get adjusted.

Can Judy Garland Love Again?

■ Four years ago, on the night before she was scheduled to marry him, Judy Garland sent Vincente Minnelli to her mother's home to pick up some clothes she'd left there.

As Vincente, loaded with garments, staggered out of the house, Judy's mother, Mrs. Ethel Garland, patted him on the back. "Good luck," she said.

Vincente flashed her his warm, ingratiating Latin smile.

"I have a feeling," Mrs. Garland added kiddingly, "that in the years to come, Vincente, you're going to look back on this last night of freedom with a lot of longing."

Minnelli stopped at that and did a double take. He was so completely in love with his little gazelle-eyed Judy that he couldn't possibly imagine ever wanting to live the life of a bachelor again.

That was four years ago, when he and Judy culminated an on-the-set courtship by going to Mrs. Garland's house and having Dr. William Roberts of the Beverly Hills Community Presbyterian Church transform their director-actress love affair into a well-publicized marriage.

Today, Mr. and Mrs. Ben Vincente Minnelli are separated. And that marriage, according to their own statements, is floundering.

Judy moved out of her husband's Hollywood hillside home on April 7th and rented a little place of her own in Beverly Hills, temporarily leaving her three-year-old daughter, Liza, with Vincente. Then Liza rejoined her in a small house in Westwood. She'll probably file for divorce (*Continued on page 76*)



Your loveliness is Doubly Safe

because

Veto gives you Double Protection!

Always creamy and smooth ... lovely to use!

So effective ... Veto guards your loveliness night and day—safely protects your clothes and you. For Veto not only neutralizes perspiration odor, it checks perspiration, too! Yes, Veto gives you Double Protection! And Veto disappears instantly to protect you from the moment you apply it!

So gentle ... Always creamy and smooth, Veto is lovely to use and keeps you lovely. And Veto is gentle, safe for normal skin, safe for clothes. Doubly Safe! Veto alone contains *Duratex*, Colgate's exclusive ingredient to make Veto safer. Let Veto give your loveliness double protection!

Veto lasts and lasts from bath to bath!

For Bare-Skin Beauty

Bath Size Palmolive

with its famous

"Beauty Lather!"



New Fragrance!

New Charm!

New Allure!

THIS VERY DAY, see how big, thrifty Bath Size Palmolive smooths and softens arms and shoulders . . . how Palmolive's wonderful "Beauty Lather" helps make you lovelier, more alluring *all over!*

To be a thrilling Bare-Skin Beauty—get Bath Size Palmolive Soap and use it regularly in your tub or shower! You'll find economical, long-lasting Bath Size Palmolive Soap makes oceans of rich, creamy "Beauty Lather"—leaves an exciting "whisper" of perfume on your skin. Get Bath Size Palmolive Soap today—for Palmolive's famous Complexion Care *all over!* Your whole family will love it!

So Big! So Thrifty

So Solid and Long-Lasting

Oceans of "Beauty Lather"

Exciting New Fragrance

Menfolk Love it, Too

Buy Bath Size Palmolive for

Bare-Skin Beauty!

don't let them down!

an open letter to wanda hendrix and audie murphy



Dear Wanda and Audie:

The story of your courtship and marriage is one of the best real-life romances we've ever heard about. It has had all the elements —appealing characters, suspense, the overcoming of obstacles, complications after the achievement of the goal, a happy ending.

Millions of people everywhere have followed the unfolding of this romance. And you'll continue to be closely observed by the fond public that has taken you into its heart.

This places a great responsibility on your young shoulders—a responsibility to do everything in your power to live up to the ideal you now exemplify. For the influence of Hollywood extends far beyond mere screen portrayals. The daily lives of the stars present standards of behavior that, consciously or unconsciously, are followed in thousands of homes, especially by young people.

If convention is treated lightly by screen idols, if honesty and faithfulness are perverted to suit the moment's whim, if marriage vows are taken as something to be shrugged off as inconsequential, it sets examples that can be widely harmful. On the other hand, if a dedication to the solid, worthwhile things of life is demonstrated by the stars, the effect is wholesome and heartening.

You, Wanda and Audie, are a notable example of the latter. Let's hope that despite all the strains and stresses your individual careers must bring you, you'll continue to exemplify in your joined lives the ideals of courage, simplicity and devotion to which you have so far adhered.

You have fame and influence. With the fame, Wanda and Audie, goes the great responsibility of using that influence well.

Wade H. Nichols

EDITOR



Ava Gardner,
the starlet, played life
as a joyous game.
Now Ava, the star, faces
a choice that will
make or break her career.

by JAMES DARSON

ava gardner's greatest gamble

■ Ava Gardner is sitting on a keg of dynamite. Whether or not she knows it, is something only time can tell. Either her career will be blown sky high, or she will emerge as one of the great young dramatic actresses of our time. The choice lies firmly in Ava's own hands.

When this beautiful young Southerner came out of her native North Carolina hills, wide-eyed and syrupy-voiced, Hollywood cynics promptly earmarked her for the "learning-the-hard-way" treatment. That was seven years ago, and seven years have left their mark. The hard way always does. But it has been harder on Ava than on most young hopefuls, even those who have failed and gone home, temporarily heartbroken. They at least have learned quickly that Hollywood is not for them. Ava, far beyond the point of last return, is up to her neck in the dangerous waters of screen fame.

For Ava Gardner is on the spot, a spot partly of her own making, partly of studio design. Although they may deny it, MGM executives can no longer keep secret what has frequently been hinted at by Hollywood insiders: that Ava Gardner is being groomed with all possible speed as a possible replacement for Lana Turner, (*Continued on page 80*)

first stage:
While married to Mickey Rooney (below), Ava's chief film octivity was posing for leg-art. She's still in glamor shots (left), but not merely as scenery.



second stage:
Second husband Artie Shaw introduced Ava to good books, music and ort. He awoke her emotionally, made her realize she wos a reol person, not o studio puppet.





third stage:
Ava won recognition in *The Killers,* but it was *The Hucksters* with Clark Goble that opened up her prospect of becoming o major star in topflight productions.

Now I'll talk!

by robert mitchum

exclusive!

Robert Mitchum, who wrote this story without a ghost writer's help, chose Modern Screen as best-fitted to present the only authentic revelation of his current plans. Here—and here alone—is Bob's own story!



Bob and Dorothy Mitchum just after his release from jail, take off for Mexico, where Bob resumed his work on *The Big Steal.*

■ In 1947, after two years during which David Selznick vainly cajoled my cooperation, I was escorted to that gentleman's studio to report for a publicity conference. The enterprising Mister Selznick, traditionally thorough and lavish in every phase of the preparation of his product, was faithful to his reputation, and I was accorded the full treatment.

Ushered into a handsomely appointed office, I was seated behind a polished desk, and a parade of publicists (presumably in order of importance) marched into the room to be introduced, each reciting briefly the exact function of his duties, and the advantages of the service he rendered.

The idea behind this little ceremony was that I should express my attitude and opinions on the method of "presentation" I desired.

Should the subject be palmed off on the public as a "distinguished young actor," with a dignified cover portrait on a news magazine and a list of his professional credits? Should he be photographed with his biceps flexed and his stomach sucked in, whiling away his happy leisure with a yo-yo? Or should we picture him a moody rumpled clown who, like Topsy, "jes' grew"?

This, my children, is *planning;* the process through which the mighty shape the flesh of some stumbling soul who regards honest toil with such shuddering horror that he becomes that caviar geek, a movie actor.

Having myself planned my career as a character actor, wrestling with beards and dialects, with time out to do a little fiction-writing, and having watched those plans collapse with the war-born scarcity of leading men, I knew the folly of this (*Continued on page 91*)



"There shall be no more stories credited to me unless actually written by me," says Bob. Here he works on the first draft of his exclusive MODERN SCREEN story. Right: A portion of the manuscript in his own handwriting.

In 1947, after
~~Later~~ ~~I came~~ two years during which
David Selznick vainly cajoled me to cooperate,
~~my secretary or one day~~ I was escorted ~~by~~ to that
gentleman's studio to respond for a
publicity conference. The enterprising producer
Selznick, traditionally thorough, and keenly
in every phase of the preparation of his productions
was zealous to his reputation, and I was
accorded the full treatment.
I walked into a handsomely appointed
office, I was seated behind a polished
desk, and a parade of publicists (presumably
in order of importance) marched in to
[illegible]



Michael arrived at the Brinkmans' January 20—providing Paul, Junior, with an assistant far unrolling towels and pulling aut kitchen drawers.

small **W**onder

Baby girls are quiet, Jeanne Crain thought, maybe even neat. But it's a little boy, and if he's anything like Paul, Jr. . . .!

By LOUIS POLLOCK

■ The day her second baby was to be born, Jeanne Crain awoke at four o'clock in the morning conscious of a strange contentment. She wondered about it. She realized she should have been thinking of what lay immediately ahead and perhaps be somehow nervously affected by the prospect of the ordeal she was to undergo. But no. She just felt good.

It was puzzling. Except for the luminous face of the bedside clock showing the time, and Hollywood's night-defying neons that she could see far below the house by stretching her head to peer through the window, the world was dark and all things in it seemed remote. She could hear the steady breathing of her husband, Paul, in the other bed beside hers. . . . Then she felt again that which had awakened her—the first of the signals that meant the long waiting was now nearly over.

She lay there for a while, enjoying the odd sense of companionship that is related to motherhood at such a time. Then she got out of bed—moving very quietly. For one thing, she didn't want to disturb Paul. This was going to be a long day for him, too—*if* this were actually to be the day. For another thing, she wasn't sure Paul would exactly approve what had now come into her head. She had a yen to work on herself, to shower, to wash her hair and set and dry it, to fuss over her makeup—and to do it all slowly, lingeringly, while a lot of thoughts, which she knew were only awaiting such an opportunity, came straying into her mind.

Seated at her vanity a few minutes later, her thinking going backward and forward in her life, the first thing she remembered was The Great Deception. It hadn't started out to be that. Jeanne had merely said to Paul, when they first knew about the second baby, "I want to keep working as long as I can. I don't want to make an announcement until we just have to."

"Again?" Paul had asked. "Our poor children—always getting off to a secret start. Why?"

"It's better to keep on working," she had replied—but she hadn't known how much better, then. That came when she was summoned to Mr. Otto Preminger's office at the studio.

"Jeanne," he began quite calmly, as if he didn't even suspect what his words were going to do to her, "how would you like to play Lady Windermere in *The Fan?*"

Her heart had almost leaped out of her right then and there. It was a part she had dreamed about but knew wasn't for her because . . . well, she asked Mr. Preminger: "What do you mean, *I* play Lady Windermere? It's Gene Tierney's role. Everybody in the studio knows that."

"Gene can't take it," he replied. "Gene is going to be a mother."

"Oh!" Jeanne had cried, feeling a strange, mixed (*Continued on page 83*)

While making *The Fan* (left), with Michael on the way, Jeanne fainted from tight stays. *Pinky* (right) is her most important role.





Myths stars believe about themselves

★ by HEDDA HOPPER

■ Some years ago, a very fine actor named Fredric March burlesqued an even finer one named John Barrymore on the screen in *The Royal Family* and for months after he wasn't quite the same.

After aping Jack, Freddie couldn't help copycatting every thing about Barrymore—his stalky walk, his upswept eyebrow, his Jovian glare, even his abysmal burps. Fred used to laugh about it himself—and swear at the same time.

"The Barrymore curse has got me," he confessed. "I can't get rid of that guy's spook. Whatever I do, I'm still playing Jack Barrymore."

Fredric March finally banished the hex and went on to a brilliant career in his own stellar style. But it took him years to outfox the myth that he really *was* The Great Profile, even though his good sense told him better. A lot of stars aren't that realistic. The biggest suckers for their own parts and poses, pictures and publicity, too, are many of the stars themselves.

Greer Garson has been playing *Mrs. Miniver* in person ever since she played that lordly lady on the screen. Myrna Loy acted out the perfect wife for so many years in Hollywood that she finally wound up being one. Pat O'Brien has been the spirit of Notre Dame walking ever since he played the great Irish coach, Knute Rockne.

The Hollywood air stays hazy as the stars draw on their own ripe imaginations for dream pipe puffs. Lawrence Tierney played the outlaw Dillinger in a movie and he's been battling the law in real life, in and out of jail, ever since. Boyish Bob Walker mimicked juveniles so much he wound up acting out reckless youth, even though he was long grown-up and a

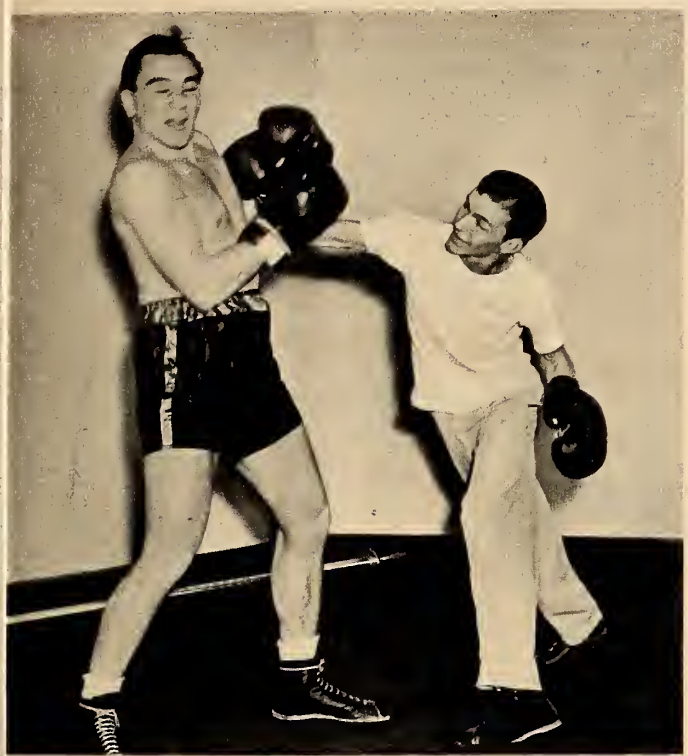


JOAN CRAWFORD'S best off-screen role has been that of a grand lady accepting the homage of fans with regal graciousness. Frequently she has seen herself as a patron of the arts—but her excursions into the elevated fields of culture have not always proved too successful.



ORSON WELLES, once the boy wonder of show business, might again do great things if he'd stop believing he's wrapped in a cosmic mantle. After his Martian invasion broadcast some years ago, he saw himself as a superman and has always tried hard to live up to it.

where actors sometimes are convinced that fiction is really the truth.



FRANK SINATRA, here sparring with Tami Mauriello, fancied himself a heroic fellow with his fists and punched several noses to prove it. After lots of bad publicity, he's finally seen that his tough-guy attitude doesn't quite go over and nowadays behaves with more discretion.



GREER GARSON, above with Walter Pidgeon in a scene from *Mrs. Miniver,* seems to have taken over that role in her own life. She always strives to be the personification of what the U.S. public thinks an English lady ought to be—genteel, gracious, elegant and stately.



JOAN FONTAINE was unhappy for years under the delusion that she was destined to go through life as Olivia de Havilland's "little sister." It wasn't until she won an Oscar in 1941 for her acting in *Suspicion* that she realized she had no need to feel inferior to Olivia.



ERROL FLYNN (here with Howard Hill after a wild boar hunt) has tried to pattern his life after his dashing screen roles. In addition to his skill with bow-and-arrow, he's also an expert swordsman, sailor and spinner of extremely tall tales about his harrowing "adventures."

All the world's a stage for the stars who forget to be themselves



VICTOR MATURE revelled in his "gargeaus hunk af man" publicity and soan was believing it himself. He helped spread the legend by giving detailed occaunts of his romances, bath real and imagined, and cavered the walls af his studia dressing-raam with telephane numbers.



HEDY LAMARR may for a time have hod her beautiful head turned by the "glamarous siren" myth creoted by her screen roles, but actually she remained a dawn-ta-earth girl. She's happiest when accupied with hausehald chares, gardening ar caring for her three children.

dad of years standing. The result has been sad.

Paul Muni's been too, too dignified ever since he played Louis Pasteur and Zola in make-up to trifle seriously with less eminent Hollywood roles. Instead, he spends his time bawling out the town which made him great. Tyrone Power, that erstwhile gay, grinning American boy, seems to be seeking his soul after playing the questing Larry in *The Razor's Edge*. He's giving Horrible Hollywood the back of his hand and longs to dwell abroad in lotus land with Linda Christian forever more.

What gets into these celluloid characters anyway? What bites the stars? How do they themselves fall for the fictions cooked up about them?

Me, I've often wondered just how great the great boy wonder, Orson Welles, might have become if he hadn't accidentally scared the pants off the U. S. A. with that blood-curdling Men-from-Mars broadcast. Because up until then nobody packed a brighter promise than Orson. He was—and still is, under his erratic ego—an authentic dramatic genius.

But ever since he handed America the screaming-meemies, Orson has been playing Superman, and his own Olympian myth has clouded his once shining future with a fog of foolishness. He's lost his artistic aim trying to shock again and again. And so the thrill of standing the world on its ear has wound up dumping Orson on his rear, professionally speaking. He's been out of this world of reality—and it just doesn't work, not even for Wonder Boy Welles.

Orson came out to Hollywood with his oversize dome still floating in the outer reaches of space, with the power of the world-shaker still delightfully agitating his ego. I can't list all of Orson Welles' divine didoes here but his creator complex led him into some beautiful flops. He went to South America and spent hundreds of thousands of RKO dollars exposing hundreds of thousands of feet of film. Most of it was never even developed. It was to be the greatest picture ever made—and it never turned into any kind of a picture. But Orson rose blithely above that. He turned to remaking the world politically. He orated over the radio, organized and campaigned for this and that, seeking the power that goes with shaking the world again. He rewrote Shakespeare, even the Bible. He wanted to astound Broadway, Hollywood and the radio public—and sometimes he did, all right. But everything Orson Welles did was designed to shock—even his irresponsible treatment of his wife, Rita, was shocking.

I'm a sucker myself for Daring Young Men, but they have to hook (*Continued on page 99*)



Back from his four-months' stay in England, where he starred in *The Hasty Heart,* Ronald Reagan wants to gain weight and get a suntan.

MY DAZE

by Ronald Reagan

The fog was thick over London, but I moved in a daze of my own—till someone set me wise.

■ I hadn't slept for three nights. I'd go up to my London hotel room and hit the sack early, toss and turn for a while like a landed fish and then, with a groan, turn on the light and read until morning. At eight o'clock, haggard and worn, I'd have breakfast and afterward doze fitfully until the middle of the afternoon.

On the third morning, I spoke about it to the waiter who brought me my breakfast. "What's to become of me once the picture starts shooting and I have to be at the studio at the crack of dawn?" I said dazedly.

The waiter smiled. "The solution is really quite elementary, sir. Remember there's eight hours' difference between London and Hollywood. Your mind knows that. But does your body?"

That waiter cured my insomnia. I stayed up all that day, staggering around staring sleepily at the Tower of London and beautiful old Windsor Castle. By nightfall I'd been awake for about (*Continued on page 97*)

Lady in Waiting



Since it's 10 a'clack, June Haver—wha hapes saan ta be Mrs. Duzik—decides she might as well hit the deck. She's been revelling in being able ta sleep late every marning naw that she's thraugh making *Oh, You Beautiful Doll.*



Na hurry abaut getting dressed. June takes her awn sweet time putting the finishing touches an her hair-da and applying her make-up—of which she uses practically nane.



Fare! A galf lessan being an the day's agenda, June has hied herself aver ta the Califarnia Country Club. She's develaping quite a presentable game and shaats a little aver 100 (if it isn't toa windy). The pra is Jock Goge.



June, wha has numeraus small-fry friends, is a frequent visitar at Uncle Bernie's tay shop in Beverly Hills. After galf, she staps there ta get a present far niece Kathy.



Hoppily lazing in her own bockyord, June studies a golf book while she sooks up some of those celebrated Californio sunbeoms.

Busy doing nothing, she hardly went farther than her own backyard. But June Haver's vacation has been special . . . exciting. Because there's been the thrill of looking forward to something that may make life complete.

■ For the past few weeks, June Haver has been waiting for a dream to come true. Life for June—as you may see in the pictures on these pages—has been happy, and relaxed, and lovely. For at last, after all the pain and the disillusion and the yearning, she's known that the dream she's held so long in her heart may soon be fulfilled. Just around a sunny corner, if the Catholic Church approves her petition to invalidate her previous marriage to Jimmy Zito, lies marriage with John Duzik.

As she awakens these cheerful mornings—and she awakens late, for *Oh, You Beautiful Doll* is finished, and time is her own—it comes over her in a soft, heavenly glow: She may be one day closer to life with that wonderful guy. . . .

Recently, a Hollywood writer who'd been away for a spell on European assignments was startled to sight June striding briskly along a Beverly Hills street, all zip and vigor. He stopped his car and hailed her.

"Well!" he said. "Last time I saw you, you didn't look as if you could walk to the corner by yourself."

"After *Silver Lining?*" smiled June. "Yep, I guess I was a pretty feeble girl."

"You've obviously made a brilliant recovery," said the writer. "The sparkling eyes, the firm step, the rosy cheeks. How'd you do it?"

"With a six-months rest cure," said June. "And boy, did I need it!"

June had indeed had more than her share of reasons for a good long rest. First, there'd been the sad mistake of her union with Zito, which

Lady in Waiting

ended unhappily after an attempt at reconciliation. Next, there was all the dismal strain of the divorce trial. Then came the topper to her problems—the appendectomy she had to undergo just as she was starting strenuous ballet rehearsals for *Look for the Silver Lining*.

When she'd recovered, she worked like a Trojan on the film. It helped her to forget her troubles, but she ended the picture completely bushed. She had a cold, a nervous little cough, and not enough poundage on her to fill out her most form-fitting dress.

So she called her business manager. "Look," she said, "I don't care if I *do* go broke—I'm going to see what it's like to loaf for a while."

Well, a six-months vacation can do wonders if you do it right. And June did. Her first week off she spent entirely in bed. Just lay there and sopped up the mattress. That licked the cold.

The next week, she was puttering around the house. Nothing strenuous, mind you. Just sat around eating apples and reading the pile of books she'd been stacking up. Away went the nervous little cough.

She began saying, "Hello, you," to the mirror. Always a good sign.

Then she started wearing skirts again instead of slacks, and began answering the door, and it was no time before her mother was suggesting that maybe June ought to take all that vitality out of doors.

So she played golf, caught up on her shopping, went swimming, got some more of those books read, played with her friends' children and her little cousins and nieces, had dates with a fellow named John Duzik. Best of all, she had dates with a fellow named John Duzik. . . .

Then, when it finally came time again for June to go back to honest labor—to make *Oh, You Beautiful Doll*—she found the chore a comparative breeze.

And during the past few weeks, she's been taking life easy again. She's been occupying herself with much the same things as on her previous vacation. But this time, it's been really much more fun.

For now, as we've said, something very wonderful may soon be added.





When she can, energetic June likes to include a few sets of tennis in a day of vacation.



After tennis, June dons a cool dress and entertains company. Her niece Kathleen (right) drops by with her cousins, Donald and Karen, to pose for June's own movies.



The sun's going down—and there's a date with Dr. John Duzik. June chooses the dress she'll wear for a festive evening.

June Haver steps out with Dr. John Duzik.
Every date with him is an important one
for June—who hopes to marry him soon.



Later, Kathleen (center) again appears with Donald and Karen to view her celluloid self. As an added attraction June shows the kids a series of Mickey Mouse films.



June has another day full of events to record. Soon, she hopes, there'll be a very special entry, beginning with the very wonderful words . . . "Dear Diary—today I married John Duzik."

the home she left for him





■ The ghost of a vanished woman still haunts these silent rooms, rooms filled with the gay and sentimental things that meant so much to her, rooms whose vibrant colors and beautiful furnishings tell of her love for elegance and warmth. This is the home, once gay with laughter and tinkling music, that Rita Hayworth left for Aly Khan.

Before the deserted house was sealed to all outsiders, MODERN SCREEN was permitted to take the intimate photographs appearing on these pages. It remains just as it was that whirlwind day when Rita went away. Cherished mementos still crowd the cupboards and cabinets—such as the first sets of castanets carved lovingly for Rita by her grandfather Cansino.

Here Rita's uncles, cousins, younger brothers, father and grandfather would gather with her for true Latin celebrations. Guitars were strummed, castanets clicked, and mellow voices blended in ancient songs. Grandfather Cansino, whom they all called Padre, could out-play and out-sing them all. . . . Though one night he found that Rita and her little daughter, Rebecca, had for a joke replaced the strings in his instrument with cotton thread. He went right ahead and sang and "played" on the silent strings—Padre wasn't going to let anyone get the better of *him!*

When will Rita return to fill this lonely house with happiness and life? It waits for her, hushed and expectant. Like some burnished instrument of lovely music, put aside for a season while its mistress roams the flowered by-ways of the world, it waits to awaken once again, some golden day, in torrents of shining melody.

Exclusive!

These dramatic pictures tell the story of Rita Hayworth's house—a place of echoes, haunted by the memories of other days . . .



Rita's favorite perfumes, Chanel No. 5 and Femme, are part of the collection on her lacquered dressing table. Souvenir booklets from Paris are sentimentally preserved under the glass top.

On the far woll of Rito's living room are 25 pictures depicting an entire bull-fight. They were o gift fram Fernando Lopez, one af Mexico's finest motodors. Another entire wall af the raam is given over to baaks Orsan Welles had awned.



This message awoits Rito on her return from Europe.



Rita's bedroom is her favorite place to study scripts, reod Indion poetry ond relax. A telephone alongside her oversize Hallywoad bed connects instontly with her doughter Rebecco's nursery.



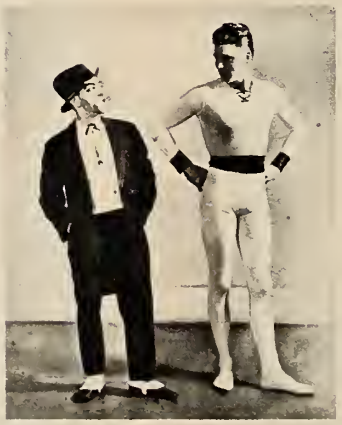
Fans, castanets and cambs add colar ta Rito's study.



The way his life turned out, Burt Lancaster can uncross his fingers. But if it hadn't been for three potent things . . .

BY HOWARD LATANE

HE COULD HAVE BEEN A BUM



In 1935, Burt Loncoster and his friend Nick Crovot were bigtime acrobats. Left: Perfecting their "perch" oct (with Burt on top) in New York's Union Settlement House.

■ Burt Lancaster created a sensation on his entrance into show business. He was four years old. Taking part in a church Christmas pantomime, he was seated quietly on the stage, wrapped in the flowing robes of a shepherd. An angel entered, bent on some very sublime business. At this earnest moment, Burt glanced down at his feet. Then he raised one foot across his knee, stared indignantly at the sole of his shoe—and stretched off a large wad of chewing gum.

"Where the hell did *this* come from?" he piped loudly.

Burt Lancaster could have been a bum. A number of things prevented that—three things most of all. One was his mother, Elizabeth Lancaster —who, after the performance mentioned above, had some stern things to say when she got him home. Another was a New York City neighboring house, Union Settlement—where the church dramatic group was presenting the Christmas pantomime. The third was acrobatics— (*Continued on page 89*)





the queen says, "NUTS!"

When Barbara Stanwyck talks, egos fall and bores tremble. She says what she thinks. And the Queen has a talent for getting away with it.

BY FRANCES CLARK

■ A group of old Hollywood hands were sitting around recently discussing two famous characters who, while notoriously bitter enemies, had been doing a gushing Alphonse-Gaston act in public.

"I'd love to watch Barbara Stanwyck's reaction to them," one chuckled. "Can't you just hear her saying, 'Why don't we choose up sides and heave?' "

Yes indeed, Barbara emerges head and shoulders above all the other Hollywood gals when it comes to using forthright vernacular. The tales about her spicey tongue are countless—as are the incidents in which she's been involved.

There's the one concerning the actor whose breath is heftier than his brains when he pontificates on intellectual matters. In the midst of his bore-ologue at a dinner party one night, Barbara held up her hand school-girl fashion and asked, "May I interrupt, please?" Grandly, he granted a fellow native of Brooklyn the floor and was kayoed with, "I just wanted to say, 'Aw nuts!' "

And there's the one about the reckless gossiper who poured some nice juicy tales about another actress in Barbara's ear. After hearing him out, she calmly picked up the telephone and, while the gossiper listened aghast, told her maligned fellow-thespian everything she'd heard—and the source.

Of course neither the "intellectual" actor nor the gossiper, of the above anecdotes, who dislike having their names bandied about in those widely-recounted stories, now consider Barbara a dear friend. But others who've been (*Continued on page 96*)

Barbara demands 10 minutes a day to "make love to Gus Peters," her long-time friend. He's the electrician on her new movie, *File On Thelma Jones.*



Make-up man Bob Ewing gets a bit of his own medicine from Barbara on the Paramount set. A favorite of the motion-picture crew, Barbara has a ferocious loyalty to her less publicized co-workers.



The Taylors' friendship with Earl Wilson, newspaper writer, started with Earl offending Barbara in his column. Shortly afterward, Barbara wittily pinned Wilson's ears back—and now she writes guest columns when he's on vacation.

The quiet dinner party which Bab Stack had planned mushraomed into a fancy dress party featuring games and a mob of guests.

Footloose and Fancy Dress

"Come dressed" the party invitation said, so some came in calico and others in lace. They stacked up the records, stoked in the food and let 'er rip!

Jahn Agar was, quite naturally, Shirley Temple's beau.



by reba and bonnie churchill

■ Robert Stack had carefully enclosed tiny hand-sketched maps with the invitations to his costume party, showing just how to get to his Bel-Air home, high on a crest overlooking Los Angeles. But as we started up the steep, winding road that led to Bob's house, no map was needed. All you had to do was follow the gay caravan of gypsies, cowboys, swashbuckling cavaliers, French maids, 1890 belles and what have you.

Sporting these brightly bizarre get-ups were Shirley Temple and John Agar, Guy Madison and Gail Russell, the Donald O'Connors, Martha Hyer and Dick Jackson, Anthony Curtis and Lois Maxwell, Michael North and Barbara Lawrence, Dick Flato and Annie Rooney—and we, the Churchills. Reba was a 17th-Century French countess, while Bonnie appeared as a be-haloed angel (the halo was through the courtesy of two bent clothes-hangers).

As we followed trail-blazers Guy and Gail into Bob's flagstone driveway, we could hear soft music and the laughter of early arrivals. Through giant eucalyptus trees, we caught glimpses of multi-colored Chinese lanterns strung around an emerald-green pool.

We rang the bell—or, rather chimes—and the oak-carved door swung open on a burst of festive noise. Against a background of balloons, serpentines and confetti, stood our grinning host, Bob Stack. Tonight he was Two-Gun Texas Bob, toughest cowboy in the West.

Taking a properly bow-legged stance, he drawled, "Howdy, friends! Right proud y'all could come to my little ole git-together!"

"Little" proved to be a bit of an understatement. The party had started out to be a dignified dinner for six, featuring barbecued pheasant (which Bob had shot on a hunting trip some months ago and had been keeping in the deep freeze). But somehow, plans had snowballed until the guest list had multiplied to 20—but the pheasant hadn't.

This switch in menus didn't bother Bob or his guests. He dropped the pheasant back in the deep freeze and started ordering other food.

The first sensation of the evening came when Barbara Lawrence appeared in a black wig. At first, we thought she'd dyed her blonde tresses. "Oh, no!" we moaned, "you didn't!"

"Of course not," said Barbara. "Mike North just talked me into being Carmen to his Don Jose. Never again! My head itches like fury."

Donald O'Connor thoughtfully inquired, "You mean you don't know if you're Carmen or going?"

Before Barbie could crown him with a coke



Donald O'Connor doesn't need an audience to be funny, but he's got one anyhow in the attentive Mike North. The ladies (Barbara Lawrence and Gwen O'Connor) concentrate on gossip and good food.



Martha Hyer has Dick Jackson nibbling out of her hand while host Stack serves Shirley. Bob had planned on having pheasant, but he put the birds back in the deep freeze when his guest list multiplied.



Gail Russell tries out a shootin' iron from the trophy room—and even though it isn't loaded, Guy Madison, Bob, and Lois Maxwell stay out of her way. Gail spent most of the evening sambo-ing with Guy.



After some persuading, Shirley and Jack Agar, Barbara Lawrence (that's a black wig) and Mike North got Bob to take them to the trophy room where he keeps his many awards for sailing, flying, polo, etc.



The 400-pound phonograph console was moved out to the patio where there's dancing space. (He-man Bob gave up trying to push it alone.) Lois, Bob, Guy, Gail and Gwen select their favorite records.



Mike chooses an angel (it's Bonnie) as his partner for some foxtrotting. That beautiful halo was once a couple of wire clothes-hangers



Bob acts as safety-man for bannister-sliding Bonnie. He had to catch her twice before anyone guessed the charade she was acting out—Fallen Angel, natch!



Richard Flato (the killer in *Vendetta*) came as a band-leader with baton and music case. Gail Russell adds a false nose, a blond goatee—and presto, a maestro!



"Diamond Jim" O'Connor suggested all the games—and walked off with all the prizes. The next day, he and Gwen started a two-week vacation. After *Yes Sir, That's My Baby, Curtain Call at Cactus Creek* and this fancy dress brawl, he needed the rest.

bottle, Gwen O'Connor led him quietly over to the phonograph, where Guy and Gail were piling on samba records.

Then, between shakes and twirls, Guy explained that he and Gail were trying out some of the steps they'd learned on their two-day tour of Cuba.

Besides the dance-steps, they'd also acquired two cases of sunburn and a couple of native drums, which Guy had installed in his apartment and insists on thumping at all hours. "He's pounding out his own eviction notice," said Gail.

Those who weren't dancing drifted onto the glass enclosed patio, where pale pink and aqua porch furniture was strategically placed. Here there was a low, very wide, green-marble coffee table bearing heaping bowls of homemade potato chips and pop corn. Across one end was a garden-banked wall, on which small bunches of old-fashioned flowers had been mingled with ferns and other greenery.

Sitting just in front of this were Shirley and John Agar, decked out in the 1905 costumes they'd worn in RKO's *Adventure in Baltimore*.

Lois Maxwell had also borrowed a period gown from the studio. But when trying it on at home, she'd decided it wasn't exactly her type. "I took a pair of scissors and snipped off the sleeves," confessed Lois, "and let my Adrian tendencies take it from there."

Before the evening was over Reba was wishing that she'd done a little snipping on *her* costume. It was a French colonial hooped-skirt outfit designed by Kay Drake. Before going through any door, she had to pause a moment and remember to shift sideways.

No one needed to be urged twice to approach the candle-lit buffet with its centerpiece of lilacs, when (*Continued on page 78*)

Which girl has the Gable?

They say Gable's going to marry again—maybe he is. And now there are two girls in his life—one of whom may well make up his heart.

by JANET FRANKLIN

Is it love between Nancy Davis and Clark Gable? Hollywood, as this story reveals, believes it is. But one question still remains—the question of Ann Sheridan. For a report on that, read the other story on this page.

■ Has something at last happened to Clark Gable—something, to be exact, in the form of a slim, brown-eyed, brown-haired beauty named Nancy Davis—that is changing the fitful pattern of his romantic life? Is there to be an end to the short-lived affairs, the undecided hovering over first one girl and then another, that has been his story ever since he got back from the war?

Has he, in other words, finally found the Gable Woman, for whom he is more than willing to give up the Gable Women?

The answer seems to be yes—even though, if it is a love at all, it is so far a love in hiding. For the story behind it has more than just two pretty legs to stand on—there are interesting facts that can be tied to it. And the way Hollywood is connecting up the facts is causing even the most cynical of scoffers to believe that the impossible has come to pass: A girl has shown up who has caught not only Gable's eye—which, after all, he has given to many—but also his heart, which, since the stunning death of Carole Lombard, he has given to none.

by DOUGLAS JOHNSON

Although only Gable knows what Gable will do, those who saw him at the Racquet Club in Palm Springs are willing to make predictions. They say Clark has found the right girl at last. She's Ann Sheridan, and here's why . . .

■ It was gay, it was giddy, it was romantic. It was also sensational. For while Clark Gable and Ann Sheridan have known each other for years, they'd never been more than casual friends until that recent week in Palm Springs. And what happened then may be the prelude to a behind-the-scenes drama which will eventually remove Clark Gable from the bachelor ranks.

True, both Ann and Clark are supposed to be involved with other people. Ann with Steve Hannagan, the famous publicist whose constant companion she has been for several years. Clark with a lovely young girl who has just been signed by Metro. Yet—well, this is the story of what happened. . . .

For a change, Clark was taking a vacation in style and had been lolling around the swank Palm Springs Racquet Club for several days. Sometimes he dined with his friend and host, Charlie Farrell, who himself was once the Number One man of the screen. Sometimes Clark played a little tennis or sat on the sidelines and watched Paul Lukas and Jimmy Ritz knock themselves out.

The fact that little has been printed about the two doesn't necessarily mean much. Obviously a lot is taking place—especially when you consider Nancy's career. Something extra, something that doesn't ordinarily happen to a girl whom Clark meets and likes, is going on with her. It's a process that has already given them a relationship professionally. And that's not a bad point to start from if you're going to be together later on. Nancy Davis arrived in Hollywood only recently from New York where she first met Clark. Her film experience is meager—a few shorts she made in the East. Yet, you can get a pretty good bet in certain quarters that before the present year is out, or at least before the new one is well started, Nancy will enjoy starring status.

In the movie business, made-to-order success like this doesn't come very often—and that's just the thing. The path to fame she is walking seems to be so expertly paved, so conveniently shortened and cleared of all the usual difficulties, that there's a touch of magic about it. And when you look around for whomever may be waving the potent wand that's accomplishing all this for her—darned if an awful lot of things don't point to the Great Gable himself!

To begin your looking, you (*Continued on page 87*)





Nancy Davis met Gable in New York. They appeared together frequently at parties, nightclubs and theaters. Later, in Hollywood, Clark paved the way for Nancy's deluxe screen test and her contract at his studio (MGM). Gable's friends think that he's finding his way back to marriage—perhaps with Nancy.

Clark was a man relaxing, with nothing on his mind—that is, until the fateful afternoon when Ann Sheridan checked in.

In a way, it was like a boy suddenly discovering that the girl he used to chin with over the back fence had grown up into something highly desirable. To understand, you must know that Clark has worked for most of his career at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Once, more than a dozen years back, he was employed at Warners where Ann worked for so long, but he was dropped. If Clark had never left Warners for a studio clear across town, he and Ann could have discovered each other a long time ago.

As things turned out, though, Clark worked at Metro, married Carole Lombard, and later lost her in a tragic plane crash. Ann, in the meantime, worked in picture after picture at Warners, married George Brent, and divorced him.

After that exciting union was blown apart by clashing temperaments, Ann is reported to have said, "Never again will I marry an actor."

Something else that had worked to keep Clark and Ann from seeing much of each other is the desire they hold in common to get out of the movie-making atmosphere the moment they finish (*Continued on page 75*)





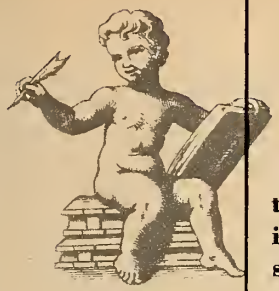
Ann Sheridan and Gable have known each other a long time—but it wasn't until recently, when they met at the Racquet Club in Palm Springs, that their casual friendship seemed to ripen into real interest. Although they're both involved with others, observers think it likely that their futures may be linked.



"Quique's willingness to give up family and home to come to a strange land told me she loved me. . . . I pray I will never fail her."

This love of ours

by Louis Jourdan



third in a series

Our love has weathered a lifetime of decisions and separations and the strangeness of a new world. Together we have discovered a magic formula for greater happiness . . . and brighter dreams that are meant to be shared.

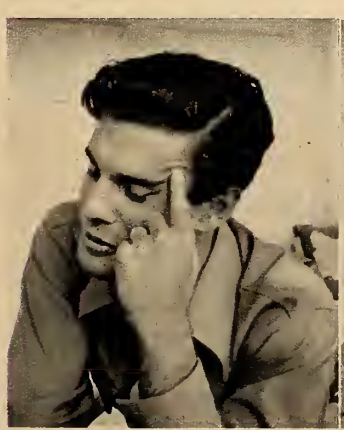
■ As time is reckoned, ours is not an old love. We have been married only four years and knew each other for just about two years before that. And yet it has weathered a lifetime of decisions and separations and the strangeness of a new world for both of us.

I do not know for sure, and Quique says she doesn't either, when our love began. France, in its pre-Liberation days, was not a very happy setting for a romance. What gaiety and laughter its people attempted were only a cloak fashioned to hide its heartaches and despair.

We were both staying at a small hotel in Nice, where Quique and her family had come after fleeing from their home in Paris. The first time I saw her was one evening at a small dinner given by a mutual friend. It was a very casual meeting, and we certainly did not fall in love that night. I was aware of Quique, yes, because no man could see my wife and not be acutely aware of her. She is so utterly feminine, (so fragilely beautiful, with her pale gold hair, the lovely laughing eyes and the pert nose). And Quique was aware of me, too . . . aware, she confessed later, that here was a fellow who was a picture actor, probably very puffed-up, and that consequently she would not like him. I regret to say that she ignored me completely.

Months passed before our paths crossed again. Fate, I suppose, brought me back to Nice, but I am sure that subconsciously I was helping Fate a little by deciding to go back to the same hotel. Quique and her family were still there, and when she bumped into me in the lobby and I suggested that we might have luncheon, she did not act too surprised. She said she would.

But in love? I do not think we were in love until our first separation. And after that, in the hectic months before our marriage, it was a series of partings and reunions. Desolate farewells because we never could be certain that it might not be the last . . . joyous meetings that would seem an eternity in arriving, minutes in (*Continued on page 92*)



"She is so fragilely beautiful with her lovely laughing eyes."



"The months before our marriage were a series of partings and reunions."



"I do believe she loves me a *little* better than gin rummy."



"We have shared much happiness; we dream many plans."



In MGM's *The Great Sinner,* Gregory Peck and Ava Gardner surmount spirituol decoy to find idyllic love.

Picture of the Month

THE GREAT SINNER

■ The scene of *The Great Sinner* is a fashionable European resort in the 1860's. Here, a brilliant young writer (Gregory Peck) is seized with a ruinous passion for gambling and sinks to the depths. He then is regenerated by religious faith and by the devotion of the beautiful woman (Ava Gardner) who had been chiefly instrumental in his taking the path of destruction.

This may sound a bit old-fashioned. It is, being based —somewhat—on "The Gambler," one of the minor works of Dostoievski, the great 19th Century Russian novelist. But it's also a fine MGM example of slick, absorbing and opulent movie-making and, as such, *The Great Sinner* is excellent entertainment.

Miss Gardner, surely as lovely a creature as ever illumined the screen, wears handsome clothing and performs with delicate adequacy. Mr. Peck shows his usual firm grasp of his profession. Melvyn Douglas, as the heavy, keeps his touch light. And Walter Huston, Ethel Barrymore and Frank Morgan, in the other top roles, go about their business with the brilliant ease one would expect.

On the following pages, Modern Screen tells the story of *The Great Sinner* in pictures.

A drama of gambling fever is brought handsomely to the screen.



1. Scene of *The Great Sinner* is Wiesbaden, Germany, in the 1860's. Fedar (Greg Peck), a rising Russian writer, meets Pauline (Ava Gardner) and her father, Gen. Ostrovsky (Walter Huston).



2. Fedar is amazed to find that father and daughter are gambling addicts, heavily in debt to the Casino head, Armand (Melvyn Douglas), who has dark hopes of keeping Pauline in his power.



3. Fedar encounters another intense gambler, M. Picard (Frank Morgan), formerly a praminent professar. He gives Picard train-fare hame, but Picard gambles with it, lases, and kills himself.



4. As a writer, Fedar wants to understand this gambling fever, questions Pauline. He upbraids her when she says she must marry Armand to clear the debts. They realize they're falling in love.



5. Her father, the General, tries to break this up—he fears it might upset his gambling credit. Fedar decides he'll try to pay the debts himself. Sa he plays raulette—and breaks the bank.



6. With the General he goes to Armand ta buy back the nates. But Armand says that since it's Saturday, he'll have ta wait till Monday—the nates are in the bank. (*Continued on next page.*)



7. That evening Fedar gambles again and loses all—and more. He agrees that if he hasn't paid off in a year, Armand will get all his future writing income. Wildly, Fedar denaunces himself.



8. Armand surprisingly gives the General the notes, tells Fedor the privilege of making Pauline unhappy is now his (Fedor's). But Fedar avoids her. Her grandmother (Ethel Barrymore) arrives.



9. She's vastly rich and the General hopes saon ta inherit her wealth. But *she* catches the gaming fever, loses her fortune, dies at the table. Fedor, pawning things and sponging, still gambles.



10. For days he has hidden from Pauline in the barren hotel roam ta which he's reduced. She seeks him aut, having spent her last coin an train tickets, and gets him ta agree ta leave with her.



11. He manages to steal a bracelet from her wrist, pawns it, sells the train tickets. Later, down-and-out and having hallucinations—one ts meeting Picard an a park bench—he wanders into a church.



12. Here he undergoes a great spiritual rebirth, staggers back to his room—and in a few days has finished a fine novel about his recent grim life. It's a big success—so all, it seems, ends happily.



Everywhere—lovely hands agleam with this pure, pure, *pure-luxury* polish!

Beautiful NAIL BRILLIANCE BY CUTEX *only 25¢* *



Talk about Brilliance (and smart women do), isn't this a brilliant idea?

A polish that's *all* luxury, from the top of its graceful "artist's" brush to the last long-wearing drop in the bottle. Yet the cost is a mere 25¢.

Never before, a polish with so many extras. Amazing wear. Beautiful "dressing table" bottle. Eleven alluring, fadeless shades, including new "Star Bright."

Never before, a polish so completely pure and harmless. Even women whose skins are allergic to other polishes tell us they can safely use Nail Brilliance.

Now—lovelier lips, too! New Cutex Lipstick has everything you long for in a lipstick. Silk-satin texture! Clinging-vine *cling!* Colors to harmonize with those heavenly Nail Brilliance shades! Only 49¢.* New "purse" size—25¢.* *PLUS TAX.

"it's Tawny... glowing... glamorous!

...a Midsummer Dream of a Shade"

Woodbury Tropic Tan



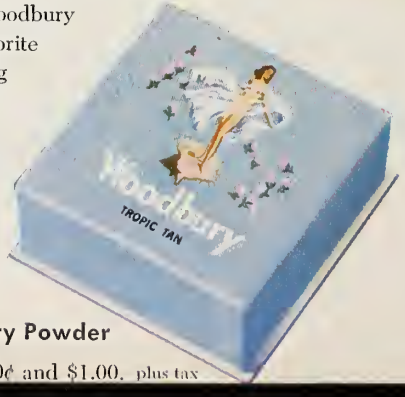
Linda Darnell

starring in "SLATTERY'S HURRICANE"
a 20th Century-Fox Production.

Could be your skin was warmed by the sun to a breathtaking bronze . . . or could be Woodbury *Tropic Tan* you're wearing! No telling with this summer glamour shade—it's that *natural*-looking! . . . that perfectly toned to your skin!

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Smooth as tawny Satin! . . . the smoothest look your skin has ever known, with New Woodbury Powder! Only Woodbury contains the new secret ingredient that does it . . . gives a Satin-Smooth look that's priceless. Now see for yourself why women from Coast to Coast voted New Woodbury the 4-to-1 favorite over all leading face powders!



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39¢ plus tax

Never underestimate the Power

There'd been six women before, and then came Linda. "He'll never marry her," said his friends. But they didn't know Ty—or Linda.

by MORGAN MacNEIL

■ Even after pictures of their wedding had been radioed to America, photographs showing Ty and Linda being wed in the church of Santa Francesca Romana by the Pittsburgh-born Msr. William Hemmick—even then, Ty's friends found the marriage difficult to believe.

For months those friends had been going around Hollywood slyly whispering that Tyrone Power would never marry Linda Christian. "She's not his type," they would say. "We've known the guy for years, and take it from us this is just an infatuation."

Even now, months after the marriage, a large segment of Hollywood finds it difficult to realize that Linda is actually Mrs. Tyrone Power. It's hard for the movie colony to admit how wrong it was.

Actually, it shouldn't be. For Tyrone Power has always been one of the foremost mystery men in Hollywood.

In the past 13 years, he has starred in more than 40 films. His every romance has been avidly charted by the press. He's been interviewed by a multitude of writers. He's played opposite scads of talkative actresses. And yet, despite this, almost no one really knows his heart, his mind, his true personality

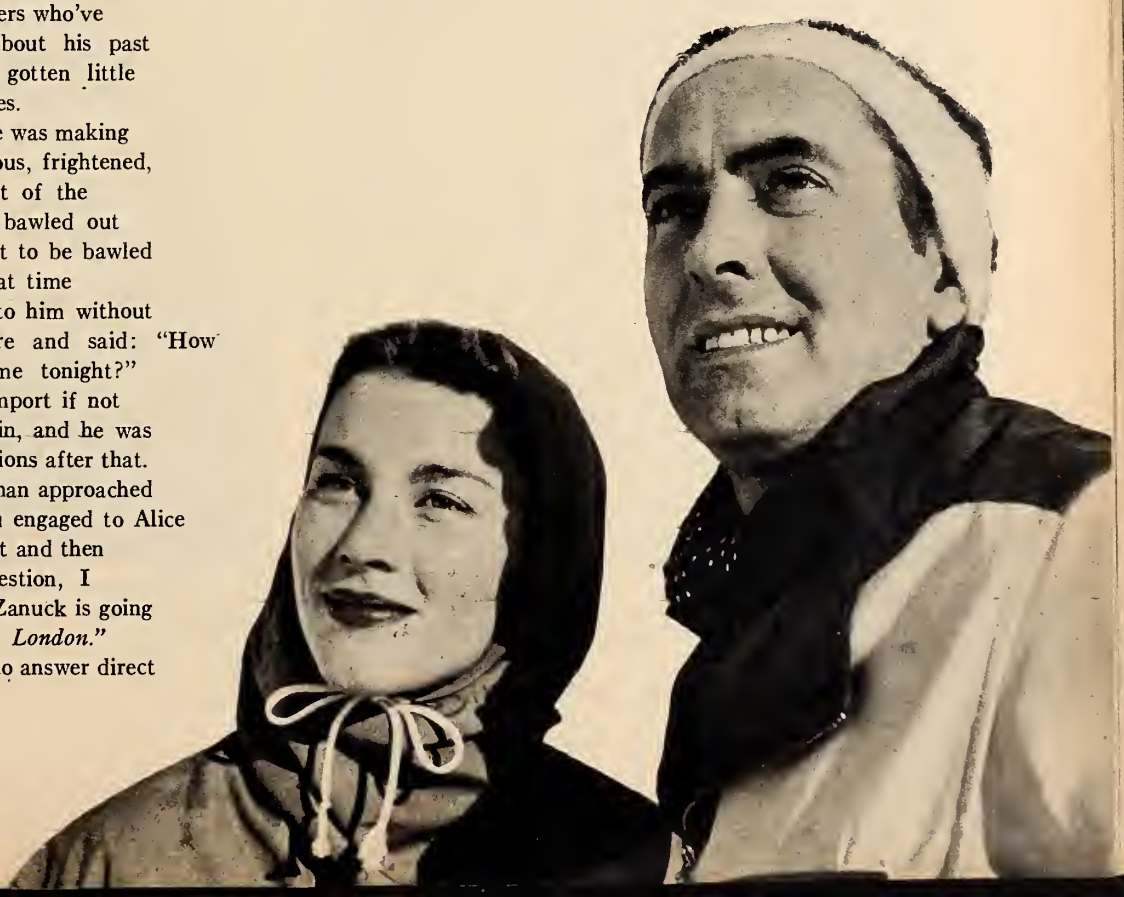
"I'd have bet my last dollar," says one director, "that Ty would never have married Linda. Guess I really don't know the boy."

Ty Power rarely speaks about himself or his plans and almost never about his women. He's been like that ever since he first set foot in Hollywood. Reporters who've questioned him repeatedly about his past heart interests have always gotten little from him but irrelevant replies.

Fourteen years ago, when he was making his first picture, he was nervous, frightened, and quite ill at ease in front of the cameras. He had just been bawled out by the director and was about to be bawled out again. Alice Faye, at that time a great Fox star, walked up to him without ever having met him before and said: "How about having dinner with me tonight?"

That invitation, subtle in import if not in delivery, saved Power's skin, and he was seen with Alice on many occasions after that. On one of them, a newspaperman approached his table and asked, "Are you engaged to Alice Faye?" Ty thought a moment and then said, "In reply to your question, I can honestly say that Darryl Zanuck is going to let me play in *Lloyds of London.*"

In addition to such refusal to answer direct



questions, it is also characteristic of Ty that while all his external doings may portend one obvious course of action, in the end he usually does the unexpected.

For instance, when he started going with Lana Turner, he really rushed the lady. Night after night he saw her exclusively. Ty and Lana partied together, danced together, they were virtually inseparable.

Lana made no mystery of her feelings toward Ty. Each time she looked at him, she saw him with her heart. When they sat down together in restaurants, they held eyes across the table. Lana was very frank with her intimates about the actor. She hoped to marry him.

As for Power, he said nothing. Whenever he's gone with a girl, he's let others do all the talking. He holds his own counsel.

In the case of Lana Turner, he decided to take a round-the-world flight. Everyone predicted that as soon as he returned, he and Lana would marry. Tyrone publicly predicted nothing and promised less.

When he hit Rome in his aerial junket, a girl phoned him. He invited the girl to his hotel for refreshments. A day later, he and the unidentified beauty were throwing pennies in the *Fontana de Trevi,* Rome's historic wishing well.

An Italian newspaperman who spotted the couple bouncing along the streets of Rome, wrote in his column the next day, "Lana Turner, the American actress, is secretly in Rome with dyed hair."

The girl wasn't Lana at all. She was Blanca Rosa Welter, professionally known as Linda Christian, now known as Mrs. Tyrone Power.

What had happened was that the press had so played up the Turner-Power love affair that no one could possibly couple Ty with any other girl but Lana.

When Ty got back to Hollywood, and Miss Turner's studio announced that Lana and Ty were no longer romancing, movie-goers everywhere were a little sad. The whole world loves a love affair and here was one which had faded into nothingness.

Weeks later, when Lana moved on to New York and Bob Topping and could look back objectively on the whole story of her relationship with Ty, she sadly acknowledged "He never said anything about marriage. People just took it for granted. They built up the whole affair."

And this, in general, is what three other women in Ty's life have said at different times.

The first was blonde, pert, winsome Sonja Henie. In the early years of his Hollywood fame, Ty was attracted to Sonja with all the ardor and passion of his youth. These two clicked right from the start. Rumors of their impending marriage were spread everywhere. The gossip columns were cluttered with Henie-Power items.

But Ty said nothing.

When eventually he stopped calling upon Miss Henie, the reporters were baffled. "How come," they asked Sonja, "you and Power didn't get hitched?"

Miss Henie was as sweet as ever. There had never been anything really serious between her and Mr. Power, she explained. "Besides," (*Continued on page 95*)



ALICE FAYE storred in Tyrone's first movie 14 yeors ogo. A great Fox nome ot thot time, she took Power under her wing. Morriage rumors were expertly scuttled by Ty's refusol to moke public comments.



NORMA SHEARER wos extremely lonely after the death of her husband Irving Tholberg. She accepted dotes with Power ond they become a well-known combinotion until people discussed their getting morried

Never underestimate the Power



SONJA HENIE delighted Ty in the early years of his Hollywood fame. Rumors of their impending marriage spread everywhere, but Ty said nothing. Later, Sonja stated that skating, not marriage, was for her.



JANET GAYNOR was eight years older than Power. Attracted by her maturity and sharp intellect, he dated her exclusively for six months. As gossip about them grew, his apparent interest quickly diminished.



ANNABELLA was the first woman Ty spoke about. In 1939, he told the press he would marry her—and he did. Seven years later, after service in naval aviation, Ty announced that he preferred to be single again.



LANA TURNER made no mystery of her feelings toward Tyrone. She hoped to marry him. When their romance was over, Lana acknowledged, "He never said anything about marriage. People just took it for granted."

Goddess in Shadow

For the first time, Bergman has felt the hot breath of gossip. And whether true or false, the rumors may easily cloud the Bergman legend.

BY SANDRA SUE DRESKER



Ingrid Bergman attends the Hollywood première of *Paisan* with its famous Italian director, Roberto Rossellini. He came to her in Hollywood when, deeply impressed with his work, she wrote him that she'd like very much to be in one of his films.

■ For many years, Ingrid Bergman has managed to remain a veritable goddess to most of her acquaintances, and to the general public as well. Now, many are wondering if their goddess has feet of clay.

As this is written, the newspapers have been filled with reports that Ingrid plans to divorce her husband, Dr. Peter Lindstrom, and marry the great Italian director Roberto Rossellini—with whom she went off to the Mediterranean island of Stromboli to make a film currently titled *After the Storm*.

For the first three weeks after the story hit the front pages, none of the trio would make any public comment to confirm or deny. Finally, on May 4, a few days after Dr. Lindstrom had flown to Italy and had conferred with his wife and Rossellini, Ingrid issued the following indefinite announcement:

"I have met my husband and we discussed and clarified our situation. . . . Once the film is completed, I shall leave Italy and meet my husband in Sweden or the United States. Beyond this there will be no further statements about our private lives. . . ."

This announcement, obviously, was not an outright denial of a romance between Bergman and Rossellini. And it is known that Rossellini had just taken legal steps to make his Hungarian civil divorce binding in Italy.

At first, some of Ingrid's intimates insisted that her silence merely reflected her belief that the innocent need make no denial. Yet in view of developments, even those who initially scoffed at the idea of a romance are beginning to believe that beneath the smoke of gossip has burned the flame of truth. Why, they now ask, did Ingrid wait so many weeks before making



Dr. Peter Lindstram, Ingrid's husband, flew to Italy as Bergman-Rossellini gossip increased.

a statement to the press? Why did she oblige her husband to travel thousands of miles when a simple, "There's nothing to it," would have stilled the romance reports?

In any event, the average citizen has been amazed that Ingrid Bergman, of all people, should be the center of such a storm of conjecture.

Before digging into the truth underlying this remarkable affair, let's examine Bergman the Goddess.

Ingrid's elevation to that status began, it is said, when David O. Selznick discovered what a big girl he'd imported from Sweden. He banned the slang dictionaries from his publicity department and installed volumes of romantic poetry.

"Miss Bergman," one publicist was thereupon inspired to write, "is as unspoiled as a fresh snowfall, and is as magnificent. She is like a goddess."

When the press met her, they found her a young woman wholesome as milk and pretty as a large, firm, prize peach. They heard her say earnestly, "I do not want I should become a sign." At which point, a spokesman for Mr. Selznick stepped forward to explain, "Miss Bergman means she doesn't want to become typed."

Quietly, Miss Bergman slipped away while the spokesman gave the interview for her.

The aura of Miss Bergman grew and grew. And *grew*—until finally several Eastern editors sent their most experienced, cynical reporters to Hollywood with these instructions: "Get Bergman—the *real* Bergman. Don't go near a press agent. Talk to everyone else. Get some dirt. Nobody's as wonderful as she's being made out to be." When whisperings of such doings reached Selznick's public relations boys, they laughed loudly. (*Continued on page 93*)

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Look for the helpful display of essentials for summer hair beauty at your favorite drug or cosmetic counter right now.

"I dress for a beach party... at 8 o'clock in the morning!"





1. "At business I wear a soft linen suit. Its tucked-in jacket is held by a rainbow of belts whose circles are echoed by bands of hem tucking. And, of course, I rely on gentler, even more effective Odorono Cream . . . *because I know it protects me from perspiration and odor a full 24 hours!*"

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2. "At the beach I don braided, bright straw sandals, an apron copied from a Portuguese fisherwoman's, take off my jacket, and get down to work in my pretty yellow linen peasant blouse. I'm confident of my charm all evening, too, thanks to new Odorono Cream . . . *because I find it gives me the most effective protection I've ever known!*"

It never harms fine fabrics, and is so gentle you can use it right after shaving! You'll find it the *perfect* deodorant!



New Odorono Cream safely stops perspiration and odor a full 24 hours!

(Now in 25¢ and 50¢ sizes, plus tax.)

how to be

the only pebble on the beach

by connie bartel, fashion editor

■ Naturally, you can't *really* be the only pebble on the beach—where would be your audience? But it never hurt any girl's morale to *feel* as if she were stealing the show; what are sun, sand and salt spray for—but to make a pretty girl look prettier?

Of course, a glamorous bathing suit has a great deal to do with how many interested looks come your way. And your beach etceteras count too—the cute shoes you kick off; the gay bag you keep your sun lotion in; the dramatic sunglasses you size up the situation behind.

In this issue we've rounded up bathing suits and beach accessories we think will draw crowds (well, almost)—on any sands under the sun! The suits speak for themselves, as you'll see when you turn the pages. But we especially urge you to look carefully at the smaller photos of tricky trimmings:—the terry scuffs and the Greek thong sandals on pages 68-69; the jaunty tramp-bag, page 70. And don't miss the terry shirt with the three big carpenter pockets to stuff your stuff in (page 72)—or the sophisticated terry stole that curves down to your knees in back, page 74.

Cyd Charisse goes down to the sea in a petal skirt suit

■ Cyd Charisse, whom you'll soon see in a straight dramatic role in MGM's forthcoming *Tension*, models a *nylon* moulded and draped sea-green suit with mermaid petal skirt. The bra is softly boned, can be worn with or without halter strap. It's nylon sharkskin. Green, cherry red, cocoa brown or black. Sizes 32-38. By Brilliant Fashions. $8.98.

At Martin's, Brooklyn,
The Hecht Company, Washington,
Rice's, Norfolk.
Other stores, page 73.


modern
screen
fashions



how to be

THE ONLY PEBBL

cyd charisse

strikes a dancer's pose in gleaming moulded satin lastex —perfect show-er off-er for the body beautiful. In yellow, green, rose, blue, aqua or black. Sizes 10-16. By Rose Marie Reid . . . about $10.95. At Woodward & Lothrop, Washington. The May Co., Los Angeles— other stores page 73.



Greek thong sandal. Red, green, yellow, white with crepe sole. By Dalton Reed. $2.98.

ON THE BEACH...



Hard-to-find terry scuffs.
Blue, pink, yellow, white.
By Honeybugs, $1.99.
At Abraham & Straus, Bklyn.

cyd charisse

makes like a Venus in a luster-black swimskin with a knot of gold at the bodice, a cuff at the bottom. (Secret: it contains more than a mile of lastex—which accounts for the poured-in look.) Can be worn strapless. Gold braid is non-tarnish. Sizes small, medium, large.

By Gantner . . . about $10.95.

At Best & Co., N. Y., other stores page 73.

THE ONLY PEBBLE ON THE BEACH...

. . . In duck print boxer shorts.

Show-stopping shorts and halter bra, with dramatic duck-and-catkin print. In Celanese Prospector rayon. Gold with brown print; white with blue; natural with green; light green with bright green. Sizes 32-38. By Catalina . . . about $10.

Saks-34th, N. Y.—other stores page 73.



Denim Tramp bag on stick carved with names. By Dan Gertsman—$3.95 plus tax.

summer sundries



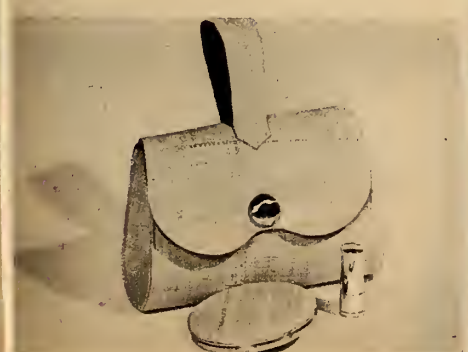
Polka linene pump to spike any summer costume. Green, navy. By De Liso Debs. $12.95.



Bag to match shoes, above. Bag and shoes also in colored dots on white. By Lennox.



Glamour Highpoint glasses—"gold" on shell rims. By Grantly, $3. "Gold kid" case included.



Straw handle bag, complete with straw compact, lipstick, comb. By Lin-Bren, $2.98 plus tax.

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THE ONLY PEBBLE ON THE BEACH...

In draped faille—one strap

Water sprite suit, minimum for the slim young thing. Draped in front, smooth in back, plastic-buckled at shoulder and waist.

Coral, green, pale blue, yellow or black. Sizes 32-38.

By Sea Nymph . . . about $8.98.

For where to buy, see page 73.



Terry beach shirt with carpenter pockets. Many colors. By Coral. About $3.

WHERE YOU CAN BUY MODERN SCREEN FASHIONS

(Prices may vary throughout country)

Petol skirt bathing suit worn by Cyd Charisse in color photograph (page 67)
Brooklyn, N. Y.—*Martin's*, 501 Fulton St., Resort Shop, Casual 5th fl.
Chicago, Ill.—*Goldblatt's State Street Store*, 333 S. State St., Sportswear Dept., 3rd fl.
Norfolk, Va.—*Rice's*, 400 Granby St., Beachwear Dept., 1st fl.
Pittsburgh, Pa.—*Boggs & Buhl*, Federal St. & Parkway, Sportswear, 2nd fl.
Washington, D. C.—*The Hecht Co.*, 7th & F Sts., Beachwear Dept., 3rd fl.

Moulded satin lastex bathing suit worn by Cyd Charisse (page 68)
Chicago, Ill.—*Chas. A. Stevens Co.*, 19 N. State St.
Los Angeles, Calif.—*The May Co.*, Broadway & 8th Sts., Sports Accessories, 3rd fl.
Newark, N. J.—*Bamberger's*, 131 Market St., Beach Club, 3rd fl.
New Orleans, La.—*Maison Blanche Co.*, 901 Canal St., Sportswear, 2nd fl.
Washington, D. C.—*Woodward & Lothrop*, 10th & G Sts., Sportswear, 3rd fl., Main Building

Greek thong sandals (page 68)
Order by mail: Dalton Reed
(Post Paid) Boston 1, Mass.

Luster black swimskin worn by Cyd Charisse (Page 69)
Ft. Worth, Tex.—*Stripling's*, 209 Houston St., Sportswear, 2nd fl.
Madison, Wis.—*Baron Bros.* 14 W. Miffin St., Sportswear, 2nd fl.
Minneapolis, Minn.—*The Dayton Co.*, 7th St. & Nicollet Ave.
New York, N. Y.—*Best & Co.*, 51st St. & 5th Ave., Beach Shop, 4th fl.
Tampa, Fla.—*Weil-Mass Inc.*, Sport Shop, 2nd fl.

Terry scuffs (page 69)
Brooklyn, N. Y.—*Abraham & Straus*, 420 Fulton St., Slippers, 4th fl.

Duck print boxer bathing suit (page 70)
Baltimore, Md., *Gaxton's*, 214 N. Charles St., Sportswear, 1st fl.
Chicago, Ill.—*Maurice L. Rothschild*, Sportswear Dept., 7th fl.
Ft. Worth, Tex.—*Stripling's*, 209 Houston St., Sportswear, 2nd fl.
New York, N. Y.—*Saks-34th*, 34th St. & Broadway, Sportswear, 3rd fl.
San Francisco, Calif. — *Davis-Schonwasser*, Grant Ave. & Sutter St., Sport Dept., 2nd fl.

Denim tramp bag on stick (page 70)
New York, N.Y .—*Bloomingdale's* 59th St. & Lexington Ave., Sportswear Dept., 3rd fl.

SUMMER SUNDRIES (page 71)
Polka pumps and polka bag
Morristown, N. J.—*Jack Decker*, 6-8 Washington St.
Glamour Highpoint sunglasses
New York, N. Y.—*Bloomingdale's*, 59th St. & Lexington Ave., Optical Dept., Balcony.
Straw handle bag
New York, N. Y.—*Saks-34th*, 34th St. & Broadway, Main fl.

Draped faille one strap bathing suit (page 72)
Buffalo, N. Y.—*J. N. Adam Co.*, 383 Main St., Town & Country Shop, 4th fl.
Chicago, Ill.—*Goldblatt's State Street Store*, 333 S. State St., Sportswear, 3rd fl.
Columbus, Ohio—*The Union Co.*, High & Long Sts., Sports Dept., 4th fl.
New York, N. Y.—*Gimbels*, 33rd St. & Ave. of Americas, Sun & Sand Shop, 3rd fl.
Richmond, Va.—*Thalhimer's*, 613 E. Broad St., Budget Sportswear, 5th fl.
Terry beach shirt (page 72) and terry beach stole (page 74)
New York, N. Y.—*Bloomingdale's*, 59th. & Lexington Ave., Deb Sportswear, 3rd fl.
Peoria, Ill.—*Block & Kuhl*, Adams & Fulton Sts., Sportswear Dept.

White pique bathing suit with gold (page 74)
Write: Lee Swim-Play Suits
1410 Broadway
New York 18, N. Y.—for stores

How to Order Modern Screen Fashions
(1) Buy in person from stores listed.
(2) Order by mail from stores listed.
(3) Write Connie Bartel, Modern Screen, Box 125, Murray Hill Station, New York 16, N. Y.—for store in your vicinity.



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For where to buy, see page 73.



Terrific terry cloth beach stole with huge pockets. Drapes over shoulders, dips deep in back.



Back, same stole. White, pink, maize, others. By Coral. Abt. $4.

WHICH GIRL HAS THE GABLE? Ann Sheridan . . .

(*Continued from page 53*)

a picture chore. Clark goes hunting in South Dakota or Mexico, or just stays home. Ann goes East to visit friends.

And though Ann, when she's in California, lives less than five miles from Clark in the San Fernando Valley, she and he have never traveled much in the same circle of friends. Ann's idea of a whale of a time is to have several cronies drop in for an evening to listen to a three-piece Mexican band. She never issues invitations to formal parties and seldom accepts them. (Her great pal Steve Hannagan, when an associate once asked him why Ann so seldom came into New York from her Connecticut farm hideaway, is said to have answered, "I just can't get her to put shoes on.")

On one occasion, though, some time back, she went to a party at Ann Sothern's home in Beverly Hills. Ann Sothern had just separated from Bob Sterling and friends were rallying around to keep her from being lonesome.

As Ann Sheridan was being driven over, her escort said, "Know something? Gable's going to be there tonight. You know, you two would be a really great pair."

Ann's reaction was something below the boiling point. She said she'd known Clark for a long time, but she never again wanted to mix with the Hollywood crowd. At the party, she and Clark kidded around as they had countless times before, but they were like brother and sister. Other guests who had hoped that a spark might be struck were doomed to disappointment.

they meet again . . .

Now, as the saying goes, years pass. Clark is having a fine time in Palm Springs at the Racquet Club. His presence there has stirred excitement among all the ladies present, from starlets to wealthy Eastern dowagers. He is charming, considerate, kind. There is an extraordinarily beautiful girl there named Yvonne de Carlo. Willingly, Clark spends a lot of time having his picture taken with her. The pictures may be of some publicity use later on. Not for Clark. who has no need for publicity—but he likes to see youngsters get ahead, and during his stay on the desert he poses for dozens of photos with people who could use pictures showing them with someone important.

Enter Ann Sheridan. When Ann arrived at the Racquet Club, walking through the oddly-arranged entrance which leads directly into the bar-dining room, Clark looked up from his conversation and made a mental note that the new arrival was quite attractive. In a matter of seconds, he did a double-take. Why, it was Annie Sheridan!

What happened from there on is a peculiar reversal of events as they have been known in Gable's life. Usually, Clark doesn't have a chance to be the aggressor. If he makes himself available, there are a half-dozen charming women around. This time, it seemed to people watching, that for the next few days Clark pursued while Ann retreated. At least, her interest seemed casual enough.

Vacationers at the Racquet Club watched the little game like people clustered around a television set. They were delighted to note, on the third or fourth day, that Mr. Gable abruptly began to make progress. Now Ann, who had been so casual, seemed to light up.

Everyone looked forward to the Saturday evening gathering of the Racquet Club clan. A big dinner had been planned with a number of Hollywood folk, including Frances and Van Heflin, to be present. When dinner began, however, there were two conspicuously empty chairs. An hour passed, then two. Guests began to speculate on whether or not Ann and Clark hadn't checked out and taken off for some place like Nevada where two people can become one in a hurry.

This didn't happen, though. Along about 11 o'clock, the two showed up. They'd been for a long ride in Clark's car. Immediately, they were the butt of considerable happy ad libbing, and for an answer they just grinned at each other like a couple of high-school sweethearts who had ditched classes for an afternoon in the park. During the course of the evening, they toasted each other at the table, danced together to the tropical music, holding tight as though they expected any moment to have a director yell, "Cut!"

Of course, Charlie Farrell's Racquet Club has witnessed quiet little romances before, but this was so obviously something different. Those who know have never taken Clark's constant dating with various young Hollywood girls seriously. Here, however, were a man and a woman so clearly drawn together and so absolutely right for each other that those present felt like breaking out in applause.

Around midnight, onlookers had caught the fever that the pair were generating.

"How old is Clark, anyway?" an Eastern matron wanted to know.

"Oh, I'd guess around 40. It's a funny thing—that gray at the temples seems to make him look younger than he did a couple of years ago."

The lady scoffed. "That's not what's making him look young. It takes a woman like her to bring out the best in a man's appearance."

Actually, Gable is 48. Ann is getting acquainted with her thirties; yet she is much younger than the women in whom Clark has been interested in the past. Perhaps more than any other girl he has ever known, Ann is the most like the late Carole Lombard. She has the same flair for beautiful clothes and a similar disregard for the niceties of high fashion. She has a robust, riotous sense of humor of the type for which Carole was so well-known.

There the comparison should end—for Ann is strictly individual to the nth degree. And independent. Being so, her sudden interest in Gable prompted speculation that perhaps she had seriously quarreled with Steve Hannagan.

At least, during the time Ann was at the Racquet Club she certainly had nothing on her mind but Clark. So much so that in the intimacy of this small club hotel the two soon became taken for granted and no longer a matter of curiosity.

Abruptly, the holiday was over. Ann returned to Hollywood. On the heels of her departure came news that Steve Hannagan was flying to the Coast. He does that frequently in any event—but now he had real reason. Perhaps now, when their friends had long since ceased to speculate on possible marriage, Ann and Steve might have headline news to announce. (Though up to now Ann seems to have had a "why marry him and spoil a beautiful friendship?" attitude.) Or, a battle could be in prospect. Whatever was in store, Clark stayed on for a few days in the desert, looking noticeably lonesome, absent-minded and completely disinterested in the ladies who remained.

Away from the immediate proximity of the swift, exciting romance between Ann and Clark, the ill-informed were inclined to disregard the entire affair as trivial gossip, particularly since neither bothered to confirm or deny the obvious. Even if they had, any veteran reporter will assure you that Hollywood denials are often synonymous with the word proclamation.

Now, let's see what happens. THE END

(*For the Gable-Davis story see page 52*)



"Your job is just to release them, Pettiman; it isn't necessory to spur them on!"

CAN JUDY GARLAND LOVE AGAIN?

(*Continued from page 24*)

after she finishes *Annie Get Your Gun.* That musical may be completed by the time you read this, and Judy may already have ordered her attorney, David Tannenbaum, to file the divorce petition.

Reconciliations in Hollywood are legion, and the possibility exists that Judy and Vincente may have one. In fact they may be giving their marriage another try at this very moment. But the probability seems remote, since Judy has come right out and said flatly, "Vincente and I have come to the realization that we're happier apart. I'm sorry to say that, but it's true. We tried very hard to overcome the difficulties of incompatibility. But it just won't work."

Put yourself in Judy's position for a few moments. Go back to June 7th, 1945. Her divorce from David Rose, the composer, had just become final. She'd had a tough two years with David. He was so taut, so on-edge, especially when he was working and composing such memorable music as "Holiday for Strings."

She'd tried, Lord knows how she'd tried, to make that first marriage a success. But she was young and David was drafted into the Army and there was a war and somehow the two of them just couldn't straighten things out.

a new leaf . . .

But now that was done with. A clean white page was coming up. Thanks to Vincente, she'd made a successful transition from child pictures to mature roles. Her agents were going to re-negotiate a contract at MGM, and it looked very much as if she'd average $3,750 a week from there on in.

Best of all, she was overwhelmingly in love with Vincente. She was going to marry him next week—on June 15th, 1945—and then there'd be the honeymoon in New York.

Then she became Mrs. Ben Vincente Minnelli for better or for worse. She was married at her mother's house, and wore a wonderful silk jersey gown of pearl gray. Ira Gershwin was Vincente's best man; her sister was her bridesmaid. The whole world looked good, golden, and glorious.

Nine months later, she gave birth to her first child, Liza. Liza was a cute little trick, with her father's piercing brown eyes and high Latin forehead and just the warmest, friendliest way of cuddling up.

But somehow, after the birth of little Liza, Judy and Vincente didn't seem to get along too well. Quibbles developed into quarrels. They were both extremely sensitive, both very high strung. Vincente, one one occasion, left home for the night. The studio announced that she was going to appear opposite Fred Astaire in *Easter Parade.* She knew what a perfectionist Astaire was.

She wondered and worried about Astaire, about her career, about her home, about her child, about her marriage. Her happiness seemed to be ebbing away. The Hollywood gossips began to spread rumors. They said she and Vincente were finished. They said Judy couldn't sleep. They said she was so nervous she had to use sleeping pills all the time. They said she and Vincente were separating.

The rumors continued, and she began to lose weight, and she knew deep in her heart that some of those rumors were true. But she had to deny them. She couldn't admit to anyone, least of all herself, that this marriage was a failure, too.

She lost more weight. She kept making pictures all the same. But the evidences of her unhappiness became clear-cut. Her cheeks became hollow.

L. B. Mayer, chief of the studio, called her in and said, "Judy, I think you need a rest after your last two pictures. You've been working too hard."

Ginger Rogers was given the role originally scheduled for Judy in *The Barkleys of Broadway,* and Judy broke down and wept.

Gradually, her health improved and she was put into *In the Good Old Summertime,* but simultaneously, her marriage to Vincente seemed to be going on the rocks.

When *The Good Old Summertime* was over, she realized that she and Vincente couldn't keep on like this. Before she started *Annie Get Your Gun,* which may turn out to be really the greatest role in her career, she had to make a decision.

She talked it over with Vincente. It was useless to pretend any longer; it was senseless to attend all the parties around town and play-act that they were divinely in love. Too many people knew or suspected the truth.

It was like sticking a knife into her own heart, but she just had to do it. She picked up the phone and rang Hedda and Louella. "I'm very sorry," she managed to blurt out, "but Vincente and I have separated."

That's the position Judy Garland is in at the moment of this writing.

Actually, the major difficulty in Judy's marriage was and is that she and Vincente are too much alike. They don't complement each other. They have the same strengths, the same weaknesses.

Both of these charming people are high-strung and extremely tense; both are subject to artistic and temperamental moods of elation and despair. They are both incredibly sensitive—the key to their great talents, of course—but it is the kind of aroused, attenuated sensitivity that wears the nerves and eventually plays havoc with one's outlook. It has done so particularly in Judy's case.

At this moment, Judy will talk to no one about the feelings locked tightly in her soul. And her Hollywood friends, of which there are dozens, are genuinely worried about whether Judy is capable of loving and marrying again—or wants to.

Some believe that she is so disillusioned about matrimony that from here on, she may devote herself exclusively to her career and her child. She sees little Liza every day, as does Vincente. And they both would be tickled silly if Liza developed into an actress.

The baby has already played with her mother in *In the Good Old Summertime,* and Judy says, "Liza can be in any picture that I'm in or any film that her father's directing. I started in show business when I was three, and I'm sure it didn't hurt me a bit."

Show business may not have hurt Judy, but two unsuccessful marriages have left their mental scars on her—and it may be some time if ever, before she tries a third.

Meanwhile, she may be remembering the advice David Rose gave her when they separated. "Listen, Judy," he'd said. "Don't go home to your mother. Live your own life for a while. Find yourself. Find out what you're like and what you really want."

Perhaps she never did give herself this chance. Caught up in the rush of her career, and emotionally exhausted, she found a haven in Vincente. If she had waited longer, if she had thought it over more carefully, she might have chosen a different sort of man—one who would have been as good a husband for her as Vincente was a director.

To have loved and lost twice at 26 is surely no heinous crime—although it may leave a bitter taste. But bitterness comes slowly to the girl who found it in herself to say to David Rose, "I'll never in my life be sorry I married you . . . you've always been so kind, David. I'll never forget it. I'll never be sorry."

learn by living . . .

And later, after testifying for her divorce, she rushed to the phone to call him. "David, I didn't mean any of those horrible things I had to say about you. Don't read the papers, David. . . ."

It is Judy's nature to live fully and to learn by the acceptance of life, however stern its teaching. She's been learning for a long time. When she was 14 and they kept promising to put her in pictures they later gave to other youngsters, she grew restless and miserable and sick. Her mother even asked Mr. Mayer to give the whole thing up, at least till Judy was older.

"I didn't know you had a glass chin, Judy," said Mr. Mayer.

Her hand flew up to it.

He smiled, "You've got to take things on that chin every so often," he'd said. "As long as it's not glass, we don't have to worry."

Lessons learned in childhood are not easily forgotten—especially not by Judy, who today feels that failure in any field is unthinkable. To fail as a woman, at 26, would not be Judy's way.

She is not the kind to shut herself off from love or marriage, or to deny them as unnecessary for happiness. Her intelligence and her zest for life would not come through so beautifully in her screen performances if they did not stem from depths within her.

So it isn't hard to believe that, once she's straightened out emotionally, she again will find a partner with whom to share the joy and the pain of everyday living. Perhaps the man in her life will once more be Vincente Minnelli. Perhaps it will be another. But whoever it may be, Judy Garland will again love and be loved in return.

THE END

MODERN SCREEN



"Maybe we could say we were kidnapped!"

sweet and hot



by leonard feather

**Highly Recommended
*Recommended
No Stars: Average

FROM THE MOVIES

FLAMINGO ROAD—"If I Could Be With You" by Kay Starr** (Capitol); Herb Jeffries** (Exclusive); Gwenn Bell* (Manor); Doris Day* (Columbia); Bill Lawrence (Victor); Art Lund (MGM); Guy Lombardo (Decca); Phil Brito (Musicraft).
Remember this one? The late Henry Creamer, a veteran vaudevillian from Virginia, wrote it in 1929 (he also gave us *Dear Old Southland* and *Way Down Yonder in New Orleans*). Now it's a big movie revival. Wish I could recommend you the original Louis Armstrong version, but alas, it's out of print.

JOLSON SINGS AGAIN—"I Only Have Eyes For You" by Al Jolson* (Decca); Billy Eckstine* (National); Kate Smith (MGM); Paul Weston (Capitol); Coleman Hawkins (Mercury); Freddy Gardner (Columbia).
A hit of 1934 which seems to be sung in the picture by Larry Parks (but needless to add, that ain't Larry's larynx).

MAKE BELIEVE BALLROOM—"Miss In Between Blues" by Toni Harper* (Columbia).
Twelve-year-old Toni gives a delightful description of the so-called awkward age.

ROADHOUSE—"Again" by Doris Day* (Columbia); Tommy Dorsey* (Victor); Vic Damone* (Mercury); Art Mooney (MGM); Vera Lynn (London).
Day, Dorsey and Damone do delightfully.

TAKE ME OUT TO THE BALL GAME—"The Right Girl For Me" by Frank Sinatra* (Columbia).

TULSA—Title song by Jack Kilty* (MGM).

WIZARD OF OZ—Album of four sides by Joel Herron* (MGM).
WMGM's musical director does a neat job with *Over The Rainbow, We're Off To See The Wizard, If I Only Had a Brain* and *Ding Dong The Witch Is Dead*. Good, typical movie music.

POPULAR

BOB CROSBY—"Need You"* (Columbia).

VAUGHN MONROE—"Riders In The Sky"* (Victor).

"BOPULAR"

CHUBBY JACKSON—"Father Knickerbopper"** (Columbia).

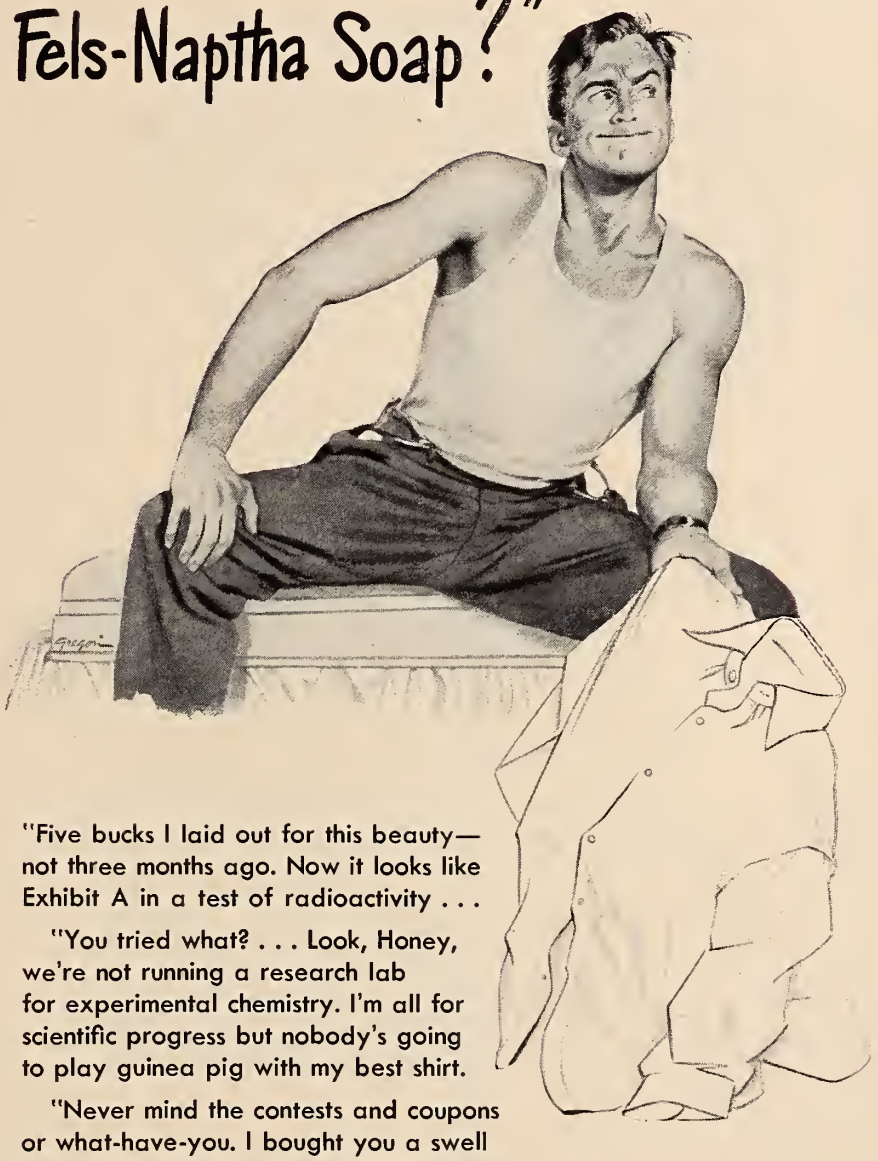
DAVE LAMBERT—"Always"* (Capitol).

RED NORVO—"Dee Dee's Dance"* (Brunswick).

EDDIE SHU—"Flamingo"** (Rainbow).

MARY LOU WILLIAMS—"In The Land of Oo-Bla-Dee"* (King).
Chubby has an exciting new 14-piece band; Dave Lambert does wonders with a 12-piece boppish vocal choir. Red Norvo features vibes, clarinet and guitar in a polite, easy-listening brand of bop. Mary Lou does a cute bop novelty sung by Pancho Hagood, ex-Gillespie vocalist. Eddie Shu, to this reporter, is the most amazing new jazz star in years. Plays terrific alta sax, great clarinet, trumpet, and, of all things, bop harmonica. He and his quintet make their disc debut with *Flamingo* and *Two Pair o' Shu's*, featuring just about every talent he has.

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FOOTLOOSE AND FANCY DRESS

(*Continued from page 51*)

dinner was announced. The fragrance of steaming silver casseroles filled with tomato rarebit was a beautiful lure. There we found other delicacies spread before us. There were twin trays of jelly-glazed baked ham decorated with large slices of baked apples, green peas, tossed salad, scalloped potatoes, and the most wonderful crab meat and avocado in aspic that any of us had ever tasted. The dessert was fresh strawberry pie (made with whole berries) topped with whipped sour cream. Glory be!

Some of the recipes had been in the Stack family for generations. (*For a few of these recipes, see our Fan Fare department on page 82—Ed.*)

The boys gallantly volunteered to prepare trays for the girls.

Jack Agar, with a stately bow, presented us Churchills with our dinners. (Not that we minded, but it *might* have been better if he hadn't filled over half of our plates with delectable but calory-filled scalloped potatoes.)

Martha Hyer and Dick Jackson migrated out to the flagstone terrace to eat their dinners. Here, Bob had umbrella tables and chairs set up.

Others, more venturous, walked down the narrow stepping-stone path, bordered with camellias, to dine beside the swimming pool. This was heavenly. A warm night, a ceiling of stars, jasmine and honeysuckle heavy in the air, and—leave us face it—heavenly food. . . .

After dinner, Don O'Connor decided that now was the time to play games. Dick Flato—who has the killer role in *Vendetta*—gave Don a crafty glance as he suggested that oldie, Drop the Handkerchief.

Tony Curtis immediately excused himself from participating. Tony, you see, was wearing the dashing Beau Brummel outfit Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., had sported in *The Fighting O'Flynn*. And the skin-tight trousers were just that—skin tight. "As far as I'm concerned," he announced, "if any fair lady drops her handkerchief tonight, I'll just have to let it lie there—for security reasons!"

Thereafter we played everything from charades to monopoly. The latter was at Don's request. The guy won every game.

By the time "Diamond Jim" O'Connor's winning streak was over, we were all too weary to compete. So we went exploring in the trophy room. Here, Bob keeps part of his umpteen (we counted 30 on one table alone) medals and awards for sailing, flying, skeet-shooting, polo and just about every sport but jacks.

Though we literally had to drag Bob into the room, we did finally wring out one statement about his interests in sports. Seems his fervor for death-defying motorcycle and motorboat racing is getting to be a thing of the past. When he was an aerial gunnery instructor in the Navy, one of the new recruits accidentally shot 25 holes into his plane. It was then that Bob decided that if he ever lived to be a civilian, he'd take it a bit easier. Dying in bed holds a great appeal for him, now.

Also in the room was Bob's desk, piled high with papers, books, and letters. (It looked almost as cluttered as does ours when we're writing our newspaper movie column.) Right next to the desk is where the phonograph console usually sits.

"But," groaned Bob, "I got ambitious. Thought it would be more convenient to have the records and paraphernalia on the patio." The moving job proved to be a little more strenuous than he'd anticipated—for the console weighs 400 pounds. After one push, he'd called for reenforcements.

But the effort had been worthwhile—at least, for those who hadn't had to labor! The phonograph kept spinning most of the evening. Even in the trophy room you could catch faint strains of the "Polonaise" or the last chorus of "So In Love."

When we returned to the patio, we found Annie Rooney trying out a second piece of pie for size. She'd planed in from New York that afternoon and was a house guest of the O'Connors. Just before we'd left for the party, Don and Gwen had frantically called us with the stimulating question of where to find a costume for Annie at eight o'clock on a Saturday night.

The problem had finally been solved when Gwen had taken a large hem in one of Annie's black dresses, added a doily atop her brown locks, and presented her with a duster (vaguely resembling a dish mop). *Viola!* She was a French maid.

All evening Shirley and John wore matching smiles and looked as pleased as punch. Thirteen-month-old Linda Susan had soloed for the first time that morning. Shirl had been bedded with the sniffles for several days and had been isolated from the baby. When she recovered, Su-Su had been so glad to see her that she'd promptly started walking toward her.

The balloons and serpentines, which had been neglected up until now, were re-discovered. Mike North and Dick Flato entered into a balloon-blowing marathon. It wasn't until Mike was blue in the face from puffing into his balloon that Barbara Lawrence let him in on the fact that there was a pinsize hole in the bottom of it.

Guy and Gail were back doing their Latin-American antics and rapidly gaining converts. We all finally formed into a long conga line and—one, two, three, ugh!—wove around the living room and den.

Footloose and fancy dress—that we were, that we were! THE END

Special offer to our readers

The 1948-49 edition of MODERN SCREEN's exclusive "Super-Star Information Chart" is something no real fan should be without. It's a 32-page pocket encyclopedia of over 500 of your favorite stars—complete with birthdates, hobbies, real names, recent pictures and inside facts. To obtain your copy, send 10¢ in coin, plus a large self-addressed, stamped (3¢) envelope to Service Department, MODERN SCREEN, P. O. Box 125, Murray Hill Station, New York 16, N. Y. Send soon!

your letters . . .

EVIL INFLUENCE?

Dear Editor: I'm writing in regard to the story, "Hollywood's Amazing Love Squabble," in your May issue. I can't see why the Flynns and the Haymes don't take up permanent residence in Reno so they'll save time and traveling expenses on their divorce jaunts. I also cannot see why Modern Screen stoops to flaunt such sordid stories in the faces of decent citizens. If these stars don't have the slightest regard for dignity and good taste, why encourage their romantic escapades with publicity?

EDNA MARTIN, LAKE CITY, FLORIDA

Dear Editor: I think the publicity you gave Robert Mitchum was truly bad. You seemed to be painting a very pleasant picture of a man who had done wrong. This is certainly an evil influence on the young and easily impressed children of our land.

EMILY CHAVER, PORT HUENEME, CALIF.

(*Modern Screen's coverage of the Mitchum story and other stories of news interest is based on fact alone. The magazine does not endorse anyone or anything by the mere fact of reporting what has actually happened.—Ed.*)

SPOTLIGHT ON HAYWORTH

Dear Editor: I've just read Eduardo Cansino's story in your April issue, and I don't blame Rita, either! She's a movie star in love with a Prince, and she's not afraid to show it—that's bound to rate a spotlight. Naturally, the papers tear the couple to pieces editorially. It's noticeable that the Merle Oberon-Count Cini and Ingrid Bergman-Roberto Rossellini romances have gotten by with comparatively few headlines. Why pick on Rita?

GLORIA STRAUS, ATLANTA, GEORGIA

ARE PARENTS HUMAN?

Dear Editor: I think Margaret O'Brien ought to be ashamed of herself. I had a stepfather when I was her age, and you can be sure I didn't put on any acts in public. I love my stepfather and he has made our home a happier place to be in. Let Margaret try to love her new father and she will be a happier girl.

MARION BRADY, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Dear Editor: Your May editorial seems to give only one side of the Margaret O'Brien story. Of course, her mother does have a right to lead her own life, but you must consider the sort of life Margaret has been leading before you berate her. She's been in movies since she was a tiny girl. I don't imagine that this makes for an exactly normal life, especially if Margaret is, as she appears to be, an extremely sensitive child. You asked, "Are parents human?" I say that children are human, too, and even the brightest cannot be expected to act with the wisdom of mature people.

LYDIA BASS, NEW YORK CITY

ORCHIDS DEPARTMENT

Dear Editor: This is just a line to thank you for your enjoyable publication. I particularly want to rave about the movie reviews by Christopher Kane. More than once I've laughed aloud at some especially witty line that appeared in Miss Kane's review. This is the first "fan letter" I've ever written, but I hope I have many more occasions to say "bravo" to your movie reviewer and your magazine.

LORETTA KABAK, BRONX, NEW YORK

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AVA GARDNER'S GREATEST GAMBLE

(Continued from page 29)

the studio's Number One sex-appeal star.

The truth of the matter is that Ava has long been paralleling Lana's own meteoric rise. Whether or not she can maintain the pace depends not upon dramatic ability, for Ava has more than enough to warrant a spot at the top of the ladder, but upon temperament. All the dramatic ability in the world is not going to pull her through if she can't control her emotions.

Early in her career, Ava was living proof of what can happen to a naïve country girl dropped into the middle of the Hollywood maelstrom. Success and publicity went to her head with all the devastating effects of too much champagne. It was all so easy. She had only to flick her finger and people rushed to do her bidding. She was Ava Gardner, MGM's brightest new light, and she made the natural mistake of confusing a publicity build-up with genuine stardom. She had not yet learned that stardom carries with it the sobering responsibilities of hard work and getting along with people.

danger signal . . .

Here and there along the way, little warning signs cropped up, signs which she ignored simply because she could not recognize them. One night she had a dinner date with David Street, a date which she took to be part and parcel of her due as a star—out on the town with a handsome and popular young bachelor, out on display at all the right places. But right after dinner, David said he was sorry, that he had to work next morning and would have to take her home early.

"But David," she pouted, "I want to go to Ciro's, and then to the Mocambo. It's much too early to go home."

"I'm sorry, Ava," David said quietly, "but I have a heavy schedule tomorrow and I have to be fresh for it. And you have to be at the studio yourself in the morning."

"I don't care," Ava cried, furious. "I'm not going home this early."

But she went, for David had long since learned that work and play can be mixed only in the proper proportions. Ava was so angry she didn't speak to him for months. The little warning sign was lost on her entirely.

It was shortly after that that Ava rushed headlong into her ill-fated marriage with Mickey Rooney. And perhaps one of the reasons for its failure was Ava's own failure to realize that her happiness depended on the happiness of others. Her thoughts were still centered on only one person: Ava Gardner.

An incident at a luncheon one day with several of her studio associates threw this attitude of hers into bold relief. As they were leaving the restaurant, she noticed that several people at the next table had their heads together, whispering. She was sure they were talking about her. Out of earshot, she turned to one of her friends and asked anxiously, "Weren't they talking about me? What were they saying?"

He looked at her oddly. "Do you really want to know?" he asked.

"*What* were they saying?" she demanded.

"They were saying," he replied drily, "that there goes Mrs. Mickey Rooney."

Not Ava Gardner, but Mrs. Mickey Rooney. Ava didn't know it, but that marked the beginning of the end of her marriage. Her disappointment at not being recognized for herself was the tip-off on her own estimation of herself. No marriage can last when a woman is not willing to be known as her husband's wife. Ava was still primarily interested only in Ava.

Hollywood, meanwhile, had relentlessly cut the cloth of Ava's personality to fit its own design. Her delightful North Carolina drawl was put through the meat-grinder of voice lessons until her voice had lost every shred of individuality. She was taught how to walk, how to dress, how to express emotion with her face and hands. Hollywood was still a starry heaven to Ava, and what could be more divinely perfect than to have a "Made in Hollywood" label sewed tightly to her brand new personality? She reveled in it. What young girl wouldn't?

But what young girl could survive it? Ava gave no thought to the hundreds and hundreds of girls who had walked this same path before her, sacrificed their individual personalities upon the altar of machine-tooled "glamor" and lost forever the chance to be a person instead of a product. Ava had never heard of them. Perhaps it was just as well, for it might have undermined her confidence in herself. She was still under the impression that Hollywood's way was the right way.

It was Artie Shaw who blasted her out of her happy day dreams, shook the complacency out of her as a terrier shakes a rag doll, and taught her that emotions are not just a toy to be played with in front of a camera. Artie Shaw reached down into the very heart of her inner being and breathed life into that spark of North Carolina individuality that Hollywood had almost succeeded in putting out. Artie Shaw woke her up to reality with a jolt. In unlocking her emotions he uncovered an actress. The finishing school automaton disappeared once and for all.

Their marriage lasted only a year, but it was long enough for Ava to realize that there were other things in life besides night clubs, glamor and adulation. She learned that there were books to be read, music to be heard, history and art and philosophy to be studied. She learned that home, not Hollywood, was the true center of a woman's life. Above all, she learned about love.

Whatever it was that broke up the mar-

a midsummer's dream **june allyson** on the **august** cover of **modern screen** on sale **july 8**

riage of Ava Gardner and Artie Shaw, it was clearly not a lack of love. Ava has since been heard to say that she has never loved anyone as she loved Artie Shaw, that she still loves him, that she will always love him. Time has a way of dimming the torch, but it has not yet been three years since Ava and Artie called it a day—and Ava has not yet been heard to proclaim her love for anyone else.

She wants to go home, but it must be a home of her own making, her own extremely careful choosing. If Ava marries again, it must be, this time, for keeps.

And what of Ava and MGM—and Lana?

It's no longer a secret that Lana had been her studio's prime headache for more years than Hollywood cares to remember. When it finally began to appear that her drawing power at the box office might eventually be harmed by the unfortunate publicity that Lana seems to attract as sugar attracts flies, studio executives began to cast about for insurance—insurance in the form of a new and stellar name. Ava Gardner could be it, if only the right role in the right A picture could be found.

Fate took a hand here, for Ava's career and the education of her own private emotions had reached just the right psychological moment for a "slick" role at the precise moment *The Hucksters* came up for casting. The second lead opposite Gable fitted her like a glove. It was too small a part for Lana Turner, too big for a hopeful starlet. It was just right for Ava.

a star is born . . .

There are those who will tell you that *The Killers* made Ava Gardner, but Hollywood insiders know better. It was her performance opposite Gable in *The Hucksters* that put the final, authoritative stamp of big-time stardom, the MGM kind of stardom, on the beautiful North Carolinian. It was that picture, and that picture alone, that qualified her for a future in productions opposite the biggest male stars in Hollywood. She drew the lead with Robert Taylor in *The Bribe*, and was tapped for *Great Sinner* opposite Gregory Peck. She'll match strides with Spencer Tracy and James Stewart in *Operation Malaya*.

The real truth about Ava Gardner is just this: She escaped the rocky road to oblivion by a hair's breadth. She had the moral courage to take to heart a cruel and bitter lesson, the kind of lesson that is dished out at top speed in Hollywood, a ruthless speed that has broken the will of more than one young hopeful. She has learned that publicity-fed glamor and adulation is a dangerous quicksand. She has learned that you get out of life only what you put into it. Above all, she has learned to grow up. She has discovered her emotions and knows now that they are real and living feelings, not merely facial expressions.

Ava, today, is an actress. Yesterday, she was just a pretty young girl to be exploited by the publicity department. She leaped the gap between the two with only an inch to spare—but that inch spelled the difference between success and failure.

Why, then, is Ava sitting on a keg of dynamite? The answer is very simple. Like a patient who has passed the crisis and wants to be up and around, Ava does not yet know her own strength. This time she has *real* stardom, but real stardom can be even headier than the tinseled variety which almost proved her undoing. Backed by the harsh lessons of the past seven years, will Ava choose to meet her new responsibilities intelligently and courageously? Her friends say she will. Her studio is betting three big pictures that she will. But only Ava has the power to prove them right or wrong.

Ava stands at the true crossroads of her career.

THE END

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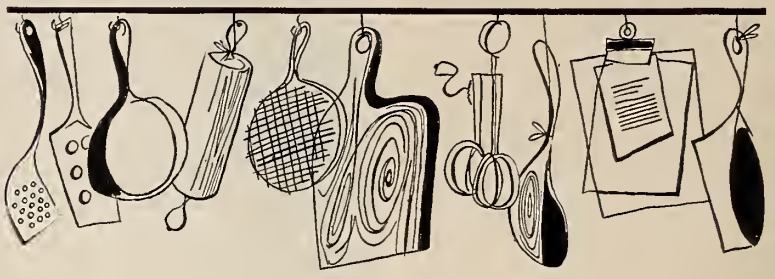
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fan fare



Reba and Bonnie Churchill had to corner Bob Stack before he'd part with any of these recipes. They were used at his Fancy Dress party (see page 48) and have been in his family for many years. Try them out on your Saturday night gang; they'll come running for seconds.

tomato rarebit

- 1 pound sharp cheese, grated
- 1 (10½ ounce) can condensed tomato soup
- 2 egg yolks
- 2 teaspoons Worcestershire sauce
- 1 teaspoon dry mustard
- 2 egg whites, stiffly beaten
- ½ teaspoon salt
- English muffins or crumpets, toasted and buttered

■ This can be kept warm in double boiler for a half hour before serving. Heat grated cheese and tomato soup in top of double boiler until cheese melts. Beat egg yolks slightly, add Worcestershire sauce, dry mustard, and blend. Add to cheese mixture. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites and salt. May be thinned with milk or tomato juice, if desired. Serve on well-buttered, toasted English muffins or crumpets. Serves 8.

crab and avocado in tomato aspic

(alternate dish for tomato rarebit)

- 1½ tablespoons unflavored gelatin
- 2¼ cups tomato juice
- ½ teaspoon salt, or to taste
- 1 tablespoon lemon juice, or to taste
- 1 pound flaked cooked crab meat
- 1½ avocados, peeled and diced
- ½ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, or to taste

■ Allow gelatin to soften in ¼ cup cold tomato juice. Heat remaining tomato juice and dissolve gelatin in it, stirring thoroughly. Add salt, lemon juice, Worcestershire sauce if desired, and cool. Arrange avocados in mold with crab meat. When tomato mixture has thickened to consistency of unbeaten egg whites, pour over diced avocados and crab meat. Chill until firm. Unmold and serve on lettuce with mayonnaise. May be made the day before, if convenient. Serves 8 to 10.

scalloped potatoes

- 8 medium potatoes pared, cut in slices
- 2 large onions, sliced
- Salt and pepper
- Flour for dredging
- 4 tablespoons butter
- Top milk

■ Arrange a layer of sliced potatoes in buttered baking dish, then a thin layer of sliced onions. Sprinkle with a tablespoon (or a little more) flour, salt and pepper. Dot with butter. Continue layers until dish is filled. Add milk until it may be seen through top layer. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) until potatoes are tender. Serves 8.

SMALL WONDER

(*Continued from page 33*)

sort of reaction, but also sympathy. "I know just how she feels."

Mr. Preminger didn't seem to like that. "You do?" he asked, a little suspiciously.

"I mean—how wonderful for her—the baby . . ." she had said hastily.

"Oh! Yes. . . . Well, she can't play the part and that means you'll do it. You'll start right after *A Letter To Three Wives.*"

Jeanne heard herself thanking him as he took her to the door. When she was walking away he called out, "Goodbye, Lucky!"

And knowing that her own baby was definitely, even decidedly, on the way, she could only smile back weakly. In her mind was a worry. "Can I get away with it?"

It hadn't been easy. There were days when she wished she'd volunteered the truth, had said, perhaps, "Oh, I'm sorry, Mr. Preminger, but I just can't play Lady Windermere. You see, I, too, have been called for a Greater Role." It might have made as nice a scene as any on the screen.

She thought of this particularly on the day she had to put on one of the costumes, a regal drawing-room gown, which included an old-fashioned, whalebone corset to draw her into the wasp-waisted figure favored in Lady Windermere's time. No wonder she fainted toward the end of the picture, walking around with that bear-trap snapped around her middle! But it was hot that day, everyone agreed, and nobody suspected anything. And finally, the shooting was over.

Even then, with the baby hardly more than four months away, she'd made no announcement. She'd stayed on at the studio to pose for publicity shots, and even to make tests for further possible roles.

But she knew that nature was catching up on her steadily. There came a day when she realized that if she didn't say something soon, words would no longer be necessary. It was with relief that she and Paul told the world, and she went home to stay.

Now it was fun staying home and relaxing. They had a nice couple living with them who took care of all the household work and got along wonderfully with little Paul, who was now almost two. Jeanne whiled her days away easily and she even experienced something that hadn't happened at all with little Paul. It had left her a little disappointed at the time, because it was supposed to be a common experience with expectant mothers—a craving for odd tastes in food. That is, she had the craving, all right—but for what?

"Pickles?" suggested Paul, when the

I SAW IT HAPPEN



I was watching them shoot a picture on the U.S.C. campus. The director asked me if I'd lend my sweater to one of the actors. I did, and after the scene was over the actor returned my sweater saying, "Thanks. This is only my first picture so I'm sure you wouldn't want my autograph." I insisted, however, remarking that some day he might become a star. He signed his name—Robert Montgomery.

H. Miner
Los Angeles, Calif.

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thing had gotten to be quite a problem and would send Jeanne into deep studies about it. "That's what they're all supposed to want. Pig's knuckles, maybe? With toasted pound-cake? Wild cherries dipped in hollandaise?"

Then Paul took her for a ride. They had hardly turned onto Sunset Boulevard when Jeanne sat up straight. "That's it!" she cried, sniffing the air. "That's it!"

"That's what?" Paul asked, pulling the car to a stop. Jeanne was looking around for where the smell might have come from. A half block back there was a street peddler's hot-dog cart. Then she knew. "Hot dogs!" she said. "Hot dogs with chili sauce. That's what I've been wanting all this time!"

"Ah-h-h," mourned Paul, pretending a great disappointment. "I thought my wife at such a sublime time as motherhood would want something different from that. Something exotic, maybe."

"That *is* exotic," said Jeanne, dreamily. "Hot dogs with chili sauce! Oh-h-h . . ." And that's what they had.

help wanted . . .

Yes, the first few weeks at home were fun. She and Paul were never closer. They went out a lot. She found that if she rested a good part of the day she could go out with him without getting too tired. They were together more often than ever before, it seemed. And then . . . they lost their household couple. Rather, it was a case, first, of the couple losing each other. Something came between them and they said they could no longer work together in the house. They left. Jeanne found herself with the house, Paul Junior, and the day's meals all on her hands. The holiday was over.

She started in on her housework determined to handle it systematically. But she reckoned not on little Paul, on late deliveries from the market, on other things that could go wrong, and on spells of tiredness that would assail her without warning.

Little Paul's favorite sport was unrolling the paper towels in the kitchen. There were times when she stopped him. Then there were times when she couldn't leave what she was doing and decided it was worth the towel to have him safely occupied. But the trouble was, he was interested only in rolled towels; once he'd unrolled them, he walked indifferently away from the mess. Further, he got so adept at it that instead of taking an hour to get a towel unrolled, he learned to do it in 10 minutes. Then he'd be ready for something new. That would generally consist of pulling out one of the kitchen drawers and spilling the contents—silver, cookie-cutters and what not—all over the floor.

One day Jeanne was busy at the kitchen sink when she heard a crash just behind her. Little Paul had pulled a drawer out (leaping clear, as he had learned after his toes had been whacked the first time) and the floor was simply littered with everything, including a spaghetti-like heap of the paper towelling.

"Oh, Baby Paul!" she exclaimed, running to him. Just then there was a horrible noise from the sink. She didn't have to look to know what happened. A fork had slipped into the grinding garbage-disposal unit. She ran over, fished it out—knotted and gnarled like a pretzel—and stood looking at it ruefully. At that moment her husband chose to come home. He strode into the kitchen, looked at the havoc and then at her and little Paul. And then—he said it.

"I wonder how other women do it? Some women have four children and they manage somehow. What would you do if you had *four* children to care for as well as a house to run?"

That's what he'd said. That was exactly what her husband, Mr. Paul Brinkman, had said. . . .

Jeanne, still seated at her vanity on this early morning when she was preparing for her trip to the hospital, had to smile when she recalled this scene; her despondent feeling as she stood there in the kitchen, little Paul's bright face as he looked up at his daddy, and big Paul's words about "women with four children." She'd taken Paul seriously enough to go and talk to some friends of hers who *had* four children—and more. What *did* they do? They told her and she went back and told Paul.

"They just do what they can and that's all," she reported to him. "Sometimes they get everything done and sometimes they don't and just lie down and let the house go to pot. Or, sometimes, when the older children are big enough, they just sit and give orders. See?"

Paul had nodded. He was watching her closely.

"Any comment?" Jeanne had demanded.

Something told him he had better not have any. "Oh, no!" he had replied. "No comment! I just wanted to *know*. It was—just a *question*, you understand. And now you've told me. Right?" He smiled brightly.

Shortly after that Paul showed up with another couple, an elderly pair. Jeanne welcomed them with a cry of delight. They grinned and replied—in French.

"They've just come over," Paul volunteered. "Can't talk English yet," he added, as if he had to.

It didn't work out. The couple was willing but revealed utterly no idea of the duties, and explanations, in view of the language barrier, were extremely difficult. Only one person in the family seemed to know how to make himself understood—little Paul. The international language of babies was as effective with the old couple as it was with his own parents—too much so. Jeanne and Paul realized little Paul was being spoiled by the old couple.

In two weeks, Jeanne was sole manager of her menage again. But by now she had fallen into a real system. If she was tired, she rested. If she saw little Paul playing with something he had taken from a drawer or off a table, she didn't call out or go racing after him. If the object wasn't worth over a dollar or so, and not made of glass or with sharp corners on which he could cut himself, she just forgot about it. The fireplace had been scrubbed clean and was no longer a fireplace; it was strictly little Paul's house and he could play in it as



that's hollywood!

Now listed among Hollywood's backstage literary classics is William Powell's reply to a correspondent who wanted to know how, despite his age, he managed to keep so physically fit.

"I have a swimming pool," the star replied. "Every day I give it a long and critical look. I think a lot about tennis, and I talk a good game of golf. After that I start to worry because I never get enough exercise. Worry makes me lean. Leanness is fitness. And there you have it."

Irving Hoffman
Hollywood Reporter

much as he wished. If he happened to pull out a drawer and everything spilled—why, he just pulled out a drawer and everything was spilled. She never even turned to look at it. And the result of all this? Well . . .

"You know, darling," said Paul, after he got home one night, "you're wonderful. Really wonderful. Even though the time is getting near and I know how hard it is for you, I come in and find you sweet and peaceful, and your temper not gone. How do you do it?"

"Oh," said Jeanne, shrugging modestly. "It's nothing, really. Just a matter of scientific organization."

When this last incident had recalled itself to Jeanne's mind and she had gone over it, chuckling, she heard a noise from the bedroom. She turned the dryer off and tiptoed to the doorway. It was getting light out and she could tell that Paul was waking up. She went back to the vanity and waited. She knew now why she had awakened feeling as she had. The fuss and fretting were over. It had been tough trying to take care of her home at such a time but it was all a worthwhile part of life. The fact that she had done her job to the best of her ability and had kept their lives in order meant she was now ready to go to the hospital feeling secure in herself, in her husband, in her home. The contentment had come from that.

There was a thump from the bedroom and she knew that Paul had jumped from bed. Then came the quick patter of his bare feet and he burst into the dressing room.

who's excited? . . .

"Hey! What are you doing up so early?" he demanded, worriedly. "Is it . . . are you . . . today . . .?"

"I think so," Jeanne replied. "I think we'd better go down this morning."

He looked at her a moment and then went over and touched the dryer. He pulled his fingers back quickly.

"It's hot!" he cried. "I bet you've been up for hours doing yourself. That's a fine thing! You know you should have rested as long as possible with what's ahead!"

She smiled, got up and put her face near to his. "Now remember, dear, you must be calm. You mustn't get in a dither."

"Well, just the same it's no joke," he said, his face getting an executive look.

"Yes, darling," she agreed, her voice very obedient.

"Can't take any chances you know!" he pointed out.

"Yes, darling," she repeated, as humble as before.

"At a time like this you have to . . ."

"Yes, darling," she had started to say again, but he had sensed that she was kidding him and now he reached for her . . .

* * *

When Michael Anthony Brinkman was born he weighed seven pounds, 11 ounces—four ounces less than his brother, Paul Frederick. But he was one inch longer than Paul. Right now he sleeps in the dressing room where his mother sat on the morning of his day of birth harboring such feelings of gratefulness to him. There is a room for him in the new nursery and by the time Michael is old enough for it, his father will have painted it blue instead of the pink it was originally done in. It seems that Jeanne was prepared if her second baby should be a girl. But now she has another boy—and she knows that means, among other things, more drawers upset, more paper towels unrolled, more ashes walked over her rugs and furniture, and a few new depradations that she is pretty sure Michael will be able to think up for himself. But she also knows that it takes all this to make a house livable. THE END

Have you spoken frankly to your daughter about these *Intimate Physical Facts?*



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the fans

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•

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associate

News: Things are really jumping this month and we have more news of free offers from fan club prexies just dying to have you join. Remember though, no prexy wants you in her club unless you're really interested in the star or in club activities. Lots of people join clubs just to be free-booters, never contribute anything to it in the way of time, work or friendship and drop out as soon as their membership is over. So if you join one of our clubs, be sure you have something to offer . . . The Monty Clift club headed by Maryland Wong is offering a six-month free membership to the first 50 people who mention Modern Screen when writing to her. You get the half-year membership free after you join for a whole year. Her address is Eastman Rd., Cape Elizabeth, Maine . . . The **Barbara Lawrence** club is now headed by Dolores Olsen of 37 Willard St., Jamestown, N. Y. All former members of Barbara's other clubs are invited to join. Dolores also has a mimeographing service . . . The Milton Berle club is back in full swing and asking for new members. This is a slightly different club with no dues charged and lots of good fun . . . A new twist in club memberships is being offered by the Perry Como and Michael North fan clubs, both run by Margaret Staley. To the first 25 who write, Margaret is offering a year-and-a-half membership for one dollar, in addition to which the new member will receive a packet of clippings on three of their favorite stars . . . The **Macdonald Carey** fan club is having a membership drive and the winner will receive some wonderful exclusive pictures (of Mac, of course) . . . Bronx fans will be glad to know that we have a Perry Como club almost especially for them. Mary Bimonte is president and her address is 1508 Grant Ave., Bronx 56, N. Y. . . .

Foreign members are welcome in most U. S. fan clubs and in case your country has strict regulations about sending money to other countries, you can probably work out some deal with the club you decide to join . . . George Diefenbach, president of the Dick Contino, Richard Melari, Harold Peck fan club is interested in 15 foreign members, and his address is 2607a, West State St., Milwaukee 3, Wisc. **Parties, clambakes, festivities and gatherings** . . . Club Friendship is making plans for its annual convention in August. This club is just what its name implies. Run mainly for shut-ins, the club is featuring special picnics and outings as part of their get-together. Souvenir hunting and swimming make up the rest of the festivities. Write to president Betty Petrie, Box 2620, Winston-Salem, N. C. . . . The **Penny Edwards** club met their honorary backstage while she was on a personal appearance tour . . . Ted Steele invited his members to his Television show and threw them a party afterwards . . . Local members of the Terry Moore fan club met in Terry's home in Glendale, California. Prexy Bob Waste and Terry were co-hosts and Terry answered clubbers' questions, posed for snaps and autographed journals . . . Frieda Hymer, secretary of the John Garfield club, met her honorary backstage where he is appearing in *The Big Knife*. They discussed his performance, club matters and had one fine time . . . The Jeanette MacDonald club, prexied by Martha Farrington, concentrated on sending seed packages overseas. These were distributed by CARE and Martha writes they'll have four gardens in Europe this year. Here is a nice new charity for other clubs to think about, as well . . . The **James Family** Club (Betty Grable and Harry James) has announced a new president. She is Doris Von Behren, 8401 Ardsley Drive, St. Louis 21, Mo. . . . Many of you club presidents have asked us to list your addresses in the column along with your name. We try to as often as we can, but many times space forbids, and in that case we'll be awfully glad to give any address to anyone who writes . . .

Prizes: We've had terrific response from ELGIN-AMERICAN compact winners. "Beautiful," "Lovely," are only two of the nice adjectives applied to this prize. As for this department, we've got nothing but raves for the compacts. They're lightweight, finished in jeweler's bronze and we know all of you correspondents will want to own one. The black velvet box that holds the REVLON KING'S RANSOM set looks like something for rare gems. Matter of fact, that's what the Best Editors will find inside . . . 7 lipsticks and a gold holder . . . fit for a queen! Strictly from a rainbow are the ENGER KRESS pastel colored billfolds. These prizes come in red, pink, yellow, green and blue. They're called Candlelight models and all you need is a pot of gold. We'll be devouring the journals looking for those *Best* articles. With summer nigh, we take it you'll be going on a vacation. The TANGEE TRIP KITS are just about the best excuse you could want for an excursion. The set is jam-packed with cosmetics. It looks like a million and so will you!

9th Semi-Annual TROPHY CUP CONTEST
5th Lap

This Is My Best: (100 points) "Suppose," Wag Wagner, Ronald Reagan Journal. "What Perry Means To Me," Natalie Antonelli, Perry Como Journal (Staley). "Tall Tales," Jean Howard, Musical Notes Journal. "Meaningful Medley," Mary Petrone, Dorothy Shay Journal. "The Littlest One," Shirley Graham, Humphrey Bogart Journal. "In Answer to Who Knows," Marjorie Honey, Whitemore and Lowe Journal. **Best Journals:** (500 points) League 1. No entries. League 2. (Tied) Bob Crosby, Bette Davis. League 3. (Tied). Ron Randell Journal (Hreha). Charles Korvin Journal. **Best Editors:** (250 points) League 1. No entries. League 2. Marion Hesse, Ginger Rogers Journal. League 3. Tied. Lilyan Miller, Virginia Field Journal. Carolyn Kubli, Doris Day Journal. **Best Artist:** (150 points) Doris Dietrich, George and Dinah Shore Montgomery Journal. **Best Covers:** (250 points) League 1. No entries. League 2. Jeanette MacDonald Journal (Riley). League 3. Marie MacDonald Journal. **Best Correspondents:** (100 points) League 1. None qualified. League 2. Corine Pilcher, Eddy Arnold Club. League 3. Madeline Watson, Elliot Lawrence Club. **Most Worthwhile Activities:** (250 points) League 1. Nelson Eddy Club (Mottola) (donation to Metropolitan Opera Fund). League 2. June Allyson Club (donation to crippled children's hospital). League 3. Gordon MacRae Club (donation to Infantile Paralysis Fund). **Membership Increases:** (100 points) League 1. Gene Autry Club. League 2. Bing Crosby Club (Ness). League 3. Michael Kirby Club. **Candid Camera Winners:** (100 points for first prize, 50 points for others) Zelda Multz, Ronald Reagan Club. Bernice Wigginton. Lanny Ross Club. John McNamara, Terry Moore Club. Virginia Pink, Bobby Beers Club. Fred Bellinger, Penny Edwards Club. Shirley Warren, Richard Jaekel Club. **Leading Clubs:** League 1. Jane Wyman Club (1550). Gene Autry Club (950). League 2. June Allyson Club (1300). Bob Crosby Club (1200). Joan Crawford Club (1050). League 3. Charles Korvin Club (1250). Ron Randell Club. Hreha (700). James Melton Club (700).

WHICH GIRL HAS THE GABLE? Nancy Davis . . .

(*Continued from page 53*)

have to go back to Clark's New York trip last winter when he appeared at the U. S. Air Forces show at Madison Square Garden. At parties and affairs all over town during his stay, a new beauty appeared with him. Together, they dropped in at a cocktail party at the Waldorf Towers given by the wealthy Tommy Royce. They lunched at 21 and dined at the Colony. They saw the Broadway shows. When they attended *High Button Shoes* the audience applauded Clark when he got to his seat, and he had to get up and take a bow. The eyes of everyone were very much on the girl with him as well. People everywhere kept asking, "Who is she?"

The first, quick identifications were wrong as usual There was talk about her being a Continental belle, a wealthy heiress, an English girl he had met during the war. It took Louella Parsons to furnish the right answer, even if she was 3,000 miles away in Hollywood that night. She correctly named Nancy in her column and told of her being a young stage actress and the daughter of a Chicago brain surgeon, Dr. Loyal Davis. Shortly after the item appeared, Clark went back to the Coast, leaving Nancy behind in New York.

the eyes had it . . .

People who saw her around Manhattan after his departure expected to find her on the sad side. After all, she'd seemed radiant in his company, looking in every way like a girl who was having the most wonderful time of her life . . . and this wonderful time was now over. But, surprisingly enough, Nancy's manner didn't fit that part at all. In fact, she seemed happier than ever, acting more like a girl who knows something is *beginning*—rather than ending.

Naturally, some of her friends jumped to conclusions and were after her to talk about Clark. But she was evasive. She *looked* things, but didn't speak them. Yet, one late afternoon at a cocktail party at the home of one of her friends, Mrs. Shirley Wolfe, she couldn't restrain herself and had to say a few words. A guest, in from Hollywood for a visit, mentioned hearing that she and Clark had been seen together frequently.

"Oh, Clark is divine!" she is reported to have said. "I love him. He's the most charming man I have ever met."

In show business, things like this can be said without their meaning much. And girls who have said them have gone on to other things—and other men. But not Nancy. Not long afterwards, she was missing around New York. Not long after this, she was present in Hollywood—very much present. For soon word drifted around that she had a great big movie contract, same being with MGM, and MGM being, as if you needed to be told, the studio where Mr. Gable earns his bread-and-butter plus.

It must not be thought that Nancy was signed without the usual screen test being made to determine what her photographic and voice possibilities were. That is to say, a screen test *was* made. Yet there was little about it that could be called usual. In fact, it was such a gilt-edged operation all around, so well supervised artistically and technically to make sure nothing went wrong, that when the details got to be known, any number of aspiring starlets around Hollywood gulped their envy frankly to any and all who would listen. The sum of their remarks was, "It should happen to me!" Or, as one girl, with a more direct mind, put it: "*He* should happen to me!"

The scene Nancy did was a sequence from *East Side, West Side.* As a rule, a new player is tested by whatever directing and camera personnel is available. But Nancy, as she herself explains, was "lucky." The director she had was Mr. George Cukor, just about the top man in his line in Hollywood, let alone MGM. In his career only the most precious of moviedom's stars have ever been assigned to him—from Garbo and Norma Shearer of old, on up to Greer Garson, Spencer Tracy, James Stewart and Deborah Kerr today. These are the sort of artistic responsibilities he ordinarily shoulders.

The cameraman, the fellow who can really influence the executives who see the test into saying either "Hello" or "Goodbye," was George Folsey. His job, too, is hardly that of merely testing new talent—he is among cameramen what Cukor is in the directorial field. Some of Folsey's pictures, both released and unreleased, include *State of the Union, Take Me Out to the Ball Game, The Great Sinner* and *Operation Malaya.*

How did the test turn out? Fine. Nancy had some honest words to say about it afterward. They were, "I don't know what I'd have done without them!"

And then, within two weeks after the test was made, an announcement was forthcoming from the front office which was quite in keeping with the general uptake of her career since she first saw Clark in New York. The studio declared that it was going to make *Death in the Doll's House,* from a recent best-seller, and that Nancy was the first actress to be assigned to it—in a major role. Subsequent announcements added Ann Sothern as the star, and along with her, little Gigi Perreau, the eight-year-old girl who scored such a triumph in *Enchantment.*

one world . . .

Since Clark's interest in her has become known, there has been a general weighing-in of Nancy's appearance and background, and the consensus has it that she runs very much in the mold of the sort of girls he likes. In her middle twenties, she is tall (five-feet-five sans heels) and slender (117 pounds). And since, in addition to there being the tradition of the stage in her family, she was also a Junior Leaguer in her deb days, she should not be out of place in Clark's world—which lately seems to include the social set.

Nancy's mother, Mrs. Edith Davis, was a well-known actress who worked with such greats as David Belasco, Chauncey Olcott and George M. Cohan. Nancy's godmother was the late Alla Nazimova—whom she pairs with the late Laurette Taylor as her all-time favorite actresses of the stage. (Incidentally, she and Clark agree on Spencer Tracy and Walter Huston as tops among screen actors.)

She started her education in The Girls' Latin School in Chicago and went on to become a Smith College girl in Northampton, Massachussetts, majoring in dramatics and English. While in high school in Chicago, she did a little radio work and was president of the dramatic club. During her summer vacations at Smith, she worked in stock in New England and Wisconsin, later in New York. She says, "I can't remember my exact 'start.' I always wanted to be an actress—used to watch my mother and stay backstage as

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much as I could." But she recalls vividly her first real job in New York after she left college. She tried for a job in *Ramshackle Inn* on the road, was turned down, then got it when the girl already signed suddenly quit. Later, she won parts in *Lute Song* and *Cordelia*.

Those who are wondering about her and Clark want to know if, beyond her ambition to succeed as an actress, she has anything else in mind for the future—something that might include Clark. This brings us to an ambition she has discussed which, she admits, is even greater than the first one—though she isn't naming names. "I want to have a successful, happy marriage," she says.

How about Clark on the same subject? His most familiar quote generally has to do with his marriage to Carole Lombard, to which he almost invariably refers in any conversation with a close friend. "It was a perfect thing. I never expect to find it again."

But Virginia Grey—a girl, incidentally, whom Hollywood once rated the logical choice to be the fourth Mrs. Gable—thinks that deep in his heart he has never given up hope of finding it. Others who share this belief about him are convinced that in the past year Clark has become disgusted with the aimless course of his bachelorhood.

irate iris . . .

There was something about the way he walked out on Iris Bynum at the Ocean House in the famous break-up of that affair some months ago, that may have been a tip-off. After they'd arrived together, Iris reportedly went off to dance with another man, leaving Clark alone. But it isn't like Clark to come even close to making a public scene or doing anything that might cause talk. Yet this time he marched out on Iris and refused to come back, though she went chasing after him. Iris thereupon sealed the end of that entente by commenting, when she returned, "Let him burn!" (It is a question whether or not he was burning—but he could hardly have been happy about the situation when it broke into the columns, since this isn't the kind of light he likes to be seen in.)

Marriage is very much in his mind. He has held on to his big valley ranch even though an apartment, or even a smaller house in Hollywood or Beverly Hills, would be much handier and certainly less expensive.

Clark has one well-known trait. He likes to give a new experience a whirl, no matter where it takes him, or in whatever company—but in the end, as he says, "I like to get back to my friends." In the end, these friends think, Clark, who was never as happy as when he was married to Carole Lombard, will find his way back to home-life again as a husband.

Nancy won't say whether or not she's the girl destined to be his wife. She just keeps busy with preparations for her first picture while Clark, in between pictures at this writing, spends his time golfing, making no appearances at parties or the night spots.

Where and when he and Nancy see each other (and under the circumstances Hollywood is pretty sure they do) hasn't come out yet. Maybe they will first be reported together at some unexpected place like Clark's golf club Not that Nancy has ever played the game. The sports she has been active in are tennis and swimming. But when she told about them, soon after arriving on the Coast, she added, for whatever it might be worth, "I *would* like to learn golf."

And her chances look good. THE END

(For the Gable-Sheridan story see page 53.)

new faces



WALLY CASSELL'S *first flyer into show business occurred when he got a job at the San Diego Exposition as a barker. No one discovered him there, so he went on to New York and landed song-and-dance jobs in summer stock. A long-term contract with MGM followed and on a loan-out, he made* The Story of G.I. Joe, *his first important movie. Wally was born in Italy on March 3, 1917, is 5' 10" tall, weighs 160 lbs., and is married. You saw him recently in* Saigon *and his latest is* We Were Strangers *for Columbia.*



ALLENE ROBERTS *wanted to be a waitress when she was very young because she thought that would be a good way of getting her fill of banana splits. As she grew up, she began to turn her thoughts toward acting and won a nation-wide contest with a screen test as a prize. The screen test didn't pan out, however, and her debut in television was discovered by Sol Lesser. Born on September 1, 1928, in Birmingham, Alabama, Allene is 5' tall and weighs 90 lbs. She plays Emma in* Knock on Any Door.



RUTH ROMAN *was born in Boston, Mass., on December 22, 1925, where her father ran a side show carnival. She got her acting experience in New England repertory theaters, and signed a contract with Selznick in 1945. After* Belle Starr's Daughter, *in which she starred, Stanley Kramer gave her a seven-year contract and a leading role in* Champion *with Kirk Douglas. She is 5' 4" tall, weighs 110 lbs., has brown eyes and reddish hair. You'll see her soon in* The Window.



PETER MILES, *who played David Niven as a boy in* Enchantment, *has had a very varied life considering the fact that he's only 11. He was born in Tokyo on April 1, 1938, but when he was three weeks old flew with his family to France. They left there in 1940 and shortly after arriving in this country Peter's little sister was born. She's now known as Gigi Perreau. In addition to his acting talent Peter is quite a good artist. He has grey eyes and blond hair and you've also seen him in* Family Honeymoon *and* Red Pony.

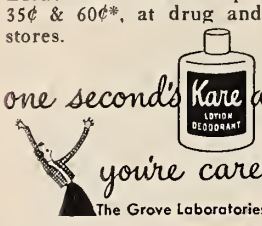


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ABSORBINE JR.

HE COULD HAVE BEEN A BUM

(Continued from page 44)

UNION SETTLEMENT

Union Settlement, located at 237 East 104th Street in that section of Manhattan known as Spanish Harlem, has, since its founding in 1895, been an incalculable force for good in one of the poorest and most densely populated districts in America. A non-sectarian outfit run entirely by private donations, it gives health and family guidance and recreational facilities to some 55,000 New Yorkers in the area of 50 square blocks it serves. It arranges educational scholarships, operates two upstate summer camps, runs a play center for small children whose parents must leave them for work, holds dances, theatricals, basketball tournaments and so forth.

"Union Settlement," says Burt, "gave me my first real purpose in life. Maybe if it had never existed I'd still have managed to get someplace in the world. But maybe that's not likely. The way things worked out, it was my major springboard. It's been a vast help to thousands of others." Whenever he's in New York, Burt goes to the Settlement and talks to the kids there. And on the annual list of financial contributors, his name is always high.

skill in which Burt developed in the Union Settlement gym.

Consider his mother. By the time she died when he was 16, she'd instilled principles in Burt that he'll never lose. "To her," says Burt, "wrong and right were as black and white—and she brought up her kids accordingly. She was always telling us, 'Anything you get in life without earning it isn't worth a thing.'" Other kids in the impoverished neighborhood where Burt grew up might filch apples with nary a qualm; never the Lancaster brood.

That Burt was regarded as a comparatively model youth is proved by the fact that—if only for a month—he was an assistant Boy Scoutmaster. The pastor of Burt's church asked him to take over as assistant leader of the church Scout troop, even though Burt wasn't actually a Scout. This project went well enough for a time, although Burt thought woodcraft and knot-tying an awful waste of time. Besides, when it came time for their Saturday hike, the eager little men always had to go to his house and rout him out of bed. By mutual consent, Burt's tenure as a Boy Scout was ended.

The Lancasters were regular churchgoers. The church they attended stood next door to the Union Settlement House. One of the church activities was a group called The Mimes and Masquers.

Every year, the Lancaster boys, Jim, Bill and Burt, took part in the Christmas pantomime. Despite Burt's unfortunate debut, he continued throughout his youth to be active with The Mimes and Masquers. One of his most celebrated performances was given when he was 12, in a fantasy called *Three Pills and a Bottle.* Burt played a wheelchair-ridden invalid. At the time, Richard Boleslavski—who eventually became one of Hollywood's ace directors—was a leading light in New York's American Laboratory Theater. He saw Burt in *Three Pills* and was eager to have him enroll as a student with the ALT. Burt balked. "You know how kids are," he says. "I was afraid if I seemed to be taking dramatics seriously, my pals would think I was a sissy or something."

In the summers, Burt and his brothers went to the Settlement's boys' camp—Camp Nathan Hale at Southfield, N. Y. Burt got to be a junior counselor and then a senior counselor. As a senior counselor, he was a pretty cocky guy. A group of five buddies decided they'd better take him down a peg. One night they seized him in his tent, carried him down to the lake, painted him green, and tossed him in. Burt was somewhat less imperious after that.

When he was 16, the year his mother died, Union Settlement arranged a basketball scholarship for him at New York University. Burt decided that, besides being a basketball star, he'd also like to make the NYU gymnastics team. He failed to make the team, but the effort introduced him to the third great influence of his youth: Acrobatics.

faraway places . . .

"Acrobatics," says Burt, "is a terrific character builder. It teaches you concentration, helps you to overcome fear, gives you wonderful discipline."

Burt's getting into this constructive activity happened this way:

Every afternoon, to repay Union Settlement for his NYU scholarship, Burt coached the lads at the Settlement house in basketball. One day, a small, muscular gentleman in his forties named Charles (Curly) Brent came into the neighborhood. Born in New Zealand, the son of a well-to-do Englishman, he'd been kidnapped by native Maoris at the age of two. He lived in a native village until 14, then was restored to his parents by a missionary. Shortly thereafter, he ran away from home. When he was 18, he saw his first circus, joined it as a waterboy, and became an acrobat. This career took him all over the world. Eventually, his hands were badly injured in an automobile accident and he could no longer trust them under the strains of regular horizontal bar work. He came to New York, got a job installing awnings, and then showed up at Union Settlement. He said he'd like to keep in shape by working out in the gym. Permission was granted.

Burt and a close pal named Nick Cuccia (who later became Nick Cravat) were immediately interested in this colorful newcomer. Nick, up to this point, had concentrated on boxing; at 18, he'd had a score of professional fights. But now he was helping Burt work up a few horizontal bar tricks. Here, in Curly, was a guy who obviously could give all kinds of helpful hints. He agreed to coach them. It was a fateful arrangement.

As the boys began to get pretty darned good, they also started thinking of professional careers as acrobats. Curly's tales of the glamorous life he had led—world travel, triumphs before crowned heads, vast monetary returns—fired their ambitions.

Then, after laboring on the project on and off for a year and a half, the boys completed, with Curly's advice and help,

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a set of horizontal bars and a trampoline. (A trampoline is a large piece of canvas stretched tightly in a frame, upon which acrobats bounce.) In order to be near Curly's quarters in the neighborhood, they set up the equipment in the back yard of the Cement Masons and Helpers Union clubhouse. The masons and helpers were thereafter entertained, and occasionally alarmed, to see Burt and Nick leaping from a second-story fire-escape onto the trampoline, bouncing high in the air, and then coming down on the horizontal bars.

By the time Burt had finished his sophomore year at NYU, he and Nick felt they were ready; they would become professional acrobats. Burt's family, with the exception of his father, was intensely opposed. At best, they argued, it was a precarious profession. Burt's father, easy-going as ever, simply said, "Burt, if that's what you really want to do, go right ahead—and good luck."

Burt then abandoned any idea of further formal education. But just how to go about getting an engagement as a professional act was something they were a bit vague about. The Great Depression had set in, bookings were scarce and, of course, the boys were completely inexperienced. Curly had the obvious answer—an agent.

After hours of sitting in outer offices with unemployed one-man bands, dog trainers and Chinese magicians, they finally talked an agent into taking them on. Following another long wait, the agent called them with great news: He'd managed to get them a booking—three nights at the Bronx Opera House.

The fact that they'd receive no pay whatsoever was of small moment to the jubilant youths. All that counted was that now, at last, they were to perform professionally before a paying audience.

not in the act . . .

The great night came, and Burt, Nick and Curly—whom they'd persuaded to lend his seasoned if unsteady talent to the act—erected their gear on the stage. Nick, as the comedy element of the act, wore a derby hat and a handlebar mustache.

Everything went beautifully. Representatives of Ringling Brothers failed to pound on their dressing-room door afterward, but the audience had been enthusiastic.

The second night went equally well. So did the third—up to a point.

On that final night of the engagement, their devil-may-care routine came off superbly and, as the snare-drum rolled and Nick poised himself for a running leap upon the trampoline to execute the last stunt, the boys felt they were, indeed, in.

Nick ran, leaped, bounced high in the air, somersaulted, came down on a bar, swung off it, twisted around in flight, and expertly grasped the lower bar. At that, with a tremendous crash, the homemade gear collapsed on the stage.

The curtain was immediately rung down on the debris. Nick, unharmed, was assisted to his feet. The audience was roaring with laughter. Certain that the mishap had ruined them, Nick and Burt, despite the urgings of Curly, refused to go out for a bow.

Nick's brother, Lou, who'd been out front with Burt's family and dozens of other neighborhood supporters, rushed backstage to persuade the lads they weren't a flop. The comedy finish, he insisted, was a wow. They refused to be convinced, dressed morosely, and slipped away to a nearby soda fountain. There they sat, staring silently into their malteds, certain they were failures. How, after that amateurish climax, could they ever again get a booking? . . .

Almost three years went by—and sure enough, no bookings *were* to be had. But this wasn't due to that first fiasco. Hundreds of well-established acts were unemployed in those days.

Curly Brent, after working for a time walking the streets on stilts bearing advertising signs, left for parts unknown. (Today, he's a flourishing chicken farmer in Connecticut.) Burt and Nick were not to be discouraged. Working at whatever odd jobs they could get, they continued to polish their acrobatic technique. At last they landed a job with the Kay Brothers traveling carnival, talking themselves into it by building up their Bronx Opera House appearance as a major triumph. . . . The salary? Well, the team got three bucks. (After a week, they were raised to five.)

When the 30-weeks' tour ended, Lang & Cravat were an established attraction. Now they were taken up by a good, big-time agent, whose clients included Cab Calloway and such top stars. But now the boys aimed at bookings in the better-paying field of night club and theater work. They had great difficulty getting these. Trouble was, the proprietors and theater managers took a dim view of having holes bored in their dance floors and stages—a thing essential to erecting the acrobatic gear.

Then they came up with a solution to their booking problem—a perch act. A perch act is one in which one man supports a long pole atop which gymnastic feats are executed by the other performer or performers. This, of course, requires no boring of holes. The new act was developed in the Settlement gym, to which they continued to repair for workouts between engagements.

Soon they were getting excellent dates—touring theater circuits with name bands such as Ozzie Nelson and Guy Lombardo. Then they signed on with another carnival to do two acts—the horizontal bar act plus the perch act. This arrangement resulted in some sudden improvisation.

They'd never done the perch act except indoors, where there'd be some point of reference overhead at which the pole could be aimed and hence kept in balance. When they attempted to do it outdoors in rehearsal at the carnival lot, they ran into trouble. The only points of reference overhead were clouds, and these just wouldn't stand still. After several tries, they concluded that the act would wind up with an excessively dramatic climax—somebody getting killed.

They told the manager. "But I signed



Burt Lancaster rehearses the act he did on his recent four-weeks tour with Cole Bros. circus. His new film is Hal Wallis' *Rope of Sand*.

you for *two* acts!" he growled. "What else can you guys do?"

"Just a minute," said Nick, and drew Burt off in a huddle.

"You know we haven't got another act!" said Burt. "What'll we do?"

"You," said Nick, "are gonna sing."

"You're nuts," said Burt. "What am I, John Charles Thomas?"

"Who knows?" said Nick.

Nick went over to the manager. "My partner has a great voice. For our opening act, he'll sing."

"Sing!" said the manager. "I thought I hired a couple of acrobats! People don't come to a carnival to listen to singers."

"Sure!" said Nick. "That's just it. A singing acrobat—something new! Sensational! The people'll love it. You'll see! Just try it."

The manager was unenthusiastic: "He better sing good, know what I mean?"

At the first performance, Burt came out alone and, through a megaphone, boomed "Old Man River." The people loved it.

Afterward, they saw the manager again. "Well?" said Nick. "Satisfied?"

"O.K.," said the manager. "The song stays in . . . And, son—that really is a voice you got. Imagine—an acrobat who can sing! I got to admit, you surprised me."

"Ah," said Nick, "you don't know my partner. This boy's got hidden talents. Here you see what's going to be a great man."

"Baloney," said Burt.

But Nick was certain. He still is. And maybe he should be, at that. Whenever a fellow who might so easily have been a bum becomes a guy like Lancaster, who's to say that greatness isn't there? Nick won't, for sure. THE END

NOW I'LL TALK!

(*Continued from page 30*)

whole arrangement. . . . After a while, being weary from jumping up and down to acknowledge each introduction, I went over to a convenient couch in the room, kicked off my shoes and lay down, trying to think of some way to tell these nice people I wouldn't be needing them. Then one of them came over, sat on the couch beside me and touched my limp brow with a cool hand.

Looking up, I was overjoyed to regard Anita Colby, on the Selznick roster at the time, and the sight of that enchanted face simply changed the subject.

I did, however, manage to thank the assembly, and tell them that it would be safer not to plan, but to just stick around a few years and see what happened, a suggestion which surely spared them all a good deal of later embarrassment.

Some time afterward, I again wrestled with a plan in attempting to set my economic house in order. I entrusted my fate to a highly-recommended "expert" on those affairs. But this gentleman apparently was doing a bit of quiet planning of his own, with the result that my little program met with disaster. I believe the state of California has some plans for him.

Now the question of plan arises once more, arousing in me the same caution and thrift of promise, for it begins to appear that no plan at all is better than a plan which fails, so rather than define the course of the future, I shall hark on the lessons of the past and practice a program of "don'ts."

One would think that a background such as mine has been, should be a source of constant enlightenment. Yet, it appears that I have repeatedly gambled my very future and solvency—certainly my comfort and privacy—on a foolish and naïve belief in everyone.

That silly impulse shall be most *definitely* controlled. I've been offering my chin so long that I'm punch drunk, but I must finally admit to having a glass jaw.

There shall be no more stories or statements credited or attributed to me unless actually made or written by me.

During my sojourn at Sheriff Biscailuz's home for wayward boys, numerous accounts of my past and present activities found their way into print. Several writers did stories on me using material copied from my probation application. These were published and howled through the streets of the world as "Robert Mitchum's Life Story."

Things such as these are unfair and distasteful and it makes me appear a bit silly to have stolen my own material. Besides that, I can use the money myself.

As to domestic plans, these are surely of no interest to anyone other than my wife, my children and myself. We must find ourselves a suitable house and the means to acquire it, and I do plan to take the kids fishing. Dorothy and I have never been nightclub-goers, we are the couple least seen at parties, and it surprised no one that Atwater Kent ignored us in his will—so there is no necessity for planning to "slow down" our lives.

My motion picture plans are the concern of my employer, and my most excellent agents, although I shall be more definite in my opinions and suggestions in the future.

I plan to improve my golf game so that Pat Knowles won't jeer at me, and to spend more time with people. People are more fun than almost anyone, and it recently occurred to me when I cast about for friends, that most of these friends turned out to be people.

My recent chastisement by the staunch burghers of society illustrated to me that even in jail there are people.

As a matter of fact, recalling their missteps at treading on the tight wire of propriety, I am amazed that almost all people aren't in jail.

Being strictly a "hard-way" guy all my life, I have come to relish the hard way as a worthy challenge. Not that I advocate the road of total experience—if you can learn the lessons of "don'ts" at mammy's knee, then by all means attend that school. But before I should become an "I-told-you-so-er," it behooves me to suggest that youngsters take note of each deliberate misstep, and see how clearly retribution defines it as a *mistake!*

The (a) "I-told-you-so-ers" were the first ones to go from my book, and the (b) "too bad, kid, you got a rotten deal-ers" are the next.

These are not people, they are (a) moralists and (b) moral opportunists, both of whom *feed* on people as fair game.

I plan to be mighty elusive game. I plan to discover for myself whether I am worth my salt as an actor and, if so, plan to be paid for it. Not in box-car salaries, but in responsibilities, opportunities and authority.

If my abilities are truly mediocre, then I plan to afford a way out, that I might preserve my honesty.

In truth, I plan to live my own life, as progressively, as productively as possible, allowing enough time to appreciate what already has befallen me, and to hope for what the future may bring. THE END

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THIS LOVE OF OURS

(*Continued from page 55*)

passing, and then—another adieu. Finally, after the Liberation, I went to England to make a picture—and this separation, the first one which we could have avoided, we hoped would be the last. When I returned to Paris, in March, 1945, we were married.

What a cold, dreary day that was for such a heavenly occasion! There was a bleak, chill rain falling as we drove to the Mayor's office where the ceremony was to be performed. But, as I reasoned with Quique, how could there be sunshine outside when surely the world's supply was bottled up and overflowing in my own heart?

And Quique was radiant, too. The most beautiful bride ever dreamed of! She wore a gown that was silver gray and a little gray hat whose soft coque feather curled downward, touching her cheek. On the way to the registry, we stopped at a flower stand and found some white violets that she pinned at her waist. Until we stood there hand-in-hand before the magistrate, I had never quite realized how petite she is. Her chin just reaches my shoulder. Perhaps it was the sound of her given name, as our friend the Mayor pronounced it, so frighteningly dignified—Berthe Frederique—that made her seem so tiny by comparison. Berthe Frederique, indeed! "Quique" suits her much better.

After the ceremony, Quique's parents were hosts at a small reception for our relatives and a few friends. We had no honeymoon. It wasn't an era of honeymoons or holidays. We could have gone to the south of France for a few days, but we chose instead to postpone our wedding trip until happier times.

Quique teases me about that. "We came to America on our honeymoon," she tells people, "but on separate airplanes." As a matter of fact, it was almost a year later that I came to Hollywood, and it is true that Quique was delayed another month before her visa was ready. I could not wait for her, as I had promised to start work on a certain date.

Quique taunts me, too, about our reunion at the Los Angeles Airport when she arrived. Every woman who alighted and came toward the gate, I would scan anxiously, looking for my Quique . . . so intently that I finally worked my way out onto the field and in my excited search, passed her without even seeing her! I could hardly believe my ears when I heard her voice calling my name. Somehow this reunion was different than ever before . . . as though it were a finale to all those goodbyes and now we would never really be apart again. This was the honeymoon we'd had to postpone—and now it would never end.

And what a perfect spot for a honeymoon was our small Santa Monica apartment overlooking the magnificent panorama of the blue Pacific! Quique was thrilled by the lush, colorful beauty of California, as I knew she would be, and in those first weeks, when I could get away from the studio, we were undoubtedly the two most excitedly happy honeymooners who ever "did" Hollywood. Weekends we would just lie on the beach in the warm, friendly sun or go for long drives up the coast as far as Santa Barbara or south to Laguna. Or we'd explore the city of Los Angeles from the Santa Monica pier to the old picturesque Mission Church far downtown.

Quique, who is naturally shy, would go into a panic akin to stage fright when faced with any kind of conversation with a stranger in those early months. Her knowledge of English was limited to "hello" and "goodbye." Just recently, we ran into Rex Harrison at a cocktail party. He and Quique were chatting, Quique very animatedly, when she reminded him of a previous meeting, shortly after her arrival.

"Don't you remember?" Quique asked him. "We sat next to each other at dinner."

"Of course," Rex replied, with a puzzled look. "Now I remember! But what was the matter with you? I remember talking a blue streak, trying my best to make conversation, but you would just smile politely and look at me as though I were talking Chinese."

"Well, you might just as well have been," Quique admitted, "because I had no idea of what you were saying. I didn't know a word of English."

her burning passion . . .

We have had many good laughs over Quique's English—her *old* English, I should say—because her present output is better than mine, really. And she can also beat me at gin rummy, which I can take or leave alone but for which Quique has a burning passion. One evening when some friends had dropped in and we had been playing "gin," David Selznick was teasing her about her fondness for the game. "Quique," he chided, "I think you would rather play gin rummy than play a love scene with that romantic movie star, Louis Jourdan."

But did Quique deny the accusation vehemently? She did not. Quique just laughed. The more I think about it, the more I think I should demand from her a definite "yes" or "no" on this momentous question. However, I do believe she loves me a *little* better than gin rummy. At least she has known me longer.

Quique's willingness to give up family and home and loved ones to come to a strange land with me told me that she loved me a great deal. And I pray that I will never fail her trust in me. There have been times, surely, when she has been lonely and homesick. But she never mentions a word of this. And when I come home from the studio, she is vivacious and tender and interested in how the day went for me. Me, I am not always so considerate. If I am blue or discouraged or tired, I'm afraid I look to Quique to cheer me out of it.

We are very close in spirit, Quique and I. We have shared much happiness, we dream many plans, we have shared sorrow and disappointments. In this love of ours, we have found a magic formula that makes the happiness greater for having shared it, the dreams brighter and the disappointments easier to bear. THE END

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GODDESS IN SHADOW

(Continued from page 65)

They were confident that Miss Bergman was as good as their build-up.

Their confidence was not misplaced. The reporters were unable to find any cracks at all in the shining armor. Then one editor, feeling that the man he'd assigned was simply too susceptible to some new brand of feminine charm, sent out a woman long familiar with the Hollywood scene to do the job.

After talking to nearly everybody who'd had any contact with Miss Bergman—about 300 people—the writer arranged to meet the subject of her proposed article. "Tell me, Miss Bergman," she asked, "don't you have *any* faults?"

"Of course, I do," Ingrid replied.

"And what are they?" The writer poised her pencil eagerly.

"I won't tell you," the actress replied with a jolly laugh. "They're dark, secret vices!"

Afterward, the writer wrote the editor: "What are you going to do with a woman like that? Everybody says nothing but nice things about her. And now, darned if *I'm* not completely for her, too. My illusions are sort of restored." And then she went into a long paean of praise.

Ingrid has generally been more popular with men than with women. Yet even women have had, up to now, a hard time finding real grounds for criticism. But they've tried.

"You've got to hand it to her," one female cynic has said. "She manages to make all her faults appear to be virtues. For instance, she doesn't know the word "stingy" exists. She's replaced it with "thrifty." Look how she sent an old friend a bottle of cheap champagne and a single aspirin tablet for his birthday—with a note saying she hoped his celebration would be so festive he'd need the aspirin the next morning. Thoughtful, wasn't it? Clever, wasn't it? But think what she saved!"

A studio secretary exclaimed dazedly not long ago. "The goddess is human after all!" She'd just overheard Miss Bergman express herself with a few minor cuss-words after looking at some photographs which had been retouched.

"No, darling," the secretary's companion said, "she's still all goddess. She just can't conceive that someone might want to improve on her face."

"She was absolutely right," a photographer defended hotly. "Take out one line and you spoil the characterization she's trying to convey."

The cuss-words were unusual. So unusual that some people have accused her of being a prude: "Yoghurt every evening before she goes to bed. Quantities of milk. Never says anything naughty. The goodest girl in Sunday School, she is," has been heard. However, the truth is that in addition to all this, Ingrid Bergman has always enjoyed a cocktail or a glass of champagne or two. And since learning to smoke for *Arch of Triumph*, she smokes regularly.

However, there's been something about her that's made everyone mind his manners in her presence. One widely-syndicated columnist noted for his brash approach visited Hollywood, asked to meet her and told the person taking him to be introduced, "Brother, let me warn you—I'm going to tell her a dirty story or two. She can't be as pure as everyone says she is." But when he met her, he became as tongue-tied and awed as any young lad first discovering love.

divine inspiration . . .

During the war years, all studio visitors were restricted to men in uniform. Ingrid Bergman was among those actors and actresses who were never too busy to meet them. Many of these men were on a long-deserved holiday—and full of the spirit of it, too. There was more than one who would call any actor or actress by first name, then proceed to make some crack. Few if any of them were intimidated by pre-knowledge of Ingrid Bergman's position in screen entertainment. But in her presence, somehow, they became as well-behaved as little boys in church.

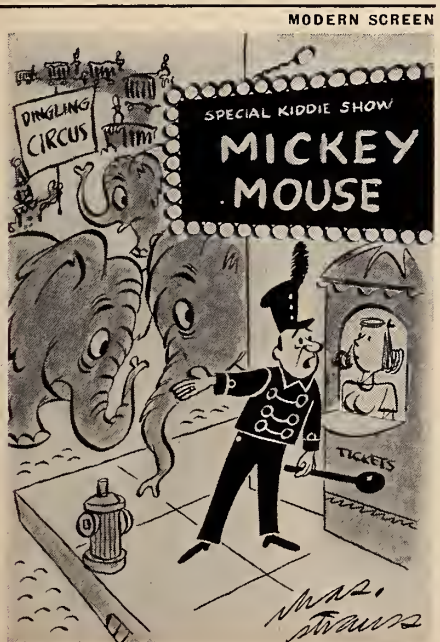
The crew itself is vastly different on a Bergman set than on that of any other actress. Usually free-and-easy, they become, while working with her, men more cleanly shaved, neater in attire, and circumspect in language.

None of her leading men has ever had a word to say against her. When one columnist intimated that Cary Grant had fallen in love with her, Cary and the other men in the cast and crew sent the columnist a note which read, "Of course, we're in love with Ingrid Bergman. All of us."

Yet the one inescapable rumor any married actress must endure sooner or later, is that she's divorcing her husband. Ingrid, until the current field day in the press, had suffered perhaps less of this sort of thing than almost any other celebrity. However, divorce gossip did arise during the period when Dr. Lindstrom was far away in New York State studying at the University of Rochester. It was quickly stilled when he came to complete his studies at the Los Angeles County General Hospital—where later he became resident head of neurosurgery.

One doctor there said recently, "Dr. Lindstrom has gone further in his profession than his wife has in hers. But he's publicity-shy. And how sensible this is! Let one word of his achievements get out and the newspapers would make a three-ring circus of it because of her. That would be bad for him professionally—and probably domestically. As it is, the Lind-

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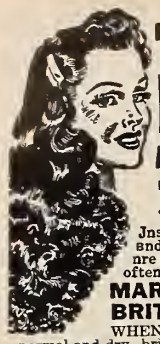
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SEND FOR GENEROUS TRIAL SIZE

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stroms are about the happiest and best-adjusted couple I know."

Would he say that of them now?

Ingrid Bergman has said time and time again: "Of all I have to be grateful for, I am most grateful to my husband for giving me freedom to pursue my profession. Without his complete sympathy, encouragement and understanding, I should never have been able to achieve both personal and professional happiness."

"But if she weren't in love with Rossellini," the Hollywood raised-eyebrow set has been asking as a clincher, "why didn't she stay right here and make a movie for a lot more money?"

One answer to that might be that she was deeply disappointed when *Joan of Arc* failed to bring her an Academy Award. Beyond that doubtful possibility, there exists an explanation that is much more probable:

By this time, the thrifty Miss Bergman is pretty well free of financial worry, so money isn't as important to her now as a fresh artistic challenge. For a long time, she had deeply admired from afar the film-making genius of Roberto Rossellini. A few months ago, she wrote him, "If you can find a small part in one of your new productions for a little Swedish girl by the name of Bergman, she is ready for it." Soon he came to her in Hollywood, on fire about a picture idea. He described it as a film in which everybody but one girl would speak Italian, French or German. The girl would speak English. "I want to prove," he said, "that a good love story, like love itself, knows no language barriers. People say I'm crazy, that it can't be done. But with *you* as the girl—I know it can!"

opportunity knocks again . . .

After many long conferences, with Dr. Lindstrom beside her to ask surgically precise questions of the challenger, she decided to accept the part. Once again Dr. Lindstrom had said—as he said long ago when Selznick wanted her to leave Sweden for Hollywood—"If you want to grow in your profession, this is a chance you can't afford to miss."

It may be that Ingrid's great professional admiration for Rossellini has deepened into an emotional involvement. But she has shown a great deal of demonstrative enthusiasm for several other men with whom she's worked—for David Lewis, producer of *Arch of Triumph*; for David Selznick; for Alfred Hitchcock; for Cary Grant—and in every case, it's been nothing more than professional.

Possibly the same could hold true of her attitude toward Rossellini.

Finally, there's an explanation that, while cynical, does indeed seem to have a good deal of logic to support it: The entire Bergman-Rossellini "romance" may have started as a deliberate publicity device—which then got wildly out of hand.

Millions were poured into Bergman's *Arch of Triumph*. Up to now, it's been a dismal flop at the box-office. Aside from any intrinsic shortcomings in the film, there is one major reason for its failure to attract the customers: In it, Bergman played a very shady lady indeed, a character completely at variance with the sweet and wholesome Ingrid the public has come to idolize. A large number of Ingrid's faithful followers were shocked and disturbed. They didn't like it a bit, and said so. Since word-of-mouth advertising is still the most important publicity a film can get, *Arch of Triumph* became a commercial dud. Mainly because of the financial beating taken on this, the producers, Enterprise Productions, folded. Ingrid, who was reported to have signed to make the picture for 35 percent of the profits, has, [illegible]se, not realized a penny.

Obviously, things might have been vastly different if Ingrid's appearance in *Arch* hadn't seemed to the people to be such glaring mis-casting. Could it be that an effort was therefore made to demonstrate that perhaps Bergman isn't entirely the saint she's seemed—that she should be just as acceptable playing lurid parts as any other actress who actually possesses a few garden-variety frailties?

If this idea were successfully implanted, *Arch* still might be salvaged.

Besides, in Ingrid's new Hitchcock film, *Under Capricorn*, she plays a dipsomaniac who sinks to degradation. Coming on the heels of *Joan of Arc*, Ingrid in this might be even more disturbing to the public than she was in *Arch*. So here might well be a further powerful consideration in deciding it would be sensible to allow the fans to view the real-life Ingrid in a less angelic light.

If the affair had been engineered by publicists, it is quite conceivable that Ingrid herself didn't realize it. It is not unheard-of for press agents to place a star in some situation that promises publicity without the star's really knowing what is afoot. Then, when he or she honestly tries to cope with the situation, the whole phony arrangement seems the more plausible.

Thus, if rumors of a romantic attachment were judiciously planted at the time Rossellini first approached Ingrid, everything that thereafter developed in the normal course of events would have served to make the fabrication convincing. If Ingrid and Rossellini had categorically denied the gossip, the speculation would still have continued through the mere fact of their working closely together. And their refusal to comment, even if springing from a sincere conviction that by so doing they were refraining from dignifying the rumors, added considerably to the flames.

Obviously, whether or not the whole thing was started as a publicity scheme, Ingrid and Rossellini may have come to have a sincere affection for each other.

At this time, after surveying all known and theoretical aspects of the matter, it is impossible to reach any firm conclusion as to where the reality lies.

Time will tell. In the meantime, speculation goes on apace concerning one of the most surprising stories ever to come out of the film world. THE END



Ingrid Bergman, director Rossellini and (right) Mario Vitole—the fishermen who's her new leading man—on location at Stromboli, Italy.

NEVER UNDERESTIMATE THE POWER

(*Continued from page 62*)

she added. "I'm not interested in marriage. I'm interested in skating."

Fade-out Sonja Henie!

Fade-in Janet Gaynor!

Up until the advent of Linda Christian, Ty has usually preferred the company of women older than he. Highly intelligent, he has found himself attuned to their likes, their standards, their settled ways.

Janet Gaynor was eight years older than Ty when they began going with each other. She had known success for many years, and possessed wealth and charm and beauty. Power, newly come upon fame, found her maturity, her sharp intellect, completely irresistible. But only for a short while. For six months, however, he courted her exclusively. There was for him no other woman in the world. (Power always has been a one-woman-at-a-time practitioner.)

Naturally, the wedding bells were prematurely rung by the columnists. As they were rung more frequently, Ty began seeing less and less of Miss Gaynor. Finally, he broke off, and Janet married Gilbert Adrian, the dress-designer—just as, 10 years later, Lana Turner was destined to marry Bob Topping.

what romance? . . .

When Miss Gaynor was asked why her companionship with Ty had failed to ripen into matrimony, she told reporters that Ty had never discussed the subject, that their romance was merely a dream conjured up by the newspapers. Through it all, Ty held his tongue.

Fade-out Janet Gaynor!

Fade-in Norma Shearer!

Norma was nine years older than Ty. She had lost her husband, Irving Thalberg, in the 1930's. She was extremely wealthy, extremely talented, extremely anything good you want to think of.

Ty phoned for dates. Lonely, knowing that despite death, life must go on, Norma decided to accept the young man's invitations. They became a well-known combination. When people began discussing them in terms of matrimony, Mr. Power stopped concentrating on Miss Shearer and started concentrating on his career.

When she was asked what had caused the break in their romance, Miss Shearer evinced surprise. "What romance?" There had never been any romance between her and Mr. Power.

As usual, Ty said nothing.

The only times he has talked about any woman, he has talked about his two wives, Annabella and Linda.

In 1939, Ty frankly told the press that he would marry Annabella as soon as they could get a Papal dispensation. It wasn't forthcoming, but Ty married Annabella anyway. She gave her age as 26. He said he was 25. For three years Ty and Annabella lived together as man and wife. On August 24, 1942, Ty enlisted in the Marines as a private. Four years later, he was released as a senior lieutenant in naval aviation.

He tried to take up his marriage where he'd left off, but apparently something was wrong. Either he'd outgrown Annabella or Annabella had outgrown him.

According to papers filed by Annabella in the California Superior Court, Ty told his wife six months after he left the service that "he was no longer inclined to accept the responsibilities of marriage." He was leaving home.

Fade-out Annabella. Fade-in Lana Turner and Linda Christian.

It was while Ty was going with Lana that he met Linda. Few people realized that there was any fondness between these two until Linda suddenly showed up in Rome while Ty was there on his round-the-world trip.

It then became apparent to those in the know that Ty would drop Lana as soon as he hit the States and substitute Linda for her.

No one, however, expected the dark-haired Lothario to marry the Mexican girl. All Hollywood underrated Linda—largely because Hollywood didn't know her and has never really known Tyrone.

Many persons thought they knew Power, thought they knew all about the women he liked—the older women, the charmers, the sophisticates. Some of them had predicted that he would never marry Turner because she wasn't sufficiently mature and worldly. They were right.

These same prophets imagined that they could predict correctly about Linda Christian. They were wrong.

She knew from the start that she would marry Tyrone, and she so told the Countess Van Horne, one of those continental dowagers who introduce attractive young girls around town. Through the Countess, Linda met the Hollywood upper crust.

What made Linda so confident about capturing Ty, especially when some pretty nifty predecessors had failed, she alone knows, and at the moment, she isn't telling.

We do know, though, that of all the women Power had gone with previously, Linda was the only one who was willing to give up her career for marriage. There are some who say that she didn't have much of a career to give up, that she'd been put in a Tarzan picture largely through the intervention of Bo Roos, a Hollywood business manager, and that she had done precious little acting—but such catty comments don't alter the fact. And the fact is that Linda does not want a career. She wants a husband, a home, and five kids.

womanly-wise . . .

If Lana had wanted such domesticity, if Sonja Henie, Janet Gaynor, and the others had wanted the same thing, perhaps Ty might have married one of them.

The undeniable fact, however, is that Linda was the first girl Ty had ever gone with who was willing to renounce everything for that gold band on the second finger. In addition, she was loaded with characteristics he admired. She was a linguist, she was better educated than he (there is no part of the world in which she doesn't feel at home), she made no great demands for riches, wealth, or ostentation.

She also ran into Ty at the right strategic time. A man who has been married once is almost dead-certain to get married again. Over the years he becomes accustomed to a woman around the house, and he misses a hostess and all the feminine niceties that come with a wife.

Moreover, Linda knew what traits appealed to Ty and, being equipped with these, she brought them to the fore.

Linda is the seventh woman of any importance in the love-life of Tyrone Power. She told her 18-year-old sister, Ariadna, who was her bridesmaid, "No matter what people say, I will be his best and last."

If anyone can speak with authority on the matter, the womanly-wise and beautiful Linda is clearly the one to do so.

THE END



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SPIRT & COMPANY, Dept. DM-7, Waterbury, Conn.

THE QUEEN SAYS "NUTS!"

(*Continued from page 46*)

somewhat floored by the lady's remarks, themselves tell with great enthusiasm of their encounters with the Stanwyck tongue.

Earl Wilson, the syndicated self-styled "saloon editor," reports *his* experience as being the beginning of a beautiful friendship with her. This started several years ago when Robert Taylor was in New York on a mission for the Navy. Missy—as Barbara's known to friends—wanted to have all the hours the Navy left her of her wartime Lieutenant, so she was there with him. When people came to interview Bob, Barbara would duck, holding that it was a sound idea not to intrude. So it came about that after Earl had gone up to the hotel to see Bob, he reported in his column, he hadn't met the Lieutenant's attractive wife. He said, a shade bitterly, that when he'd inquired after her he'd been told she was in the bath. His further comments angered the lady's pals. When they wanted to do something about it, she bade them lay off. "It'll be okay," she promised.

Shortly afterwards, she and Bob were in the Stork Club. Earl tried to get their attention, but failed. When Earl marched up to challenge, Bob honestly explained he hadn't seen him. Missy, however, turned on Wilson and said, "I'm the one who saw you—and didn't speak to you."

choice words . . .

Right there the friendship started. Barbara even writes guest columns for Earl when he goes on vacation. It was Earl who had the temerity to urge her to see her ex-husband, Frank Fay, with the invisible rabbit in the play *Harvey*. Not being one who stomachs the Hollywood bromide of couples remaining friends forever, after a divorce, Barbara came back with a retort that was gleefully reported by Earl. "No, thank you. I saw all the rabbits Fay had to offer years ago."

This direct attitude of hers is nothing new. At the age of 13, she lied about her age (a practice she scorns today) to get a job with the telephone company. Some talent scout for the company knew a good speaking voice when he heard it and cast Ruby Stevens—as Barbara was named then—in the complaint department. There she served as a shock-absorber for disgruntled patrons until one particularly querulous woman suddenly heard the patient, impersonal voice of the telephone company break into sharp Brooklynese: "*No*body talks to *me* that way, lady! Keep your blank-blank shirt on." Plus a few more well-chosen words.

Of course, the woman didn't take this calmly. So Ruby Stevens was shoved out of earning her keep with a telephone until years later when, known as Barbara Stanwyck, she scored in *Sorry, Wrong Number*.

Back when her name was first changed from Ruby Stevens, she confused her unsuspecting but experienced family. They went to see their Ruby make her debut as an actress in the Broadway opening of *The Noose*. Settled in their seats, they looked over the program. There was no Ruby Stevens billed. With one united sigh, they arose and left before the curtain went up, saying, "She probably shot off her mouth and got fired again."

There are those who say that Willard Mack, director of *The Noose*, furthered the lady's determination to say "Nuts!" when she felt the occasion called for it. She has stated many times, "Mr. Mack threw the corn out of all of us. He used to say that if we couldn't come on stage without screwing up our faces or beating our hands in the air, we could just make the next exit permanent."

One of Hollywood's top directors got a permanent exit from Barbara's life when he made the mistake of bawling out her stand-in—who couldn't answer back. Her ferocious loyalty to those who work with her but don't share in the acclaim, provided particular inspiration for remarks to that director of which only her concluding line can be printed. "I'll never work with you again!" And she never has, despite the fact that one picture offered her, with him as director, was one she longed to make; and despite the fact that she generally believes everyone must do his job regardless of personal feelings.

That latter belief makes her mighty quick to bat sulkers down. Joel McCrea tells of being lent to Warners to play opposite her as leading man. His only picture experience then consisted of two juvenile roles in Will Rogers' films. His first excitement over his elevation died rapidly when, as the son of a wealthy father, portrayed by the late distinguished and suave C. Aubrey Smith, he found himself hardly noticeable in the picture. He seethed while, in most scenes, only the back of his head or an angle of his broad shoulders was photographed. The climax came when he was given the same business by the still photographers getting pictures for advertising purposes. He started to walk away, saying angrily, "You don't need the back of my head to get everybody else's faces."

Barbara called out, "Listen, slug—for the son of C. Aubrey Smith, your manners aren't very good!"

Recalling the incident recently, on the set of *South of St. Louis*, Joel said, "She really gave me the works. I knew she was right. When I cooled down and apologized, she was wonderful to me. She went to infinite pains to help me. I've made four pictures with her since. She's never lost that quality. Not long ago, I was so impressed by her realism in a scene that I forgot to say my lines. Was she flattered when I explained? She exploded, 'Blank-blank it! Must you spoil a good scene?'"

While she's a great one to go all-out to help new talent, she isn't intimidated by any "Be Kind to Newcomers" propaganda.

MODERN SCREEN



"I'm tying shoeloces together—whot ore you doing?"

While Bob Taylor was in the Navy, she was pursued at a party by a young leading man who hoped to get a role in her next picture. He was so obviously certain the way to get it was to conduct a flirtation, that when he finally backed her into a corner, she competently disposed of him by asking, "What is this, the mating season?"

Nor is she to be intimidated by the star-chasing hoodlums who spend their days recklessly pursuing celebrities in foul ways or fair. Once when she was staying on the 25th floor of the Waldorf in New York, there was a terrific racket at her door. When she opened it, a dozen or so boisterous, demanding boys started to stampede through. With a strength born of determination and with no apology, she pushed them right back. One complained bitterly, "Say, we walked up 25 flights to get your autograph!"

"Did anybody invite you?" she asked blandly. The door was locked behind them.

She blames Bob Taylor entirely for attracting fans. She says they never recognize her unless she's with him.

"Oh, once I was recognized," she'll admit. "I was having dinner without Bob at the Vine Street Derby. Chelios, the maitre d', asked me if I'd go through the kitchen when I left. He said someone had spotted me and a mob of fans had gathered outside to wait for me and the officer on the beat was afraid of a disturbance. I was never so impressed in my life. So, the one time I was recognized without Taylor along, I got shown out the kitchen door!"

Soothing compliments are met with that same "Nuts!" attitude. Someone recently told her she had such *beautiful* blonde hair. "Blonde, my eye!" she retorted. "Don't you know silver gray when you see it?"

Another person, just before the latest Academy Awards, pointed out that, after three previous times up and no Oscar yet, she should have this year's Award for *Sorry Wrong Number*. "Huh!" she answered. "Olivia de Havilland should have it for *The Snake Pit*. I hope she does—nobody can be jealous of a great talent like hers. It's something you have to respect. Sentiment shouldn't enter into it."

In case anyone suspects she was guilty of a bit of an Alphonse-Gaston act herself, he should have heard her when she failed to win the Award a few years back for her fine work in *Stella Dallas*. "I really thought I'd get it. My heart's blood was in it," she said simply. In that era of sweetness and light on the part of the loser, her words came as a shock.

As did her remark to a big businessman recently. She was at the home of some non-professional friends when the tycoon happened to drop in. She was telling about a personal experience in a big store which had just opened in Los Angeles. He tried to impress her with his business acumen by making involved predictions concerning the store's future. She kept moving away from him, but he kept following. Having at long last unlimbered himself with a barrage of boring facts, figures and opinions to back up his predictions he said, "Now that I've told you all this, have you come to any conclusion?"

She ignored him at first, trying to avoid creating a situation. But he raised his voice and repeated, "I said, have you come to any conclusion?"

"Yes," she answered. Then, creating the impression she had gone to the top of a grand staircase for her pronouncement, she said, "The conclusion of this conversation." And she departed for home.

While she never tells stories of how she's squelched someone, she's quick to tell of others' ability to do so. She has two current favorites. One was delivered by Dr. Joel Pressman, Claudette Colbert's husband. He'd treated Mrs. William Paley, one of the late Dr. Harvey Cushing's beautiful daughters and recently acclaimed the year's best-dressed woman, for a minor throat ailment. That evening at a party, a gushing woman said, "Oh! Dr. Pressman! Wasn't it exciting to treat the best-dressed woman in the world?"

"I was under the impression I was treating the daughter of the world's greatest brain specialist," he said softly.

The other one is on herself. While at Slapsie Maxie's one night to see Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis perform, she was invited to dance by Jerry Lewis. An enthusiastic jitterbugger, she was no more than two minutes on the dance floor when he threw her arms off him and said, "I won't dance unless you let *me* lead."

Well, that's the lady who says "Nuts!" Not long ago, she was in the office of her personal press representative, Helen Ferguson. Helen and her staff keep a pot of coffee going all the time. Barbara was offered some and took a couple of swallows before she left.

A couple of hours later, a magnificent, fool-proof coffee maker was delivered to Miss Ferguson. Accompanying it was a note which read:

Dear Helen: If you use this you won't be serving poison.
Missy

P. S. Rude, ain't she?

"But magnificently so, magnificently so," her friends, many of whom are converted critics, remind you. THE END

MY DAZE—BY RONALD REAGAN

(*Continued from page 37*)

30 hours straight—and my body finally agreed with my mind that we were on a new schedule. I slept like a log all night, and never had any more trouble.

I'd gone to London last November to play the role of Yank in *The Hasty Heart*. (The script described him as being "in his early thirties, more wholesome than handsome, with a manner more relaxed than lazy." "Type casting," my friends had grinned.) I'd never been outside the U. S. before in my life and when I found myself jogging along in one of those famous London cabs on my way from the station to the Savoy Hotel, I felt a little uncertain about this Yank's reaction to England. As I peered out into the blanket-like fog I was already a little homesick. I wondered if I were going to feel that way throughout the four months I'd be there.

Within a minute of registering at the hotel desk I had my answer. I had just put down the pen after signing my name when a girl's voice called, "Ronnie!"

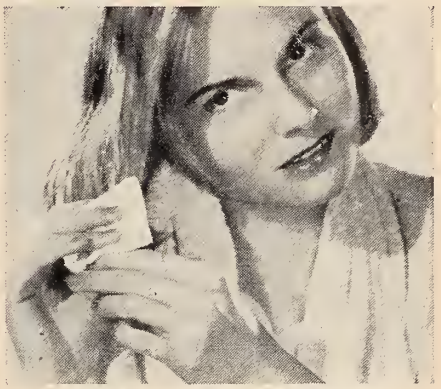
I turned—and there stood Elizabeth Taylor and her mother. In London to make *The Conspirator*, they too were staying at the Savoy.

"We just got a big food package from home, full of roast beef," Elizabeth said, "and you are hereby invited to join us at dinner!"

So that night we three Hollywoodites sat in the Savoy's dining room having Hollywood roast beef, especially prepared by the chef. Homesick, indeed! I told the Taylors what I could of the West Coast, and they told me news of the other Hollywoodites in London. I heard about Cary Grant's yellow jaundice, and about other

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fellow-guests at the Savoy—Robert Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Cotten, Virginia Mayo, Michael O'Shea, Howard Hawks, and director Henry Hathaway and his wife. Quite an American Club!

After dinner, I went calling on Ann Sheridan, who was ill with pleurisy in the same hotel. I was armed with clippings from home, magazines, and as much news as I could remember (I'm not very good on gossip). I found most of the London Hollywoodites at her bedside—then and the other times I saw her. It was impossible for any of us to see Cary Grant in his flat; his type of yellow jaundice was contagious.

That was my introduction to faraway London. As time went on, however, our work schedule prevented us from seeing very much of each other. (Besides, as I've said, the first three days I was struggling along in a daze of insomnia. What a relief it was to have *that* fog lift!)

But even so, I felt right at home working on the picture. For one thing, although everyone in the picture was British except Patricia Neal, director Vincent Sherman and myself, I was dressed just as I always seem to be in American movies. Yep, I was wearing a U.S. Army uniform! There's no doubt about it—studios have kept me in uniform longer than the Army did.) The British crew was just as friendly as an American one, and far more curious. The set soon had what was called "The Reagan Corner," and I became an answering service for hundreds of questions. Mainly, they wanted to know three things about us: our weather, our food, and the life in Hollywood. Really, the only strangeness I found in making a British picture boiled down to one thing: after a couple of months away from the California sun, my face became so pale that I had to wear a suntan make-up—breaking my record of never having worn any make-up at all. Otherwise, making my 38th picture was a lot like making the first 37.

hi-ya, queen . . .

My social life was, however, very different and extremely limited. I got up at 6 A.M., rode out to the studio in the suburbs of London, and worked all day. At night, I never got back to the hotel before 8 P.M., and generally (like the other Hollywood actors) I'd have dinner in my room, fall into bed, study my lines and go to sleep.

Once, though, I had the climax of all British social experiences—at a Command Performance, I met the Royal Family. I'm sorry to say I acted like a typical Yank! In spite of all my preparation in court etiquette, I forgot all the "Your Majesties" and just blurted out, "How do you do?" to the Queen. She was as charming about it as if she, too, had grown up in Illinois.

I got a huge kick out of going to the European continent, after the picture was finished. With Arthur Abeles (he's the London head of Warners) and his wife, I went to Monte Carlo. But after only two days there, I got the sad news that I'd have to rush back to London for retakes on the picture. So I boarded a French train alone—wondering how my high-school French would serve me during the overnight trip to Paris. Well, if I do say so, I did myself proud! I'm still surprised about it. As in all French trains, I was not alone in my compartment; my partner was a pleasant French businessman. I forced out a few French sentences, and soon we were getting on so well that he asked me to lunch in Paris the next day, at the Rotarian Club! I did equally well with two other Frenchmen in the dining car.

I suppose one reason that the whole trip seemed to me amazingly homelike was because of incidents like this one: I ate the one meal I had time for in Paris, alone, in a restaurant. I sat down at a table, ordered, and then heard an American voice say, "Hello, there." I looked up to see a strange American couple at a nearby table. I nodded hello, although I didn't know them at all. Then I heard the man murmur to his wife, "I swear I know that fellow—but I just can't think of his name!" Throughout the meal he tried to place me; he still hadn't when I left.

By the time I landed in New York in March, I was so homesick for California I didn't bother to stay long. I allowed 24 hours for New York, dining with my agent and his wife at their home—and falling asleep at the dinner table! (I was back at my old can't-adjust-to-the-time tricks.)

As I write this, I'm rushing back to Hollywood. You know what I want most, after these months away? I want gallons of orange juice, and I want to get the darkest suntan in California. I'd like to regain the weight I lost in England, too. (How much I lost I don't know, but I sure look scrawny!) But mainly, I want to get back on the busy end of a posthole digger. I was building new paddock fences around my Valley ranch all last summer—and I can't wait to finish what I started. This will mean working in the sun for hours every day, and eating meals with my ranch-partner Nino Pipitone and his family.

I'm making only one stop-over on my way to those paddock fences. I'll be in Washington, D.C., for a few hours because I'm lucky enough to have an appointment with President Truman—not alone, however; I'm on a Hollywood committee. I'm representing the Screen Actors' Guild, and there will be representatives from Hollywood labor groups at the meeting. But it's a great way for an American to return from a trip abroad—to shake hands with the President on his way home.

Now, there are two final questions I'd like to answer. Everyone asks me, "Didn't you have any heavy dates in London? Don't you expect to have some heavy romance in Hollywood?" My answer to the first is that I didn't, and to the second, that I don't. But I do own several horses, and they're all mares!

THE END



HOW TIME FLIES!

■ After *Broadway Serenade,* many people said the story closely resembled the case of Ginger Rogers and Lew Ayres. But Ginger and Lew reaffirm that there are no sentimental reasons for staving off their divorce, just purely sensible ones. For one thing, they are economically better off on account of community property and, for another, they feel that staying married to each other is a safeguard against making any more marital mistakes.—*October 1939 Modern Screen*

MYTHS STARS BELIEVE ABOUT THEMSELVES

(*Continued from page 36*)

their trapezes to something solid or they fly off into space. Orson Welles still rises grandly above mere matters of money and business. As a result, he's chronically busted. He's so wrapped up in his Olympian robes he pays no one else or their feelings any mind. Once during the war Orson staged a big Bond rally in Texas, with the Secretary of the Treasury, and half of Hollywood's biggest stars, lined up to put over the show. The stars rehearsed for days, then when the program came on, Orson talked so much himself that half of them never got a chance to peep into the mike!

Orson's genius is still there beneath the lordly legend he's been living for years. He's just delivered a terrific performance as Borgia in Ty Power's picture, *Prince of Foxes*. But he can't lose his Superman mantle. Ever since Laurence Olivier scored so brilliantly in Shakespeare's *Henry V*, Orson's been going to outdo him or bust. He's busted once—when he made a *Macbeth* so weird it may never be released. He's going to tackle *Othello* this summer and Heaven knows what out-of-the-world twist he'll tack on that.

razzle-dazzle . . .

Only the other day Orson wanted some Hollywood stars to come over and do a picture with him in Paris. They have Orson's number by now; they cabled back, "For how long and for how much?" He answered them airily, rising above these mundane matters, "Paris is beautiful in the spring." Sure it is, but I don't see how the Man from Mars can observe that from way up where he perches beyond the clouds. I do wish he'd come down to earth!

Now, I'm certainly not against the stars kidding themselves if it doesn't hurt their careers and if—particularly if—it tints Hollywood with some dash and color. As far as I'm concerned, characters like Errol Flynn and Victor Mature can go ahead and stage all the razzle-dazzles they want so long as nobody is really injured.

Errol rode into Hollywood on a fabulous fiction of derring-do which set the stage for all the swashbuckling parts he's played since—and maybe for the life he's lived since, too. Being Irish and blessed with a vivid imagination, Errol had everyone who quizzed him drop-jawed with blood-curdling tales—tales starring E. Flynn as the hero, of course—even before his first Hollywood movie came out. It's true enough that young Flynn had sailed around the South Seas a bit, adventured here and there in New Guinea, Tasmania and a few wild and woolly parts. But how Errol ever lived through those death defying ordeals he used to spin out by the yard without being a nine-lived cat, it's hard to figure.

To hear Errol tell it—and he could always tell it—if a head-hunter wasn't after his handsome profile, a crocodile had designs on steak *à la Flynn*. He was either wrestling a python in the jungle or shinnying up a waterspout in a South Sea typhoon. The Perils of Pauline had nothing on Flynn and after a session with the boy you couldn't wait until next time to see what death defying yarn he'd come up with. Sometimes he'd get his facts a little mixed, and when you'd call him he'd grin disarmingly and wiggle out with a slick excuse—or maybe a new chapter.

Once, Errol showed up with a patched noggin which, he explained, was the result of racing his speedy motor dashingly but too fast. The "auto accident," in that case, was actually champagne that his French wife, Lili Damita, applied—still bottled—to Errol's scalp during one of their love spats. But who cares about facts where Errol Flynn is concerned? He's got the dash, charm and personality to carry the act and I, for one, hope he never drops it. And I wouldn't be surprised if that fanciful mind of his doesn't believe his own gay tongue, anyway. Other day I was asking him about the picture he wants to produce and star in, too, *The Great Buccaneer*.

"It's the kind of thing I'm perfect for, Hedda," said the Flynn. "A pirate, in a sense, a sort of nautical Robin Hood. He steals from the rich and gives to the poor."

"I suppose," I mentioned, "you know all about pirates."

"As a matter of fact," brightened Errol, going right into stride, "once sailing the South Seas—did I ever tell you . . . ?" he started.

"Yes, Errol," I told him, "you did. But I can't wait for the new, 1949 version."

Victor Mature, after he ran around in fur rugs like an antediluvian Tarzan in *One Million B.C.*, began pulling his famous "gorgeous hunk of man" act with a vengeance. He lived in a tent, you know, he surrounded himself with huge dogs, he let his hair wave in the breeze, he never covered, when possible, the whiskers on his chest. And—it certainly was no secret that Mister Mature was a devil with the women. He would flaunt his florid affairs to be sure they didn't bloom unseen. With a couple of Hollywood publicity pals, the Mature campaign kept in high gear right up until he joined the Coast Guard and took time out to fight a war.

the doghouse . . .

There were society girls swooning at studio gates and stage doors and lovely ladies sneaking pass keys to his hotel rooms and what-all. Vic beaued Rita Hayworth around, before and between her battles with Orson, and their sweet secrets were an open book; Vic obligingly turned the pages when anyone inquired. The walls of his studio dressing room (which he called "the doghouse") were black with scrawled telephone numbers of bundles for Victor. (He called a painter frantically, I remember, the day before he got married and hustled him to that dressing room, pointed to the numbers. "For Pete's sake," urged Vic, "paint those out right away, will you?")

Vic revelled in such critical snorts as "the overripe Romeo" and "hunk of man." And his lusty lover legend paid off. Well, Vic may believe his own theme yell of "Wolf, wolf"—but I don't. Do you know where he shines—really shines? Not as Don Juan with golden keys to milady's boudoir. But as a family man, supreme, thoroughly domesticated and loving his role of foster dad. (I think he's even stopped kidding himself by now.)

Speaking of Victor Mature recalls the beautiful gal who's just finished playing Delilah to his Samson for Cecil B. De Mille. Hedy Lamarr, of course. I'm not sure how much of that glamor gush Hedy herself believed when she got the age-old Hollywood vamp build-up. Maybe that siren role in *Algiers* did turn her head a little. At least, after meeting Charles Boyer in the Casbah, Hedy had a stretch of fancying herself quite an actress and MGM had trouble from then on getting her to take direction and to play the parts they wanted her to. But that was pro-

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fessional. In person, Hedy remained what she is—a beautiful and simple girl. The earthy things are Hedy's dish—not the silks and satins and emeralds, in spite of the Lamarr legend. She's a born mama and housewife and the great tragedy in her life is that she hasn't made a happy marriage.

When she was expecting her last baby, she used to come to see me wheeling her first born in a heavy carriage five long blocks and then lifting the buggy up my steps alone before I could help her. "You'll hurt yourself that way," I scolded her more than once. "It's good for me," she'd reply. "I am—what you say?—the pioneer woman type."

Joan Crawford has lived her Hollywood legend to the hilt. The legend, that is, of the Perfect Movie Star in Person. Crawford makes headlines day in and out, whether it's a romance, a robbery or just a dog fight—as when her pooch tangled with Lady Mendl's in the lobby of the St. Regis Hotel in New York.

culture vulture . . .

Joan adores her fans and all the adulation that goes with her Hollywood fame. Years ago Joan set out to be the Hollywood spotlight star and she's succeeded. By now her star act is natural and she's written Hollywood history, both on the screen and off. But there are a few Crawford acts that don't ring as true—except to Joan herself. I think when she's in their grip, though, she can even hypnotize herself enough to believe 'em.

There was Joan's Culture period—the Poetry one where she dallied with the Muse. And I'm sure Joan herself was certain, when she was in her Musical fable's throes, that she was headed right for La Scala or the Met. She studied voice for years and warbled at the drop of a suggestion.

Joan went through the Little Theater madness, too. She built one right in her garden when she was married to Franchot Tone, and was going to turn Broadway upside down one of these days. One of them. She never did—but you can't blame a gal for trying anything—singing, acting, writing, painting or praying—except when she makes such a production of it.

Joan Crawford's trouble is that she overdoes what she does; for instance, her celebrity collecting which she works at overtime. The last time Noel Coward came to Hollywood Joan took over Le Papillon and sent wires to almost everyone inside the city limits. "Please come to a party to meet my great friend Noel Coward," she invited. Bea Lillie happened to be here at the time, a lady who really is a great friend of Noel's. She replied, "Thanks so veddy much, but I've already met Noel."

Another Joan—Joan Fontaine—had another sort of trouble. Hers was a "little sister" bugaboo, the stubborn conviction that Olivia de Havilland's screen success had relegated her dismally to a position in the shade. She was quite hipped on it when she first broke into pictures herself—to the extent of changing her name, writing a contract forbidding publicity linking her with Olivia, feuding with her good-natured sis and even going after her beaus. (Joan's first husband Brian Aherne squired Livvy around before Joan took him away and married him.) That competitive chimera was very real to Joan. It damaged her health and disposition, but who knows—maybe it was also the spur which made her the fine actress she is today. At least, it was cured for keeps the day Joan captured her Oscar for *Suspicion* and at last stood on equal footing with Big Sister Olivia. There's not a more poised, happy, gay and charming lady in Hollywood now than Joan.

I've been mighty pleased to see Frank Sinatra drop his chip-on-shoulder act and stop challenging everybody who criticizes him. Frankie, who fancies his fistic talents and even sponsors prizefighters now and then, socked one newspaper columnist and had to pay off—not only in money but bad publicity. He chose another who double-dared him right back in print—and maybe that cured him. Anyway, Frankie's not mad at anyone now, is packing no pistols and I hope he has shaken that "Go on, hit me," chip he lugged around so long. (He did get on the front pages again recently by socking someone at a party, but that was a minor skirmish, quickly forgotten.)

Now there are, of course, many fine examples of stars who've never succumbed to the temptation of taking their legends seriously. Shirley Temple certainly grew out of her Girl Goddess legend gracefully, keeping her curly top screwed on sensibly. . . . Clark Gable's been called "King" for years by all his friends, but he's never draped any purple robes around his psyche or imagined a cardboard crown on his head—and in my book, Clark is Garbo's mate as the male all-time Hollywood great. . . . Robert Taylor licked that "Beautiful Bob" fable which added him up as a panty-waist by doing everything manly in his private life to disprove it—flying, fighting, racing, ranching, and taking on adult responsibilities. . . . I've been pretty proud of Marlene Dietrich, too, ever since she chucked over that cold, aloof, beauty badge of hers when all the time she was a warm-hearted girl dying to meet the people. When she finally did, she became a true heroine, the greatest one-star morale builder to come out of wartime Hollywood, rivalled only by Hopalong Hope. And it's the shame of Hollywood that there aren't more of the right kind of jobs for a woman like that. . . . Another 18-karat character, Ann Sheridan, lived through that sexy "Oomph" ballyhoo without turning a hair on her level red head. . . . Right now, the sexiest girl in Hollywood—if you believe her sizzling stills—is Jane Russell. Well, Jane has laughed at her sexy fable since it began. Her favorite book is not a love romance but the Good Book. She is quietly and happily married and spends a large part of her time and money doing good deeds.

let's be sensible . . .

And look at the steady stars—Gary Cooper, Claudette Colbert, Bette Davis, Ronald Colman, Barbara Stanwyck, Irene Dunne, Ginger Rogers—who go on year in and year out playing a passel of assorted parts, but leaving their false faces on the set and their publicity in the papers, where they both belong.

Success, security and serenity in Hollywood demand an iron-clad sense of humor and a healthy helping, too, of common sense—besides a law of living that old Will Shakespeare penned in a play of his 300 years ago. That particular play was good enough this year to top the best Hollywood could offer—and a lot of our fabulous stars in our fabulous town could do worse than soak up his words of wisdom in *Hamlet*:

> "This above all—to thine own self be true;
> And it must follow, as the night the day,
> Thou can'st not then be false to any man."

I could say it myself—a lot shorter but not nearly as pretty. Just, "Be yourself, kids!"

THE END



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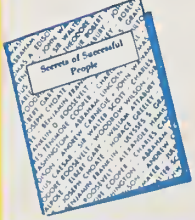


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MUM safer for skin . . . Smooth, creamy Mum contains no harsh or irritating ingredients. Doesn't dry out in the jar to form scratchy crystals. Mum is harmless to skin.

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For sanitary napkins—Mum is gentle, safe, sure—dependable for this important use, too.

Mum keeps you nice to be near

Product of Bristol-Myers

(*Advertisement*)

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Don't be Half-safe!



by

VALDA SHERMAN

At the first blush of womanhood many mysterious changes take place in your body. For instance, the apocrine glands under your arms begin to secrete daily a type of perspiration you have never known before. This is closely related to physical development and causes an unpleasant odor on both your person and your clothes.

There is nothing "wrong" with you. It's just another sign you are now a woman, not a girl . . . so now you *must* keep yourself safe with a truly effective underarm deodorant.

Two dangers—Underarm odor is a real handicap at this romantic age, and the new cream deodorant Arrid is made especially to overcome this very difficulty. It kills this odor on contact in 2 seconds, then by antiseptic action prevents the formation of all odor for 48 hours and keeps you shower-bath fresh. It also stops perspiration and so protects against a second danger—perspiration stains. Since physical exertion, embarrassment and emotion can now cause apocrine glands to fairly gush perspiration, a dance, a date, an embarrassing remark may easily make you perspire and offend, or ruin a dress.

All deodorants are not alike—so remember—no other deodorant tested stops perspiration and odor so completely yet so safely as new Arrid. Its safety has been proved by doctors. That's why girls your age buy more Arrid than any other age group. More men and women use Arrid than any other deodorant. Antiseptic, used by 117,000 nurses.

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Your satisfaction guaranteed, or your money back! If you are not completely convinced that Arrid is *in every way* the finest cream deodorant you've ever used, return the jar with unused portion to Carter Products, Inc., 53 Park Pl., N.Y.C., for refund of full purchase price.

Don't be half-safe. Be Arrid-safe! Use Arrid to be *sure*. Get Arrid now at your favorite drug counter—only 39¢ plus tax.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

AUGUST, 1949

modern screen

the friendly magazine

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M-G-M gives you Gable and that gorgeous redhead...in the exciting drama of a gambler and his girl...and the intrigues and the romance that go with the game!

CLARK GABLE · ALEXIS SMITH

IN

"Any Number Can Play"

WITH WENDELL COREY · AUDREY TOTTER

FRANK MORGAN · MARY ASTOR · LEWIS STONE · BARRY SULLIVAN · EDGAR BUCHANAN

A MERVYN LeROY PRODUCTION Screen Play by RICHARD BROOKS From the Book by EDWARD HARRIS HETH

Directed by MERVYN LeROY · Produced by ARTHUR FREED A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE





TWENTY YEARS AGO, as we understand it, Jimmy Stewart's father asked him, "Boy, when are you going to get married and settle down?" Jimmy-boy shrugged his shoulders and pawed the ground. "I like to keep all the girls happy, Pop," he blushed. Time passed. All the girls were getting hysterical. "He'll never get married!" they screamed. "Never!" Then one moonlit night, Stewart went to Gary Cooper's house for dinner. Gloria Hatrick McLean was there. Stewart's comment: "The soup was good." Well, our writer, Carl Schroeder, was under the table at the time, taking cryptic notes on a napkin. "Quite a dish," he wired (showing just how cryptic things *can* get—because the dish he had in mind was Gloria). Jimmy must have had that dish in mind, too, because eventually one thing led to another, and finally to page 22 of this issue, where you'll find "The Bachelor Takes A Wife."

PEOPLE ARE PRETTY indifferent about what we do with our larynx. Whenever we break into song, someone invariably suggests we shut up. This throws us completely off key. Anyway, because we might have been one ourself, singers fascinate us—particularly singers like Doris Day (with all that golden hair). Another remarkable thing about Miss Day is her voice—she never really knew she had one until she broke her legs. She was 15 at the time, and a professional dancer. In Miss Day's case, everything turned out for the best (as you will see if you read "There's A Great Day Comin'," on page 34). We broke a leg once, too. A lot of good that did *us*. . . .

ONE THING THE Churchill sisters never thought: They never thought they'd have to play horsey to work for MODERN SCREEN. They were over at Betty Hutton's home with pencils poised when the phone rang. Next thing they knew, Betty was backing out of the garage and they were being ridden by her tiny daughters—the Huttontots. (For fuller details see page 44.) Pretty soon those Churchills will be wanting to get *paid* for the stuff they do. . . .

ON PAGE 38, there's a piece called "Hollywood's Tangled Romances." We tried figuring them out—but it'll take a better brain. All we know is, there's one good telephone number in our book—and we're sticking to that. . . .

EVERYBODY'S KNOWN SINCE June 6 that Elizabeth Taylor's in love. June 6 was the day her mother announced her daughter was fixing to marry Bill Pawley, Jr. Hedda Hopper, though, knew that Liz was in love with the guy some time before that. Liz told her—only she didn't exactly *tell* her. Didn't have to. Elizabeth's eyes—but the story's on page 30. . . .

A FEW MONTHS ago, people might have looked for Stromboli on a menu. Not any more. Now everybody knows that Stromboli's an island in the Tyrrhenian Sea, and that Ingrid Bergman and director Rossellini were on it to make a movie. Ingrid and director Rossellini also made the front pages. The exciting, exclusive pictures starting on page 50 show why. Had to *drag* that photographer out of the darkroom before he'd let us see them! . . .

JUST A NOTE to remind you we're here every month . . . There'll be some stuff in the next issue that you'd have a heck of a time buying anywhere else for 15 cents: Some intimate, some gay, some loaded with cold, hard facts. And, since we're name-droppers—how does Dan Dailey sound? Or Betty Grable? We'll have stories about them, and about Glenn Ford, Bill Holden, Roy Rogers, Susan Hayward and more. All wrapped up in our September issue . . . Don't crowd, now!

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Man of Violence and Mystery

...vs.

Women of Wealth and Beauty!

A love story to match the tension of the times.

Paramount presents

ALAN

LADD

BETTY MACDONALD

FIELD · CAREY

RUTH

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BARRY

SULLIVAN

HOWARD

DA SILVA

in F. SCOTT FITZGERALD'S

"The GREAT Gatsby"



with SHELLEY WINTERS · Produced by RICHARD MAIBAUM · Directed by ELLIOTT NUGENT

Screenplay by Cyril Hume and Richard Maibaum • From the novel by F. Scott Fitzgerald and the play by Owen Davis

. . . and all the world said "ah-h-h-h!"



Rita and Aly sealed their marriage vows with a kiss on May 27, after the civil ceremony was performed by Mayor Derigon (right) of Vallauris. In a white suit (left), is the immensely wealthy Aga Khan.



Friends and relatives of Aly gave the wedding and reception lots of exotic color and excitement. Natives of the small town were thrilled to find the saried women and turbanned men suddenly in their midst.



Only the strong arm of the law kept the townspeople of Vallauris from mobbing the bridal couple as they drove from the wedding. Aly, in the spirit of a potentate, donated generously to town's charities.



Under Aly's watchful eye, Rita used a long, white-handled sword to slice the three-tier wedding cake. The reception was held at Aly's Chateau de L'Horizon in Cannes and champagne flowed like water.



In the brilliant Mediterranean sunshine, groups of musicians strolled in the sea-lapped grounds of the Chateau, serenading Rita and Aly and their reception guests with tunes from many of Rita's pictures.



Rita and Aly sat at a table with their children during the reception. Prince Karim and Prince Amyon are Aly's sons by his former wife, Joan Buller. Rebecca's father is Orson Welles, Rita's second husband.





Surrounded by Florido beauties, Rito's first husbond, Ed Judson (left), wished her success. Rita's father (right) couldn't attend the wedding, but enjoyed photos of it with his wife.

LOUELLA PARSONS' Good news

Louella Parsons was the only press correspondent to attend the wedding of Rita Hayworth and Aly Khan as an invited guest. The following is her special dispatch to Modern Screen.

■ VALLAURIS, France (By Cable)—I'm glad to be able to give first-hond news of the wedding of Rita Hayworth to Prince Aly Khan. I consider it to have been the most colorful experience of my life.

Rita is now Princess Aly Khan, mistress of many homes, possessor of many gems of untold value. She was presented with a king's ransom in jewels by visiting Ismailis. They gave her diamonds as big as walnuts, gorgeous silks, cloth of golden coins.

The town of Vallauris got up at daybreak to see the American movie queen become a princess. Every available window in town was rented and crowds lined the narrow streets of the quaint French village. Prince Aly's father, the Aga Khan, who has endowed hospitals on the Riviera, received big cheers when he drove to the city holl with his wife, the Begum. She was dressed in a periwinkle-blue sari, very becoming to her brunette beauty. She was still quite pale from her recent illness.

Rita was dressed in a "Rita blue" Jacques Fath creation. She carried a bouquet of white roses and orange blossoms. A touching part of the civil ceremony was the presentation to Rita of a bouquet of roses by two little French girls.

Following the ceremony was the wedding reception at the Chateau de l'Horizon on the sun-bathed Mediterranean—something I'll never forget. There were only a very few Americans present, most of the guests being the Prince's Continental friends. Contrary to reports, the Chateau de l'Horizon does not belong to the Aga Khan but is the Prince's own.

The night after the civil ceremony, the Moslem ceremony was performed quietly, with only relatives present. According to Moslem law, it's not necessary for the bride to be present, but Rita attended. The Prince did not wear Ismaili garb.

I'm delighted to say that Rita returns to Hollywood this fall to make a picture. Her only stipulation is that it be a glamorous story. Aly saw Carmen four times and loved it. The Prince told me he wants Rita to be happy and also thinks it would be too bad to deprive the public of her.

This marriage, whot with the visiting Indions in native costumes, the manner in which the Prince lives and the lavishness of the reception, was so fabulous that if I hadn't seen it, I wouldn't believe it!

See FILM Routed By New Improved Pepsodent!

You'll have brighter teeth, cleaner breath in just 7 days —or double your money back!



Run the tip of your tongue over your teeth. If you feel a slippery coating there — you have FILM!

WHY FILM MUST BE REMOVED

1. FILM collects stains that make teeth look dull
2. FILM harbors germs that breed bad breath
3. FILM glues acid to your teeth
4. FILM never lets up — it forms continually on everyone's teeth

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New Pepsodent Tooth Paste foams wonderfully—goes to work faster, fighting film: (1) Pepsodent makes short work of the discoloring stains that collect on film. (2) It routs film's "bad breath" germs that cause food particles to decay. (3) Pepsodent helps protect you from acid produced by germs that lurk in film. This acid, many dentists agree, is the *cause* of tooth decay. (4) Film forms continually. Remove it regularly and quickly with Pepsodent.

Try New Pepsodent now on our double-your-money-back guarantee. No other tooth paste can duplicate Pepsodent's film-removing formula! No other tooth paste contains Irium*—or Pepsodent's gentle polishing agent. *For the safety of your smile use Pepsodent twice a day—see your dentist twice a year.*

**Irium is Pepsodent's registered trade mark for purified alkyl sulfate.*

Use New Pepsodent for just 7 days. If you're not completely convinced it gives you cleaner breath and brighter teeth, mail unused portion of tube to Pepsodent Division, Lever Bros. Co., Dept. G, Chicago, Ill. Besides postage, you'll receive—

DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK!



Another fine product of Lever Brothers Company



Jane Wyman carried her Oscar all the way to England to show to Laurence Olivier who, of course, had one of his own to show to her.

■ Who would have thought we would be Good Newsing from Paris this month?

But then, who'd have thought a few months ago that Rita and Aly Khan would be married? Which occasion, of course, is what sent me abroad as a reporter.

Gay Paree, in the spring! What could be more romantic? I wish every pair of lovers in the world could come to France during these wonderful months of May and June. Some evenings, the rain falls gently, wetting the pavements and streets just enough to reflect the lights on the Champs Elysées. The French girls wear garden flowers in their lapels—ofttimes just a single rose or a spray of lilac. Their suits and dresses may be old—but the flowers make them look gay and young and light-hearted.

The very first thing I did was put in a telephone call to Rita at Aly Khan's palace in Cannes. She said, "Louella, I can't believe you have come all the way from Hollywood to cover my wedding. It's wonderful to have someone from back home."

What a simple old-fashioned phrase that was—"back home"—from the girl who is the talk of the Continent. People over here were goggle-eyed over Rita and her marriage to the Indian Prince. Not since the marriage of the Duke and Duchess of Windsor had there been such excitement over a wedding.

I couldn't have been more amazed over the changes in Rita I had heard about. When she was married to Orson Welles she seldom opened her mouth. Now, a mutual close friend says, "Rita has made a real study of her job of being the wife of a Prince, and the daughter-in-law of the Aga Khan, one of the wealthiest men in the world and leader of millions of people." She now speaks French almost as well as she speaks English. She knows how to preside over the most formal dinner parties. She has the graciousness that comes with *savoir faire* and confidence.

MONUMENTAL BEST-SELLER!
TOWERING SCREEN TRIUMPH!

GARY COOPER

THIS IS HIS ROLE OF ROLES!



LOOK AHEAD TO THE THRILL OF THE

FOUNTAINHEAD

CO-STARRING

PATRICIA NEAL

with
RAYMOND MASSEY
KENT SMITH
ROBERT DOUGLAS
HENRY HULL
RAY COLLINS

DIRECTED BY KING VIDOR PRODUCED BY HENRY BLANKE

Screen Play by AYN RAND • From her Novel "The Fountainhead" • Music by Max Steiner

Are you in the know?



How to get to the dance floor smoothly?

☐ *You walk ahead* ☐ *He leads the way* ☐ *You go arm-in-arm*

Be sure who follows whom. When you rise to rhumba, your date won't expect an "after *you*" routine. Walk ahead! As to calendar-time, you can be 'way ahead in poise and comfort by choosing new Kotex. This napkin's made to stay soft while you wear it. Gives downy *softness that holds its shape*. And here's the very last word in comfort!—your new Kotex Wonderform Belt that won't twist, won't curl, won't cut! Made of *duPont nylon* elastic . . . quick drying, light weight, smooth-feeling.



To judge what you should weigh—

☐ *Compare your pal's poundage*
☐ *See an "average weight" chart*
☐ *Measure your wrist*

You and your gal pal may be the same height—but a large-boned femme should weigh more, and vice versa. For instance, are you over 5'4" tall? Measure your wrist. If it's less than 6¼" you're small-boned. More than 6½"—large-boned. Consider your *frame* when you read an average-weight chart. In sanitary needs, too, all girls aren't "average." Find just the right Kotex absorbency for *you* by trying *all 3* . . . Regular, Junior, Super. They're designed for different girls, different days.



If he's talkative, what's your cue?

☐ *Lend both ears*
☐ *Keep one eye on the field*
☐ *Plan tomorrow's schedule*

What if he *is* chatter-happy. The fact remains, he's talking to *you*, so listen . . . without a roving eye, or daydreams, or tapping tatoos on the table. Boys are people . . . they like to be appreciated. And the best-rated fillies never forget it. They're also the gals who (on difficult days) never forget to choose Kotex. They've found the special *flat pressed ends* of Kotex prevent revealing outlines . . . and the exclusive *safety center* gives extra protection. What girl wouldn't appreciate *that?*



More women choose KOTEX than all other sanitary napkins*

3 ABSORBENCIES: REGULAR, JUNIOR, SUPER

LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD NEWS



Betty Hutton is delighted as Romo Burton, our Western editor, hands her M.S.'s Mother-of-the-Year award—a pink leather photo album.

As hostess of the Chateau de l'Horizon, Rita has brought a touch of America into the mansion on the Mediterranean. She has added gay chintzes to the oriental antiques with which the Aga Khan had furnished the Chateau. Rita's boudoir is in pink-and-white and is a combination of French and American decor.

Well, let's see what else is going on in France.

* * *

One of the first persons I ran into was Errol Flynn, our boy friend, who's very much on his vacation. Errol, gayer than gay, was dining at Tour D'Argant (one of the swank places to dine in Paris).

With him was his new flame, Princess Irene Ghica—and I must say I would not have picked her out, beautiful though she is, as the usual "Flynn type." She is very quiet and reserved and, I am told, she had many bitter experiences before she escaped from her native Bucharest.

You are going to have the opportunity of seeing the Princess on the screen, for Errol told me she will be his leading lady in his independent film, *Last of the Buccaneers*.

When I asked Flynn if the Princess could act, he said, "Who cares? She is beautiful. And *I* shall do the acting!"

Later the same evening, we all went on to the Carrere, and heard the most remarkable trumpet player since Harry James. Rita Hayworth's business manager, Johnny Hyde, who was with us, was so enthusiastic about this sensational young musician—who looks like Rory Calhoun—that he talked to him then and there about coming to Hollywood.

The night we were at the Carrere, the Duke and Duchess of Windsor were guests. They walked out looking straight ahead and nobody seemed to be even slightly interested in them.


THERE'S MORE THAN MONEY ON MITCHUM'S MIND...
When He Tangles With This Gal With the Million-Dollar Figure!
"IF YOU PULL A FAST ONE, I'LL PULL THIS TRIGGER!"
MITCHUM'S NEWEST PICTURE... hot off location down Mexico way!
Heart-pumping action, super-speed excitement, when this T-N-Trio crosses paths on the danger-filled trail of a fortune in stolen money!
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ROBERT MITCHUM
JANE GREER · WILLIAM BENDIX
in
THE BIG STEAL
with
PATRIC KNOWLES · RAMON NOVARRO · DON ALVARADO · JOHN QUALEN
Executive Producer SID ROGELL
Produced by JACK J. GROSS · Directed by DON SIEGEL
Screen Play by GEOFFREY HOMES and GERALD DRAYSON ADAMS
RKO RADIO PICTURES
Based on the famous Saturday Evening Post Story "The Road to Cormichael's" by RICHARD WORMSER

Does your nail polish CHIP? PEEL? FLAKE OFF?

New miracle-wear ingredient discovered!

THOUSANDS OF WOMEN who've put up with polish which chips soon after manicuring are making a thrilling discovery . . .

It's the *new* 10¢ Cutex polish . . . the new *miracle-wear* polish! Now it contains Enamelon, a Cutex-exclusive ingredient designed to give incredible wear!

Cutex with Enamelon stays lovely day after day after day! Resists chipping, flaking, peeling as no polish ever did before!

Today, try this new, *miracle-wear* Cutex! So pure . . . even women with skins so sensitive they cannot use other polishes state that they can use new Cutex with perfect safety!

14 fashion-styled colors. Only 10¢ plus tax. In the bottle with the blue label, at your favorite cosmetic counter.

If you don't find that New Cutex wears longer than you ever dreamed possible, send the bottle to Northam Warren Corporation, Box 1355, Stamford, Conn., and your money will be refunded.



Angie Pappan, who is seriously ill with a heart ailment, dreamt about many things dear to a 14-year-old's heart. One of them came true, recently, when Shirley Temple arrived to cheer her up.

But, before doing more of Paris, let's cut back and forth to some news from Hollywood. Just call me Lopalong Parsons!

* * *

The last party I went to before I took off from Europe was the dinner dance given by Barbara Stanwyck and Bob Taylor to observe their 10th wedding anniversary.

It is the first big party Barbara and Bob have ever given in Hollywood and when I said to her, on entering, "This is the first time I've seen your lovely new home," she laughed and replied, "It's the first time anyone has seen it."

The house is a small, but charmingly rambling red-brick place, set deep in rose gardens and wonderful trailing vines. It's right next door to Irene Dunne's.

Barbara had enclosed the entire terrace, overlooking the swimming pool, in cellophane walls and, I swear, the candlelit tables and gleaming silver decarations made the whole setting where we dined and danced look like a picture, wrapped up.

The most rabid movie fan among you could not have planned a more thrilling guest list of good-looking actors and beautiful movie stars. Don't envy me too much, but I had dinner with Gary Cooper, Alan Ladd, John Lund (who is as devastating off-screen as he is on) and Robert Cummings!

At the next table sat Van Johnson, William Holden, Claudette Colbert, Deborah Kerr and the Jack Bennys.

But the evening really got underway when the tables were cleared off the dance floor and the expert hoofers took over. Barbara, who looked about 16 years old in a shorty pink satin formal, did a revival of the Charleston with Robert Cummings that would have been a show stopper on Broadway! Later, she did a dreamy exhibition waltz with Cesar Romero and a hot-foot foxtrot with Van Johnson. What a dancer that gal is—or had you forgotten that Missy Stanwyck used to be a chorus girl, and is proud of it!

Next most sensational couple on the floor was tall, lanky Gary Cooper taking the curves with tiny Gracie Allen—and believe me, that was something to see.

Alan Ladd danced only with Sue—not entirely because he thinks married men should always dance with their wives but because, "I've got just two good dances an evening in me—the first and the last."

The most incongruous couple were Anne Baxter and John Hodiak—John sporting a 10-days' growth of beard for *Battle*ground and Anne done to the teeth in a décolletté red taffeta gown.

As dawn was breaking, the John Lunds drove me home. I hope Barbara and Bob don't wait another 10 years to give a party. They give such good ones.

* * *

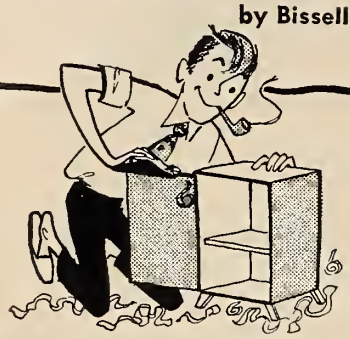
Guess who has taken Judy Garland under her wing and is mothering the unhappy girl like a wise, older sister? Katharine Hepburn—yes, I mean crisp, cynical Miss H.

For years, Judy and Katharine have passed one another on the MGM lot, bowing politely when they met in dressing-room corridors or lunched at adjoining tables in the commissary. But that's all. They barely knew each other.


BIGGEST PICTURE IN TEN YEARS!
GREATEST CAVALCADE OF INTRIGUE, SPECTACLE, ADVENTURE AND EXCITEMENT YOU'VE EVER SEEN ON THE SCREEN!
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EDWARD SMALL presents
'BLACK MAGIC'
STARRING
ORSON WELLES
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NANCY GUILD
WITH AKIM TAMIROFF • FRANK LATIMORE
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Additional Scenes and Dialogue by Richard Schayer • Released thru United Artists
From a story by
ALEXANDRE DUMAS
author of 'THE THREE MUSKETEERS' and THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO'

Just Whistle...

by Bissell



Fred has fixed things, but good . . . with guests due any minute. It's dinner in the dog house for you, Fred, when your wife sees that rug. But...

Fred just whistles . . . and trots out the Bissell Carpet Sweeper. Swish, swoosh! That new "Bisco-matic"* Brush Action picks up every speck, with no pressure on the handle a-tall!



"Adjusts itself to any rug, thick or thin!" brags Fred. "Even sweeps clean under beds and chairs, with the handle held *low*."

Adds Mrs. Fred: "My vacuum's fine for occasional cleaning. But for quick everyday pick-ups, we couldn't do without our 'Bisco-matic' Bissell!"



Exceptional values. "Bisco-matic" Bissells now as low as $6.45. Other models for even less. Illustrated: the "Vanity" at $8.45. Prices a little more in far South and West.

Bissell Sweepers

Bissell Carpet Sweeper Company

Grand Rapids 2, Michigan

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. Bissell's patented full spring controlled brush



The whole town's talking about this romantic duo—Brian Donlevy and Audrey Totter. Here they appear very affectionate at the Mocambo.

LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD NEWS

Then, along came Judy's big trouble—her temperamental outbursts on the set of *Annie Get Your Gun* which were climaxed when she threw down her script and yelled, "That's all. I'm through! You can take it from here—without me!" And her harassed studio bosses took her at her word. Little Judy had cried "Wolf" once too often. Betty Hutton replaced her in one of the biggest casting upsets ever to take place in Hollywood.

Judy hadn't expected that—it darn near broke her foolish little heart.

In the excitement that followed, her Hollywood co-workers were divided in their sympathy. Some loudly insisted she deserved it. Others shrugged their shoulders.

But Katharine Hepburn did an amazing thing. She drove herself over to Judy's house, marched right into the room where Judy was sobbing her heart out and threw her arms around her!

Then she started to talk—like a Dutch uncle. She told her, in effect, that it was up to Judy, herself, whether this thing made her or broke her. She told her she could come out of it a bigger person, with the good wishes of thousands of people, hoping and plugging for her. Or, she could smash her life and career to splinters.

She told Judy to hold her head up and to be the first to congratulate Betty Hutton. She told her there are some things in life more

(*Continued on page 78*)



As a rising young star, Janet Leigh's been seen with a whole slew of handsome beaux lately. Arthur Lowe, Jr., is one of her frequent dates.

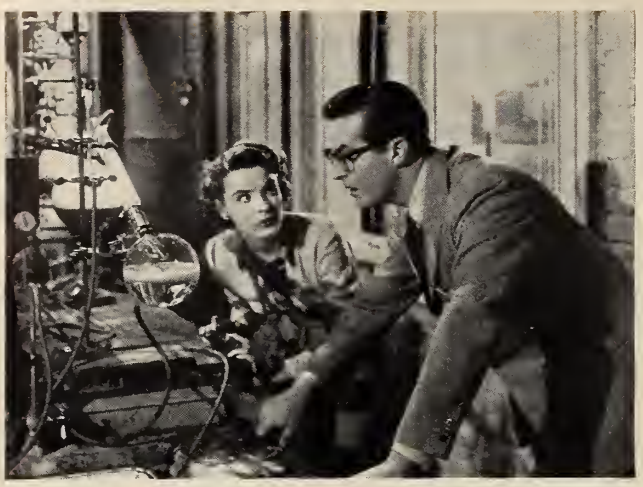


Could that be a flying fish Chris Mitchum's pointing out to his dad and brother Josh on Lake Mead? Bob took the whole family there.

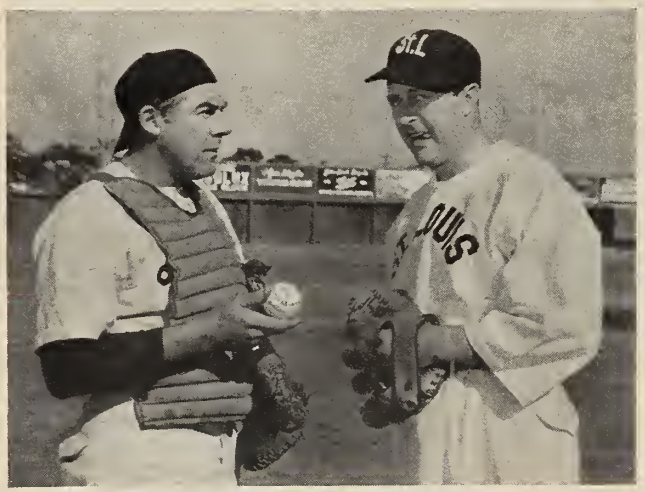

Would you let your brother marry an
Anna Lucasta?
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COLUMBIA PICTURES presents
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Starring
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Screen Play by Philip Yordan and Arthur Laurents · Based upon the play, "Anna Lucasta", by Philip Yordan
A SECURITY PICTURES PRODUCTION · Directed by IRVING RAPPER · Produced by PHILIP YORDAN

MOVIE REVIEWS

by Christopher Kane



In *It Happens Every Spring*, chemistry professor Roy Millond hopes to get rich by perfecting o chemicol mixture, then morry the prexy's doughter, Jeon Peters. But o wild boseboll wrecks his geor.



He's crushed—then notices his mixture is wood-repellant. He sneoks out of town, becomes o great big-leogue boseboll pitcher by using his invention on the boll, which then con't be hit by boseboll bots.



But he's kept his activities o secret from Jeon ond her fomily—they'd think him undignified. When he sends her costly presents, she decides he's taken to crime. But eventuolly, he returns to her in triumph.

IT HAPPENS EVERY SPRING

Cast: Ray Milland, Jean Peters, Paul Douglas, Ed Begley, Ted De Corsia, Ray Collins, Jessie Royce Landis.
20th Century-Fox

Chemistry professor Ray Milland loves co-ed Jean Peters (daughter of the President of the University). Ray and Jean are going to get married as soon as an experiment he's working on makes him a fortune. But some kid throws a baseball through Ray's lab window, wrecking his equipment, and sending his miracle solution into the sink. He's mopping up his broken heart and his shattered apparatus, when he notices a remarkable happenstance. The baseball (which was soaked in the solution) is wood-repellent. Wonder dawns in Ray's eyes. He funnels into bottles all the solution he can salvage, and sneaks out of town. He's decided to get a job with the St. Louis baseball team, (they need a pitcher) and make enough money for him and Jean to marry on. He figures no batter will be able to hit a ball thrown by him, because the ball (saturated by fluid hidden on a sponge in his glove) will simply zing back from the bat. So Ray becomes the world's greatest, if most dishonest, pitcher. He wins games and more games. But he'll never let the papers take his picture because he doesn't want the news to get back to Jean and Jean's family. They wouldn't think baseball was dignified. He sends Jean a trinket now and then—a huge diamond, to begin with—and she assumes he's trafficking with crooks, but she plans to stand by him. After all, he did it for her. I'm not going to give away the picture's ending, and I'm not sure but what its ethics are revolting (Ray really doesn't give anybody else a sporting chance), but if you want to spend a light-hearted hour and a half, don't miss *It Happens Every Spring*. Paul Douglas, as the team's catcher is wonderful, Ted De Corsia is just as good as the coach, and there's nothing wrong with the rest of the cast, either.

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cleanses skin cleaner





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If you're "over-thirty"...if your own skin oils are decreasing, supplement with lanolin's benefits...four special skin softeners . . . in Woodbury De Luxe Dry Skin Cream. PENATEN speeds this richness deeper into pore openings. Softens instantly. Smooths tiny dry lines that lead to wrinkles. Soon . . . YOU look younger!

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The Beautiful Blonde from Bashful Bend: Rudy Vallee, Olga Son Juon, ond Betty Groble stoge a gun bottle with town hoodlums. Sterling Hollowoy ond Danny Jockson ore on the opposing side.

THE BEAUTIFUL BLONDE FROM BASHFUL BEND

Cast: Betty Grable, Cesar Romero, Rudy Vallee, Olga San Juan.
20th Century-Fox

Since she was left an orphan at an early age, Betty Grable's grandpaw taught her to shoot awfully straight, so she could take care of herself. Grandpa's been gone to his reward these many years when you first meet Betty, but she's still shooting. She's jealous of her boy-friend (Cesar Romero) so she aims at him and a lady-friend, but she only succeeds in plugging a right honorable judge in the seat of his right honorable pants. The judge forgives her once, but after it happens again, a week or so later, he's very sore (both ends) and since he's threatening Betty with hanging, she and her pal Conchita (Olga San Juan) make a break for it. Olga swipes some clothes and pocketbooks from, I regret to say, a coffin, and she and Betty catch the first train out of town. Upon examination of their tickets (in one of the stolen purses) they discover they are one Hilda Swandumper and her Indian maid. Hilda's due to arrive in a town called Bashful Bend; she's the new schoolteacher. Now there's no danger of the real Hilda's showing up (alas, poor Hilda) but Betty's not keen on the idea of schoolteaching. Still, she wants to save her skin. She and Olga descend on Bashful Bend, to be greeted by the town's leading citizens (including Rudy Vallee) and a drunken mob run by a man called Basserman. Basserman has two slobbering half-idiot sons, and none of his friends are clean-living prize packages, either. Betty tries to be a good schoolteacher. (Example: "The earth is divided into three kingdoms—animal, vegetable and-er-er-ah-uh—mineral. Now, ain't that something?") Olga doesn't even *try* to be a good Indian. Every time someone addresses her in pidgin English she grits her teeth and mutters, "How would you like to go suck an egg?" Before the girls get out of Bashful Bend, there's been a wholesale gang war, Betty's subdued the Basserman boys, Rudy Vallee's fallen in love with Betty, Cesar Romero shows up to say he always loved her, and if you think that's all, you're all wet. But this is a movie review, not a book-length novel, so go see this hilarious epic yourself. Words can't describe it, anyway.

THE GREAT DAN PATCH

Cast: Dennis O'Keefe, Gail Russell, Ruth Warrick, Charlotte Greenwood, Henry Hull, John Hoyt.
United Artists

Dan Patch, the greatest trotting horse in history, not only broke all the records there ever were but, according to United Artists, was involved in some pretty romantic goings-on as well. He belonged to an old farmer (Henry Hull) who'd waited all his life for a really fleet horse. When the colt was three years old, Hull had sent him to trainer John Hoyt, and Dan Patch became the first horse ever to run a mile in 2:04 with three weeks' training. Whereupon Hull had a heart attack, and died of excitement. He left Dan Patch to his son, Dennis O'Keefe. O'Keefe had always loved horses, but he's married to a social climber (Ruth Warrick) who's forced him to live in the big city and *be* somebody. He's made a fortune out of a sulphur process (he's a chemist) and Ruth has spent the fortune on formal gardens, butlers and satin chairs. She's not the girl to go back to the farm, the better to be near Dan Patch. Furthermore, Hoyt's daughter, Gail Russell, is in love with O'Keefe, so Ruth doesn't like O'Keefe hanging around the farm too much, either. O'Keefe conveniently loses his money, splits up with his greedy wife, comes home to Gail and Dan Patch (who by now is the talk of the countryside). This is as harmless as a picture can be. The horses are beautiful, and the era (before the motor car took over) so restful, it's a pleasure.

THAT'S JUST TO REMIND YOU... YOU'RE IN A TOUGH RACKET NOW!

Tough? . . . you've got to be tough with dames like her! Here's dramatic tension that screams from the screen!



ALAN was late in learning that she was the kind of woman who doesn't do anybody any good!



BLAKE knew her . . . "Now we'll make a deal—my way", he said.



DANNY: "You know Tiger, I didn't know they made them as beautiful as you, or as smart, or as hard."

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DON DE FORE
DAN DURYEA

in

TOO LATE FOR TEARS

with

Arthur Kennedy • Kristine Miller • Barry Kelley

Screenplay by ROY HUGGINS

Produced by **HUNT STROMBERG**

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INTERFERENCE

Cast: Victor Mature, Lucille Ball, Lizabeth Scott, Sonny Tufts, Lloyd Nolan.
RKO

Victor Mature is star halfback of the New York Chiefs (played by the Los Angeles Rams). His wife, Lizabeth Scott, is a selfish pig. Wants to be a famous interior decorator, and pours Victor's cash into her chi-chi shop. The fact that she's such a bug for glamor and high sassiety loses Victor a big coaching job at Illinois State, his alma mater. (Some old coot of a head coach is retiring, and Victor's due to be offered the plum, but team-mate Sonny Tufts is elected because old coot doesn't believe Lizabeth is suited to the simple campus life.) Victor's doubly crushed, because it develops he has heart trouble, and he's about washed up as a player. What to do? Wifey won't love a broken-down shoe salesman, and Victor does love that girl. She, meanwhile, is having an affair with a rich, elderly connoisseur named Vollmer. Vollmer collects young women; when he's through with them, they commit suicide. I don't know exactly why. Vollmer lets Lizabeth redecorate his apartment, but he tells her she has no taste and no talent. He's the frank sort. There's a dramatic moment toward the end, where you think Victor's going to go in and play a big game and kill himself (he never told coach Lloyd Nolan about his heart, and he wants to get Lizabeth back) but he's not that much of an idiot. He stops just in time. Lizabeth, given the air by Vollmer, comes weeping back to her husband, anyway, much to the sorrow of Lucille Ball, the football team's secretary, who loves Vic. I don't think Victor and Lizabeth are ever going to be happy together, but RKO does, and it's their picture. (That Mature's a good actor.)

STAMPEDE

Cast: Rod Cameron, Gale Storm, Johnny Mack Brown, Don Castle.
Allied Artists.

The parade of Westerns goes on, *Stampede* taking its place in line. Rod Cameron and Don Castle are brothers. They own a ranch in Arizona, and their cattle graze on the surrounding countryside. A couple of characters named Stanton and Cox (Donald Curtis and John Eldredge) sell this surrounding countryside (after first cutting it up into lots) to a

(*Continued on page 107*)

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QUESTIONNAIRE

Which stories did you enjoy the most in our August issue. WRITE THE NUMBERS 1, 2, ond 3 AT THE RIGHT of your 1st, 2nd, and 3rd choices.

Why Hollywood Prays for Judy (Judy Garland) ☐
The Bachelor Takes a Wife (James Stewart) ☐
Her Eyes Have Told Me So (Elizabeth Taylor) by Hedda Hopper ☐
We Fought to Save Our Marriage by Dick Powell ☐
There's a Great Day Comin' (Doris Day) ☐
John Wayne's Double Life ☐
Hollywood's Tangled Romances (Gardner, Duff, Brady, Granger) ☐
And The Living is Breezy (Dana Andrews) ☐
How Could I Be So Wrong! by Anne Baxter ☐
Huttontots: Care and Feeding of, (Betty Hutton) ☐
I'm No Playboy by Peter Lawford ☐
Was It Love? (Ingrid Bergman) ☐
All That Money Can't Buy (Robert Stack) ☐
Out of His Mind—and Back (Gregory Peck) ☐
Picture of the Month (Girl From Jones Beach) ☐
Louella Parsons' Good News ☐

Which of the obove did you like LEAST?.....

Whot 3 MALE stors would you like to reod obout in future issues? List them, 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.....

.....

Whot 3 FEMALE stors would you like to reod obout in future issues? List them, 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.....

.....

Whot MALE stor do you like leost?.....

Whot FEMALE stor do you like leost?.....

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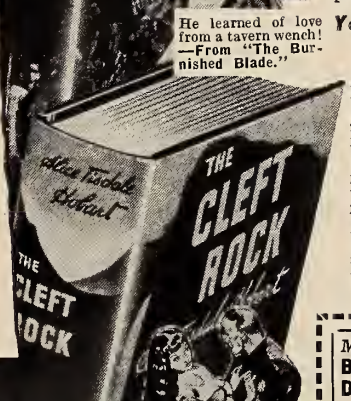
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As Hollywood's leading bachelor, Jimmy Stewart didn't even know how to propose. But he tried. And it worked—beautifully!

BY CARL SCHROEDER

the Bachelor takes a wife



Jimmy Stewart and Glaria McLean take in a Hallywaad night spat saon after the annauncement af their engagement. A little aver a year aga, Jimmy vawed he would remain a bachelar. He'll be married in August.

■ It was not a case of love at first sight.

The way Jimmy Stewart remembers, he first met Gloria McLean at a dinner party at the Gary Coopers. Sort of informal, it was, with the conversation racing along about everything except the subject of marriage. When the evening was over, though, Jimmy came out with a thoughtful statement as Gary saw him to the door.

"Ahh, Miss McLean . . . Very nice girl."

Coop considered his friend's judicious comment and delivered a fulsome reply. He said, "Yep."

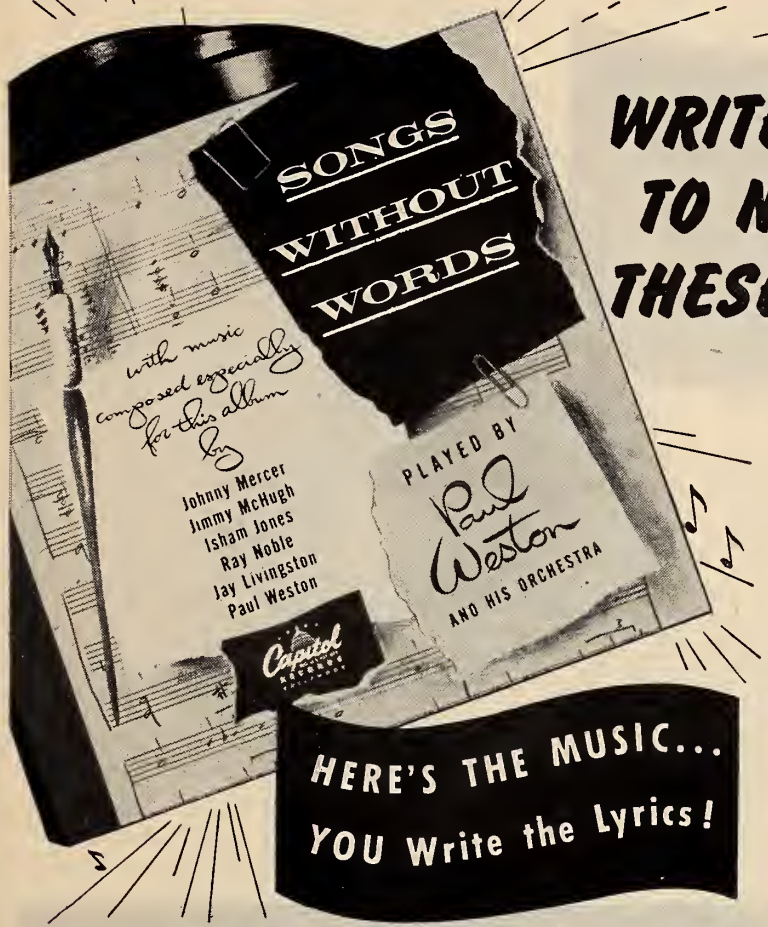
This was about a year ago, at which time Jimmy Stewart was not considering marriage. Matter of fact, he seemed to be going in the opposite direction, he thought. He'd disposed of a beautiful piece of property over in Mandeville Canyon and tossed away the plans he'd sketched for a dream house. He moved into a home in Brentwood and was enjoying himself with things as they were—unless you count a certain annoyance with people who liked to speculate audibly in his presence, "Jimmy, you can't stay a bachelor forever. Why don't you find a nice girl and settle down?"

If Jimmy didn't go out, people felt sorry for him, being so lonesome and all. If he had a flock (*Continued on page 104*)

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*Advances against contract royalties

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WRITE ORIGINAL WORDS TO NEW MELODIES BY THESE TOP COMPOSERS

JOHNNY MERCER
co-composer of "That Old Black Magic"..."Blues in the Night"

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ISHAM JONES
co-composer of "I'll See You in My Dreams"..."It Had to Be You"

RAY NOBLE
co-composer of "The Very Thought of You"..."Goodnight, Sweetheart"

LIVINGSTON & EVANS
composers of "To Each His Own"..."Buttons and Bows"

PAUL WESTON
co-composer of "I Should Care"..."Day by Day"

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YOU... writing the words to the melodies of internationally famous composers who have made many thousands of dollars with their music.
Here's what you may win: For each winning lyric, you will be offered a regular songwriter contract (SPA form)—and $1000 cash advance against contract royalties. (Winning songs will be recorded by famed Capitol artists and sold nationally!) You stand to make many times more than $1000, if the songs become hits. (Remember, it's possible for you to win more than one prize...even all six!)
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Never Before A Contest Like This!

Here's your big chance to "team up" with Hollywood's top tunesmiths... become a recognized songwriter. Hear the music...get your official "Songs Without Words" contest entry blanks today, at your favorite record store. NO FEE TO PAY!

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- *Capitol's new "Songs Without Words" album and Official Entry Blanks are available July 1, 1949, at your nearest record dealer.*
- *Write your own original lyrics to the melodies. All six are simple, singable tunes composed especially for this contest by the famous songwriters listed.*
- *Write lyrics for only one, or for all six songs. Each lyric will be judged on its individual merits.*
- *Be sure to submit each song-entry on a separate official "Songs Without Words" contest entry blank.*
- *All entries will be judged by the Contest Division of Reuben H. Donnelly Corp. in cooperation with the composers of the six melodies and two top lyric writers.*

DON'T PUT IT OFF. GET STARTED TODAY. You have as good a chance as anyone to win this contest with a future! For full details get your Official Entry Blank!

ATTENTION!

This contest—sponsored by CAPITOL, one of America's largest record producers—should not be confused with the dozens of "school offers" to make you "a songwriter overnight." Capitol expects to uncover new talent. Remember, it costs you nothing to enter!

FIRST WITH THE HITS FROM HOLLYWOOD

Capitol RECORDS HOLLYWOOD

See Your Record Dealer Today!

Why Hollywood PRAYS for Judy

They're all pulling hard for a great star to come out of the dangerous whirlpool into which life has plunged her.

BY DENISE CARLSON

■ Ten years ago, when Judy Garland was not yet 17, she made a picture called *Thoroughbreds Don't Cry*. Judy isn't crying now. But there are tears about her in Hollywood—tears and hope.

The tears are not for Judy, the star, because the studio announced it will look elsewhere to fill the star role she was suspended from in *Annie Get Your Gun*. The tears are for Judy, the person. They come because there is a fear, evident in the voices of all to whom one mentions her name, that she will succumb altogether under the weight of an emotional and physical strain that is already beginning to dull the snap of her coal-dark eyes and draw tight and wan the pertness and fresh bloom the whole world has learned to love.

"If she can't snap out of this, what difference does it make whether she finishes another picture or not?" asks a woman who has worked close to Judy for years. And her words echo those heard everywhere.

"If she can't snap out of it. . . ."

Can she?

Her friends will better be able to tell when Judy completes her treatment in the Eastern sanitarium which, at this writing, she has just entered.

Two summers ago she was advised to take a long rest. Then, too, she went to an Eastern sanitarium, though she was reluctant to leave her baby daughter, Liza, her Vincente Minnelli, her whole life in Hollywood. She returned looking better, telling friends that she had a wonderful new outlook on things.

"I found such peace!" she cried. "I can eat and I want to eat! I can sleep and I never think of a sleeping pill! I feel like a new woman!"

These words were cheering. But the peace that Judy found then, she has since lost, apparently.

During the early shooting of *Annie Get Your Gun* a few months ago, Judy failed to show up one morning—again. There followed soon afterward an unpublicized suspension which, however, was rescinded within 24 hours. Judy came back to work —and trouble broke out again. She didn't like her director. She didn't like her wardrobe.

As a concession she was given an entirely new wardrobe, and the director remained. But not for long. There were further arguments and, eventually, a new director.

It was expected now that things would go smoothly and the picture would be hurried to completion. (*Continued on page 102*)



Judy attends o Mocombo opening night with her personol monoger, Corlton Alsop.

Your loveliness is Doubly Safe



because

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Always creamy and smooth ... lovely to use!

So effective ... Veto guards your loveliness night and day—safely protects your clothes and you. For Veto not only neutralizes perspiration odor, it checks perspiration, too! Yes, Veto gives you Double Protection! And Veto disappears instantly to protect you from the moment you apply it!

So gentle ... Always creamy and smooth, Veto is lovely to use and keeps you lovely. And Veto is gentle, safe for normal skin, safe for clothes. Doubly Safe! Veto alone contains *Duratex*, Colgate's exclusive ingredient to make Veto safer. Let Veto give your loveliness double protection!

Veto lasts and lasts from bath to bath!

Beauty is my business—



AND SWEETHEART IS MY BEAUTY SOAP

say 9 out of 10 Cover Girls!

• We questioned the gorgeous girls on the covers of America's leading magazines this year. "What beauty soap do you use?" we asked. And *9 out of 10* replied . . ."SweetHeart Soap."

"I'm devoted to SweetHeart Care!"

says JUDY JENKS, *Glamorous Cover Girl*

"It gives my skin the radiant freshness of dewy rosebuds . . . leaves it soft and smooth as silk. That's why I can earn $100 a day. Since my complexion is so important to my success, I simply couldn't afford to do without SweetHeart Care."

• And think of the many ways a clear, lovely complexion will pay you in happiness. So like 9 out of 10 cover girls, make pure, mild SweetHeart your beauty soap.

Each day enjoy the benefits of SweetHeart's creamy lather that has a gentle Floating Lift. It's a remarkable beauty action. You'll quickly see results. One week after you change from improper care, your skin looks softer . . . smoother . . . younger.

Beauty is my business, too!

• Donna Lee Archibald, 6 months old, makes her bow as a model in a lovely SweetHeart complexion all over! For her mother bathes her with pure, mild SweetHeart Soap. Today get gentle SweetHeart in the new, large bath size, that's so luxurious, so economical!





SWEETHEART

The Soap that AGREES with Your Skin

new faces



JOHN IRELAND *made such an impression in* A Walk In The Sun *that he was immediately signed to other, more important roles. The newest of these are in* All The King's Men *and* Anna Lucasta *for Columbia Pictures. Before coming to Hollywood, John was well-known on Broadway. He was born in Canada on January 30, 1914, but was educated in New York and got his first acting job with a touring Shakespearean company. John is 6′ 2″ tall, weighs 175 lbs. and has blue eyes and brown hair. He's married and has a small son, John.*



MARY JANE SAUNDERS *became a movie star with hardly any trouble. Her mother heard that Paramount was looking for a talented little girl to appear with Bob Hope in* Sorrowful Jones *so she mailed Mary's picture to the studio and Mary got the job. She was born in Pasadena on October 12, 1942 and though her only camera experience had been as a model, she now is slated to become the second Shirley Temple. Mary has light brown hair and eyes and is 41 inches tall, but growing fast. She thinks acting's fine but she'd rather ride a pony or play with her dolls.*



LOLA ALBRIGHT'S *mother wanted her to become a musician. Lola wanted to become an artist, so they compromised and Lola went into radio—as a typist. She was born in Akron, Ohio, on July 20, 1925 but later moved to Chicago to try her fortune. There she became a model, and photographer Paul Hesse suggested she try Hollywood, where he felt her natural blond hair and blue eyes would be a definite asset. She now has a long term contract with United Artists and you've recently seen her in* Champion.



LEO GENN, *whom you saw as Dr. Kik in* The Snake Pit, *left his legal career in 1930 and except for a brief interlude as a war crimes prosecutor during the war, seems to have made his second career his best. Receiving his dramatic training in amateur theatricals, Mr. Genn made his screen debut in 1937. London born on August 9, 1905 he was first seen in this country in* Henry V *and* Mourning Becomes Electra. *He's 5′ 11″, weighs 175 lbs., has brown hair and eyes. You can write to him at 20th Century-Fox studios.*

sweet and hot



by leonard feather

**Highly Recommended
*Recommended
No Stars: Average

FROM THE MOVIES

BARKLEYS OF BROADWAY—"My One and Only Highland Fling" by Buddy Clark-Dinah Shore* (Columbia); Gordon MacRae-Jo Stafford* (Capitol); Freddy Martin (Victor); Lawrence Welk (Mercury).
The Astaire-Rogers album recommended last month, has a little competition here, but Fred and Ginger did the best job.

BEAUTIFUL BLONDE FROM BASHFUL EEND—"Every Time I Meet You" by Margaret Whiting (Capitol), Art Lund (MGM). Title song by Art Lund' (MGM).

IT HAPPENS EVERY SPRING—title song by Margaret Whiting (Capitol), Frank Sinatra (Columbia).
What's happened to Frankie's voice? Some of his old drive and spark is missing. He sounds better on the coupling, *Huckle Buck,* aided by the Ken Lone Quintet, but he's still no Billy Eckstine, by a mile.

LUCKY STIFF—"Loneliness" by Jerry Wayne (Columbia).

NEPTUNE'S DAUGHTER—"Baby, It's Cold Outside" by Esther Williams and Ricardo Montalban* (MGM), Margaret Whiting and Johnny Mercer (Capitol), Louis Jordan and Ella Fitzgerald** (Decca), Dinah Shore-Buddy Clark (Columbia), Sammy Kaye (Victor).

PORTRAIT OF JENNIE—title song by King Cole* (Capitol), Freddy Martin (Victor).
This isn't really from the picture—just "inspired by it," it says here.

TAKE ME OUT TO THE BALL GAME—"The Right Girl For Me" by Gordon MacRae* (Capitol), Derry Falligant (MGM), Sammy Kaye (Victor).

TASK FORCE—"If You Could Care" by Freddy Martin (Victor).

POPULAR

SOUTH PACIFIC—original cast album** (Columbia).
Terrific competition among the big record companies to sell the songs from the year's No. 1 hit Broadway musical. Nobody will really compete with this Columbia collection starring Mary Martin, Ezio Pinza et al. However, there's a Decca album in which the songs don't suffer at all at the hands of Bing, Danny Kaye, Evelyn Knight and Ella Fitzgerald. The Capitol cuttings have Gordon MacRae, Maggie Whiting and Peggy Lee.

HOT JAZZ AND "BOPULAR"

DUKE ELLINGTON—"Singing In The Rain" (Columbia).
Nice, but not up to ducal standards.

BENNY GOODMAN—"Shishkabop" (Capitol)

GEORGE SHEARING—"September in the Rain"* (MGM).

ART TATUM—"I Got Rhythm"** (Brunswick).

GEORGE WALLINGTON—"Knockout"* (De Luxe).
Wallington is the young pianist-arranger who wrote "Lemon Drop" and "Godchild." He has a good, well-recorded boptet here, with vocalist Buddy Stewart.

...dream girl, dream girl... beautiful Lustre-Creme Girl
...hair that gleams and glistens...from a Lustre-Creme shampoo



Tonight!..Show him how much lovelier your hair can look...after a

Lustre-Creme Shampoo

NOT A SOAP! NOT A LIQUID!
BUT KAY DAUMIT'S RICH LATHERING CREAM SHAMPOO WITH LANOLIN

for Soft, Shimmering Glamorous Hair



4-oz. jar $1; 10-oz. economy size $2. Smaller jars and tubes 49¢ and 25¢.

No other shampoo gives you the same magical secret-blend lather plus kindly LANOLIN . . . for *true* hair beauty.

Tonight he can SEE new sheen in your hair, FEEL its caressable softness, THRILL to its glorious natural beauty. Yes, *tonight*, if you use Lustre-Creme Shampoo today!

Only Lustre-Creme has Kay Daumit's magic blend of secret ingredients *plus* gentle lanolin. This glamorizing shampoo lathers in hardest water. Leaves hair fragrantly clean, shining, free of loose dandruff and so soft, so manageable!

Famous hairdressers use and recommend it for shimmering beauty in all "hair-dos" and permanents. Beauty-wise women made it America's favorite cream shampoo. Try Lustre-Creme! The man in your life—*and you*—will love the loveliness results in your hair.

Now! Palmolive's Famous "Beauty Lather" Brings You Something

Thrillingly New!

New Fragrance!
New Charm!
New Allure!



And Doctors Prove Palmolive Soap—Using Nothing But Palmolive—Can Bring Lovelier Complexions!

Millions of women will prefer this "Beauty Lather" Palmolive over all other leading toilet soaps . . . the minute they try it!

And small wonder! For Palmolive's famous "Beauty Lather" has a new, clean, flower-fresh fragrance for new allure, new charm.

And using Palmolive Soap, the way doctors advised, is so effective that *all types of skin*—young, older, oily—respond to it quickly. Dull, drab skin appears brighter, coarse-looking skin finer. Even tiny blemishes—incipient blackheads—disappear or improve remarkably.

So do as Doctors advised. Stop improper cleansing! Instead, wash your face with Palmolive Soap three times each day, massaging Palmolive's wonderful "Beauty Lather" onto your skin, for sixty seconds each time, to get its full beautifying effect. Then rinse! That's all.

Yes, 36 doctors—leading skin specialists—advised this way for 1285 women, and *proved* Palmolive can bring lovelier complexions to 2 out of 3 in just 14 days. Get Palmolive Soap and start today!



Get Bath Size Palmolive, too!

Use it in tub or shower. The alluring new fragrance of Palmolive's "Beauty Lather" leaves you even lovelier *all over!*



ill will isn't good

an open letter to montgomery clift

Dear Montgomery Clift:

Early this year, this magazine was bombarded by letters from groups of readers who wanted to be chartered by the MODERN SCREEN Fan Club Association as members of Montgomery Clift fan clubs. Knowing what these clubs represent, in terms of value to their communities and to the players they favor, we agreed. Upon request, you also agreed. A large number of Clift clubs came into existence.

Presently we found ourselves receiving troubled letters: "Clift won't write to us . . ."; "We tried to get a statement for the club magazine but he never replied. . . ."; "As club president, I tried to arrange a five-minute interview, but was told it couldn't be done. . . ."

And recently: "We have voted to disband our club. Why should we work hard and spend our money for someone who doesn't appreciate us?" (We'll come to that "spend our money" business in a moment, Mr. Clift.)

If these letters are accurate—and we're afraid they are—we think you are making a serious mistake. Entirely apart from the disappointment you have brought to people who offered their friendly admiration, you may be hurting yourself professionally.

You are a stage actor, accustomed to performing before "live" audiences. In your stage work, if you are as perceptive as we think you are, you can measure the effectiveness of your performance by immediate audience reaction. Now, as a screen player, you perform for invisible, silent millions. How do you propose to evaluate your work? By what the publicists tell you? By seeing your own films? By reading reviews? By box-office profits? All these studies can give you a part of the story, but you'll have to reach the people themselves for any complete understanding of your effectiveness.

That's where the fans come in—and the fan clubs. These young men and women can offer you respect, loyalty and (this may astonish you, Mr. Clift) honest criticism. Further, they associate your name with dozens of worthy causes. Fan clubs, under this magazine's sponsorship, have contributed large amounts of energy and money to such enterprises as CARE, community chest drives, cancer funds and other causes too numerous to mention.

In this situation we are merely interested bystanders. We like you; we like the fan club members. On that basis we'd like to make a perfectly fair suggestion: Ask the older, more established stars about fan clubs. You'll hear some criticism—no organization is perfect. But we know, with certainty, that you'll hear far more praise—and from actors you respect. Your course of action after that should be clear enough.

Ida Kay Nichols

EDITOR

Elizabeth wouldn't say much about her new romance, but she didn't have to. There was a soft, gay look in her eyes that spoke of love . . .

by hedda hopper

her Eyes have told me so!





Liz Taylor met Bill Pawley, Jr. (above), shortly before Glenn Davis (right) returned from Korea. Liz broke her engagement to Glenn and is now engaged to 28-year-old Bill.

In recent months, the public was greatly intrigued by Elizabeth Taylor's romance with Lieutenant Glenn Davis. Then, almost overnight, the picture changed. Davis dropped out of it and a new man, William Pawley, Jr., entered Elizabeth's life. On June 6, her engagement to Pawley was announced. Here, Hedda Hopper tells the story of their sudden, exciting romance—and gives a charming picture of a girl in love trying to keep a lovely "secret."—THE EDITORS.

■ I sat with Elizabeth Taylor in the Taylor home just a few days before her engagement to Bill Pawley, Jr., was announced. "Officially, please say I'm not engaged," said Elizabeth, very officially.

"All right," I agreed, "then officially you're not. . . . By the way, what's that gold watch bracelet on your wrist—a present from Bill?"

Liz's china-blue eyes looked down and her rose-ivory cheeks reddened and swelled in a smile. "It is," she confessed. "How did you ever guess?"

"He has good taste," I told her, "that Bill of yours. In more ways than one, if you follow me."

"Thank you, ma'am," grinned that charming Taylor romancer.

Guessing is sometimes my business in Hollywood—but when I first heard about Elizabeth and Bill I was none too sure that she was in love again. I wasn't at all certain that love was the precise word to use about the hasty heart-throbs of a sweet seventeener, especially one as wrapped up in sighs and liable to sudden flip-flops beneath her bosom as Elizabeth is at this stage of her young life. I'd have called it romance, myself—which even Liz admitted to me was the best tag for her engagement to Lieutenant Glenn Davis, the ex-West Point football flash.

(*Continued on page 95*)



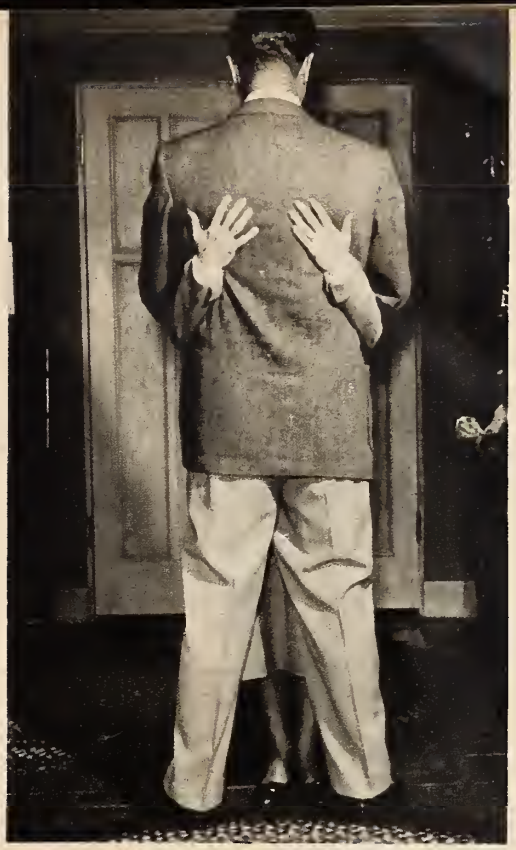
WE FOUGHT TO SAVE OUR

by Dick Powell



MARRIAGE

I guess June and I were about the happiest couple in Hollywood—until the morning some wise guy said our marriage was skidding . . .



In a delightful scene familiar to all married couples, Dick kisses June hastily before leaving for work.

■ I don't want to sound like a wise guy—but I wish those termite-brained saboteurs who were trying to blow up June's and my marriage just about a year ago would screw on their false faces and come around to see me. You may remember some of the printed stories about how the Powell marriage was falling apart. Well, a year has gone by. We still have, as we had then, one of the happiest marriages anybody could locate..

It's time some actor spoke right out in public and let the people know what a devil of a lot of trouble the idiotic chattering of rumormongers can cause. There are quite a number of marriages around Hollywood that might have survived a little trouble if these worms hadn't chewed away the foundations. Here's the sort of thing I mean:

One morning around six a.m., I woke up and looked for Mrs. Powell. She was gone. Oh yeah, I forgot: Final scenes for *Little Women.* I put on my robe and clumped downstairs. There was June in the breakfast room, gulping a fast cup of coffee.

I presented her with a smack on the forehead. She looked up with that worried expression she gets sometimes that makes her resemble a pleasant turnip. "Read that!" she exclaimed, handing me the morning gazette.

Four lines in a column read something like this: "What's skidding in the Dick Powell homestead? Too bad, blaa, blaa, et cetera, and blaa."

"I don't like it," June said.

"Some reporter this guy is," I growled. "Last night we were holding hands at the movies, as if we'd just met, and here's this boy smearing around his printer's ink, shoving us right down to the Hall of Justice. Why, I ought to punch him right in the nose."

"Gee," June grinned. "Get madder. Get real sore. Proves you love me on Thursdays." Then she kissed me goodbye, raced out, jumped into her convertible Ford and beat it for Metro.

Right after breakfast, I dialed a number and asked for somebody who'll have to be known as Joe Columnist. He was there, probably loading his typewriter with venom for the next day's blast.

"Joe," I said, "this is that actor, Dick Powell. Joe, I hate to be sensitive and all that rot—but where did you get the notion that the Powells can't stand each other?"

"I dunno, Dick," he replied easily. "I just pick things up."

"All right!" I snapped. "You're supposed to be a friend of mine. You just picked this up and it's wrong! Put it down!"

"Okay, Dick," he said. "Okay, friend. Want me to deny that you're (*Continued on page 88*)



there's a great DAY comin'

She'd never acted in her life, but that didn't matter. She had taffy-colored hair and a pure white smile—and she knew what to do with a song . . .

BY JACK WADE

■ The Chinese clerk on Grant Avenue handed over the package of lichee nuts to the leggy, freckle-faced girl who was doing San Francisco's Chinatown.

"You a movie star?" he inquired.

"No, sir!" protested the pretty customer. "Not me!"

"You're Doris Day, aren't you?"

"Yes," she admitted.

He nodded wisely. "Then you're a movie star, all right."

Doris Day shouldn't need the Wisdom of the East to tell her she's riding high in the Hollywood heavens. Right now all kinds of wonderful things are popping which should prove that D-Day in Hollywood is here for a young and healthy lady of the same name. Practically every time the clock chimes, fan letters enough to give the postman lumbago are piling in on Doris, saying, "You're terrific!" She's endorsing contract checks from Warner Brothers for movies, from Bob Hope for radio, and from Columbia Records for platters—all of which adds up to over $2000 every Saturday night. She has *My Dream Is Yours* and *It's a Great Feeling* to back up the hit she made in *Romance on the High Seas*. She has stars and producers trailing her to sign contracts for more starring jobs at fancier figures. Wherever she's exposed her friendly grin, pearly pipes and bouncy body, the public's loved that girl. It was Doris' enthusiastic mobbing on her first personal appearance in San Francisco that tipped off the canny Chinese that his blonde young customer was something special.

But when her rise in the world is called to her attention, Doris keeps shaking her taffy-colored head and saying, "Who, *me?*" *(Continued on page 79)*



Doris tries to be an hand when her turkeys get hungry. She laves animals—wants to own a ranchful af them sameday.



Bob Hope and Daris head for a broadcast. Dynamic Daris divides her time between radio, recardings and mavies. Her newest: *It's a Great Feeling.*

JOHN WAYNE'S DOUBLE LIFE



In his 20 yeors in Hollywood, Woyne—here on the set of *Strange Caravan*—hos been in 143 films.



John and his Chata sunning in the patio of their Van Nuys home. They met in Mexico, after his first marriage ended, and were wed in 1946.

His virile image on the screen is as familiar as sun and wind—yet the real man has remained a silent enigma . . .

By MORGAN MacNEIL

■ A few months ago Betty Grable and Harry James who, next to horses, like movies best, had a night off.

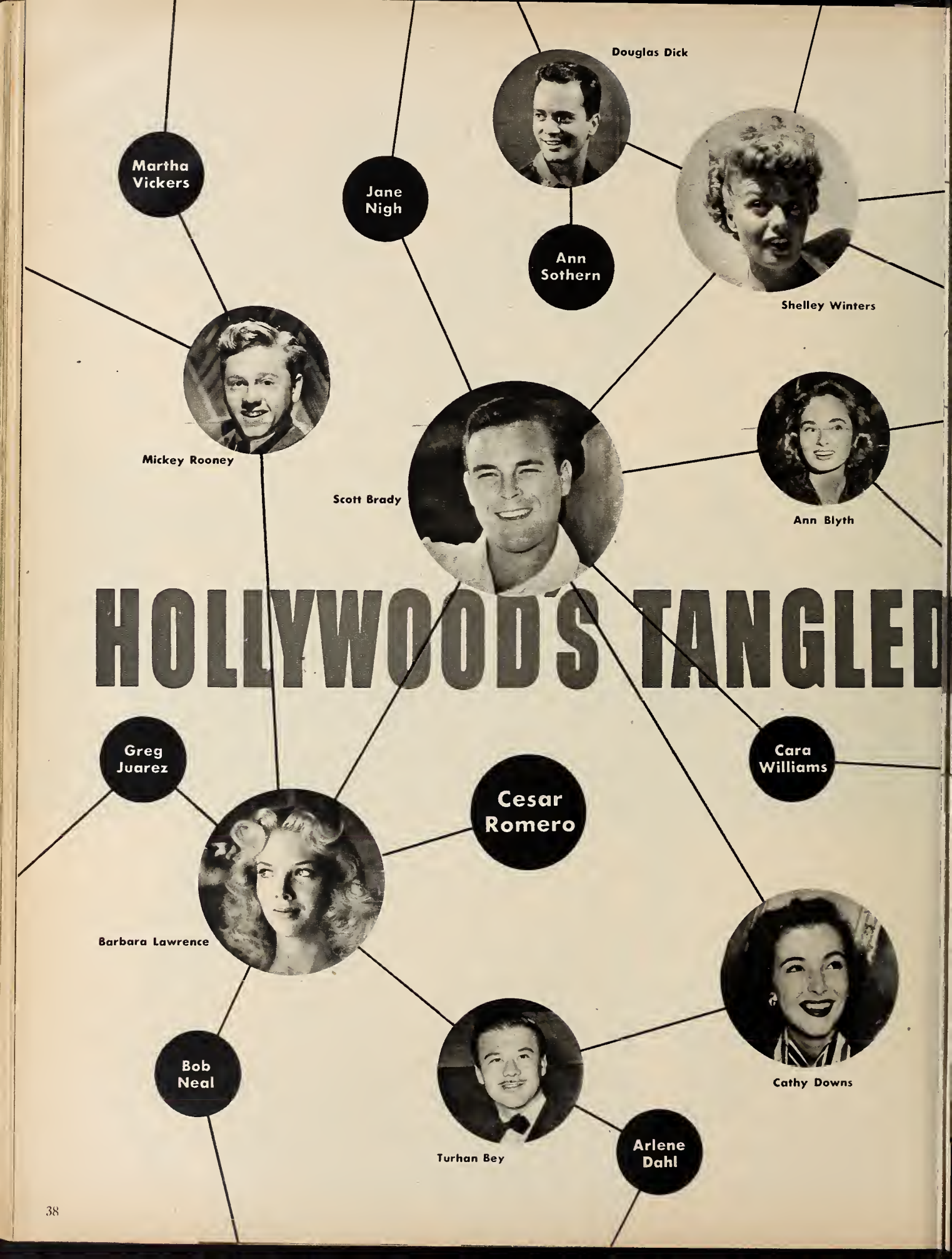
"How about going to a show?" Harry suggested.

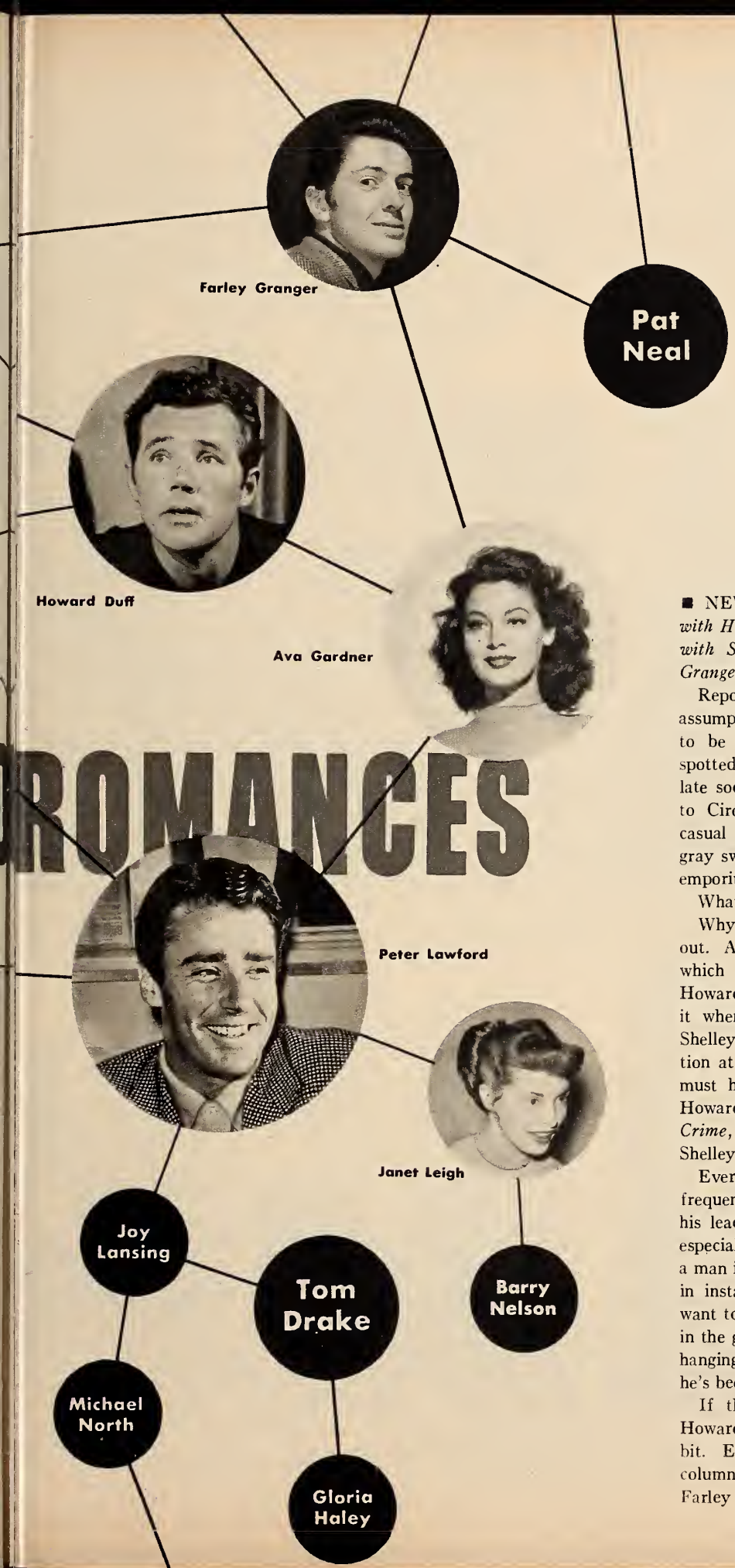
"Okay with me," Betty said. "What's playing?"

Harry picked up the local newspaper and glanced at the movie ads. "I may be nuts," he announced after a few minutes, "but the only thing playing in Los Angeles is John Wayne."

"Now, come, Harry," Betty said.

"Honest," Harry insisted. "Just listen to this." He began reading aloud. "In Westwood, they're showing John Wayne in *Red River*. In Hollywood, they're showing John Wayne in *Wake of the Red Witch*. In Beverly Hills, they've got John Wayne in *Three Godfathers*. In Glendale, it's John Wayne in two revivals, *Stagecoach* and *The Long Voyage Home*. In Burbank, they're showing John Wayne in *Fort Apache*. And in Pasadena they're sneaking a preview of John Wayne in *She Wore A Yellow Ribbon*. . . . I'm telling you, this guy is blanketing Los Angeles." (*Continued on page 99*)


Douglas Dick
Martha Vickers
Jane Nigh
Ann Sothern
Shelley Winters
Mickey Rooney
Scott Brady
Ann Blyth
HOLLYWOOD'S TANGLED
Greg Juarez
Cesar Romero
Cara Williams
Barbara Lawrence
Cathy Downs
Bob Neal
Turhan Bey
Arlene Dahl



Who's dating in Hollywood—and are they really? Here's a play-by-play account of recently reported romances.

By GEORGE BENJAMIN

■ NEWS ITEM: *Ava Gardner has tiffed again with Howard Duff, who is now being seen around with Shelley Winters, while Ava dates Farley Granger, who used to go with Pat Neal.*

Reporters have no sooner settled down to the assumption that this is the way things are going to be for awhile when Ava and Howard are spotted strolling into Schwab's drug store for a late soda. That does it. A fella can take a girl to Ciro's or Mocambo and it may be only a casual date, but when they show up in look-alike gray sweaters and bright smiles at the local drug emporium they go together like ham and eggs.

What happened here?

Why, nothing much. Ava and Howard did fall out. Ava promptly went out with Farley Granger, which should have had a crushing effect on Howard. If such were the case, he didn't show it when he stepped out the next evening with Shelley Winters. Outwardly, Ava paid no attention at all to this turn of events. Inwardly, she must have seethed—for, a few days thereafter, Howard left to do location scenes for *Partners in Crime*, in which his leading lady happens to be Shelley Winters.

Everyone in Hollywood knows that an actor frequently falls more than a little in love with his leading lady during the filming of a picture, especially when location trips are involved. Then a man is away from telephones which can put him in instant touch with his best girl in case they want to make up. Then, too, a man finds himself in the great outdoors often with a great big moon hanging around, to enhance the charms of the girl he's been making love to all day.

If the studio gossip were true, Shelley and Howard weren't going to mind this situation a bit. Except for one thing. At the same time the columnists had Ava Gardner holding hands with Farley Granger, Ava (*Continued on page 85*)

And the Living is breezy...



The easy informality of the Andrews' home allows the kids a maximum of freedom. Even baby Susan joins Steve and Kathy for meals in the cheerful breakfast-room.



Dana's leather chair in the den is his favorite spot for relaxing with travel books. It's also Kathy and Steve's favorite spot for relaxing with Daddy, and half the time he's submerged by small, sprawling arms and legs.



The Queen Anne dining room in golden oak is Mary's particular joy. On a recent trip to England, she haunted antique shops and braught home some fine finds.



Dana and Mary's bedroom, within earshot of the children's roams, shows a Victorian influence. They often use it as a sitting room when the kids are tucked away for the night. Tiled fireplace is actually used on cool nights.



Mary and Dana gather with Kathy and Stevie for a sing in the living room. The portrait is of Dana's oldest boy, David.

Nine years ago, Dana Andrews began his dream house. Now he has it furnished—with a lovely wife, four rollicking kids, and furniture those kids can't take apart.

BY VIOLA MOORE

■ "You know those hermit crabs that won't go anywhere without taking their houses on their backs?" asks Dana Andrews. "Well, I'm kind of like that. I'm darned if I'll go on location anywhere in the world without taking my household with me."

And that's no gag. When Dana went to England not long ago to make *The Forbidden Street* with Maureen O'Hara, he took along his wife Mary, two of the children, Kathy and Stevie (his older boy, David, was at boarding school), and Mary's mother and dad. The merry Andrews are a close-knit clan.

Which is plain to see when you drop in at the Andrews' home—the focal spot of their world. One-year-old Susan, the newest member of the family, presides over the happy establishment, which is housed in a roomy, grey stucco structure trimmed with touches of white. A gabled roof looks over a paved courtyard. Sloping lawns are guarded by a high white wall, equipped with an electric gate to insure privacy.

The Andrews' home is no mere showplace, furnished by impersonal decorators: The Andrews have created their own atmosphere. Dark green

And the Living is breezy...



Baby Susan Andrews, here getting her hair brushed, was born January 30, 1948. Her nursery walls are done in deep robin's egg blue, set off by draperies figured with story-book characters.



The clan assembles in the den to discuss new voyages on their ship *Vileehi*. Except for Susan, all the Andrews (including 16-year-old David, who is away at school) are enthusiastic tars.



In their beautiful living room, Dana and Mary can smile now as they recall the tiny apartment they started married life in nine years ago. Dana has well justified her faith in his future.

walls in their beautiful formal living-room are accented by pastel printed chairs and a bright pink couch under the bay window. Mahogany-panelled walls in the den have been utilized to provide a bookshelf in the same wood. Stately Queen Anne dining-room furniture in golden oak is backed by scenic wallpaper depicting the early days of Boston, Philadelphia, New York and San Francisco. The children are allowed full run of the house, for Mary believes that only by *expecting* good behavior are you likely to get it.

In the spacious den, leading out of the living-room, the Andrews family gets together for evenings of fun and frolic. With one glance at the room, you can tell they're bound together by their truly fanatic interest in boats—particularly their own two, the *Katherine* and the *Vileehi*. Enlarged snapshots of the boats and its three young deck hands line the walls. Six-year-old Kathy, impish-eyed, with heavy Dutch bangs; Stevie, with his belligerent baby chin, and 16-year-old David are shown in assorted nautical poses. Prints of old sailing ships, maps and fishing equipment are scattered about. Dana's navigation books weigh down the oak coffee-table.

By one window, there's an oversized leather chair—in which, supposedly, Dana reads scripts and travel books of an evening. Usually, though, it's a mad scramble of slithering legs and arms as Kathy and Stevie clamber all over him. Slippery leather chairs—particularly if they're occupied by a good-natured father who enjoys rough-housing—seem to have a most magnetic appeal for all such energetic infants.

But the kids' behavior in the dining room is definitely different. Here, where a chandelier composed of six antique lamps glows softly upon her silver coffee service and her Queen Anne tea service on the buffet, slim, blonde Mary insists on manners to match the elegant appointments of the furnishings. The raspberry red carpet quiets the scamper of small feet as they hurry into their appointed chairs.

The Andrews children's sunny bedrooms are off the main hallway upstairs. In a central play-space are their record-player, books, paints and mechanical toys. Mary and Dana's master bedroom is within earshot. It's a restful room with twin beds of dark polished wood covered with quilted spreads of deep rose satin that match the large roses in the wallpaper. An early Victorian mahogany highboy and small tables match Mary's dressing table. The rose-patterned wallpaper is carried right through Mary's dressing room and into the bathroom, whose walls and ceiling are cheery with the same bright design. Flanking the massive fireplace in their room, Mary has placed (*Continued on page 105*)



Anne Baxter gives a little loving service to husband, John Hodiak. She's in *You're My Everything;* he's in *Malaya.*

how could I be so Wrong!

by Anne Baxter

I used to make speeches on who should marry and who shouldn't; on mixing careers and domesticity. Then, three years ago, the unexpected happened . . .

Just the other day—July 7th—Anne Baxter and John Hodiak celebrated their third wedding anniversary. At this appropriate time, MODERN SCREEN *is happy to present Anne's revelations of her married life.*—THE EDITORS.

■ Once, when I was young, foolish and unmarried, I sounded off recklessly on a certain subject with words which have haunted me ever since.

I said—and right in print—that I'd never marry an actor.

I gave all the old, familiar reasons: Two careers, I argued, were domestic dynamite. Two ambitions could breed only rivalry and unhappiness, sure as shooting. Two incomes were deadly; a man has to be the provider. Two busy lives left no time for married companionship; a wife must be only a wife. And so on. At that point I believed every word I said—but I simply didn't know what I was talking about. *(Continued on page 92)*



H

HUTTONTOTS,

the care and feeding of

by Reba and Bonnie Churchill

Candy and Lindsay were little angels. But when Betty Hutton left home, their halos slipped and nearly strangled the baby-sitting Churchill girls!

■ What's a Huttontot? Well, if you look in the dictionary you won't find it—it's not there. If it were, it'd be defined this way:

"Huttontot (hĕd′āk), n. 1. One of a small race of offspring belonging to Betty Hutton. Famous for creating havoc and bedevilling baby sitters. 2. *Plural, Huttontots.* Double trouble."

But we didn't need a dictionary. We found out all about 'em at first-hand. . . .

Everything had started out so gay—so carefree. Just a nice, entertaining home interview with Betty for MODERN SCREEN.

As Betty greeted photographer Bob Beerman and us at the door of her Brentwood house, Lindsay, aged two, and Candy, 11 months, were shyly peeking around her slack-clad legs. It was the nurse's day off, and Betty had wonderful plans to spend her time relaxing with the children.

As Betty talked and we took notes, Lindsay and Candy kept up a steady procession from the nursery to the den. Candy would bring her favorite dolls and tenderly deposit them in our laps, while Lindsay showed up periodically with a book from her growing library.

"Lindsay's the bookworm of the family," explained Betty. "Don't know where she gets it! I'll risk sounding like a boastful mom, which I am, but she can recite over a hundred nursery rhymes without any coaching from (*Continued on page 47*)



Left, Betty Hutton has an urgent call from Paramount to come right over. But who'll baby-sit with Candy and Lindsay? Well, interviewers Reba and Bonnie Churchill happen to be there, so. . . . Above: "Good luck!" says Betty.



Reba and Bonnie take Lindsay and Candy for a brisk gallop on their rocking horses. The Churchills' first attempt at baby sitting was, to say the least, strenuous—the kids have their mother's energy.

HUTTONTOTS, the care and feeding of



Reba ties a hair ribbon for Candy, the baby bombshell, as Lindsay supervises the delicate operation. Later, the small Briskins got around to making mud pies—and asking the Churchills ta eat them.



The Briskins try their hand at their own type af be-bop in the nursery, with Candy at the ivaries and Lindsay an the xylophone. Be-bap or not, the peaceful moment was music to the Churchills' ears.



Lindsay instructs Reba in the fine art of turning somersaults—which the athletic tot mastered at an earlier age. Fundamentally, however, Lindsay's a baokworm—she knows over 100 nursery rhymes.



"Hi-Ho, Churchill," scream the Briskin tats as they ride the living roam range. Play came to an end when Candy decided ta use Bonnie's long hair far reins. "Harsey" is their favarite game with Dàddy.



Outfitted in look-alike bib aprons, Candy and Lindsay have their lunch, prepared according ta Betty's instructions. Lindsay daesn't go for spinach, but Candy does. Both have fine table manners.



Reba tries to convince Candy that it's time to put on sleepers. But the littlest Briskin daesn't like the idea. "Schnooklee" (Candy's nickname) usually wears anything or nothing with equal zest.

Bonnie kneels with Lindsay as she begins her prayers. . . . But afterwards, Reba and Bonnie had to sing to get the little girls to go to sleep.

(*Continued from page 45*) the audience. And you should hear her sing 'Buttons and Bows'! . . . Some of my friends are sending their kids to nursery school. But I said none of that for Lindsay—she's too smart already."

Betty continued to breeze along. The interview was proceeding as smooth as glass. And then—the phone rang. It was a call that changed our lives.

It was the Paramount studio. They wanted Miss Hutton to come right over. Something important about her latest film, *Red Hot and Blue*.

"But——but who'll baby sit with the youngsters?" said Betty. "It's Kirchey's—the nurse's—day off. Mother's in Palm Springs. And Ted's at the office."

She waved her hand in a desperate little gesture. She stopped. Her hand paused in mid-air and then slowly pointed a finger in our direction. "You!" she exclaimed. "Of course, you two!"

Looking around as if (*Continued on page 101*)



Betty and Ted returned home to find two exhausted Churchills collapsed on the nearest bed. "The kids've been giving you the treatment, eh?" said Betty. "That's what *we* go through every day."



This isn't just a gag shot. Pete spends so much time in the family garden in Brentwood that his mother calls him "Gopher."



Pete has managed to get this close to Noella Ouellette, MGM messenger, only because she hasn't seen the guy first—she'll probably scream when she does.



Hedy, the Lawford maid, helps Pete pack up for a vacation in England after he finished *The Red Danube.*

I'm no PLAYBOY

by Peter Lawford

In "Peter and the Wolf" in the June MODERN SCREEN, *it was pointed out that there are two Peter Lawfords—the real Peter and the playboy his publicity has made him out to be. In the following delightful story, Pete tells of some of the awful misunderstandings he's had with girls as a result of his reputation.*—THE EDITORS.

■ Was it Bilkie the Bear, or was it Hunky the Hippo, in the old nursery tale, who escaped his cage at a village carnival because he was such a friendly soul and wanted to meet the people at close range and be treated as one of them? Anyway, I don't have to tell you what happened. He got beaned with staves and whiffletrees by the frightened citizenry and ran back to his cage howling for protection.

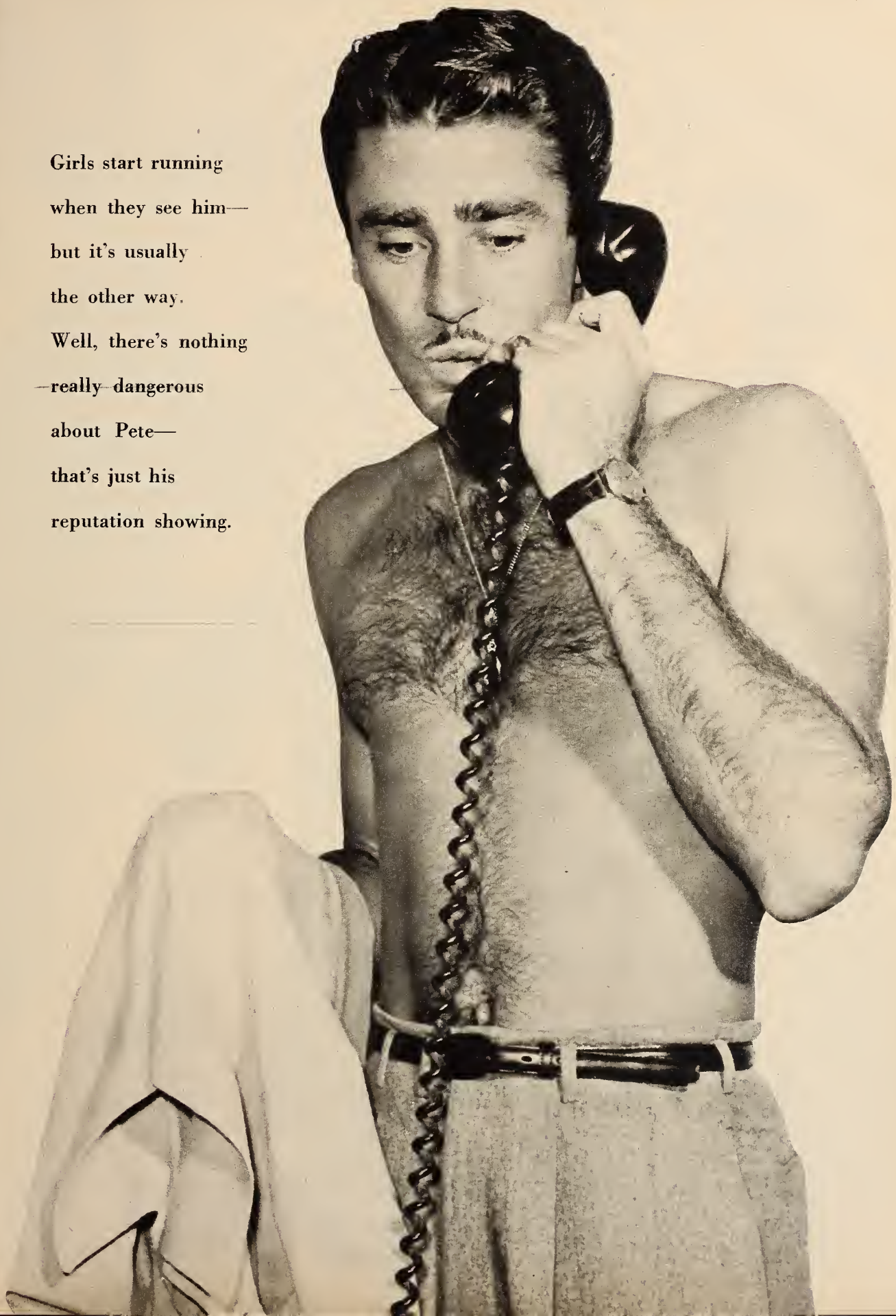
Well, that's me—Peter the Playboy, so-called.

I want to be friendly. But that reputation . . . whew! Every time I wander off the Hollywood reservation and meet a girl not in the movie colony, the things that happen! If she sticks around at all, she's hostile. If she isn't hostile she's narrow-eyed and watchful. If she isn't that she's a hundred other things—but rarely the pleasant girl she would be had she met anyone else but me.

Take a Saturday a few weeks ago in Laguna Beach. I went there to attend a beach party but arrived without a girl. (Yeah . . . I tried but it was short notice.) There was another fellow there—call him Joe—who also was without a girl. But Joe wasn't worried. He lived in Laguna and was sure he could run into somebody he knew. He even offered to help me get a date—and we went off in my car, recruiting.

How did we do? Well, let's skip our first two tries and go right into the third. We ran into a pretty twosome of blonde loveliness just outside of Carpenter's, the town's unique general store which sells everything from fat men's pants to (*Continued on page 64*)

Girls start running
when they see him—
but it's usually
the other way.
Well, there's nothing
—really—dangerous
about Pete—
that's just his
reputation showing.





WAS IT LOVE?

Was Ingrid indiscreet? These exclusive photos from Stromboli tell a fascinating story.

The first complete coverage of the Ingrid Bergman-Roberto Rossellini story to appear in any national magazine was published in the July issue of MODERN SCREEN. *Now, in the exclusive series of pictures beginning on this page, we present in graphic detail scenes from the story of Ingrid and Rossellini on Stromboli.*—THE EDITORS.

■ The blue sea sweeps toward the rocks, striking, and retreating, and subsiding in twisted garlands of foam upon the endless waves that charge again. At night, when the few inhabitants have put out their lamps and the only sound is the roar of the dark water, the island becomes a place of shadows and mystery. . . .

They call the island Stromboli. It lies to the west above the toe of the Italian boot, like a pebble kicked into the sea. It is 132 miles from Naples on the mainland, 70 from Messina on Sicily, in the cup of the Tyrrhenian sea.

Until April of this year, few Americans had ever heard of Stromboli. But today, millions of Americans know about this strange, volcanic Italian island. It is a place to which an actress went to make a motion picture. The name of the actress is Ingrid Bergman. The name of her director is Roberto Rossellini.

Bergman, who had recently completed *Under Capricorn* for Warners before meeting Rossellini in Hollywood and going with him to Stromboli, had been to most moviegoers an embodiment of perfection, not only as an actress but as a woman above reproach, whose marriage to Dr. Peter Lindstrom had never been touched by gossip.

Rossellini, although his work has not been well known to American moviegoers, is a director whose reputation, both on the Continent and in the United States, is one of the highest in the profession.

. . . and the waves surge against Stromboli, foaming around the jagged rocks, echoing in the caverns, painting the blue water with a careless brush. . . .

Less than two weeks had passed after the arrival of



Like eager children in o strange new land, Ingrid and Rossellini rediscovered the ancient island day by day. Here, Rossellini pushes open the door of on abandoned cottage.



Anxious for her to absorb the atmosphere and to love the bleak country, Rossellini took Ingrid on long rambles. Village youngsters watched them curiously as they passed.

One of the few diversions for Ingrid ond Rossellini was fishing in the Tyrrhenian Sea. They did this between scenes for *After The Storm,* ond here, too, Rossellini was her director.

WAS IT LOVE?—or the enchantment of an island, silent and lonely and far away . . .

Ingrid, Rossellini, and the RKO company assigned to making *After The Storm,* before rumors began to appear in the American press. Reports had it that a deep affection had developed between Miss Bergman and Rossellini. Under the spell of the strange, wild island, the two most important figures in the movie company were supposed to have found each other irresistible.

"Romance!" the columnists shouted.

Dr. Lindstrom flew to Italy from Hollywood. Ingrid issued a statement. (She had been bombarded by cables and phone calls from the American press, and the greatest mystery of all had centered around why she refused to deny, point-blank, the various stories in the press.)

Ingrid said, in part: "I have met my husband and we discussed and clarified the situation. . . . Once the film is completed, I shall leave Italy and meet my husband in Sweden or the United States. Beyond this there will be no further statements about our private lives. . . ."

. . . *More than just an island, Stromboli is a volcano rising from the sea. Once it boasted a* (Continued on page 54)

As a motor boat carries them out to sea where they will shoot an opening scene of the movie, Bergman and Rossellini sit arm-in-arm.





Her face tense and drawn, Ingrid waits to perform. In a little while she'll act the part of Karen, the young fisherman's wife who must make her home on the volcanic island amid alien customs.



After hours of tiring work, rest and refreshment are offered in the shade of a crumbling building. Now the mournful, silent island of Stromboli is suddenly, magically awakened.



Even deep-sea diving doesn't take director Rossellini's mind from the script. Before plunging into the water, he's pushed back his goggle helmet to deliver an opinion on acting technique.



With his diving goggles lying beneath his chin, Mario Vitale relaxes between his plunges. Vitale is the 21-year-old Salerno fisherman whom Rossellini has chosen to play opposite Bergman.



A young Frenchman explains to Ingrid his mysterious appearance on the island. He has come all the way from home just to present Ingrid with a song whose words and music he composed for her.



Ingrid, scenarist Sergio Amidei and Rossellini stand entranced before the door of their cottage. It is one of Stromboli's angry nights and the sky is overspread with a foreboding red glow.



Gently, Rossellini puts tears in Ingrid's eyes as they prepare for a scene. Although his work is little known to U.S. audiences, Rossellini has a high reputation among professional movie-makers.



An assistant shows the scene he's just typed out to Ingrid and Rossellini. Below: Amid the bustling activity, an island woman combs her child's hair, seemingly indifferent to her surroundings.



WAS IT LOVE?

(Continued from page 52) *population of 5,000, but the danger of living in the path of frequent eruptions—the most dramatic and memorable were the ones of 1919 and 1930—has gradually driven its dwellers away. Of the 400 souls living there today, at least 300 are natives of the neighboring Lipari Islands, forced to Stromboli by homelessness. For this is one of the few places in the world without a housing problem. Abandoned homesteads, falling into ruin, dot the island. In many of them one can still trace the signs of hurried departure, of flight from the deadly streams of lava. . . . Stromboli is an island of death. In a few years' time, it will be utterly abandoned, its doors gaping, its walls crumbling, a new Pompeii. And the volcano will continue to seethe and rumble and flame, like a baleful and triumphant diety astride the sea. . . .*

Was Ingrid indiscreet?

Indiscreet, according to the dictionary, means lacking in caution and prudence. Did Ingrid show caution and prudence with Rossellini on Stromboli?

For a person who must have been aware that her every movement was being observed by the public in all parts of the world, Ingrid showed little caution or prudence. On these pages, MODERN SCREEN presents a remarkable series of pictures—possibly the most remarkable ever to appear in a movie magazine. They tell, with clarity and perception, of the fascinating events that made the island of Stromboli suddenly so important.

Today, for a while, the island of death has awakened as if by a magic touch. In the narrow passages of the abandoned village are voices and footsteps. Faces peep into the deserted houses, the ancient walls echo with songs. But soon Stromboli will once again sink back toward the dim destiny of forgotten things that must, someday, claim it utterly.

Yet there are some questions about it that always will remain—questions concerning two persons whose names, whether they wish it thus or not, will be linked together in history so long as are told great tales of men and women and the strange involvements into which their questing hearts must forever lead them.

Like two figures in a classic drama, Ingrid Bergman and Roberto Rossellini face the oncoming storm atop the black rubble of Stromboli. The day's work done, they look forward to tomorrow, unaware that the swirling waters on the rocks beneath may be symbolic of the forces now bearing upon their futures.



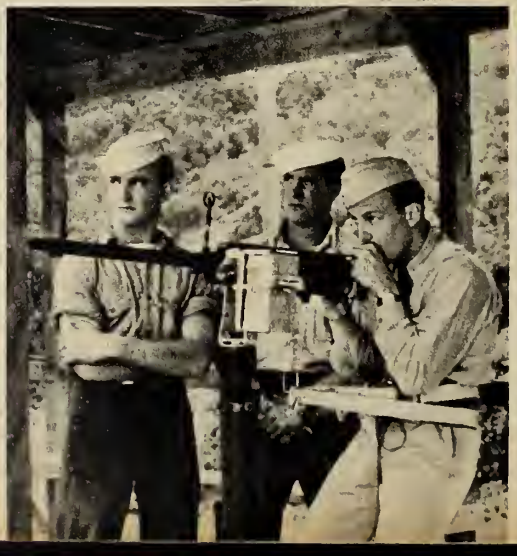
Bob Stack couldn't help it if he was born rich, and it wasn't his fault he was handsome. But he had to wage a mighty struggle to overcome those advantages.

BY KIRTLEY BASKETTE

All that money can't buy



Bab gets set to demonstrate the hard-wan skill that has wan him sa many shaating hanars.



His marksmanship paid aff in the war when, as Ensign Stack, Bab taught gunnery. Previausly, he had been graduated as tap man in his naval training class.



Bab plays tennis (and every ather game he tries) with an almast professianal skill.



For years, rugged Bob Stack has burned when called handsome. That beautiful wave in his hair has been a constant pain to him.

■ On his desk at home Bob Stack keeps the remains of a particularly handsome picture of himself which looks tragically the worse for wear. The edges are mashed, the corners crumpled and torn. The boyish face which this wreckage frames is a debutante's dream for sure. The golden hair is curly, the nose straight, the lashes long, and the lips full. It's the face of a young Adonis—and that's just the trouble.

For the past nine or 10 years, whenever Bob has encountered that photograph face-to-face, he has seized it with his muscular paws and shaken it as a terrier does a rat. "Get older, blast you!" Bob has growled. "Get older, do you hear?"

There's a wave, too—an irritating, rebellious wave on the left side of Bob's forehead that any girl would give the prospect of a mink coat to own. It sweeps, smart and smooth, just the right way to set off his crop of corn-silk and it's made of sturdy stuff. For years Bob has been pressing it flat, wetting it down and plastering it tight, cuffing and combing it out—with no progress whatever. It's still there to make him burn like a bonfire any time anybody calls him (*Continued on page 75*)



Picture of the Month

the girl from JONES BEACH

■ While it may not wind up among the ten best pictures of the year, Warner Brothers' *The Girl From Jones Beach* is a shiny, fresh and diverting comedy—nice, light summer entertainment.

If you can't get to the famous Long Island beach yourself on a hot August day, a pleasant substitute will be to watch Virginia Mayo there. Miss Mayo plays a high-minded schoolteacher who resents the fact that men, the beasts, are less interested in her mind than her figger.

The gayly complex plot revolves about the efforts of promoter Eddie Bracken and artist Ronald Reagan to get Virginia on a national television show as Ronald's model. In the course of it, Ronald pretends he's an immigrant and enrolls in one of her night-school classes. Naturally, they fall in love. Virginia, in a sudden feminine shift, begins to worry because he seems interested only in her intellect, not in her good looks. She thereupon sets out to change his attitude. For details on these farcical generalities, see the pictures to your right.

The Girl From Jones Beach has been happily cast. Besides her obvious physical qualifications, Virginia Mayo brings to her role a surprisingly deft talent for comedy. Ronald Reagan, as the artist, is a proper blend of worldly and corn-fed charm. Eddie Bracken is consistently comic as the hungry promoter with a fondness for letting his girl think he's going to commit suicide. As Eddie's girl, Dona Drake disports with her usual pertness.

This movie's like a good soft drink—sparkling, harmless, refreshing. Go see.



1. Impoverished promoter Chuck Donovan (Eddie Bracken) will collect $10,000 if he can sign artist Bob Randolph (Ronald Reagan) and his famed Randolph Girl model to a television contract. Bob refuses, for his creation is a composite of 12 girls.



2. Next morning, in a rowboat off Jones Beach, Chuck spots an in-the-flesh version of the Randolph Girl through field glasses. She disappears before Chuck reaches shore. He calls Bob. They haunt the beach until they find her—Ruth Wilson (Virginia Mayo).



3. Ruth is a teacher who wants to be admired for intellectual rather than physical attributes. Learning that she teaches an evening naturalization class, Bob enrolls so he can get her to pose. When Ruth discovers his identity, she's in love—and doesn't care.



4. Ruth thinks she's loved for her brain—and now doesn't like the idea. Still not realizing just why Bob enrolled, she asks him to meet her at the beach, hoping to end his seeming blindness to her beauty. Meantime Bob decides to call off the hoax and marry her.



5. When Chuck hears the meeting being arranged, he and best girl Connie Martin (Dona Drake) arrive with newspapermen and cameras. The resulting publicity causes Ruth's school board to dismiss her from her position. It also ends her romance with Bob.



6. Ruth takes her dismissal to court where, in a bathing suit, she's exhibit A. Bob comes to her defense and the judge (Henry Travers) upholds her right to teach. After a surprise twist, Ruth and Bob reconcile as Chuck and Connie plan to make it a double wedding.



out of his Mind-and back

Or how Modern Screen's fun-loving photographer found Gregory Peck in Florida.

MEMORANDUM
FROM: Editor, Modern Screen
TO: Managing Editor Hartley
Understand Gregory Peck somewhere in Florida on location for *Twelve O'Clock High.* Isn't Ike Vern also in Florida now? If so, let's have Vern scoot over to Peck's location to shoot us some pix.

Nichols

IKE VERN
CORAL GABLES
FLORIDA
GREGORY PECK IS AT FORT WALTON FLORIDA, ONLY COUPLE INCHES AWAY FROM YOU ON MAP. CAN YOU SHOOT PICTURE STORY ON WHAT HE DOES WHEN NOT WORKING?
HARTLEY, MODERN SCREEN

WILLIAM HARTLEY
MODERN SCREEN
NEW YORK, N. Y.
HAPPY TO DO PECK COVERAGE. DON'T KNOW WHERE FORT WALTON IS BUT WILL FIND OUT AND LEAVE IMMEDIATELY. WILL REPORT TO YOU FROM THERE.
IKE VERN

IKE VERN
BACON'S BY THE SEA
FORT WALTON, FLORIDA
WHAT'S UP? THREE DAYS WITH NO WORD FROM YOU MAKES ME VERY NERVOUS. HOLDING SPACE IN MAGAZINE FOR PECK STORY.
BILL HARTLEY

(Continued on next page)



Technical adviser Captain J. W. Adams (right), director Henry King (center) and Peck discuss a scene of the wartime film placed in England. The Alabama site was chosen far resemblance ta the English landscape.



Peck and the 20th Century-Fox crew form a chowline far their lunch of peanut butter sandwiches, cheese and lemonade. Peck was flawn to the airfield daily—200 miles fram his motel quarters in Fort Walton, Florida.

A ghost airfield in Alabama served as location for Gregory Peck's new movie, *Twelve O'Clock High.* Here, Peck waits as the set is made ready.



Gregory Peck went unrecognized during the early part of his stay in Florida. Then he sat under this Tringas Theatre poster and soon was mobbed. Owner Tringas and son are with him.



Peck had to charm the kitten before Betty Bacon would even talk to him. Betty's grandfather owns Bacon's-By-The-Sea, a motel near the Gulf of Mexico where Peck stayed during the filming.



Peck canoes to his "private" beach along the Gulf. There, on days off, he'd forget about the rigorous working schedule that called for him to be up at five and on the go till 7:30 P.M.



Ignoring the view, Peck sits on a buoy and studies his script. (Right) Meditating on the sand, he tries to work out his own reactions to a tensely dramatic scene in *Twelve O'Clock High.*

Mr. Wade Nichols,
Editor, Modern Screen,
261 Fifth Avenue,
New York City
Dear Nick:

Hartley can read this over your shoulder. Then both of you can drop dead. Nothing about this job was simple except me.

I should have known it when you wired, "It's only a couple inches away on the map." Listen, those two inches took me two days and a night on busses, planes and a hired auto. What map were you looking at?

Finally reached Fort Walton at 2 A.M. Monday, Peck's day off. Hit the hay at 3, slept four hours, then started banging on the door of Peck's little rented cottage.

How a guy can be pleasant at that hour is beyond me. Peck was. I started to apologize, moving around to make myself a shifty target in case he started throwing things.

Then whaddaya think? The guy reverses the field on me by apologizing for sleeping so (*Continued on page 84*)



I'M NO PLAYBOY

(Continued from page 48)

guaranteed-never-to-turn-green engagement rings. Joe knew the girls and introduced me.

There they stood, their eyes taking me in apprehensively, their hands beginning to pluck at themselves nervously, and their nostrils twitching like Bambi smelling the first ominous whiff of the raging forest fire.

"Peter L-L-Lawford?" the nearest one finally managed to respond.

"Yes, that's me," I replied with my best smile. We told them about the party. What fun it ought to be. That we'd love to take them. So—

"Peter Lawford!" gasped the other girl —and I noticed that she was edging away from there. The situation took on a familiar aspect that wasn't at all promising. Maybe I began pressing about this point. After all, it's happened to me before. My car was right at the curb. I pointed to it and suggested that we all get in. Instead, the first girl noticed that her friend was moving off and leaving her. That was too much. With a little cry she turned and followed. Then they broke into a run and actually fled around the corner!

sheep in wolf's clothing . . .

I turned to Joe. He looked annoyed. "I'm sorry," I said, laughing a prop laugh. "Nervous kids, weren't they?"

"Never seen them that nervous before," replied Joe pointedly.

I gave up. "Blame it on me, Joe. But that's the way it is—all too often. You did your part all right. It's just the way I've been tagged. It scares them."

He nodded. "This being the third pair you've chased off, I began to figure that," he said.

"Maybe you better try alone," I suggested humbly. "I won't hold you to your promise. I'm kind of slowing you down."

He looked a little uncomfortable—but resolute. "I hate to do it to you," he said, "but, after all . . . well, you know. There are only so many girls. . . ."

"Yes, I know," I told him. "Go ahead."

He did. I'm sure he got himself a girl and had a wonderful time. I drove back to Brentwood—back home to sit and lick my wounds. . . .

Yes, to be a wolf in sheep's clothing is one thing. But to be just a sheep in sheep's clothing, and still look to others like a wolf—partner, that's rugged! Why, it's getting so that even the girls in the business, who have known me for years are beginning to fall for that playboy talk about me. I'm beginning to feel a certain resistance when I try to make a date. Used to be that the first two lines of dialogue in any phone call I made for a date would run like this:

"Hello, Cynthia? [Obviously, I'm using a prop name.] This is Peter Lawford. How about an evening out?"

"Why, sure, Peter!"

Now my calls run more like this:

"Hello, Cynthia? This is Peter Lawford. How about an evening out?"

"Who? [They don't seem to hear my name as clearly as before, somehow.] Oh, Peter. Tonight? Oh. Well-l-l. . . . I'm sorry, but. . . ."

Remember the polo matches in Beverly Hills this spring? I took a young starlet with whom I've been out often. We were sitting in my car, watching, when I noticed a wasp on her shoulder. I raised my hand and was just putting it around her back to brush off the insect when she sensed the movement.

She exploded my name the next instant. *"Peter!"*

"B-b-but," I stuttered, "there's a wasp on your back. I was just going to. . . ."

"Peter!"

"Really! A wasp!"

Her eyes got like needles. "I don't mind wasps," she said. *"Wasps,* I don't mind at all."

Get it? So now there were three of us watching the polo game. And if the game meant nothing to the wasp, it meant less to me from that point on. And as for the girl—well, if you should happen to read this, B————, please believe me. So help me, it WAS a wasp!!

Peter the Playboy! I have started a three-man investigation of how and why this base canard ever got started—that is to say, a two-man, one-woman investigation. Helping are my friend Charlie Dunne and his beautiful wife, Molly. They're pitching in because they were recent witnesses to a demonstration of this *Lawforditus Playboyitis* that strikes some girls at first flash of me.

We were driving back to Hollywood from San Diego, very tired and very hungry, when we dropped in at a roadside restaurant for dinner. The waitress handed Molly and Charlie their menus and I held out my hand for mine. But at that moment she recognized me and stood frozen —the menu held just beyond my fingertips. I waited, hand extended, but nothing happened. So, to break the spell, I lurched a little from my seat to reach for it. She gave a backward hop and screamed at the same time. Other diners turned around and saw a perfect tableau depicting a man who had obviously tried to make a pass at a girl and was caught in the act.

What made it worse was that many people recognized me and gave vent to some choice comments—none of which they bothered to whisper:

"Yes, that's him, sure. Get the wolf coming out!"

"A fine thing! That's Hollywood for you."

MODERN SCREEN



"Molesting a poor waitress. It's a wonder someone doesn't pop him one!"

I fell back in my seat. I scrooched down throughout the meal, red-faced and dampish about my collar and the small of my back. When Charlie and Molly gave their orders I just mumbled, "the same." But it wasn't the same. What the girl brought me had no more relationship to what I ordered than a stick of licorice has to Yorkshire pudding. But I made no complaints. I knew when I was licked.

Yes, sir, Peter the Playboy—that's me.

good old Edna . . .

You know the old established custom of making a girl walk back from a ride. Well, has anything like that ever occurred in my romantic career? You bet. Only it wasn't the girl who did the walking.

It was at a party on a recent trip to New York. The hostess asked me to be nice to a girl who'd come alone—whom I shall call Edna. I was only too eager. Edna was smart, intelligent and lots of fun. By the time the party broke up we were getting along famously, so of course I asked if I could drive her home. She was delighted. And then I realized that my car was 3,000 miles away in Brentwood. I made a quick canvass of the fellows I knew and one of them obligingly handed over the keys of his car.

It wasn't far, she said. At her direction I started west across town through Times Square. A little later she had me run up on the Westside elevated highway heading north. It wasn't far, she assured me, as we kept going on . . . and on.

"We're coming to the little bridge," she volunteered a little later. "Just over that."

The "little bridge" proved to be that majestic span across the Hudson known as the George Washington Bridge. After that there were miles and miles of "just a little further" before we finally pulled up in front of a neat, suburban-type home in Tenafly, N. J.

"Don't bother to get out," said Edna, leaping to the sidewalk. "It's after midnight and you've got to get all the way back."

"No bother at all, Edna," I naturally replied, squirming out from under the wheel to follow. But the car door was neatly shut on that idea. Edna gave me a smile calculated to make up for the long distance we had come but which fell short by about 20 miles or so. And a few seconds later I was alone—alone in Tenafly, N. J.

I started the car. It moved about four feet, the motor gave three agonized gasps and stopped. I was whirring away at the starter when I noticed the little dingus on the dashboard that describes the gas situation. The needle was way over to one side where I could see a big "E" for empty.

Miles of dark loneliness were ahead of me up the street. Behind was the same. The last gas station I remembered seeing open was back near the Jersey end of the bridge. There was nothing to do but get Edna's help. Maybe I could phone someone to bring out a gallon or two of gas. Or maybe she'd let me siphon that much from the family car. I went to the door and knocked discreetly. There was just silence. I knocked again—louder. This time I thought I heard someone coming. Then her voice came to me in a whisper through the door.

"What is it?"

"It's me, Peter," I whispered back, following her cue.

"What do you want?"

"I've run out of gas."

"Huh!"

There was a touch of scorn in the way she said that which I resented, but I realized I was hardly in the position to resent anything, so I overlooked it.

"If I could just come in and phone someone," I suggested hopefully.

"Oh, no!"

"Or get some gas from your car. . . ."

"Oh, no! Dad would hear you fooling around the garage."

"Well, what if he does? You could explain."

"Oh, no. He'd want to talk to you. He makes it a point of meeting all my boy friends. And then he'd find out."

"Find out what?"

"You know—that you're Peter Lawford."

"Well. . . ." I was puzzled. "What of it?"

"Oh, you know . . ." she said. "Anyone else would be different. But . . . Peter Lawford. I can just hear what he'd say!"

Need I go on? Those weary first four miles which I walked. Those cars that ignored my thumb and whizzed by. The truck driver who finally picked me up, and his roaring laugh when I explained what had happened. How foolish and sickeningly unlike a wolf I felt when he so kindly brought me back to the stalled car and we puttered about transferring gas—while all the time, I'm sure, Edna watched from her window. Good old Edna. I bet she felt like the wisest of the Three Little Pigs.

what's the diff? . . .

You know, not long ago I appealed to Ava Gardner for advice. Ava is a friendly soul, someone you can open up to.

"Oh, you're kidding," she said.

"No. The girls just shy away from me. Or something odd happens," I protested.

"Then disguise yourself. Grow a mustache," she said.

"I beg your pardon," I said stiffly. "I happen to be wearing a mustache at the moment, if you will notice."

"Oh, so you are," Ava answered. "With some men it makes a difference. With you . . . well, you're still Peter Lawford, aren't you?"

I got a notion the other day that in all Hollywood there is probably only one other man who suffers more than I do under the weight of his reputation, and he is Frank Sinatra. Oh, I don't mean as a playboy. I mean the specialized effect on women credited to him. When I think of this I realize that maybe I'm not so bad off.

Frank was driving into town from Palm Springs one afternoon when he saw a sedan ahead of him swerve off the road and pile up on its side in the ditch. He stopped, ran over and clambered up on the car. Pulling at the door, he managed to get it open and then he worked his back under it to keep it that way. Looking inside he saw a pile of luggage which he started throwing out. Then, underneath, he saw a girl tumbled into a heap, her back to him.

"Are you all right in there?" he asked.

"Yes," came a voice and he felt thankful that whoever she was, she had retained consciousness and could probably climb out.

"Good girl," he said. "Just take my hand and I'll pull you up."

She managed to get on her knees and he got a good grip on her arm. But just then she saw his face. "Oh!" she cried. "Oh, *Frankie!*" And to his great disgust swooned dead away!

At least the girls *I* meet get away on their own power. I don't have to pick them up.

THE END

With a flick of your finger... the Dial-a-Wave ends guesswork in your home permanent



Her Rayve Wave Number is 14. Find yours on the Dial-a-Wave . . . easy as dialing your radio! It gives you the kind of wave you want . . . for your kind of hair.



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the new **HOME PERMANENT** *has the Dial-a-Wave that personalizes your wave!*



RAYVE REFILL KIT $1

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Both *kits contain the* Dial-a-Wave

AND RAYVE IS FASTER, GENTLER, EASIER!

A TWIST OF THE DIAL assures you of professional-looking results. Your Rayve Wave Number shows in a flash how to get the amount of wave *you* want . . . for *your* kind of hair. *Everything* about Rayve is simpler, better. No turban to wear . . . easy picture-booklet directions.

WAVING TIMES ARE UP TO TWICE AS FAST as ordinary home permanents. Yet the improved creme formula is noticeably *gentler*. You can use Rayve with confidence. It's a *Pepsodent* product, accepted for advertising in publications of the American Medical Association.

LONG-LASTING—YET SOFTER, MORE NATURAL—No fuzzy ends, no frizz with a *personalized* Rayve cold wave. Even on the very first day your hair feels satin-soft . . . looks and acts like lovely natural curls. Change to Rayve for a *better* wave with any plastic curlers you may have.

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Are you really Lovely to Love?

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Have you ever wondered if you are as lovely as you could be—are you completely sure of your charm? **Your deodorant can be the difference . . .** and you will never know how lovely you *can* be until you use FRESH.

FRESH is so completely effective, yet so easy and pleasant to use...Different from any deodorant you have ever tried. **Prove this to yourself** with the free jar of creamy, smooth FRESH we will send you.

Test it. Write to FRESH, Chrysler Building, New York, for your free jar.



how to have

the sophisticated look

by connie bartel, fashion editor

■ What makes one girl look sophisticated—and another girl look merely pleasant, in exactly the same dress? We think it's *how* she wears it, what she wears *with* it, and her general air of confidence.

In this issue we concentrate on sophisticated clothes, sophisticatedly worn. Beginning on the opposite page we show what happens when a smart cotton is made smarter by knowing accessories. On pages 68-69, cast an eye on what you can do with the modern version of a t-shirt—providing you know your way around belts, scarves and jewelry. (Notice also the cropped hairdos—tremendous rage among the fashion models.)

For that unmistakable New York look—see cotton trimmed with velvet on page 70. That's the very latest fabric teamup, and typical of the young woman of Manhattan. And on page 72, marvel at how dashing you half-sizes can look in side buttoned gabardine teamed with checked shoes and bag.

Joan Evans is a young sophisticate in polka pique

■ Joan Evans, the young star currently exhibiting very grown-up acting ability in Samuel Goldwyn's *Roseanna McCoy,* an RKO Radio release, shows how sophisticated cotton can be.

Her polka pique is smart because of the reverse dots; high fashion because of the shawl collar and soft shoulders; dramatic because of the red belt, which she echoes with matching sandals and a carnation. For mid-summer excitement, try it in navy, red, or green. 12-20.

By Nali-Bee—$7.98.

At Loeser's, Brooklyn
Lit Brothers, Philadelphia
Crowley, Milner, Detroit
Other store information, page 71.

Pique gloves and Whisper nylons by Kayser. Bag by Kadin.
Red sandals by DeLiso Debs.


modern screen fashions

the sophisticated upper half



Very if-you-want-anything-just-whistle. Cotton cardigan with flippant flap pockets. White, yellow, pink, blue, melon, navy. By Garland . . . $3.98



Woman-of-the-world look: the plunge, the shawl collar, the soft shoulder line. Cotton knit in maize, pink, copen, turquoise, black, others. By Shepherd . . . $2.98.



Sleek chic—the cardigan with the non-stop buttons. Started in Paris; madly adopted everywhere. White, maize, grey, pink, aqua or black combed cotton. By Loomtogs . . . $2.98.

belts by Vogue



Sophistication in two colors. Vivid yoke zips high to a closed collar; low to a daring plunge. Red, green, navy or brown yoke on white knitted cotton. By Coral . . . $3.

High-fashion cardigan —the better to show off scatter pins. Ribbe to fit at waist. Combed cotton in white, pink, blue, mint, yellow, others By Old Colony. $2.98

Right: Patch-pocketed cardigan, over matching slipover. Cocoa, chartreuse and white; or navy, red and white; or rose, white and grey. Cardigan, $2.98. Slipover, $1.98. By Helen Harper.

All jewelry by Coro.

for where to buy see page 71



dark velvet on bright cotton

■ Silhouetted against Manhattan's famous Queensboro Bridge, the last word in fabric duos: cotton print and velvet. Very New York, very advance fashion, for now and for fall. Mustard with black; green with rust; pink with green; blue with purple. Sizes 7 to 15. By Nan Scott Jr. About $8.95.
Stern's, New York
Halle Brothers, Cleveland
Meier & Frank, Portland.
Other store information, page 73.

WHERE YOU CAN BUY MODERN SCREEN FASHIONS

(Prices may vary throughout country)

Reverse polka dot pique dress worn by Joan Evans in the full-color photograph (page 67)

Brooklyn, N. Y.—*Loeser's,* 484 Fulton St., Daytime Dress Shop, 5th Floor

Chicago, Ill.—*Mandel Brothers,* State & Madison Sts.

Detroit, Mich.—*Crowley, Milner Co.,* Gratiot Ave., House Frocks, 3rd Floor

New York, N. Y.—*Arnold Constable,* 5th Ave. & 40th St., Cotton Shop, 5th fl.

Philadelphia, Pa.—*Lit Brothers,* 8th & Market Sts., Dixie Cotton Shop, 2nd Floor, Center Bldg.

Pique gloves, $2 and Whisper nylons, $1.95 by Kayser, shown in color photo (page 67)

New York, N. Y.—At all Kayser Shops.

Cotton cardigan with flap pockets (page 68)

Brooklyn, N. Y.—*Abraham & Straus,* 420 Fulton St., Misses Sportswear, 3rd fl.

Cotton plunge neckline shirt with shawl collar (page 68)

Atlanta, Ga.—*Rich's,* Broad & Alabama Sts.

New York, N. Y.—*Franklin Simon & Co.,* 5th Ave. & 38th St., Sportswear Dept., 3rd Floor

Cotton non-stop button cardigan (page 68)

New York, N. Y.—*Gimbels,* 33rd St. & Ave. of Americas, Sun and Sand Shop, 3rd Floor

Pittsburgh, Pa.—*Gimbel's,* 339 6th Ave., Cabana Shop, 3rd Floor.

Cotton two-tone shirt with zip close (page 69)

New York—*Russek's,* 5th Ave. & 37th St., Sports Shop, 7th Floor

San Francisco, Calif.—*Joseph Magnin,* Stockton & O'Farrell Sts., All American Sports Shop, 2nd Floor

Cotton patch-pocket cardigan, matching slipover (page 69)

New York, N. Y.—*McCreery's,* 5th Ave. & 34th St., Blouse Dept., Main Floor

Washington, D. C.—*Woodward & Lothrop,* 10th & G Sts., Sportswear, 3rd Floor, North Bldg.

Cotton cardigan, ribbed at waist (page 69)

Boston, Mass.—*Filene's,* Washington St., Jr. Sportswear Dept., 4th Floor

New York, N. Y.—*Bloomingdale's,* 59th St. & Lexington Ave., Deb Sportswear, 3rd Floor

Vogue belts shown on pages 68 and 69

Brooklyn, N. Y.—*Abraham & Straus,* 420 Fulton St. Belts, Street Floor

Jewelry shown on pages 68-74 by Coro

Store list continued on page 73

"Soaping" dulls hair— Halo glorifies it!



✓ *Not a soap, not a cream—cannot leave dulling film!*

✓ *Quickly, effectively removes dandruff from both hair and scalp!*

✓ *Gives fragrant, soft-water lather even in hardest water!*

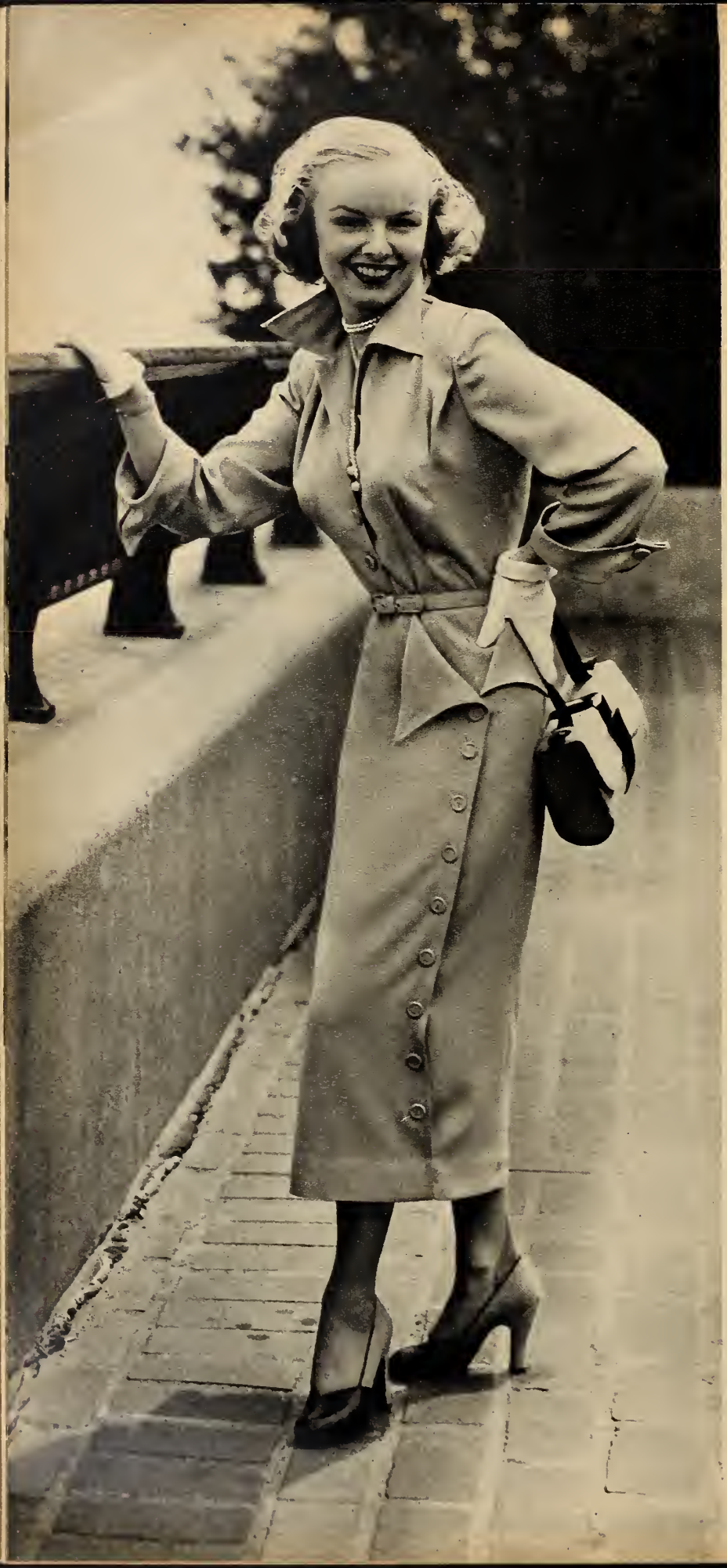
✓ *Leaves hair lustrously soft, easy to manage—with colorful natural highlights!*

Yes, "soaping" your hair with even finest liquid or cream shampoos hides its natural lustre with dulling soap film

✓Halo—not a soap, not a cream—contains no sticky oils, *nothing* to hide your hair's natural lustre with dulling film. Made with a new patented ingredient, Halo brings out glossy, shimmering highlights the very first time you use it! Its delightfully fragrant lather rinses away quickly, completely in any kind of water—needs no lemon or vinegar rinse. For hair that's naturally colorful, lustrously soft, easy to manage—use *Halo* Shampoo! At any drug or cosmetic counter.



Halo reveals the hidden beauty of your hair!



side buttons—checked shoes

■ Super-sizzle for the half-size. Side-buttoned gabardine (Paris is crazy for buttons)—side pocket (fashion loves pockets)—plunge neckline, big cuffs.
Worn with pearl lariat to dangle in plunge, plus Twenty-Ones' checked shoes and bag—wow!
Grey, blue, beige, aqua, brown.
Sizes 14½ to 24½.
By Demi-Tasse—about $12.95.
At Loeser's, Brooklyn
Woodward & Lothrop, Washington
Frost Brothers, San Antonio
Shoes and bag at Mary Lewis, N. Y.
Other store information, page 73.

WHERE YOU CAN BUY (Cont.)

Printed cotton dress with velvet trim (page 70)

Cleveland, Ohio—*The Halle Bros. Co.*, 1228 Euclid Ave.

New York, N. Y.—*Stern's*, 41 West 42nd St., Jr. Dress Dept., 3rd Floor

Portland, Oregon—*Meier & Frank*, 621 SW 5th Ave.

San Francisco, Calif.—*Davis-Schonwasser*, Grant Ave. & Sutter St., Jr. Dress Dept.

Half size side-buttoned gabardine dress (page 72)

Boston, Mass.—*E. T. Slattery Co.*, 154 Tremont St., Casual Dresses, 2nd Floor

Brooklyn, N. Y.—*Loeser's*, 484 Fulton St., Daytime Dress Shop, 5th Floor

Los Angeles, Calif.—*Coulter's*, 5600 Wilshire Blvd., Daytime Dresses, 4th fl.

San Antonio, Texas—*Frost Bros.*, 217 E. Houston St., Inexpensive Shop, 4th fl.

Washington, D. C.—*Woodward & Lothrop*, 10th & G Sts., Inexpensive Dresses, 3rd Floor, Main Bldg.

Wichita, Kan.—*Walker Bros.*, 123 N. Main St., Informal Frock Shop, 3rd Floor

Checked shoes by Twenty-Ones, $10.95 and matching checked bag, $10.95, plus tax shown with half size dress (page 72)

New York, N. Y.—*Mary Lewis*, 746 5th Ave., Shoe Dept. 2nd Floor

Plaid dress with white wings of pique, flared cuffs (page 74)

Order by mail: *Florida Fashions, Inc.*, Sanford, 459, Florida

how to buy
modern screen fashions

buy in person

Go to the store in your city listed in the Where to Buy Directory, ond be sure to go directly to the proper deportment ond floor, which ore olso listed.

To sove even more time, toke olong the Modern Screen photo of the foshion you wont. If you hoven't the poge from the mogozine, be sure to tell the soles girl you sow it in Modern Screen.

If no store in your city is listed, write Connie Bartel, Modern Screen, Box 125, Murray Hill Station, New York 16, N. Y.

buy by mail

Order by Check from any store listed, whether in your city or not.

Order by Money Order from ony store listed, whether in your city or not.

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Honeybugs®

Butter-soft leather with genuine leather soles. Black, Red, Royal, Blue and Red combination. Sizes 4 to 9 (1/2 sizes) medium widths.

$2.99



Little Miss Honeybugs, sizes 10 to 3 (full sizes) $2.99

At your favorite store, or write to Holiday Casuals — 39th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.



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Make Good Money!

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HERE'S a *friendly way* to make a fine income, spare-time or full time. Show lovely Doehla Box Assortments of richly decorated All-Occasion Greeting Cards, Christmas Cards, distinctive Stationery, gay Gift Wrappings. Many other Doehla items so *exceptionally* beautiful that your friends, neighbors, and co-workers will be delighted to give you big orders. NO EXPERIENCE NEEDED — our FREE BOOK shows you easy ways for *any beginner* to make money! You make up to 50¢ on each $1 box, even more on bonus orders. Mail coupon below—without money—for sample boxes on approval. No obligation. Send coupon NOW. HARRY DOEHLA CO., Studio D-18 Fitchburg, Mass. (If you live west of Rockies—mail coupon to Palo Alto, Calif.)

Mrs. Donald Hance of Bristol, Penn. writes: "A year ago I needed things for my 2 boys; but couldn't afford them. I read ad, sent for samples. The extra money earned paid for more than boys needed. Now saving to help pay for home."

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Send me — for FREE TRIAL—sample boxes on approval, money-making plan, extra-profit bonus offer. Also send FREE BOOK of easy ways for *anyone* to make money.

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SOPHISTICATED JUNIOR WEARS . . .

white wings – black patent



For the girl with
a junior figure—a vivid plaid.
Plus—and this is what
makes the difference between a
merely nice plaid and a
sophisticated one—wide white
wings of pique—flaring
buttoned cuffs—and the high-
fashion touch of
a black patent belt.
Red or blue. Sizes 9-15.
By Florida Fashions—$4.98.
For where to buy, see page 73.

ALL THAT MONEY CAN'T BUY

(*Continued from page 57*)

good-looking or, what's worse, handsome —both of which, of course, Robert Stack definitely is.

If Bob Stack had another item handy, namely the silver spoon he's supposed to have been born with, it would be taking a far worse beating than the offensive photo or the yellow lock. In fact, it might be a sterling sieve, by now, from Bob's angry teeth gnashing it into holes. And a Social Register would be pulpy tatters for sure. For if there's anything that makes Bob Stack bellow like a stuck bull it's that "rich society boy" guff he's been taking ever since he gave Deanna Durbin her first screen kiss in *First Love,* back in 1939, and found himself smack in the movie spotlight.

start of a legend . . .

At that point, Bob was a babe in arms Hollywood-wise. So when studio press agents ganged up on him for a publicity angle he told the truth and all the truth about himself. Yep, his great, great, great-grandfather or someone back there was one of the first Yankee settlers of Los Angeles. Uh-huh, he guessed his family was in the Blue Book. Money? Well, his dad had left him and his brother Jim a trust fund. Yes, he'd lived abroad as a kid, spoke three languages, had been educated at USC, while there was on the polo team, and had his own string of ponies. Hobbies? Racing boats, speed-planes, guns, horses. Girl friends? He mentioned a few he'd grown up with—Cobina Wright, some Los Angeles society buds.

What came out of that quiz was Robert Stack-the-millionaire-playboy, a blown-up blend of Alfred Vanderbilt, Tommy Manville and the Duke of Windsor—the bemused rich boy toying with a picture career as a whim. That's what they tacked on Stack at the start. After 10 years or more, Bob's still stuck with it—and nothing could be sillier.

The other night, for instance, George Jessel introduced Bob publicly at a Hollywood affair like this: "And now here's the rich man's Errol Flynn, Robert Stack." Bob gritted his even teeth and smiled; he had to. What he'd have liked to have done was say, "How about tying the can to that moth-eaten old wheeze?" But he knew that would only make him a bigger target than ever.

And when a caustic columnist slashed at him recently thus: "It must be tough to be down to your last polo pony and racing boat like poor Bob Stack," all he could do was write a polite note and point out that he didn't *have* a polo pony and his racing boat was gone, too, and what he'd like at this point was a job making a picture!

Bob has racked up some pretty impressive personal triumphs—such as his championship sport records—which took persistence, determination, work, skill and guts. Yet he's always had to buck the sneer, "Ah, he's a rich guy—it's easy for him." Only people like Bob Stack know —but they can't say it—that a heck of a lot of times being the fair-haired guy makes things twice as tough. There's always that hostile, undeclared dare of "Prove it," and always the crowd is ready, willing and eager to roar, "I told you he was a softie" if ever a foot slips. Bob's had to steel himself to the test time and again to lick that.

One tight moment he'll never forget happened in Hawaii where, as an ensign, he was ordered after his training at Pensacola. (At Pensacola, incidentally, he surmounted the skepticisms all Hollywood stars faced in the war—and graduated top man in his class.) Well, in Hawaii, because of his fame as a rifle champion, Bob was chosen to teach air-to-air machine gunnery on an Island firing range. When he reported to his commanding officer, the c.o. bent a slightly leery eye on the handsome movie face he'd seen on the screen.

"Would you like to go out and shoot a round of skeet this afternoon?" he invited.

Bob broke into a happy grin. "I sure would, Commander," he accepted eagerly. He hadn't held a skeet-gun since leaving home and his hands itched for a good shoot. He supposed it was to be a friendly afternoon of sport. Perhaps they'd heard he was something of a trap shooter and they'd like to compete with him. Not exactly.

When Bob walked on the range he found 50 or so officers standing around, along with the skipper. They handed him a gun and ammunition. Bob looked around the array of brass. They weren't there to shoot with him, but to see if he really was all he was cracked up to be. It was no fun session; it was a test. Bob took the gun and gave the signal. Though out of practice, and taut-nerved under the challenge of "Okay, Mister Hollywood, be terrific"—he *was* terrific. He shattered 100 clay birds in 100 shots.

forecast:
sunny and warm
followed by
betty grable
on our
september cover.
on sale
august 9.

When he was through, his commander said curtly, "You take over here tomorrow. It's your range."

There's a big table in Bob Stack's apartment—out by the garage behind his mother's big Bel-Air house—crowded with enough loving cups to stock a jewelry store. They testify that Robert Stack is one of the real competitive shooting masters of the United States, and that he got that way when he was still a kid.

I can't list them all here, but among his target trophies are some for being Western open skeet champion, All-American skeet team-member, holder of the world's record for long-run skeet shooting, national 20-gauge champion, Southern California skeet champion, open 20-gauge champion, Del Monte pistol champion—and on and on through the years.

You don't buy baubles like that with money or social standing, or a handsome profile. You earn them with steel nerves, patience, and skill.

Naturally, Bob Stack loves guns and when he picks one up you'd think he was fondling a baby. But there's a big difference between just loving something and being a champion in its use. "You know," Bob said to me the other day, "maybe all these trophies and cups are the evidence of a wasted youth. Maybe some of the things I've done seem frivolous. Sometimes, at my ripe old age of 30, they do to me. But they sure didn't when I competed. I gave them everything I had. People can criticize me all they want for riding a sport hobby so hard—that's okay. The only thing that makes me burn is when they say it's easy."

Every shooting trophy he has, Bob pointed out a little indignantly, represents long hours of patient study, learning everything about shooting irons—the science of ballistics, muzzle velocities, range, balance, a hundred bores and actions, the chemical make-up of ammunition, physics. For seven years Bob Stack ate, slept and lived shooting. Most people don't know what he's talking about when he discusses guns. They just say, "It must be fun," or "that sounds lucky," when they read, for instance, that Bob smashed 999 out of 1,000 clay pigeons. They don't know about the patience, practice and sweat—which, incidentally, paid off very practically when his country could use an ace marksman.

It was the same in college days when Bob set his sights on making the polo team at USC. Before he ever swung a mallet, he put in two years of gruelling horsemanship training at Riviera, going through riding, jumping and dressage under the toughest instructor in Southern California. He made the team at 17, and that team won the intercollegiate matches. Bob, the good-looking "rich boy" with his own horses, had to swarm all over the field to keep the respect of his skeptical teammates. He wrecked his knee, banged up both eyes, had a ball flatten his mouth and broke his wrist three times to prove his moxie.

Before that, too, as a high-school kid of 14, Bob teamed with his brother, Jim, and hauled their little speedboat across the Atlantic on a cattle boat to win the International Outboard Motor championship at Venice, Italy. But before he went Bob knew how to take his boat apart and put it together again blindfolded. Not to mention how to give her the gun expertly, in action.

look at the record . . .

"Sure I was lucky to be able to shoot and race and play polo—and believe me I know it," Bob tells you frankly. "I didn't have to sell newspapers to get my start when I was a kid. But," he'll add, "my dad did."

That's true talk and now's as good a time as any to look at how the legend of the elegant young Mr. Stack got started. How, too, Bob shucked the future his family had all picked out for him to take off in what one relative snorted, "that dreadful profession"—meaning acting and the movies.

Bob's dad, James Langford Stack, peddled papers in rough and tumble Chicago, then scrapped his way to a fortune in the advertising business (he thought up many slogans that have become nationally famous) before he married Bob's mother, who was old Los Angeles family from

away back. Bob was born in Los Angeles January 13, 1919. When he was a mere nipper of three, a family rift blew up and his mother took him to Europe to live, while his big brother, Jim, stayed in America with his pop.

Bob went to school in Paris, Italy and Switzerland and when his parents patched things up again and he came back to Los Angeles, he couldn't even talk to Jim without an interpreter because he didn't know a word of English—although he could prattle French, Italian and German like a Continental.

snap that story! . . .

No kid ever tried to live down the pretty, rich-boy onus harder than Bob did. His foreign accent drew jibes from American moppets, and his pretty looks got him into fist fights. His dad died in Bob's early teens, leaving him and Jim those trust funds, also a guardian until he was 21—and every time Bob mentioned "my guardian," especially when he was a young man, he knew darned well a lot of people thought he referred to a nurse.

Bob Stack did everything in his power to snap the Fauntleroy story that chased him. He went out for every reckless sport in the book—motorcycles, speedboats, a French racing Talbot. He packed off some summers to a logging camp where he drew the toughest duties, designed to get his goat—and came through.

The others he spent playing perpetual motion on Lake Tahoe, where the family had a summer lodge—swimming, climbing mountains, sailing and roaring his speedboat over that choppy lake. He boxed, worked out on the bars, went all out for every rugged sport he could find—and one look at the whip-muscled body Bob owns today proves he had no cream-puff past.

But he couldn't hide his looks. "I used to oil up with everything I could find in the medicine cabinet to grow a beard and moustache," Bob laughs. "All I got was a chapped face."

Among the things that make Bob grind his back molars resentfully is the fiction that family pull eased him into his Hollywood break. The way I'd heard it myself, rich producer friends of the Stack family had been patting Bob's golden head ever since he was a tot, saying, "Bobbie, my boy, when you grow up, come see me and I'll make you a star." I should have known better; nobody makes anybody a star but the public. But the set-up was deceiving.

Bob's mother has always been mixed up in artistic circles, music and the arts. Bob's uncle by marriage is Richard Bonelli, the Metropolitan Opera star. His grandmother was Mrs. Modini Wood, a pretty famous soprano who sang at La Scala in Italy. Come to think of it, that old Yankee ancestor settler in Los Angeles also built one of the first theaters in the *puebla* in the 1849 days of the Dons. So neither stars nor Hollywood Big Wheels were strange sights to Bob around the Stack home as he grew up. But if those associations gave him ideas, they didn't hand him any free passes.

Most of the influential Hollywood family friends shooed Bob off his movie ambitions with avuncular frowns. "It's risky and a rat race," they told him. "You're the type for law—it's respectable and dignified." Bob sometimes wonders what kind of an attorney he'd have made.

But if Bob missed his calling, he missed it with his eyes wide open and of his own free will and he's never had a single regret. He crossed his Rubicon when his guardian called him into his office one day around Bob's 21st birthday and said, "Bob, those polo ponies have busted your bank account. You're going to have to earn your own living and you'd better decide how, right now. What is it—law or acting?"

Stack replied by quitting USC and enrolling in the Henry Duffy Acting School to learn his dramatic ABC's. What happened soon after to clinch the career question was nothing connected with family pull. "Just fool luck did that," Bob admits.

He was out listening to Deanna Durbin record a song one day at Universal Studios. When she'd finished her silver notes, Bob, who still lapses now and then into a foreign phrase, exclaimed, "*Wunderbar!*" —which, of course, is German for "Wonderful!" Producer Joe Pasternak heard him, whipped around, and they jabbered together in German. Joe was looking for a young, handsome and completely-unknown leading man to bring love into Deanna's screen life in her next picture, *First Love.* He saw what he wanted in Bob—and Bob knew a break when one bit him.

Since *First Love,* Bob Stack hasn't bothered often to blast the rich boy, playboy, beautiful boy Bob stuff that has buzzed



"No coaching from the audience, please!"

out about him from that beginning ballyhoo. For one thing, he's been too busy trying to dig a foothold as a real actor in what he knows is a mighty tough league. He was rocking along perfectly swell as a hit leading man when Pearl Harbor made some changes in his plans and four years later, more matured but every bit as handsome, he had to start his movie career all over again.

Bob confesses frankly he's mighty fond of Irene Wrightsman, a Los Angeles girl he's known a long, long time. He likes her a lot—no secret about that. But he won't admit anything about wedding bells.

"Listen," Bob explains with that unaffected honesty he owns, "I've got to work for a living, believe it or not, and when I get married—and I'm still hoping—I'll have to support my wife and future family not on any trust fund, but on what one Robert Stack makes. That's why right now I'm interested in getting good enough to make it."

Bob hasn't kicked for a minute—but he has drawn the punkest kind of career luck in Hollywood since he took off his naval senior lieutenant's stripes. He had the part of his life dropped in his lap, playing opposite Barbara Stanwyck in *The Other Love.* He worked ten days in the picture, came down with what he thought was a bad cold. It turned out to be mononeucleosis, a blood bug pretty common with Army and Navy GI's who saw the Pacific. It took Bob four months to bounce back from that attack. By then, of course, the picture was finished—without Bob Stack.

And Bob bet on the wrong horse when he picked up the reins of his career which the war had snapped. He had contract offers from several studios, but he picked Liberty Films, the independent movie outfit which ace directors Frank Capra and George Stevens started. Bob thought they could teach him more than a bigger lot could and he wanted to get really good this time.

the breaks . . .

Well, unluckily, that combine dissolved at the start of Hollywood's hard times and Bob was stranded. He had a part in *A Date With Judy,* but it was scarcely up to what he can do and MGM didn't ask him to join the regular studio star squad. It was the same story at Paramount after *Miss Tatlock's Millions.* After *Fighter Squadron,* Warner Brothers closed down production for a while, so his option wasn't picked up there either.

That's how it's gone. Yet Bob's fan popularity has zoomed like a jet. Bob Stack won't have any trouble finding jobs. But he means what he says about getting good before he takes any marriage vows. He can't touch that trust fund of his until he's 35—and anyway, it's just about enough to keep the wolf from a bachelor's door.

So, meanwhile, Bob Stack is enjoying life as he always has in an active, masculine way. But not exactly as the moneybags myth would have him—surrounded by million-dollar toys, society belles and buckets of champagne. Bob's very comfortable in the made-over garage guestroom with his guns and sporting gear scattered over some Stack family antiques that his mother slipped in. He drives a good car and doesn't exactly go cold or hungry.

He has plenty of the soft, roomy sports clothes he likes, the fine food he's always appreciated and spending dough enough in his pocket. He has a flock of friends. They're mostly the boys and girls he grew up with around Los Angeles, but he also has a lot of sportsmen friends from hunting, skeets and polo—people like Andy Devine, Walt Disney, Bob Montgomery, Hal Roach and Alex Kerr. Other screen colony buddies are Bill Holden, Glenn Ford, Macdonald Carey and Bill Orr. Since he's a very eligible bachelor, Bob's date book is always black with invitations for this and that.

Bob Stack, six-feet-one-inch and 172 pounds of young, healthy and ambitious manhood, is obviously more than ordinarily blessed with the good things and the gifts of life. But that's no reason why an absurd pampered-playboy label should be pinned to his coattails, bobbing around after him all these years. Maybe it's high time to yank it off and give Bob an overdue break.

It would be appreciated, I'm sure. Although if that ever happened, Bob might feel as did other uniformed Hollywood stars at one time or another during the war.

They all got the chill and distant treatment for weeks and weeks—then, finally, a grudging backhanded compliment from their buddies, something like this: "Say, you're not such a bad guy after all!"

Today, Bob Stack might feel very much like retorting what he often did then: "Well, for Pete's sake—don't act so surprised!" THE END

NOW! TONI HOME PERMANENT TWICE AS EASY—TWICE AS FAST



Which Twin has the Toni? (See answer below)

new SPIN curler



Cuts winding time in half—makes it double-easy!

New exclusive Toni SPIN Curler grips . . . spins . . . locks with a flick of the finger. *No rubber bands!* All plastic, all-in-one! Nothing to tangle up in your hair! *Non-slip grip* holds hair-tips securely so even the shortest ends become easy to manage! *Easy-spin action*—built right in—rolls each curl up in one quick motion! *Snaps shut!* Assures a better, longer-lasting curl. Winds more hair on each curler. Makes winding twice as easy!

new FASTER process



Gives you the most natural-looking wave ever!

New Photo Method Directions show how Toni waves many types of hair in as little as 30 minutes! No other home permanent waves hair faster yet leaves it so soft and lustrous, so easy to set and style. For the Toni Waving Lotion is the same gentle lotion that has given over 67 million perfect permanents. Try this exciting Toni with new SPIN Curlers and see how quickly you give yourself the most natural-looking wave you've ever had!

SPECIAL COMBINATION OFFER



New Toni Refill Kit. Guaranteed to give you the most natural-looking wave you've ever had—or your money back! Waves many types of hair in as little as 30 minutes! **$1.00**

Complete Set of New Toni SPIN Curlers. No more rubber bands. Makes every wave from now on twice as easy. ($2 when bought separately.) **$1.29**

Both for $2.29

"Now we're both Toni Twins," says Katherine Ring, of Chicago, Ill. "When I saw how easy it was for Kathleene to give herself a Toni with the new SPIN Curlers I decided on a Toni, too!"



Who knows what *shampoo* is best? Your beautician! Use this 2-to-1 *favorite* of professional beauticians. Leaves hair misty-soft, dazzling clean, manageable, glowing. Billows of foam instantly even in hard water. *No* soap film! Rich *emulsified* Lanolin prevents drying. America's *greatest* value.

HELENE CURTIS INDUSTRIES, INC.

GOOD NEWS

(*Continued from page 14*)

important than a great role. Good sportsmanship is one. Then, she told her not to hide away, to go out and see people or plan a vacation trip (which Judy sorely needs).

Judy listened to Hepburn as she has never listened to anyone else. And, until Judy went East to enter a hospital there for rest and treatment, there was not a day that went by that they did not see one another or talk on the telephone.

This is the nicest story I have had to pass along in a long time.

(*For the story of Judy's current difficulties, see page 24*—ED.)

* * *

The James Masons are so crazy about their baby, Portland, they won't have a baby-sitter. When they go over to the Van Heflins or the Glenn Fords to play poker on Saturday nights, they pack Portland in a basket, surrounded by her feeding formulas, and take her along.

But the funniest sight was when they took baby-in-the-basket to a Beverly movie show. They bought an extra loge seat for the basket, and deposited baby in it. Everything was peachy until Portland woke up in the middle of a dramatic scene and started hollering.

Then, Beverly movie patrons were treated to the odd spectacle of Mr. Mason swinging the basket over his arm and heading outside—where he walked Portland up and down until she calmed down!

* * *

Have you ever wondered what takes place when a happily married couple in Hollywood hear a radio announcer blare out that they are on the verge of getting a divorce?

One night, not so long ago, I happened to be having dinner with Frances and Van Heflin. We had just come back into the playroom, after dinner, and Van switched on the radio. By accident he got a Hollywood gossip program (not mine, natch).

Says this ether gent, "*The Van Heflins are on the verge of divorce. Van has been trying to keep their marriage together for months!*"

Well, Van looked at Frances—and Frances looked at Van.

If I had expected fireworks, I had another guess coming.

"When are you leaving?" grinned Van to his red-headed wife.

"Oh," she drawled, "in my own sweet time. I've got to pack up the kids!"

"I'll keep the kids," replied Van. "I'm used to them."

"In the meantime," said Frances, "want to get me a long, tall, cold beer? Don't forget, you're the one trying to keep the marriage together!"

Then they threw themselves in each other's arms, laughing helplessly.

They didn't really start getting serious until several hours later when Van's mother and Frances' mother, terribly distressed over the "news" put in long-distance calls.

"That's the sort of thing that breaks your heart about such nonsense," said Van. "Our parents have been so needlessly distressed."

(*For the story of another couple who've also been the victims of false reports of divorce, see page 32*—ED.)

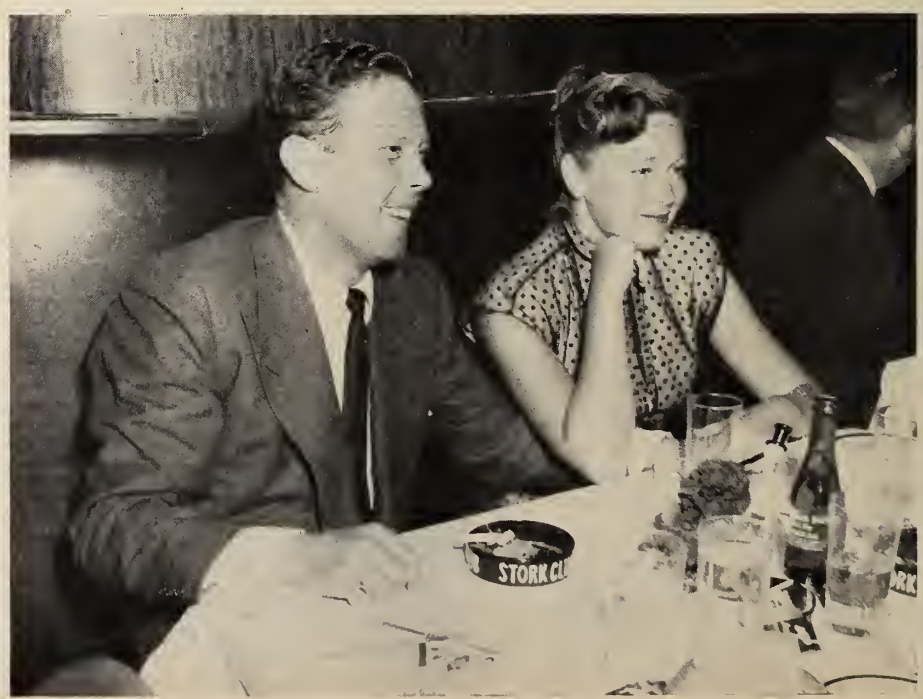
* * *

Is Jennifer Jones becoming a recluse? Friends in Paris tell me she is. Jennifer, who had been resting in Zurich, Switzerland, at the Grand Hotel Dolder, a charming spot in the mountains, joined David Selznick in Paris. They chose an old hotel for their rendezvous, one of the less fashionable places.

No one saw them. They visited none of the Paris night spots and kept entirely to themselves. They will be married, I am sure, by the time this is printed.

* * *

That's all for now—see you next month!



Dining together at New York's Stork Club, Dick Haymes and Nora Flynn plan to marry as soon as their individual divorces are final. Dick's wife, Joanne Dru, may eventually marry John Ireland.

THERE'S A GREAT DAY COMIN'

(Continued from page 35)

Frankly, Hollywood fame and fortune has socked Doris so hard and so fast that she's dizzy—and Doris Day is a little on the dizzy side anyway, just naturally.

One day when Doris was shooting her first movie, *Romance on the High Seas*, she trotted on to the set bright and early lugging a suitcase, all set for a trip.

"Sit down, take off your hat and make yourself at home, Doris," suggested Jack Carson. "Where do you think you're going?"

"Rio!" said Doris, enthusiastically. "They said we'd shoot the Rio scenes today, remember? When do we start?"

Jack couldn't believe it. But in a minute he got enough breath back to say, "Look, Honey, I've got news for you: *This* is Rio —right here on this set."

"Oh," said Doris, definitely deflated.

No starlet was ever more innocent about the scientific do's and don't's of camera drama than Doris. For a few days they even had to walk her up to the chalk marks and say, "Stand here, now, and look this way." But once she got there, nobody worried much about Doris. The director just said, "It's like this," and she caught on the first bounce. "I know what I'd do in about any situation," Doris admits, "and so I do it naturally. If that's acting, that's good." Mike Curtiz, a veteran director if there's one left around Hollywood, sized her up shrewdly the day Al Levy, Doris' agent, trotted her out to Warners. Mike needed a new girl for *Romance on the High Seas*, and fast—but the *right* girl. He'd never heard of D. Day, which made things square, because Doris had never heard of him, either. She'd been 'way out of this Hollywood world in a music mist, singing with dance bands.

Mike took a look and liked what he saw. "Can you act?" he asked.

"Heavens, no!" confessed Doris. "Unless you call being a duck in a Mother Goose play at school, acting."

Later on, when Doris had established herself as Mike's pet protégée, she asked him time and again, "Don't you want me to take drama lessons or something and learn to act?" And each time he blew right up. "Do—and you're fired," thundered Mike. "I want you to stay just as you are!"

In Doris Day's life there's been plenty of sunshine, but lots of rain, too. She keeps the sunny side up, her grin working overtime and her queen-sized heart wide open. She meets what comes along head-first and chin-up. It's a pretty happy ending —or, rather, beginning—that's happened to her in Hollywood.

Friendliness sticks out all over Doris' freckled face. Last year, when she was East singing with Frankie Sinatra on the Hit Parade, she took a train between shows to Cincinnati to see her mother and Terry.

SEEING STARS?

Everyone sees stars at one time or another. We see them practically all the time, but we're not qualified—for the $5 bills, that is. They're for the lucky people whose "I Saw It Happen" anecdotes we print. So, if you've ever had an amusing incident happen to you and a movie star, write it down and send it to the "I Saw It Happen" Editor, MODERN SCREEN, 261 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y. The anecdote must be true and it must be short. Try for one of our $5 bills—we've plenty!

Is there Adventure in your hand?



Is the tip of your middle finger rounded? You're optimistic, daring, not afraid to take chances

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Is the space between your ring and little fingers wide when your hand is relaxed?

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"I dress for a square dance... at 8 o'clock in the morning!"





1. **"At work,** I feel like a 'best dressed business woman' in my smart black jacket with clear, clean-cut lines above a pumpkin-colored skirt. I add a black belt, an orange silk scarf, and, of course, I rely on gentler, even more effective Odorono Cream . . . *because I know it protects me from perspiration and odor a full 24 hours!*"

New Odorono Cream brings you an improved new formula in a bright new package. Stays creamy-smooth too . . . even if you leave the cap off for weeks!

2. **"At the party,** the jacket comes off and my pretty, boat-necked jersey blouse makes its appearance. Highlighted by the gold of my necklace, bracelet and belt buckle, it's perfect with my pretty pumpkin skirt! I'm confident of my charm all evening, too, thanks to new Odorono Cream . . . *because I find it gives me the most effective protection I've ever known!*"

It never harms fine fabrics, and is so gentle you can use it right after shaving! You'll find it the *perfect deodorant!*



New Odorono Cream safely stops perspiration and odor a full 24 hours!

(Now in new 25¢ and 50¢ sizes, plus tax)

Time crept up on her and she had to return to New York by plane. She was the only female aboard. One look at the pack of hungry travelling men, and Doris' heart went out for the stewardess. She trotted up and begged, "Let me help," and spent the whole flight hustling trays and coffee.

Her fast break in Hollywood caught Doris short in the clothes department; all she had to her name were a few pairs of slacks and evening drapes, fine for night club singing, but hardly correct for the Vine Street Derby or Romanoff's. On a day off from *Romance*, Doris trotted into Magnin's and there met up with an unusually friendly, helpful salesgirl, Lee Levine. They hit it off right away. So Dodo said, "I like you and I'm lonesome. Why don't you come and live with me?" Now Lee's her top chum and firmly settled in the new Day home as a regular member of the family.

A girl like that was bound, sooner or later, to make friends and influence people. Especially a girl with the talent drive and ambition with which the good Lord blessed Doris Day.

what's in a name? . . .

Doris was born in Cincinnati on April 3, 1924. They christened her Doris Kappelhoff. It was only when Doris bagged her first singing job with Barney Rapp's band, considerably later on, that her moniker drew complaints. Barney clapped his brow at the "Kappelhoff."

"It means 'churchyard' in German," explained Doris.

"Then put it back where it came from," suggested Barney, "six feet deep. You need a new name."

She took the "Day" from a song in her early repertoire, "Day After Day,"—and it's worked out pretty well. Of course, Dodo gets things like "Day Dream," "Happy Day," "Hey Day" and "D Day" tossed at her right and left, but she thinks they're kind of cute. (Besides, the name's led her to a very healthy Pay Day, so she can't exactly kick.)

But about that Kappelhoff kid: Doris had a prophetic hint of things to come when her mother named her after her own screen star idol, Doris Kenyon. Doris herself grew up worshipping Ginger Rogers—and maybe that's why she grew up to look so much like a young Ginger. Anyway, it was pretty plain from the start that the snub-nosed, round-faced towhead was going to do something besides bake *apple-strudel* and scrub the front steps.

Her father, a pianist who played with symphonies, gave organ concerts at the cathedral and taught serious music, plunked Doris down on a piano bench, early. But it didn't take. "I didn't like the black keys," sighs Doris, "too gloomy. And I couldn't handle Handel." So she didn't progress much beyond "Chopsticks." After she hookeyed off from practice a few times to bust up some neighborhood ball games, her dad gave up.

Pretty soon he and Alma, Doris' mother, were divorced and the cultural influence waned. Tough times took over then; Doris' mother had to work and Doris, when she wasn't bending over her books at St. Mark's Parochial School, started beating the floorboards at Hessler's Dancing School, with lessons on credit. Even as a kid, she was leggy and loaded with rhythm, and Doris was willing to begin dancing her way through life as soon as possible to pick up a few extra bucks to help the family.

That's how she started out, all right. But, luckily for us cinema customers, the future had other ideas, which it dumped on Doris in rather drastic fashion. Before she hit high school, Doris had worked up some dance dates around town, at

church and school affairs, at clubs and such, with a boy partner, Jerry Doherty. They got so good that Alma Kappelhoff and Mrs. Doherty toured their young hopefuls out to California and Hollywood. Fanchon and Marco snapped up Doris and Jerry and toured them around on kiddie stage shows to do their comedy dance routine. By the time she was 13, Doris was a fairly seasoned stage veteran. It looked as if the only thing that could stop her from being an Eleanor Powell some day was a couple of broken legs—which is exactly what she got next.

She was visiting in Hamilton, Ohio, and had gone for a ride with a boy she knew. On the way back, they crossed some gateless railroad tracks a split second before a fast freight high-balled through. The whole front of the car was ripped off and they got dragged a block and a half. Nobody was killed, but both Doris' educated legs snapped like pipestems. It was 15 months before she could walk again. That was goodbye to dancing right there.

But long before Doris was cracked out of her plaster cast, she was planning to take a crack at another life's ambition. Her brother, Paul, had heard her humming around the house and told her she'd been wasting her time tapping her toes. "Ought to sing," he said. As it turned out, Paul had something there. Because the minute Doris put herself in the hands of Grace Raine, a voice teacher who'd started Jane Froman and other songbirds off to fame, Doris started off in the same direction, and on the fly.

About a year later, bandleader Barney Rapp needed a new singer for the Cincinnati nightery he'd bought, "The Sign of the Drum." He called Grace Raine. "Got anyone who's ready for band work, Grace?"

"Yes, I have," she told him right back. "Doris Day." (Only she said, "Doris Kappelhoff." I've told you how Barney changed that pretty quick.)

Doris got the urge to travel as soon as she'd polished off the rough spots in her pipes by working with Barney. Soon she heard news: Bob Crosby could use a girl to sing with the Bobcats up in Chicago. That looked like the spot. Being young and cocky, Day had no complexes about asking for the job. But she used her head, too. She cut a record of "With the Wind and the Rain in Your Hair" and sent it right off to Brother Bob. A wire bounced back, "COME UP RIGHT AWAY." So she was in at the Black Hawk. From then on, Doris has had nothing but Big Time.

She sang for Fred Waring next. Then came Les Brown, New York and a taste of national fame when she waxed "Sentimental Journey" and the GI juke-box bunch ate it up. She was a Number One favorite

I SAW IT HAPPEN



Many of Mel Torme's fans went to see him after his show at the Chase Hotel in St. Louis. I and many other of his fans tried to speak to him all at once, and at the other end of the hotel lobby, another group of people were making more noise. Suddenly, Mel pulled out a little gold whistle, blew it, and the whole lobbyful of people paused to listen and then laugh.

Rosemarie Stroeher
St. Louis, Mo.

Mirror, mirror on the wall . . .
is my hair fairest of them all?



Your hair behaves so beautifully with Rayve Creme Shampoo

Even on shampoo day you'll see the miracle in your own mirror!

Your hair does just what you want it to—when you use wonderful Rayve Creme Shampoo! Rayve leaves your hair silky soft, clean and lustrous—yet so easy to manage!

Here's the secret! Your hair has a natural body that helps keep it in place. The pure lanolin in Rayve is specially blended with other important ingredients to help preserve the natural body of your hair. That's why Rayve makes hair behave *beautifully*—even right after it's shampooed.

Rayve is not a soap so it can't leave dulling soap film! Rayve billows into rich, active lather that cleans—*rinses* thoroughly. No flaky dandruff remains. Always use Rayve—the perfect shampoo before and between home permanents.

To make your hair behave beautifully use wonderful Rayve Creme Shampoo. See your hair shimmer with highlights—your curls lie softly obedient—the very day you use Rayve!





In handy tubes or jars at drug and cosmetic counters—costs no more than ordinary shampoos!

Another fine product of Pepsodent

far and wide overnight—and what Doris didn't know about the band business she got very busy learning. She stayed with Les Brown three years—although there was time out for a marriage that didn't take.

At 25, Doris is already a two-time loser at marriage. She was 18 when she married Al Jorden, who played with Jimmy Dorsey. She moved right back home to Cincinnati the minute her boy, Terry, was born. Although she was well on her way to being the top-paid girl vocalist in band business, Doris stopped singing to raise a family.

It was only when she couldn't make a go of it with Al Jorden that Doris took up her career ambitions where she'd left off. By then, Terry was pretty hard to tear away from, but he had to be supported, too. His grandmother took over the care and feeding, and back went Doris Day to Les Brown's band.

On swings around the country to the top dance spots, Day went, of course, to the famous Palladium in Hollywood. Every time she got within earshot of a movie studio, Doris got offers to make pictures. But they were never big enough to lure her away from band work. Besides, she tumbled hard for another musician.

In 1946, she married George Weidler (he's Virginia Weidler's brother), who played the sax in Stan Kenton's band.

They'd separated a year after they'd said "I do," without having had much chance to set up the home Doris had dreamed about since she left her old one in Cincinnati. In fact, everything seemed to gang up on the newlywed Weidlers.

They tried to settle in Hollywood—but at that point there was barely room for an extra termite in Hollywood's crowded housing set-up. "We bounced around like golf balls at motels on a 'Four Days and Out' booking," recalls Doris. "A new home twice a week was two too many." They wound up buying a trailer and parking it out by the bean patches on Sepulveda Boulevard. Then George's band job pulled him out of town.

Doris got so depressed sitting around the trailer park alone that she went back to work at the Little Club in New York. The hit she made at that exclusive supper club eventually proved to be the pass for Doris Day, movie star. But it also proved to be a passout for Mrs. Weidler. Songwriters Julie Styne and Sammy Kahn heard Doris sing there and told Mike Curtiz at the psychological moment how good she was. But George Weidler was someplace else all the time—and when she got back west, the spark was dead. She was granted a divorce in Los Angeles last May 31st on grounds of desertion.

But by now, Doris has some everyday homelife and happiness to back up her sudden success, even though it's single blessedness at this writing. When she started clicking and her spot on the payroll looked permanent at Warners, Doris started hunting a house. She searched for a whole year without any luck. Then one day, taking a ride in the San Fernando Valley, she spotted one of those "Open House" signs in Hidden Village, walked in, loved it, and had her down-payment check ready that night.

Today there are cozy French provincial pieces spread around, rugs, draperies, color and warmth in the house. Outside, bulbs are shooting up flowers and there's a new lawn for Terry and the two pups to rip to pieces, with Doris' energetic help when she has a free day. Which seems to be rarely.

But pressed though she is, Doris Day wouldn't have a single thing different—except maybe a California ranch swarming with dogs, horses, chickens and ducks to give Terry and herself more room to romp and play cowboy. She's promised him that paradise someday and he hasn't forgotten. Also, Terry's still plugging for what he considers real success and eminence for his mom. Out on a recent Bob Hope city-to-city radio tour, Doris got lonesome and blue for her boy one night, and called home, hoping to hear him wail, "Oh, Dodo—I miss you so," or something equally sweet and tender.

Demanded Terry, "Hey, Mom, when are you going to make a picture with Roy Rogers, anyway, and get famous?"

Doris Day is counting her blessings night and day, glad she's alive, doing what she's doing and living where she is. "Let the smarties knock Hollywood all they want," she says right out loud. "I've been all over, from Memphis to Saint Joe, and points east and west, and Hollywood's Shangri-La to me."

Which points up the eager accent on youth that Doris Day lives and works by. Shangri-La was the place where you didn't grow old, wasn't it? THE END



"Okay—so we drop the scene where Dagwood gives the neighbor's cat a bath!"



TOBACCO MOUTH
[OFF-COLOR BREATH OFF-COLOR TEETH]

Why take it with you?

New tooth paste with Lusterfoam attacks tobacco stain and off-color breath.

Don't kid yourself about "tobacco mouth"—it's as real as the stain on a chain smoker's fingers!

But your tongue can tell! (You can "taste" an odor.) And your dentist knows when he cleans your teeth. And your friends *might* notice . . . *you* know.

But they won't point the finger at you (after you've left the room of course) if you're a regular user of Listerine Tooth Paste. Here's why—

It contains *Lusterfoam*—a special ingredient that actually *foams* cleaning and polishing agents over your teeth . . . into the crevices—removes fresh stain before it gets a chance to "set" . . . whisks away that odor-making tobacco debris!

See for yourself how Listerine Tooth Paste with *Lusterfoam* freshens your mouth and your breath! Get a tube and make sure that wherever you go—you won't take "tobacco mouth" with you!



TOBACCO MOUTH ...give it the "brush-off" with



"Feel that Lusterfoam work!"

Your letters . . .

ABOUT M.S.'s SALUTE TO YOUTH

Dear Editor: Reading your "Salute To Youth" issue recalled the pleasure I used to get, going through the old High School annual and checking over the familiar faces. I got a great kick out of catching up with the latest doings of some of the gang I haven't been able to see in months—you lose touch when you're working night and day. I'd like to thank writer Lou Pollock, too, for the encouraging words he wrote about me in his "Meet the '49ers." The Brady dream is off to a good start.

SCOTT BRADY, HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA

Dear Editor: I was in Florida making *Twelve O'Clock High* when the June Modern Screen came out. I beamed all over the little drug store in Valparaiso when I read "Baby Face"—an account of the face that has given me a prolonged juvenile life on the screen and off. Nothing can be quite so disastrous to the ego as to feel you're fully grown and then have someone yell, "Hey, Sonny." Your writer, Carl Schroeder, didn't yell "Sonny" when he interviewed me. He just laughed with a certain understanding—and he doesn't look as old as he feels, himself!

ROBERT ARTHUR, HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.

Dear Editor: Your brilliant Liz Taylor cover stopped me on my way to the MGM soda fountain, and right quick I plunked down my fifteen cents. My college pal, Marge Hiers, will certainly get a thrill out of our joint picture layout. My first impulse was to call her long distance and tell her to buy a copy, but knowing Marge as I do, I figured she already had it on her lap. Thanks for both of us for our story, "There's No Place Like Hollywood," and congratulations on a wonderful issue.

JANET LEIGH, HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA

Dear Editor: . . . I'd never miss reading Modern Screen but I think you deserve a scolding for overlooking Douglas Dick in your "Salute To Youth" issue. . . .

ROBERT JEAN, WELLS BEACH, MAINE

Dear Editor: . . . You didn't mention a single word about one of the most popular young actors, Lon McCallister. . . .

PAT BLAKERY, BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

Dear Editor: . . . How could you ever have ignored Michael Kirby in your "Salute To Youth" issue? . . .

BARBARA PARKES, LIVINGSTON, N. J.

(*We might have known this would happen. There are so many promising young players in Hollywood, we couldn't have hoped to include them all in one issue. We apologize if we've overlooked one of your favorites—it was purely unintentional.—The Editors.*)

Dear Editor: I want to tell you how much I enjoyed your "Salute To Youth" issue. You not only covered all the best young actors in Hollywood, but you devoted a whole magazine to them—that was a pretty wonderful idea.

ROSALYN BROOKS, NEW YORK CITY

Dear Editor: Thanks so much for the June issue of Modern Screen. I think it's about time the fan magazines paid some attention to the newer people in Hollywood. Hedda Hopper's "Make Way For Youth" sure hit the spot.

LANE BROWNING, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS



TRAVEL TRAILWAYS

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OUT OF HIS MIND AND BACK

(*Continued from page 62*)

late! SLEEPING LATE! he says. If seven A.M. is sleeping late, *you* take his contract!

"Usually get up at five," Peck says.

We ate in the dining lodge. It's fixed up to look rustic. So is his appetite, as follows: orange juice, eggs (scrambled, soft), toast, two cups of coffee and grits. ("Great stuff, grits," he says, "sticks to your ribs.")

Over coffee, I explain I'm going to tail him for a couple of days—just show what he really does. I expected a squawk. Peck didn't even mutter, although he certainly must have known I'd use up all of his free time.

"What do you do on days off like this?" I asked him.

"Take a canoe. Paddle to that beach over yonder."

"Let's go," I said.

We borrowed a canoe, and went to what Peck called his private beach. This was a beautiful stretch of stuff on the Gulf of Mexico.

I took some shots of Peck on the beach, and also trying his luck with a fishing pole. He didn't catch anything. That's always the way when you're standing there with a loaded camera in your hand.

We went for a swim. Out a little way, porpoises were ducking and playing. There was also a shark's fin cutting through the water. Seemed to me that if that shark ever came our way it would be the most expensive nip any shark ever took.

After the swim, we sat on the beach and talked. Greg told me all about the summer stock theater he was running with a group of Hollywood actors at La Jolla. And he talked about his new house, his expected baby (a daughter, he hopes), his eventual vacation in Europe with his wife.

"This is a normal guy," I told myself. And it's a fact. The guy deals it straight.

We finally paddled back to Bacon's, where we were staying. I was a beat-up character when we arrived. My arms ached, my shoulders ached, my head was beginning to ache—but Peck, he was doing fine. He posed with the various guests for their husbands' cameras, and even took the trouble to pass out advice on their photo problems.

I figured a good shot would be one of Peck with little Betty Bacon, the granddaughter of the owner of the motel, and her cat. Betty wasn't much interested—not old enough, I guess—and the cat was even less interested than the kid. I'd get it all set up—and then the cat would take off, with Betty after the cat. Finally Greg charmed the cat into sitting still, and I got the picture.

We went downtown, to the center of Fort Walton, drank a couple of malts and visited with the local movie manager. I wanted to get some shots of Peck signing autographs, but would you believe it, nobody recognized the guy.

"I'm not doing so well, am I?" Peck said.

Finally we fixed it. We sat Peck down in front of the local movie house, right beneath a poster advertising *The Paradine Case*. Chums, that was really funny. People would stroll by, look at the poster, look at Peck, look away, look back again—brother! Our boy signed some autographs, and passed up a dinner invitation offered by a woman who said her husband would never believe she had met Peck unless she brought him home. The way he did it, she'll be a fan for life. This guy has plenty finesse.

Then back to the motel, where Greg took time off to write a few letters and study his script. I hit the sack for a few minutes. So far, everything had worked out fairly well.

At six, Greg banged on my door and invited me to have cocktails with him and Dean Jagger, and dinner at a local nightery. Very good filet mignon.

To bed at nine, with a five o'clock date the next morning to leave for location.

Five o'clock is for birds. For actors, too.

A quick breakfast, followed by a 20-mile drive to a local Army Air base. Slept all the way. And now troubles.

I was pretty sleepy, but I suppose I looked too happy. Soon as I stepped out of the car the Army started to complicate my life. It's the same old snafu. Remember?

Where were my credentials? Lost. Had the story been cleared with Army Public Relations in Washington? Sure. Well, if it had been cleared, why hadn't they been notified?

"Look," I said, "all I want to do is to fly up to location with these guys." (Location was 200 miles north, at a ghost field in Alabama.)

The Army says no.

By this time, quite a crowd has collected. Guys from 20th are milling around and yelling, a couple of colonels are arguing, I'm saying, "Why don't you call Washington, why don't you call New York, why don't you call Hollywood?"

Peck is right beside me through all of this, punching on my team. Turns out that 20th Century-Fox has a chartered plane, but there isn't room for me on it. Things are looking very bad, and I'm yelling at a colonel and he's yelling back at me, when suddenly an Air Corps captain steps up.

"I would recognize that voice anywhere," he says. "How are you, boy?"

MEET THE PHOTOGRAPHER

Ike Vern, who shot the pictures of Gregory Peck for this story, has been a photographer for national magazines since 1939, busily taking photos of presidents, politicians, crooks, beautiful women, Rotarians, horses, cops, bombing runs in the Aleutians, snakes, wildcats, athletes, movie stars, draft boards, cities and circus performers—to name merely a few subjects. During the war years, he traveled thousands of miles while photographing activities at various military installations. His recent work has appeared in Holiday, Collier's, True, *and many other national periodicals. He is a former president of the Society of Magazine Photographers.*

So help me, this is the guy who flew me all around Alaska during the war. With his help, the colonel quieted down and I was loaded into a B-17.

Off we go to location. This location was chosen, incidentally, because it looks like England. Never having been to England prevented me from arguing that a cold autumn morning, described in the script, didn't mean May in Alabama. I settled down, though, to watch acting the public will never appreciate as much as it should.

Sheep-lined flying jackets and boots—and a temperature of 90 in the shade! And to make things real dandy, the arc lights were turned on. Arc lights are used to kill shadows—and actors. Now I know how Peck manages to keep his excellent figure.

One thing. Peck was worrying about a scene the script called for. He told me this scene showed him reacting to the news that a buddy had been killed during an air mission.

"I couldn't figure how to handle it," he said. "Should I look at the ground, should I turn my back—how would I do it?"

"Well, how *will* you do it?" I asked him.

"Let me tell you," he said. "A couple of nights before you got here, some guys at the air base learned that a friend had been killed in a crack-up. They laughed. They said, 'Well, old Joe finally got it!' To cover their emotions, they treated it almost as if it were a joke. I'll handle the scene pretty much along those lines."

That's an example of why this guy Peck doesn't ring sour on the screen. He figures the angles, and plays it realistically.

Well, boys, that's about all. We had a very bad lunch—peanut butter sandwiches, dry cheese, lemonade—and flew back to Walton, arriving at 7:30 P.M. Peck came in to help me pack. I suddenly remembered I was short of dough.

"How much in your pocket?" I asked Greg.

"About 60 bucks." He never flinched when he saw the bite coming.

"Give," I said. I wrote out a check for it. Raised another $30 from the motel. Am writing this on the plane.

There's just one thing more. I've seen plenty of celebrities, but this guy Peck is a right guy. If he had been putting on an act with me, I would have known it. Acts I've seen.

When I left, he said he was going to be in New York before he left for Europe. "May I call you?" he said. "We ought to get together."

Notice the way he put it. "May I?" That's a nice guy. And *that's* more than I can say for two guys who will send me out on a "nice, simple little story" that nearly gets me thrown in a military prison.

No regards,

IKE

THE END

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HOLLYWOOD'S TANGLED ROMANCES

(*Continued from page 39*)

had packed a bag and gone to visit Howard on location. There she made up with Howard. If Shelley looked at the moon, she gazed at it alone. But was she unhappy? Not that one, because . . .

NEWS ITEM: *Now that Ava Gardner has gone back to Howard Duff, Shelley Winters and Scott Brady are dating, while Farley Granger, who has been seen around so much with Shelley, is being seen again with Pat Neal.*

Well, who's this man Brady and what's he doing here? Oh, not much, maybe, unless you count the fact that Scott has just been named the nation's Number Three new leading man by vote of 11,000 exhibitors, who place him just a hot breath behind the remote Montgomery Clift and the much-married-to-Shirley-Temple, John Agar. Scott Brady! Look out for him. Handsome, blue-eyed, hard-muscled, six-foot-three of male who just a little more than a year ago was shuffling lumber in Beverly Hills for $1.10 an hour, Scott has just recently finished such picture assignments as *Montana Belle* with Jane Russell, *The Western Story* with Yvonne De Carlo, and now goes into *The Story of Molly X* opposite Ginger Rogers.

double-trouble . . .

That's some speed, but it's not half as fast as the way he's been going around the romance set. Strong man Brady makes news after the manner of a Tyrone Power in the old days. For example:

NEWS ITEM: *Scott Brady, who double-dated Shelley Winters and Cara Williams the other night, took Cara home, then fell asleep in the car in front of her apartment.*

"What the heck," Scott Brady declared when this item was called to his attention, "you live only once, and I guess every actor has to get publicity like this. The trouble is that if I didn't know Shelley pretty well, she'd get sore about a story like that. Well, I didn't double-date. But I *could* have fallen asleep. It's a funny thing, I fall asleep any time I get tired, and I can give you a list of 10 girls I've been out with when I fell asleep with my eyes wide open—but neither of these two. While you're at it, you might correct the impression that I've been dating six dozen girls. I was spanked over the air one night by a radio columnist, but the only girls I've dated, and with not too much frequency at that, have been Shelley, Jane Nigh and Cathy Downs—all wonderful people. And as for Cara, though I've never done anything more with her than drive her home one night from a party when her escort was called away on urgent business, you might say she's a swell little actress, and her work in *Knock on Any Door* proves it."

That should be sweet music to Cara's ears. For some fool reason she's been one of the regular casualties on the merry-go-round ride, always taking the bad bumps. For instance:

NEWS ITEM: *When Pete Lawford leaves Ava Gardner, he late-dates Cara Williams.*

"When I saw that story in the newspapers," Cara Williams declared, "I wept." That made twice in a row that she was classified as the girl to be called for as a late date.

"Somebody seems to have it in for me," the tiny, red-haired actress said indignantly. "I've said hello to Peter Lawford at parties, but we haven't dated *once*."

About six years ago, before she was



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married, had a baby, was divorced, and then settled down to hard work, Cara used to date like mad around Hollywood. Too much, if you asked some executives who thought she wasn't serious about her work. That isn't the situation today. The fact is that while she was supposedly late-dating various people, Cara actually was in Palm Springs with her little daughter, resting up for an important screen test.

As for Pete, what's he been doing?

NEWS ITEM: *Peter Lawford has had it bad for Gloria McLean, so what's he going to do now that she's engaged to Jimmy Stewart?*

Say that isn't so! What really happened is that aside from his occasional dates with Ava Gardner, Pete has stepped off the merry-go-round. For him it's a game of musical chairs and he's at least temporarily the boy who's odd man out. Quite a bit of the time, he's just plain lonesome to the point that old cronies like June Allyson and Dick Powell have been saying they wish they could find a really interesting girl for him. (Yes, Pete and the Powells are really good friends—that old, ridiculous rumor that he was "breaking up" this marriage to the contrary.)

what goes on here? . . .

Funny thing about Pete. He used to be a top man in the tangled romance department. When he first started his career, he was worried. Nobody paid any attention to him. The only time he got his name in the paper was when somebody cast him in a picture with Lassie. "Start dating," he was advised. "Go get yourself a romantic reputation."

[*For Peter Lawford's own account of the trouble that's got him into, see page 48.*—Ed.]

But what really went on while he was reported to be so interested in Gloria McLean? Why, he'd climbed back on the merry-go-round again.

NEWS ITEM: *Janet Leigh, who used to be seen with Peter Lawford, is all excited that Barry Nelson is about to return from New York, while Pete Lawford and Ava Gardner are on fire again. What's with Howard Duff?*

Uh-huh, you guessed it. Ava and Howard decided to take another vacation from each other. Lucky Pete Lawford. Lucky Howard Duff, too.

NEWS ITEM: *Howard Duff is consoling himself with Ann Blyth.*

"Off the record," Ann advised, "I wouldn't make too much of it. Howard and I have been friends for a long time, but if I'd been going seriously with every man I was supposed to be interested in, I'd have to be a dozen women.

"Every other day I see myself, in the newspapers, out with someone new, dining at this restaurant or that. Why, if I ate that much I'd weigh 203 pounds instead of 103. If you want to know, I've been out most with Tony Curtis, a new actor at Metro; Richard Long, and Roddy McDowall."

Shucks, up until now this romantic pyramid has been an unbroken chain of everyone dating everyone else. Can it be that little Annie is the one to break all this up? Wait a minute, though. Miss Blyth overlooked one important date—Scott Brady.

NEWS ITEM: *Scott Brady is dividing his time these days between Ann Blyth and Shelley Winters—who has been dating Douglas Dick.*

Ah, that starts a whole new train of romantic events, for wasn't it Douglas Dick and not Kirk Douglas, as reported, who had that date with Ann Sothern?

Said Kirk Douglas: "I'm not dating anyone who is well known in pictures. Who can tell what a man will do a couple of weeks from now, or a couple of years?

In the meantime, the radio commentators have been wrong week after week with their predictions that any minute now, my wife and I would reconcile."

As for Ann Sothern, she isn't really a part of the Hollywood circle of romance, although she seems to fit in, for she has had two dates with Clark Gable, who also has had an evening or two out with Joan Crawford. Although it was true that, way last February, Clark and Joan stepped out together three times in a single week, they simply arrived at social functions and spent a lot of time together. Joan's real heart is still the attorney, Greg Bautzer —so to follow the trail of mutual daters, the news hounds must make a detour to the Metro lot—where they'll discover the beautiful, Minneapolis-born Arlene Dahl.

Arlene has been having dates with Turhan Bey. Remember him? Turhan burst on Hollywood a few years back with his furious foreign look and immediately scared the daylights out of all the local swains. Before anyone knew it, he was Lana Turner's steady date, but this didn't stop Hollywood's anxious males from warning their girls not to step out with Turhan.

At the time, Lana suffered a temporary broken heart when all was over between them. The finger of scorn was pointed so heavily at the Turkish lad that he went into seclusion in a little beach cottage and made himself scarce at parties. Now, he's very much alive, and he fits neatly if more modestly into the giant jigsaw puzzle in which Hollywood boy meets girl. For example:

NEWS ITEM: *The suave Turhan Bey has been out dancing several times with lovely Barbara Lawrence, who adds a new touch of glamor to 20th Century-Fox.*

What's so exciting about Turhan? Well, for a couple of hints, Barbara said, "He has just about the most entertaining sense of humor of any man I've ever met, and he's a superb dancer."

all fall down . . .

This last qualification doesn't count the crazy accident Barbara and Turhan had one night at Ciro's. She was wearing a long lace dress, and as they got up from their table to step onto the dance floor, someone stepped on the train. Barbara promptly sat down with a resounding thud. Turhan bent over to pick her up, slipped and fell. Brandy Brent, with whom they were sitting, went to their aid—but in so doing failed to notice that he was sitting on a corner of the table cloth. As he stood, the entire table was swept clean of glasses and the place looked as if it had been struck by an earthquake.

All this, so help poor Barbara, was done without the aid of a single drink, for she doesn't indulge.

There's something spectacular about Barbara that requires no accidental dance-floor tumbles to mark her as a girl to watch in the field of romance. Nineteen years cute, tall, with a beautiful figure that has resulted from her passion for swimming and horseback riding, she has grown up in studio atmosphere since she was first signed to a contract at age 14.

"I used to have the most violent crush on Tyrone Power," she'll tell you, "but I was just a baby. By the time I'd grown up a little, all the interesting actors I'd gawked at were married. Hollywood is such a disappointing place for a teen-ager." Her arresting blue-gray eyes twinkled. "Why, I've never even met Clark Gable. As for Errol Flynn—well, we *almost* had a date one night. Loretta Young was sweet enough to ask me to a party she was giving, and promised to introduce me. But me—what did I do but go skiing the weekend before. I picked

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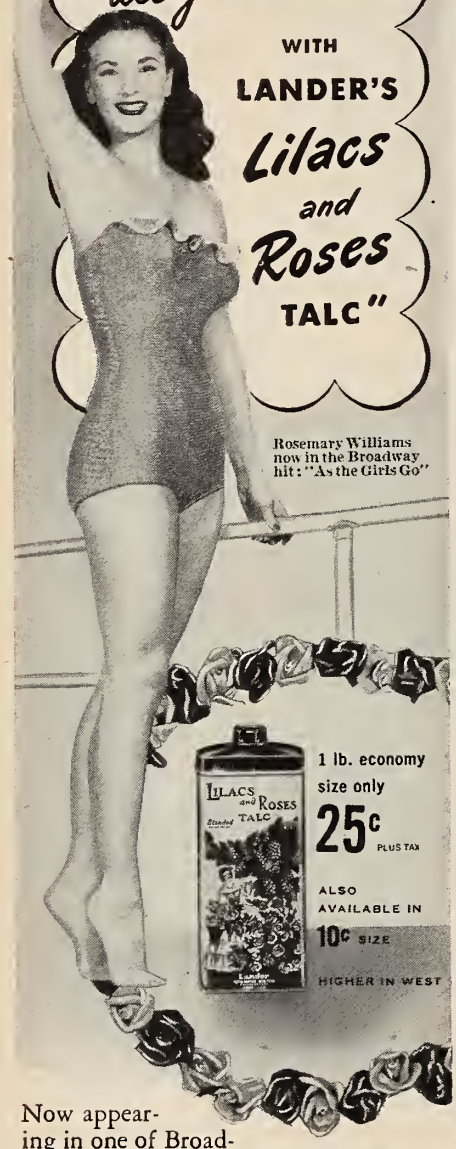
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up the most awful wind-burn you ever saw, and rather than show up with a bright red face I stayed home and nursed my sorrow."

It's impossible to tell when Barbara is, or isn't, kidding.

About a year before Mickey Rooney became serious about Martha Vickers, whom he married in Hollywood last June 4th, he called Barbara up one day and said, "I saw you at the polo games Sunday and thought I'd like to meet you."

Barbara fleetingly considered her five feet, seven inches of height, compared it to The Mick's stature, and was about to say no when she remembered that she had a girlhood chum visiting from Oklahoma. She'd be a perfect match for Mickey.

As it turned out, when Mick burst into Barbara's place, he was so full of fire and excitement that she forgot all about how tall he was. An hour later, they were over at his place holding a jam session with a gang of his musician friends.

Barbara, who is going to be a very important young actress when her work in *Collision* is seen, thinks that people seldom really get a true picture of Hollywood folk. "Mickey, for example. You spend 10 minutes with him and you realize that there couldn't be a more entertaining man anywhere in the world. It turned out that we were the brother and sister type. The only thing that bothered me about him was what would happen when we tried to dance. One evening, he asked me. I had been looking at a woman dancing with her little boy—and thinking; oh, no! But you can believe it, when Mickey began to whirl me around the floor it was as much fun as dancing with Cesar Romero."

NEWS ITEM: *Cesar Romero and Barbara Lawrence did not plan to elope to Mexico. They simply went there on a personal appearance.*

"This is how *that* story got started," said Barbara. "The studio asked Cesar and me to go for the opening of a theater in Vera Cruz. Somehow, word got around that we were eloping. Newspapers began calling my mother to see if it were true, and fortunately she knew that we were only buddies."

As for Barbara's other dates, she's been going out occasionally with Bob Neal and Greg Juarez, two old friends, and more recently with Scott Brady.

Yes, you read that last line correctly—Scott Brady. It's just like watching a movie, and this is where we all came in, because in Hollywood everyone sooner or later is likely to have dated just about everyone else.

Which brings us right back to the beginning with this press-time gossip item in a Hollywood column:

NEWS ITEM: *Ava Gardner has tiffed again with Howard Duff, who is now being seen with Shelley Winters, while Ava dates Farley Granger who used to go with Pat Neal.*

But where does Mr. Brady come in? Don't worry about that. Just because Mr. Brady hasn't met Ava yet doesn't mean that he isn't going to—because in answer to a direct question he said, "The most beautiful girl in Hollywood? Well, if *you* say she's Ava Gardner, who am I to disagree?"

Of course, the dating cycle doesn't always match up perfectly, even though it will eventually if one waits with patience. Consider Howard Duff again. He doesn't always take out Shelley Winters when Ava dates someone else. Not long ago, he and Gloria De Haven were seen together while Gloria's ex, John Payne, dated Joan Caulfield.

Then, to start another small flurry, the so-beautiful blonde television starlet, Joy Lansing, dated in one week Peter Lawford, Michael North and Tom Drake, who's been reported engaged to Gloria Haley. Meantime, Cathy Downs, who had been seeing Bruce Cabot, showed up at a party with Turhan Bey.

And on and on the tangled romances go. According to reports, anyhow. THE END

WE FOUGHT TO SAVE OUR MARRIAGE

(*Continued from page 33*)

really thinking about getting a divorce?"

"I don't want you to do anything! Just skip it!"

"All right," he agreed. "But how about some news?"

So I calmed down and gave him some. I explained that it looked as if the baby we were adopting would be along any day now. He thanked me kindly—and that was that.

Oh, it was, was it? That first printed rumor was like a rabbit growing up and having 5,000 relatives. Within a week, about 60 reporters had noticed the first item, re-circulated it, denied it, revived it. Then, to curdle up a sour climax, some granite-head observed that the reason we were adopting was that we hoped this would tend to smooth out our domestic problems.

How silly can things get?

June and I had been waiting for that baby for two years. But as the fury of outrageous rumor swept over us like a black South Dakota tornado, there was the danger that those who controlled the adoption might postpone the event or cancel it altogether. How could they know that there was not one particle of truth in any of those rumors?

I had to go to New York for the opening of my picture, *Pitfall*. June intended to come along, but was prevented from doing so by added scenes at the studio. When I returned, she went East to keep commitments she'd already made for radio shows. These separations, understood so well between us, added more fire to the rumors. We were both so sick of making denials that we finally stopped talking to anyone.

Before June could get back from New York, I received a rather anxious call about those rumors from the Tennessee Children's Home. I was alarmed that they should be the slightest bit perturbed. I thought it best to go there and explain that the divorce-mongering idiots had broken out of their padded cells and were haunting us Powells for no sane reason.

I wired June what I was going to do and grabbed a plane. The weather was rough. We had to sit down in Arkansas. I called June to explain. She said she'd go home and wait for me there. I went outside the little airport and swore at the weather. It growled back at me and dumped down another 8,000 gallons. All this had to stop sometime.

Before I could continue on to Tennessee, urgent business called me back to Hollywood, so I returned there and did some more long-distance reassuring. The people at the Tennessee Home who had been arranging for the adoption of our baby were very understanding. I explained that

there was not, nor had there ever been, a grain of truth in any of the stories printed about a pending separation of June Allyson and Dick Powell.

I knew that none of the gossip had really touched June's and my feelings towards each other, but who could tell what might happen if the end result was the loss of the child June wanted so badly?

The whole thing was beginning to get us down. Outwardly, it's possible to withstand almost any amount of pressure. Subconsciously, though, there's a fight to maintain your balance. Then too, there's something we men never really learn about women. There are times when they can walk around with the Rock of Gibraltar on their shoulders and a laugh on their lips. Then, a harsh look, a little snub, or some other trifle can drive them into a corner, whimpering. When June arrived back from New York, she was about done in.

I KNOW THAT SHE KNOWS

Twice a year June decides to retire. "I'm going to quit," she says. "No more pictures. I don't care what it costs. I'm going to buy back my contract and just stay home."

"All right," I agree. "We'll see the men about it in the morning."

"You won't mind?" she asks.

"Not a bit," I reply. "Of course, there are several million people who may be a little upset. And then, working isn't work for you. It peps you up. You like it. However, you're right. When you get tired of a thing, just quit, that's all. I admire the way you're doing it."

Next morning, we don't go to see the men about June quitting. We don't even mention it. And at night, there's a preview of one of her pictures. When we come out, everybody is raving and congratulating June.

"Did you like it?" she asks me. "Did you really like my work? Tell the truth, now."

"I thought you were great."

"Hmm," she ponders. "Somehow, watching you watching me, I got the idea you didn't care much for the way I played it."

"Look," I retort, "you know about my face. It doesn't jump up and run up and down the aisles. I thought the picture was fine. I thought you were better than the picture. You were even better than the reviewers are going to say you are, and nobody'll be able to top that."

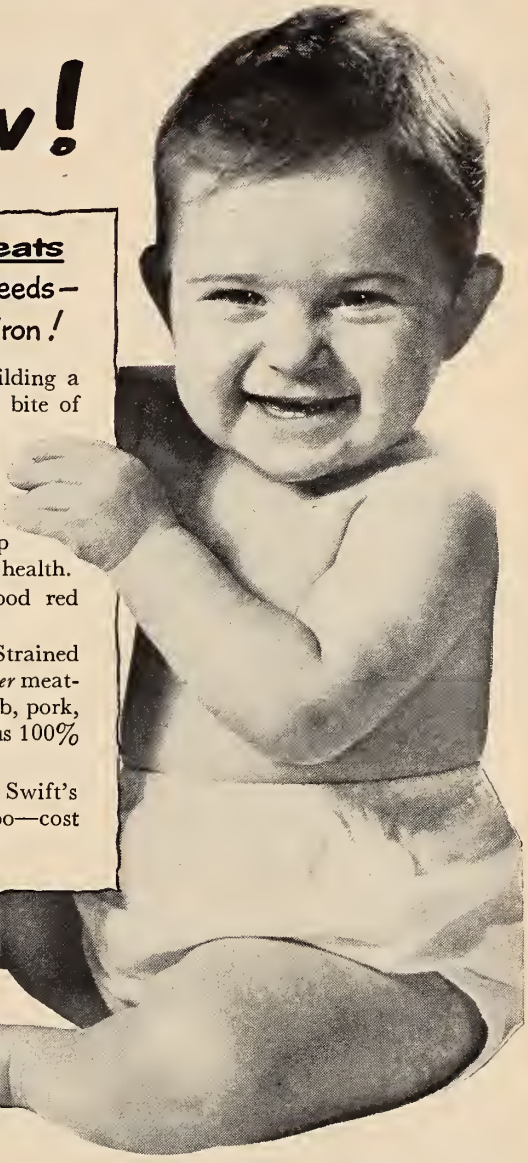
Now she feels swell. "I'm glad," she says. Then a few seconds later she begins again. "Dick, I don't know. Did you really . . . ?"

Her voice trails off as I look at her. She gets the point. She knows that I really.—Dick Powell

Fortunately for both of us, Pamela Allyson Powell arrived a few days later. Then, too, another Hollywood couple began to make genuine divorce news. With the baby keeping June knee-deep in books on how to raise children, formulas and diapers, we soon forgot the grim fight to save our marriage from unthinking attacks—which had come from all but a few of the more reliable and honest members of the press.

But, of course, our plans to sell our Bel-Air home were shot to pieces. We had decided, after almost completely rebuilding the house, that it wasn't quite the thing we wanted for our family, and we hoped that we could at least get our money back. Then, when those divorce stories began to pop, two interested prospects backed off.

Oh! How meat helps baby grow!



Swift's Strained Meats
provide what every baby needs—proteins, B vitamins and iron!

Just see the nourishment for building a healthy baby in every tempting bite of Swift's Strained Meats!

Complete, high-quality proteins—baby must get for sound sturdy growth.

Natural B vitamins—to help keep baby's appetite keen—guard his health.

Food iron—needed to build good red blood and avoid infant anemia.

Soft, smooth in texture, Swift's Strained Meats are specially made for *earlier* meat-feeding. Wide variety—beef, lamb, pork, veal, liver, heart. All six, delicious 100% meat!

Simple to serve—just heat. Swift's Strained Meats save money, too—cost less than home-prepared meats!



YOUR DOCTOR—*is best qualified to say how early your baby should start Swift's Meats—ask him.*

All nutritional statements made in this advertisement are accepted by the Council on Foods and Nutrition of the American Medical Association.

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P.S. (PLENTY SPECIAL) Diced Meats for—



TEETHERS (Just learning to chew) "PICKY" EATERS (to perk up appetites) MAMA—who's busy (No bother—just heat and serve)

Tempting—Thrifty—Time-saving



SWIFT ...foremost name in meats

...first with 100% Meats for Babies

SWIFT & COMPANY, CHICAGO 9, ILLINOIS



Tampax is discretion itself at swimming time. *Because this remarkable monthly sanitary protection has no outside pad...* Give this one fact your full consideration—and you'll realize that Tampax can be trusted in the water and out of the water with your bathing suit wet or dry. So get Tampax for the next occasion and enjoy those additional "stolen" swims!

Made of highly absorbent surgical cotton, Tampax is worn internally and comes in efficient easy-to-use applicators. When in place it is not only invisible but unfelt. No chafing is possible. No edge-lines can show under soft summer dresses. No odor can form. Changing is quick and disposal no trouble at all.

This Tampax was invented by a doctor and is by no means intended as an occasional convenience. It meets the demands of this special hygienic need every month of the year. Millions now use it. Sold at drug and notion counters in 3 absorbencies (Regular, Super, Junior). Average month's supply slips into purse; economy box holds 4 months' average supply. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

NO BELTS
NO PINS
NO PADS
NO ODOR



Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association

They figured they'd hold off for awhile because it's easy to grab a bargain when a couple is splitting up. Well, we fooled 'em, but in the meantime, the market fell way off.

Besides keeping us from planning our new home, all this monkey business cost us a really sizable amount of money, what with all the running around, telephoning, and extra plane travel.

"Sure does put a dent in the old budget," I pointed out.

"Uh-huh," June agreed. "Like it was hit with a Mack truck. But thank goodness we weren't even scratched." As I write this it occurs that she should have a little present from me. Something important. But there I'm stumped. She doesn't want anything.

Could be my fault. The first real present I ever gave her was a mink coat. June doesn't know from mink coats. You have to put the coat in storage, have it fixed up regularly. But do you think she can get around to that? Not on your life. She takes care of it herself and won't let the coat out of her sight. She thinks there's something special about it that nobody should have custody of it in off season. That's *her* coat. Something not to be fooled with by total strangers.

Even if it falls apart.

Oh well, I guess it won't. Mink coats wear well forever.

Like a good marriage. Like ours.

This might be a good place to stop. And yet . . . Did I say that it had been almost a year since June and I were bothered by a rash of silly, dopey and phony rumors? Well, on a recent Sunday, a certain radio commentator let go with another blast. The Powells, he said, had indulged in a "king-sized" quarrel at Romanoff's restaurant in Beverly Hills.

I didn't hear the news myself until my good friend, columnist Harrison Carroll, called up Monday morning to "check." I turned from the telephone and asked June, "Honey, where were we last Thursday night?"

"Gee," she replied, "I dunno."

"Were we at Romanoff's having a big fight?"

"What's all this about?"

"It's Harrison. There was a broadcast last night—said we staged a family quarrel at Romanoff's. He wants to know."

"Oh, I remember," June chuckled. "We had dinner with your radio producer, Don Sharpe. You were talking about your radio show, and you had that hard-boiled look on your face. I remember, you looked at the salad and it just curled up and withered."

Well, there you have it. Actor takes his wife to dinner. Commentator hard up for news dreams up an argument that never happened and blabs a completely erroneous story over the air. Next day you have a hot little rumor trying to grow up into something important.

What should we do? Hire a radio program and talk baby talk to each other? Punch the offending reporter on the nose? You figure it out. All June and I know is that this is where we came in. It's an old story and we hope that everyone else is as tired of it as we are.

As for the columnist, if he really told the truth, he'd say something like this: "An informant told me that the Powells were arguing in a restaurant the other night, but I've been so busy this afternoon that I didn't have a chance to check with them personally. So, instead of passing out false information about a couple of people who have a real nice marriage and would like to keep it that way, I'm going to keep my mouth shut."

In other words, there wasn't any fight, there isn't going to be, and what the man said was an unfair attack on our small share in the institution of matrimony which he loudly claims to uphold.

That ought to settle it. THE END

(*Dick Powell's latest film is* Mrs. Mike; *June Allyson's is* The Stratton Story.)

CAN'T STAY MAD

The other day I came home, opened the front door and called for June. "I'm in the den, Richard," she called back. "We've got company."

I'll say we had. Two tall motorcycle officers who looked like the types that have beaten me up in some of my pictures. We had a nice talk. Seems that June had been in a hurry to get home. She brought the boys along. They sold me 12 tickets to a policemen's benefit.

June disappeared and as I was showing them to the door, one of them handed me another ticket. "Almost forgot this," he said cheerfully. It was for June—a traffic ticket for doing 45 miles in a 25-mile zone.

When I shut the door, she was standing right behind me, looking like a little girl three years old who'd whipped off her party dress in front of company and gone running through the water sprinkler.

"You angry?" she asked.

"No," I retorted. "No, I've got nothing to beef about except a 10-dollar ticket and 12 tickets for the policemen's ball. Think what it would cost if I hired somebody to drive you around. I guess I'll just give you a solid spanking and let it go at that."

"You wouldn't dare," she said, putting on her imp face.

Well, maybe not. You never can tell who's hanging around our place, and think how a thing like that would look in the columns!—Dick Powell

LOVE THAT FLYING

I can't begin to tell how amazing this girl June is. She insists on knowing what everything is about, down to the smallest detail. Take the matter of my flying. I am an earnest advocate of private plane advancement. I fly everywhere I can. June gets nervous and rarely flies. Still, she can talk your arm off on the subject of such things as determination of wind force and direction as it applies to dead reckoning navigation.

Once when we were going across country on one of the finest airlines, we ran into rough weather. I could tell by the look on June's face that she was scared pink, but before I could deliver a small lecture, she was bouncing up and down the aisle while the plane lurched through the murk.

"Isn't flying wonderful?" *she exclaimed to a jittery young mother with two children. "I wouldn't travel any other way." She launched into an explanation of the non-importance of a few bumps and the complete non-existence of such false items as "air pockets."*

As we walked away from the plane after landing I said, "What a little fibber you are. You were jumpy as a morning after."

"I know," she agreed, "that's why I didn't want to pass it on to other people."
—Dick Powell

don't flirt with old sol



Screen stars like Lizabeth Scott, who never gamble with their beauty, protect their skins with suntan lotion.

IT'S NO FUN BEING A BURNT COOKIE—PROTECT YOURSELF FROM SUNBURN!

■ Just make up your mind that you can't get as brown as that gorgeous life-guard on your first afternoon at the beach without getting gruesomely burned! Too many of us feel so deliciously cool and free in our new bathing suits or play clothes that we forget about the sun's ultra-violet rays. They don't *feel* hot for about three or four hours after the first exposure; then, each year, they send some 25,000,000 of us to the drug store for a package of sunburn remedy! The heat rays of the sun are harmless. Look out for the ultra-violet ones, though, which can burn on a cool summer day. They bounce back from the water and creep under beach umbrellas to do their mischief. They even poke through a hazy sky.

Of course, your white and pastel summer things look terrific with a rich, golden tan, but don't risk all the complexion difficulties which can come from careless burning. Freckles might be the least of your troubles in that case, because your pigment often goes splotchy; warts and moles show up importantly; your skin gets dry and thick and unlovely and if you have eruptions, they may get worse after a sunburn.

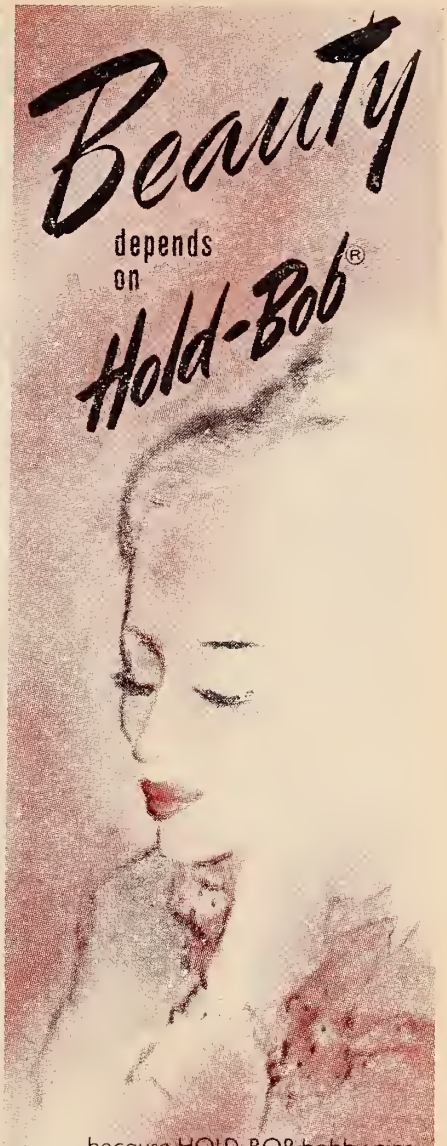
The smart and obvious thing to do is cover yourself with an antiseptic sun tan lotion which is greaseless and invisible on the skin, screens out 90% of the burning rays but lets you tan glamorously. If that's too slow, there's always a wide choice of coppery make-up to give you that summery glow at a minute's notice.

Wear sun glasses, too, when you're actually out in the sunlight. Continual squinting, otherwise, will put lines around your eyes as well as make them feel hot and puffy.

Lipstick protects your lips from unsightly parching and looks extra luscious with a tan skin.

Don't neglect your hair—wear a turban or a big, floppy hat whenever possible. Give your hair a hot oil rub frequently to keep it silky and smooth. A little care now can bring you into fall looking prettier than ever.

BY CAROL CARTER, BEAUTY EDITOR



...because HOLD-BOB bobby pins really *hold*. The perfection of this beauty is assured because those perfect curls are formed and held in place gently, yet so very securely, by this truly superior bobby pin. There is nothing finer.

More women use HOLD-BOB than all other bobby pins combined



. . a GAYLA® hair beauty aid

GAYLORD PRODUCTS, INCORPORATED
©1949 CHICAGO, ILL.

Advertisement

Have You Heard?



Pride comes before a fall . . . and if it weren't for Kay Kyser my pride would still be intact. Perhaps I should explain. When I first heard that Georgia Carroll, John Powers' famous model, was slated to change "Carroll" to "Kyser" I thought, "Well, there stands another victim of 'southern charm'. Fifty *million* 'y'alls' wouldn't devastate ME!" But now for the awful truth. I heard Kay's "College of Fun and Knowledge" over the ABC network the other day and I find that I am not only susceptible to 'southern charm' in the form of Kay Kyser but that I'm ready to send an apple to the teacher wrapped in a natty rebel flag.

Pillsbury's Professor is in a class by himself as far as entertainment goes. His spirited version of laughter and learning from the halls of his mythical college is imaginative. And the playful way he leads contestants into unpredictable "slur of the moment" remarks is downright ingenious. All of which should prove that you *can* teach an old dialer new tricks. And Kay Kyser with that certain captivating something (I'll admit it! Southern Charm!) is the man to do it. Kay's College is in session at 4 P.M. EDT Mondays through Fridays.

★ ★ ★

There's a scriptless wonder—also on the ABC network—that is unquestionably the greatest "rise and shiner" since the invention of the sun. It's the sixteen year old tradition called "The Breakfast Club." Don McNeill, with his "be good to yourself" philosophy is irresistible as the M.C. and his delightfully daft gang which includes Jack Owens (the cruising Crooner), clowning Sam Cowling, Fran (Aunt Fanny) Allison contribute a buoyant humor and freshness that make every program as irrepressible as a premiere. Patsy Lee and Eddie Ballantine share the musical honors on this bouncing breakfast bonanza which is understandably regarded with pride by its fathers: Swift, Philco and General Mills. First call for breakfast is 9:00 A.M. EDT—every Monday through Friday.

★ ★ ★

Other Tips on ABC Daytime Dialing

"My True Story" 10:00 AM edt
Drama ripped from the pages of real life.

Galen Drake 11:45 AM edt
A relaxing quarter hour of homey philosophy.

"Welcome Travelers" 12 Noon edt
A daily visit with interesting people from the world over.

Joan Lansing

HOW COULD I BE SO WRONG!

(Continued from page 43)

About the same time, a young actor I'd never heard of was sitting at a lunch counter between radio shows in Chicago and telling a friend of his, "When I go to Hollywood and break into pictures, I want to fall in love with an actress and marry her. Then I'll be happy."

The day that young man—whose name was John Hodiak—walked into my life, that foolish idea of mine flew out, and for keeps. I remember how suddenly it happened. Hume Cronyn pointed him out to me in the studio café and kidded, "Now there's a nice eligible bachelor you ought to meet." John had just made *Lifeboat* with Tallulah Bankhead and he was very interesting to plenty of unmarried young actresses around Hollywood. But not to me—I said.

"Don't be silly," I answered, "I'm not interested in eligible actors. Two careers—" But Hume was beckoning him over and all of a sudden I forgot what I'd started to say. Soon afterwards—three years ago this July to be exact—I was walking down a flower-banked path in my mother's garden toward an altar, with the strains of Mendelssohn sweet in my ears, on my way to being Mrs. John Hodiak, an actor's wife. And as much in love as I was then, I didn't know how lucky that was.

no one else but . . .

So now, with our Third Anniversary just around the corner, maybe it's high time to make a confession: John had the right idea—and mine was all wrong. Also, perhaps, a slight correction is in order: Being an actress, I don't see how I could ever be happy married to anyone *but* an actor. Because, by now, I know that two careers don't menace a marriage. They make it all the better. At least for Mr. and Mrs. John Hodiak they do. And for some very solid reasons.

First of all, I know that when two people are deeply devoted to the same thing in life, when their common ambition, their mutual goal is the same, they're not hunting for something to share—they have it, every day, every hour. John and I have acting.

I've wanted to act ever since I can remember. I started on the stage at 13, broke into pictures at 16. As a boy, John was probably the most all-out movie fan in his hometown, Detroit. He skipped school one whole year just to watch movies. He saw three and four a day sometimes, watched one picture 27 times! He sneaked into theaters, faked passes, got himself in Dutch with truant officers and at home. That's how crazy he was, and still is, about what he wanted to be.

To us both, an acting career is the most vital, thrilling life imaginable. Double that life with marriage and you double the joy and excitement, the surprises and delights. It's as simple as that.

The other afternoon when I came home, our maid met me at the door with an important message. "Mr. Hodiak called when you were out," she said. "He has some big news. He wants you to have two drinks ready." I fixed cocktails, and fussed around the house dying with curiosity and suspense. John was busy shooting *Battleground;* I felt sure it must be something about that.

At last he got home, looking wildly happy. This was a moment, an occasion. I took his arm, we walked into the front room, sat down by the drinks. "Well . . . ?" I said.

"They've taken me out of that supporting part and given me the lead!"

"Oh, how wonderful! Darling!" And we both hit the clouds. I couldn't tell you who was more excited and happy, John or I. Any wife is happiest when her husband is happy; any truly married couple shares the good things to the full. But for us I think the thrill packed extra-special kick for this reason: I knew exactly what that meant to John. The same thing could have happened to me; in fact, it has. Maybe I'm wrong, but I don't think I could have shared that joy so deeply if I'd never stepped on a stage or a movie set in my life. How could I have really understood?

Actors are poor self-critics. The only time you really believe you're good is when you're told so by someone who you think knows what he's talking about. You can lose yourself in a bottomless pit of the ghastly awfuls so easily when you watch yourself on the screen. When I've done a scene and I think, "It's horrible, just no good at all!" someone who wasn't an actor might say, "Oh, I thought that was very good"—and, even if he were my husband, I wouldn't believe him. It might even make me madder than ever. I'd think, "He's just trying to make me feel better, and anyway he doesn't know anything about it."

But when John says, "Wait a minute, Anne. You're crazy. That was swell!" Well, suddenly I believe him. He's an actor, himself. Suddenly, I think, "Maybe it was all right, after all"—and that's all I need. The world's sunny again. That's comfort coming from where it counts.

Actors are emotional people; they'd be terrible actors if they weren't. But their hair-trigger temperaments make them moody or merry, up in the clouds or down in the dumps, especially when they're working. Luckily, actors are also expressive. They can blow off steam, and usually do. It's only when emotions are clamped down and repressed that all sorts of serious things happen. There isn't much danger of that in our house.

so nice to come home to . . .

Both John and I go through stretches when, frankly, we are no joys to live with. Something's going wrong at the studio. A job is tedious and exasperating, the pressure is on to do something we don't want to do. Or we're just sore at ourselves for not being better than we are.

At such times, being exposed to exactly the same thing, we usually know enough to leave each other alone. If I drag in around seven o'clock, glum, silent and worn to a frazzle, pad silently upstairs and have my dinner in bed, nobody asks me why, John knows why. He knows as only a Hollywood actor knows, that nowhere else is there quite the kind of tiredness that comes after a tough day on a picture set—the drained emotions, the numb, exhausted nerves, that result when the harassed self is exposed for long hours to the pull and haul and exactness of picture making. I'm not on the spot to be fresh and bright, seductive and charming to my husband. He understands—he's so often dragged through the same thing himself.

Or if John wobbles home with that beaten-carpet look you get when the studio day has been rugged in all directions, do you think I'm going to bounce up and hey-hey him out of the house to dine and dance at some hot spot? One look and I want to put him to bed with milk toast and a hot water bottle, because I can see myself in the mirror of his played-out face.

To act at all, you have to put yoursel

in someone else's place. You have to know people inside and out—and the more you know people, the more you understand and sympathize with what makes them tick and the more tolerant you become. Actors are famous for their tolerance. And certain tolerance is of prime importance in marriage.

There's rarely a dull moment in our lives, but if there ever is we can banish it quickly at the movies. Movies are not just an idle hour to us; they're our lives' work. John and I will often drop something twice as glamorous to chase across town to a neighborhood theater where an interesting picture we've missed is playing. On Sunday evenings, we haunt the Academy Theater to see old-time silent movies and movie stars who made Hollywood history—Wally Reid, Rudy Valentino, Garbo, Swanson and all the others. We run and re-run pictures at our studios so often I'm sure they'll send us a bill one of these days. We talk movies constantly, study and kibitz, happily argue and analyze. We take them apart for direction, camera angles, scoring, acting and art. We love our profession—and that doesn't hurt us in loving each other.

But I can sense some resistance rising at this point, perhaps like this: "Okay, but those are *little* things. What about the big ones—such as having time to make a home for husband, looking after the old man's comfort? How about that necessary feeling of providing that a man has to have to be happy—can John have it when you have your own salary? How about time to do things together, with both of you on call at different studios and neither one knowing about his leisure hours from day to day?"

All right—one at a time.

on the agenda . . .

First, let me admit right off that being Mrs. Domesticity is harder with a career. But before I leave for the studio in the morning, I'm up at six o'clock. After breakfast, I write a flock of notes. To John: *Do this, please;* or *how about a party, Tuesday;* or *call me here* or *there;* or *what do you think of this* or *that?* To the cook: *Here's a complete menu and shopping list.* To the laundress: *Not so much starch in Mr. H's shirts.* And so on. Then I pack up my lunch of cottage cheese and tomatoes. If John's working too, I pack his ham sandwich and thermos of coffee. (We take our lunches because that's best for our stomachs and nerves.) I don't clean the house with a rag around my head and I don't fry the breakfast eggs and wash the dishes. But I know how and what's more I know how it's being done and when. That's about all an actress acting from nine to six can do.

Then there's the ever-present question of family finances, of who supports whom. And it's an important one. So important that before John Hodiak said "I do" he made it plain as print that he was supporting the Hodiak household, or else. He still does, and no back talk—not that I'm thinking of giving any.

I have my salary and John has his. It would be pretty silly to ignore that and pretend you were making pictures for fun. It would be just as silly to expect your husband to pay the running expenses of your screen career. There's really no issue at all when you look at it sensibly. I'm Mrs. John Hodiak, so John Hodiak supports me. He pays all the household expenses, all the family bills. I buy my clothes, which are a business necessity to an actress, even though sometimes it's hard convincing Uncle Sam of that fact. I pay *any* bill connected with Anne Baxter, Hollywood actress.

For instance, the other day I had a tooth

Are you a young wife who knows only half the truth?



Then read this scientific knowledge *you can trust* about these INTIMATE PHYSICAL FACTS!

It's really a pity when you consider how many young women continue to enter matrimony without first learning the *real truth* about these intimate physical facts. So often a young wife finds her husband's honeymoon devotion rapidly cooling—yet she doesn't realize the wife is often the guilty one.

Every young woman has a right to be instructed on how necessary vaginal douching often is to intimate feminine cleanliness, health, married happiness, after menstrual periods and to combat offensive odor.

And even MORE IMPORTANT, she should be told that no other type liquid antiseptic-germicide of all those tested for the douche is so powerful yet so safe to tissues as ZONITE!

Developed By Famous Surgeon and Scientist

A great surgeon and scientist developed the ZONITE principle—the *first* antiseptic-germicide principle in the world with such a powerful germ-killing and deodorizing action yet ABSOLUTELY SAFE to tissues. ZONITE is positively *non-poisonous, non-irritating, non-burning.* You can use ZONITE as directed *as often as you want* without the slightest risk of injury to most delicate tissues.

A Modern Miracle!

ZONITE destroys and removes odor-causing waste substances. Helps guard against infection. It's so *powerfully effective*—it kills every germ it touches. You know it's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract. But you can FEEL CONFIDENT that ZONITE *immediately* kills every reachable germ and keeps them from multiplying. Complete douching instructions come with every bottle. You can buy ZONITE at any drugstore.

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feminine hygiene

FREE! NEW!

For amazing enlightening NEW Booklet containing frank discussion of intimate physical facts, recently published—mail this coupon to Zonite Products, Dept. MR-89, 370 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

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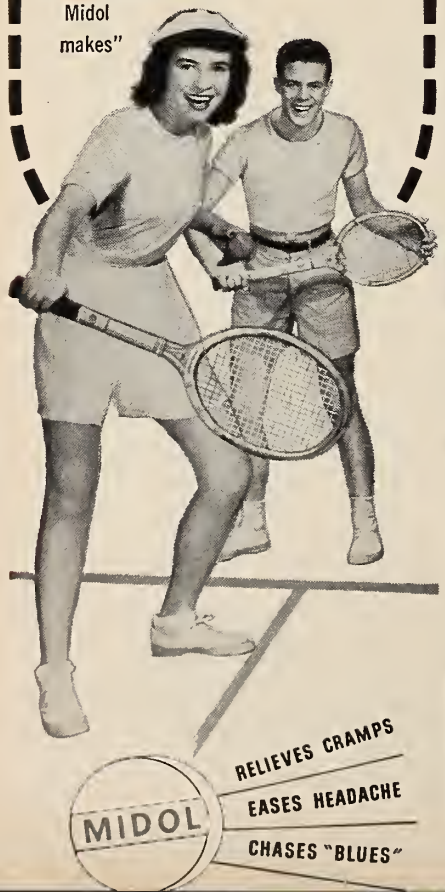
CITY_____ STATE_____



"DREADED" DAYS
CAN BE
ACTIVE DAYS

MIDOL
RELIEVES FUNCTIONAL
PERIODIC PAIN
CRAMPS-HEADACHE-"BLUES"

"What a DIFFERENCE Midol makes"



MIDOL
RELIEVES CRAMPS
EASES HEADACHE
CHASES "BLUES"

capped to even off a slightly rough edge. I paid the bill. That was for the camera. There was nothing wrong with my tooth; if it had ached or needed filling, that would be family health—and John's bill. When we were married, I owned the house we still live in. It made sense for us to start housekeeping there. We couldn't have bought, built or rented a place half as desirable at that post-war time. "All right," agreed John, "we'll live in your house, but I'll pay you rent."

"Don't be silly," I argued, "I'm not going to be my husband's landlady!" But John painstakingly inquired just what a house like mine would rent for and I got my monthly rent check—and I still do. So I *am* my husband's landlady whether I like it or not; he likes it—and that's the point. We have separate bank accounts, separate business managers. But when we get a new house one of these days we'll buy it together just as we've bought some other things we enjoy together.

Now about companionship, living a life together, having fun, sharing golden moments that make marriage wonderful and all that—in the face of the always too-true fact that a Hollywood actor's schedule is willy-nilly as irregular as a Toonerville trolley.

It's true I can never plan ahead, like a businessman's wife, on having our vacation, say between July 4th and 18th. Two different contracts at two different studios make that impossible. When you live and work in Hollywood you never know in advance when your free time will be—or when, after you've got it, that hurry-back phone call or wire will come.

But in our three years of marriage, John and I have had some pretty wonderful trips together—to New York, Texas, Oregon, Mexico and Jamaica. All of them were quick grabs at golden opportunities, spur-of-the-moment flights, hectic hurry-up holidays. And you'd be surprised how much fun it can be that way.

we're off! . . .

I had just finished *You're My Everything* last winter with no idea what I would or could do about a holiday. Suddenly, John came up with three free weeks. From the start of the idea until the step aboard the plane took exactly two days. We went to Jamaica, our first trip out of the United States together, and we couldn't have had a more wonderful time. It's been the same way about our fishing trips to Guaymas and Acapulco, Mexico. I think those were carefully planned excursions of possibly 24 hours. Last summer John and I ran up to Pebble Beach for a few precious days off together, and while we were there two messages reached us: (1) we had more days and (2) Zachary and Elaine Scott called and said, "How about flying to Texas with us tomorrow?" So we flew to Texas. We wound up having one of the best times we ever had, partly because a relative of Zach's runs the fabulous King Ranch and there we saw everything deep in the heart of —yippeee!

So if our companionship is precarious with two careers, it's fresh and adventuresome and doubly precious because it's snatched in unexpected moments with a "Let's go!" takeoff. Stolen fruits are definitely sweeter.

As for sharing each other's every interest—there's absolutely nothing different about that in a marriage of two careers, or one or more. It's rare when you do share every interest. But heaven knows I tried. Golf, for instance.

John adores it. (He's terrific at coordination sports. He was offered a chance at big league baseball in high school.) John has a seven handicap after two years on the links—which means he's considered to be only seven strokes away from being able to shoot par when he plays.

He naturally gets a great deal of pleasure out of the game. I tried to share it with him. No good. The climax came one day on the course at Rancho Santa Fe. "Take this four-iron and just hit it," said John. I was still trying to hit that ball when John and the rest of the foursome disappeared over a hill, deserting me merrily. I swung until I cried. I suppose they thought I'd be coming along. I wasn't. I went back to the clubhouse and that was the end of sharing my husband's passion for golf.

But on the other hand, I love to dance and John just doesn't enjoy it. I've got him taking rhumba lessons but I wouldn't bet how long that will last. I don't suppose any wife or husband sees eye-to-eye on every little thing, even in the best regulated families—in Hollywood or anywhere else.

In Hollywood or anywhere else, the main ingredient that makes a happy marriage is, of course, that old-fashioned commodity—love. If you love a man and he loves you, it doesn't matter much what either one of you does, or how many careers add up in the family. It's the purest tripe to say that two acting careers threaten married happiness, when the love is there.

surprise, surprise! . . .

When I start a picture, I always get yellow roses on the set from John; and when he starts one I can send his little horseshoe of carnations—even though we do have a family rule against visiting each other's set in person.

I planned a surprise party for John on his last birthday. I had 50 people to prepare for, a big tent to get up, an orchestra to place, food and drink, flowers to arrange, this and that. But the important thing was to keep it all a secret from John. What I went through to pull that off! I had to keep John out of the house, so I drove him a hundred miles north to Ojai that afternoon and back on the excuse of seeing my family, just making it home in time to greet our guests. But John stayed in the dark about his birthday party until the moment he walked in, to be plainly thrilled with surprise and happiness.

And on *my* last birthday I came home from work to find a Spanish guitar player in one corner of the candle-lit living room, strumming "Mañanitas," the Mexican birthday song—which John knows I loved. The musician played for an hour while we sipped our champagne and opened my presents in this romantic moment that John had planned before the guests came.

I don't know how John and I will spend our wedding anniversary this year. Maybe we'll be lucky and free to run off to some romantic honeymoon spot like Carmel, as we did on our first. And maybe we'll just have time to dress up and dine out *à deux* at some quiet Hollywood café, as we did last year.

But I can tell you one thing about it: We'll be looking over the past year and making plans for the next, checking up on our happiness and finding, as usual, that it gets better every year. And we'll be thanking our lucky stars, again, that we're living as we are, both of us busy and interested in whatever comes our way —our double way.

So what I'm saying on this Third Anniversary of ours is that it's a pleasure to eat those silly words I once spoke. Thank Heaven I married an actor—especially since his name is John Hodiak!

THE END

HER EYES HAVE TOLD ME SO!

(Continued from page 30)

"It was never official with Glenn and me," she pointed out. "It was never announced. It was more like going steady—you know. I thought he was a wonderful man. I still do. But it was just romantic."

At first, as I say, I was tempted to tie the same fragile label to her second *affaire de coeur*. I mean, of course, the one that seized Elizabeth right at the dramatic climax of that first love when, with Glenn flying to visit her packing a ruby-and-diamond miniature class ring in his pocket to make their troth official, she fell head over heels for another man. He's the tall, dark and handsome William Pawley, Jr., of Miami, Florida, who—very officially, now—is keeping Elizabeth's beautiful head in the clouds.

She was already smitten that new way when a camera caught her giving Glenn a big, beautiful kiss as he stepped off the plane, which seemed to tell the world that they were altar-bound. Right after that Glenn got the bad news: They were not. She'd met Bill two weeks before.

Hollywood didn't get the final straight dope on the Taylor love tangle until the day Elizabeth arrived by plane from Florida with no fiancé anywhere in sight. "Where's Glenn?" asked the baffled reporters. "I don't know," answered Elizabeth. "He's not here." Obviously.

their last date . . .

A week later I called Sarah Taylor, Elizabeth's mother. I wanted to know if Glenn Davis would take Elizabeth to the Academy Award ceremony.

"No," she answered. "He's gone fishing with his father." She said they thought so much of Glenn and his fine family, and oh dear, it was all so awkward.

"Well," I suggested, "you'd better get him back from that fishing trip to take Elizabeth tomorrow night or there's going to be a lot of talk about their engagement being broken that will embarrass everyone concerned." She said she'd do her best.

So Glenn Davis came back and escorted Elizabeth to that spotlighted Hollywood affair. It was a tough assignment, but they don't come any nicer than he.

That night he was a self-sacrificing escort and that was all. I never saw two kids look so glum and unromantic. It was all over by then.

The next time I spied romantic Liz, she was on the arm of the reason why, Bill Pawley. It was at the Icecapades, the second time Elizabeth had appeared publicly in Hollywood on the arm of her new dream guy.

He was visiting the Taylors, staying at their Beverly Hills home, and Elizabeth was keeping him as much to herself as possible. The preview of her new picture, *The Conspirator*, was the only other time she'd exposed him to the public gaze in Hollywood.

Bill had just flown home to Florida when I trotted over to the Taylors the other night to quiz lovelorn Lizzie on the tender subject of her mixed up amours. I've known Elizabeth since she was five years old and I'd never seen that beautiful girl so gorgeous. She was simply blooming with ripe young womanhood and wore a lovely pink dress that set off her black and white beauty superbly. It had a high collar.

"You aren't still wearing a certain gold football underneath that collar, are you?" I teased her. For a long time Elizabeth wouldn't take Glenn Davis' gridiron trophy off, even when she took a bath.

"Not lately," smiled Elizabeth.

"There wouldn't be a ring dangling there on a fine gold chain in its place, would there?" I teased. She shook her head and her eyes twinkled.

"Want to inspect?"

"No," I told her, "I'll see it later on—maybe. Right now I've got some questions to ask. I want to know all about Glenn and Bill."

"I'll tell you nothing but the truth," promised Elizabeth. Well, she told me nothing, period. That is, nothing official. And at the same time she told me all I wanted to know.

In fact, Elizabeth went to great pains to convince me, by denying everything, that she'd fallen for Bill Pawley like a ton of orange blossoms.

Yes, romance was in bloom again for Elizabeth. Her eyes—if not her lips—told me so then. It stuck out all over her pretty self. And incidentally, it's a pretty self that's noticeably more grown-up and mature since she travelled to England, then to Florida—and met Bill Pawley. I told her, "My, but you look grown-up."

"Oh, thank you," she breathed gratefully. "I wish I were—lots more."

"Like maybe 28?" I suggested. Elizabeth laughed and blushed. That's Bill Pawley's age. "Now, look here," I baited her, "you can't marry an old man 28 years old!"

"Who said I was getting married?"

Well, that's the way we operated—playing cat and mouse all evening. I must say the lady was too cute and coy about her heart for any direct confessions. But in between rounds I learned the story of how it switched, the way the hearts of 17-year-old girls have been switching since time began.

she was true blue . . .

The new deal in Liz's romance probably would never have happened if her Uncle Howard Young, who's a prominent art dealer in New York, hadn't owned a dreamy Florida winter home on Star Island, out in Blue Biscayne Bay off Miami. The Taylors have been going down there to visit hospitable Uncle Howard (he's Francis Taylor's uncle and Elizabeth's *great* uncle) every time they're East, if it's winter and the place is open. This time, Elizabeth and her mother headed for Miami after their stay in England where Elizabeth made *The Conspirator* with Bob Taylor. She'd been strictly loyal to Glenn ever since she kissed him goodbye and they parted in sweet sorrow, going in opposite directions—Elizabeth crossing the Atlantic to Britain and Glenn heading over the Pacific to Army duty in Korea. Even when happily-married Bob Taylor asked her out to dine and dance in London, she declined. In Manhattan, too, when she landed, Elizabeth spent two weeks without a date, although the Taylors know plenty of people there with sons to beau her around.

"I was being true blue," she explained.

"Did you write Glenn every day?" I asked her.

"He wrote me every day," she said. "I wrote him maybe every *other* day." But when I asked Liz if she'd kept those first love letters to warm her heart in her old age (I have mine), she shook her head. "Oh, no—I'm not *that* sentimental."

For seven long months they didn't see each other, months in which Elizabeth dreamed about marrying her dashing lieutenant—or did she? I asked her.

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"Well," she said, "you see we really couldn't plan on getting married until 1951 at least, when Glenn could get out of the Army. It was definitely in the future all the time. And I'm not sure we really knew each other as well as we thought we did. We'd only had seven dates before he went away."

So to give Liz a break—and I think she deserves one in her first semi-serious heart troubles—there were certain unrealities about her engagement, official or not, to Glenn Davis. It was so very long-term, and I've never been sold on drawn-out engagements—they're too risky at any age. At Elizabeth's, especially, when everything's fascinating, including every attractive young man you meet, and when even vows that you yourself think are true blue can fly away with your heart and you can't do a thing about it. Nothing's going to hold a young girl back if she falls in spite of herself with no strong arm to grab her. Certainly not when that arm is 5,000 miles away.

Another unreality about the romantic affair of the handsome lieutenant and his Hollywood princess was what Elizabeth specializes in on the screen—glamor. Only this time it was on Glenn Davis' side.

her hero . . .

There never had been a greater football star at West Point. For four years Glenn and his husky pal, Doc Blanchard, were the nonpareil, unstoppable big wheels of the collegiate pigskin parade. Sport writers tabbed Glenn an all-time gridiron immortal, a peer of Jim Thorpe, Red Grange, George Gipp. At the very moment Elizabeth met Glenn—and swooned—he was the man to watch in a big, ballyhooed charity football clash at the Los Angeles Coliseum. It was the only game the Army would let Glenn play, off duty, the lone chance for every Southern Californian to see their great rambler in action. Glenn's home town is Claremont, near Hollywood. So the papers were full of him, and he was the hero of the hour.

Now, at Elizabeth's age football heroes are dashing young knights. Glenn Davis was an All-American and from West Point, too—and what girl's heart doesn't thrill to that manly long, gray line with its shining brass buttons and high ideals, the very cream of the USA's college youth? How more glamorous than Glenn Davis could you be to any girl?

Also, Liz was sweet 16 and dying to be doing what every girl she knew was doing—"going steady." She was frank enough about that in our cagey conversation. The Taylors had taken a house at Malibu beach just so Elizabeth and her older brother, Howard, could have their boy and girl friends down to have their fun around home. Most of them wore fraternity pins, or rings. But Elizabeth had no beau. She wasn't going steady, there was no pin or ring to sport like the rest of her girl friends, no special man to sigh and rave over. Gosh, she was withering on the vine, passing up life—and life is never so urgent as it is at 16.

So when Doris May Kerns, a friend of hers at MGM, and her husband Hubie, an ex-USC athlete, brought their friend, Glenn Davis, down to the Malibu house one day, what happened was practically inevitable Glenn's really divine looking, a wonderful young man. He was just out of the Academy and any cadet wants a best girl, object matrimony, the first thing after he pins on his gold lieutenant's bars. What sweeter, more beautiful girl could you meet anywhere than Elizabeth Taylor? The romance sparked hot and bright. A more handsome and glamorous pair teamed with tender intent hadn't hit the front pages for a long time—although how they did that, by the way, was pretty unreal, too. In fact, it was a trick on Elizabeth which put her and Glenn on the spot just a little too quick for comfort. It happened like this:

A sharpshooting columnist grilled Elizabeth after her first date with Glenn. "Would your parents stand in the way if you'd want to marry Glenn Davis when you're 18?" she asked.

"Why, no, I don't think they would," Liz answered honestly.

The headlines blared, "ELIZABETH TAYLOR REVEALS PLANS TO WED."

So that's how it began, with unrealities—and then the very real facts of two different lives took over.

Lieutenant Davis would proceed to Korea, his orders read, and duty with the Occupation Forces. Miss Elizabeth Taylor, her studio advised, would go to England, to make *The Conspirator*. Liz left to sample, as a young lady, the cosmopolitan world she had left as a baby girl. She saw London, was presented to the King and Queen, grew up some more, had her eyes widened with fascinating sights and interests, and time passed—those seven months.

I know that Elizabeth has neither a fickle character nor a flighty heart, really. Even if she herself kids about it, Liz is "true blue." She just got caught in a love trap she couldn't help, that's all, and changed her mind—a lady's privilege—to Glenn Davis' loss and Bill Pawley's gain.

I feel sorry in a way for Glenn because he's such a swell young man and it isn't fun for him to taste the defeat he never sampled on a football field. But he's so attractive himself that I'm not worrying about the future affairs of his heart—and besides, Glenn's a soldier and knows all's fair in love and war. And he and Elizabeth still are undoubtedly "good friends," whatever that means after romance.

Elizabeth knew the old feeling wasn't there even before she met Bill Pawley in Florida. Absence had not made the heart grow fonder. But she was still holding her romance, keeping her vows, being "true blue." So was Glenn Davis in Korea, counting the days until he could fly to Elizabeth and slip on that ring he'd had a jeweler make. But when he stepped off that plane in Miami it was too late—two weeks too late.

Uncle Howard had given Elizabeth a big party for her 17th birthday. The Star Island house was festive with his friends and among them were Mary Ann and Dick Reynolds of the tobacco Reynoldses, who had a home in Miami. How older people do love to team up young beauties and eligible young men! "Elizabeth will just *have* to meet Bill Pawley," they said. "They'd be perfect together."

Bill Pawley was a favorite with everybody, you could certainly tell that. Every-

PHOTO CREDITS

Below you will find credited page by page the photographs which appear in this issue.

6 *Top.*, Wide World, *Cen, Lt.*, Acme *Cen. Rt.*, Wide World, *Bot.*, Acme—7 Wide World—8 Acme—10 Bob Beerman—12 International News Photo—14 Bob Beerman, *Exc. Bot.*, Wide World—22 Wide World—24 Bob Beerman—29 Paramount—30 *Top*, Bob Beerman, *Bot.*, Wide World—31 Nickolas Muray—32, 33 Bob Beerman—34 Bert Parry—35 *Lt.*, Bert Parry, *Rt.*, NBC photo by Earl Zeigler—36, 37 Bert Parry—40-42 Bob Beerman—43 Bert Parry—44-47 Bob Beerman—48, 49 Bob Beerman—50-53 Fed. Patellani—Pix, Inc.—54 Fed. Patellani—Pix, Inc. *Exc. Top*, Wide World—55 Fed. Patellani—Pix, Inc.—56 *Lt.*, Roman Freuhlich, *Cen.*, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer *Rt.*, Bob Beerman—57 Bob Beerman—60-63 Ike Vern—67 Mathias Caldy of Pagano Studios—67-74 Jacques Simpson of Pagano Studios—78 Stork Club News Service—91 Paramount.

Abbreviations: Bot., Bottom; Cen., Center; Exc., Except; Lt., Left; Rt., Right.

one there, including Uncle Howard, sang his praises. "He's a wonderful young man, such a gentleman, so sincere, so bright and honest and such fun—just the nicest boy in the world." Everyone knew Elizabeth would be in Florida several weeks, no one could stand seeing her bored. She needed an escort. After all, she wasn't *officially* engaged. "You've just *got* to meet Bill." But Bill was up in Palm Beach that birthday. So two nights later the Reynoldses gave a party at their house with a definite objective: "Elizabeth, this is Bill." By then, Elizabeth admitted, she was curious as a cat about this dream man. Who wouldn't be at 17, on a holiday, under a tropic moon?

"*Was* there a moon?" I asked Elizabeth. Because they grow those big ones down there and they make silver sweeps on the bay that look like bridal trains.

"I don't know," she said. "I don't remember. I guess I didn't look to see." She had eyes only for Bill.

Well, who is this new sweetheart of Elizabeth's? What manner of young man is this who can step in on fast-stepping Glenn Davis' time, who can beat out an All-American back for Hollywood's All-American beauty?

William Douglas Pawley, Jr., is his full name and he's the son of William D. Pawley, former U. S. Ambassador to Brazil. His father now runs the Miami Transit company—buses and things. Bill helps out there and also, with his brother, runs a Florida radio station.

Bill was born in Georgia and educated in a Southern military school. He's a pilot who flew the Hump for three years during the war, wants a private jet plane of his own some day, considers his dad's DC-3 way too slow and old-fashioned. He's an athlete too, a snap swimmer and skier, expert with horses. He's 28, four years older than Glenn, tall and sun-bronzed. I was amazed, when I saw him, how much he looks like Elizabeth; he could pass for her brother, since he has exactly the same coloring—fair skin, dark hair and eyebrows, piercing blue, blue eyes. He's good-natured looking, poised, easy in his manner. "He's humorous but intelligent, too. Not the personality type, sort of—uh—conservative," Elizabeth added him up.

I wouldn't know about that, because Bill wasn't exactly conservative about making time with Elizabeth's wayward heart. They spent a lot of it around movie mogul Nick Schenck's pool, swimming and lying in the sun and—well—getting acquainted. They rode horseback on the white sands. They spent the nights at gay parties, here and there—in the two weeks before Glenn Davis was due on the scene with that ill-starred engagement ring burning inside his blouse pocket. All in all, Bill sounded like a pretty smooth operator to me; I asked Liz if he'd ever been engaged before.

"Yes," she said, "but not *officially*. Oh," she caught herself, "understand, I mean he's not engaged *now*."

"I wondered when you'd get around to that, dear," I teased her. "But tell me, after all the build-up, what did you think of this wonderful Bill when you finally met him?"

"Oh, he was very nice," dodged Lizzie. "Did he send you flowers and things?"

Elizabeth looked horrified. "Oh, *no!*" she said. "Not down there. It wouldn't have been proper. I'm an old-fashioned girl with old-fashioned ideals. I was supposed to be engaged to Glenn, you know. . . . I wouldn't have ever posed for that picture at the plane if I'd known about it. The photographers promised they'd give us time to say hello before they took a picture. But they didn't." Elizabeth meant that surprising embrace that came out in a national picture magazine to embarrass them both after her romance with Glenn was dead. I believe her, too, because I know she wouldn't hurt any one if she could help it. "After all," she explained, "I'd invited Glenn down there. He was my guest."

"Did you ever see that engagement ring he brought along?" I wanted to know.

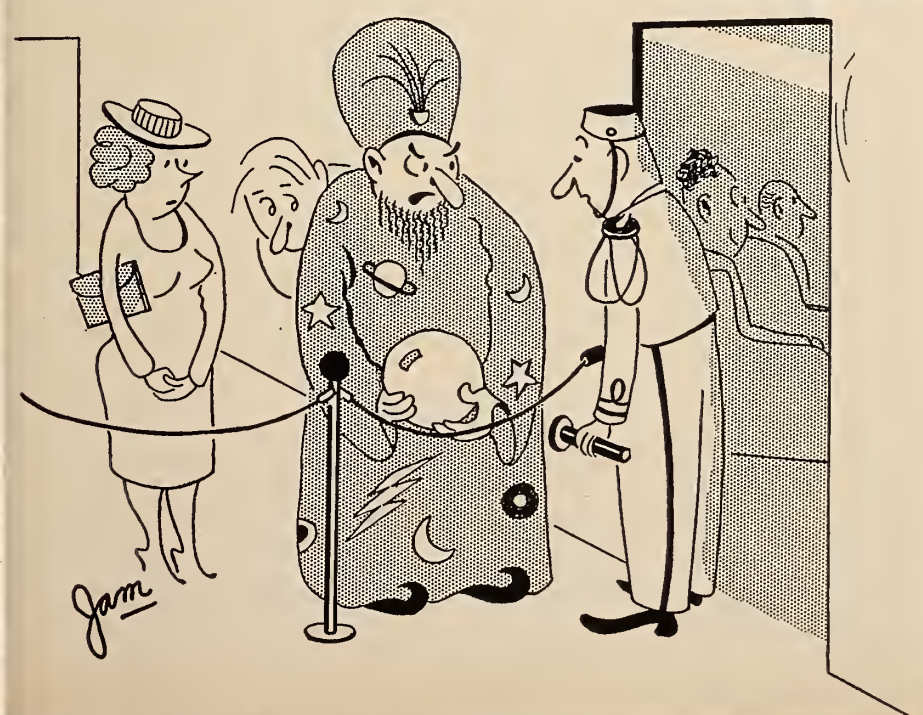
She nodded. "Yes, it was very pretty."

"Come on now, Elizabeth," I prodded her, "didn't you slip it on just once—just for size?" She shook her head. I had another question:

"Did Glenn and Bill ever meet?" She nodded, said they met each other at a party a few nights later.

"What happened?"

"It was very interesting," said Elizabeth. I'll bet it was!



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"Well, did Glenn know what went on between you two when he looked at Bill?"

"He didn't have to look at Bill," came back Elizabeth. "All he had to do was look at me!" And yet she wouldn't admit—officially that is—she was in love with the guy!

In Florida, Elizabeth and her mother were entertained at Bill's home. And Liz hadn't been back in Hollywood very long before ardent Bill Pawley accepted their invitation to visit them and meet Francis, her dad. If you wanted to make a case for a betrothal you could very well start from there. Moreover, Bill stayed at the Taylors for two-and-a-half weeks, right in the house. I asked evasive Lizzie:

"Did you like him as much at breakfast as you did at dinner?"

unglamorous atmosphere . . .

"Every bit," she answered firmly. Well, with a man underfoot around the house for that long, with no gay whirl to enchant either one, I should think Elizabeth and Bill would have had plenty of time and opportunity to know if they really suffered from anything like real love. And Elizabeth admitted frankly that she'd planned it that way. She said, pretty sensibly, but at the same time giving herself away more and more:

"We'd seen each other in Florida before, it was almost always at parties, having fun. You can think you like someone terribly much in an atmosphere like that—but it might be just the glamor. When you're around together alone all day, having a quiet time, you find out so many important little things that show each other's character and disposition. So we just stayed around the house."

Well, if that didn't betray a girl bending a seriously-interested eye on a man, I've flunked my psychology course in sweet young things! And it's true, too, that Elizabeth and her visiting boy friend acted more like old married folk than a strictly good-time team when Bill was in Hollywood. They never went dancing. Bill wasn't interested in seeing studios; he went to MGM just once. He'd never seen Elizabeth in a movie, so she showed him her girlhood hit, *National Velvet,* and then one night when she was tired he went by himself to see *Little Women.*

"Bill wasn't too impressed with the movie me," grinned Elizabeth, implying that's exactly the way she wanted it. "I think he likes ice cream better than me, anyway. That's the most exciting thing we did—run down to Will Wright's and eat hot fudge sundaes. I do wish," said Elizabeth, with a mock frown at her blooming figure, "I didn't eat so much."

"That settles it," I kidded her, "you can't be in love."

"Oh," she bit, "when I'm in love I eat twice as much!" Then Liz caught herself. "Oh, oh, what did I say?"

"You've said enough by now to tell me that you're pretty crazy about Bill Pawley," I told her. "And now—when will you see Bill again?"

"I'm very tired and overworked," sighed Elizabeth in her most dramatic actress manner, "and Bob Taylor shook some vertebrae in my back out of place in a scene of *The Conspirator.* So I really need a long rest in the Florida sun, don't you think?"

"There's plenty of sun right here in California," I informed that pretty joker, "but not Bill." By then, of course, Elizabeth know darned well she wasn't kidding me and I think she was glad I knew her glorious secret.

I kissed her goodbye and wished her good luck.

Bill Pawley—you're getting a grand young wife! THE END

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JOHN WAYNE'S DOUBLE LIFE

(Continued from page 37)

So, like millions of other movie fans, they went to see John Wayne.

John Wayne is a guy with a double life. There's John Wayne, the star, today probably the most widely-seen motion picture actor in the world. And there's John Wayne, the private citizen, today probably the least known of all Hollywood personalities.

In the last 20 years, the public has seen him in 143 pictures, a number few other stars can approach. And yet, ask any movie fan about the tall, rugged Duke, and the chances are you'll get something like, "Oh! He's good. I like him very much." That and nothing more.

Now, the reason for this appalling lack of dope on Wayne lies in the man's character. He's frank, polite, easygoing, and friendly—but somehow he's constitutionally incapable of speaking at great length about any subject concerning himself.

he don't say nuthin' . . .

A press agent who was his Sigma Chi fraternity brother at the University of Southern California and who has known him all his adult life, recently explained Wayne in this manner:

"Duke is the only actor I know who has never made any attempt to get his name in the papers. In this business, that's almost incredible. I've handled dozens of stars, and they've always done things like calling me at daybreak to say, 'My cat just gave birth to kittens. Do you think we could make Louella's column with that?'

"Duke is entirely different. Even when something really newsworthy happens to him, you can't get it out of him. A few years ago, for example, he went hunting with Ward Bond. When he returned, I asked him if anything interesting had happened, something I could use for a publicity item. 'Nothin' much,' he said.

"Later, I found out that on that trip Duke had mistaken Bond in the woods for a deer and had accidentally shot him in the back. He then carried Bond 20 miles through a forest to reach a hospital—where they took 20 pieces of buckshot out of Ward. To Duke, that wasn't worth a line in any paper."

When Wayne was first signed to a contract at Republic pictures, he was handed the usual publicity questionnaire to fill out.

What's your real name? "Marion Michael Morrison," he wrote.

What was your first job? . . . "Picking apricots."

What was your employment before acting? . . . "Truck-driving."

List any distinguished ancestors. . . . "Have never looked 'em up."

When the publicity man read the answered questionnaire, he shook his head in disbelief. "This guy," he said, "is just about as colorful as a dead fish."

That was more than two decades ago, and in two decades a man can pick up a lot of color and glamor. But Duke Wayne today is the same sort of man he was back in 1929.

He's plain, simple and unaffected. He combines picturesque ruggedness with the type of awkward tenderness that most American women love. He's the kind of guy who grows on you. And almost imperceptibly, he has grown on movie fans to that rewarding point where they accept him as a full-fledged star and yet make no demands on his private life.

The Wayne home is a ranch-type house that's furnished half in Early American and half in guns. His best friends are lusty fellows like Ward Bond, John Ford, Frank Borzage and Bo Roos, and while he now gets $100,000 a picture, this rise to affluence has been fairly recent.

"I'm just a guy," he explains, "who's trying to make a living in the movies. I don't have a capital gains set-up like some of these other guys, and that's why I've got to keep working.

"I've got two families to feed, and Bo Roos, my business manager, tells me my overhead comes to $2,600 a month. I don't know where it goes to, but that's an awful lot of dough, and I've got to keep hopping.

"Actors who make one picture a year think I'm working like the devil now—but for 15 long years I averaged eight pictures a year, and once I made a 25-chapter serial in 18 days.

"I used to work for peanuts, but I guess I've come a little way since then."

"The little way," Duke has reference to began May 26, 1908 when he was born in Winterset, Iowa, and christened Marion Michael Morrison. "He didn't look like any Marion," his mother now says. "He was a tall, skinny baby and even before he could walk, we started calling him Duke."

Marion Morrison is still Duke's legal name, though, and he's used it on all such legal documents as his two marriage certificates, his high-school diploma, and so forth. But when Winnie Sheehan, head of Fox Studios many years ago, was told that Duke's real name was Marion, he quickly pronounced it impossible. "From here on in," he stated, "the boy's name is John Wayne. With a name like that, he's at least got a chance."

When Duke was five, his family moved to Lancaster, California, and from there to Glendale where his father purchased a drug store.

falling in love . . .

"Once we were in Glendale," Duke's mother recalls, "Duke decided that he'd like to make the Navy his career. He had a real yen to go to Annapolis, and all through high school he used to study hard. But he lost out in the entrance exams, and when USC came across with a football scholarship, he decided to go there."

Duke remained in college two years, and then his money ran out. In those two years he became a member of Sigma Chi, he took the start of a law course, he played football, and he fell in love with a dark-eyed campus señorita named Josephine Saenz.

As a football player, Duke was fairly good, but he was never the All-American that studio publicity departments later made him out to be. These phony releases are still a constant source of embarrassment to him.

"Just for the record," he says, "I earned my letter playing football. And that's all. I was never an All-American, an All-State or an All-Anything."

At the time, however, he was all-out for Josephine Saenz. And people like Mrs. Gladys Belzer (Loretta Young's mother) who remember that love affair, claim it was idyllic. "Duke," Mrs. Belzer says, "wouldn't get married until he could decently support a wife, even though Josephine, I'm sure, would have married him if he hadn't had a thin dime."

Thanks to John Ford and Raoul Walsh, Duke did have more than a thin dime

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when he was married. He had half a dozen Westerns behind him, a screen contract in his pocket and, according to Ford, "one of the finest futures in the business."

Ford, who's won the Academy Award for direction five times, is the staunchest Wayne supporter in the movie colony. He will not direct a picture without Wayne if he can help it. He refused to make *Stagecoach* unless his protégé were given the lead.

Wayne's affection for Ford borders on hero-worship. It was Ford who gave the tall hunk of handsomeness his first break in *The Big Trail* 20 years ago, and Duke isn't the kind who ever forgets.

On June 24th, 1933, Wayne and Josephine Saenz were married. Ten years later, Duke was sued for divorce, his wife charging him with mental cruelty. She was awarded custody of their four children—Michael Anthony, Mary Antonia, Patrick John, and Melinda Ann.

A basically uncommunicative man on any topic, Wayne is downright balky when it comes to any discussion of his first marriage. All you can get out of him is, "Well, it was just one of those things."

Friends are of the opinion, however, that the marriage hit the rocks because of the couple's difference in backgrounds and faiths. Daughter of the one-time Cuban consul in Los Angeles, Josephine Saenz was raised very devoutly in the Catholic faith and churchly way of life. Duke Wayne is a Presbyterian.

In the 10 years of that first marriage, he worked harder and longer than any other actor in the movie colony to support his family.

Duke was never seen in night clubs, was never privately or publicly connected with any girl but his wife. When Mrs. Wayne's lawyer was drawing up the divorce petition against Duke, all counsel could find to level against the actor was the charge that on several evenings he had absented himself from home. Today, Duke still supports his ex-wife and four kids in elegant style and sees them often.

The present Mrs. John Wayne is a 26-year-old Mexican actress named Esperanza Baur. She is tall, dark-haired, extremely well-built, and speaks English with only the slightest trace of a Spanish accent. Duke calls her "Chata," which is Spanish for "pug-nose."

They first met in Mexico City in 1945 when Wayne was on one of his rare vacations. They were introduced at a dance where "Chata" snuggled into Duke's arms and turned on the charm. Six months later they were married. They're currently living in Van Nuys with two cocker spaniels, one mother-in-law, and three large piles of scripts.

After 20 years, practically every studio in Hollywood wants John Wayne for a picture, but Wayne has enough of his own scheduled to last for the next few months. Currently he's operating as actor-producer on Republic's *Strange Caravan*.

When it was announced at Republic in 1945 that John Wayne, besides acting in *The Angel and the Bad Man*, was going to produce it, several of the grips and prop men who were assigned to the job were puzzled as to how to address him. In Hollywood, all producers are called Mister. The boys decided to use that title.

So when Wayne walked on the lot, he was called Mister by three persons. He failed to acknowledge them. When one of the boys finally broke down and called him Duke, Wayne grinned broadly. "Thought for awhile," he said, "you fellows had forgotten my name."

"I'm just a guy," says John Wayne. And he'll never be able to see himself as anything more.

THE END

the fans

MODERN SCREEN FAN CLUB ASSOCIATION

THE WINNERS: 9th semi-annual Trophy Cup contest. **League 1—Jane Wyman club,** prexy Jeanette Mendro—with 1550 points. Runners-up in this league were the Gene Autry club with 1400 points and the Nelson Eddy Music club with 1100 points. **League 2—Bob Crosby club,** prexy Isabelle Lee—with 1450 points. Runners-up were the June Allyson club carrying 1300 points and the Joan Crawford club with 1150 points. **League 3—Charles Korvin club,** prexy Nelda Clough, with 1250 points. Runners-up were the Nina Foch club with 800 points and the James Melton (Dot Reisser) and Ron Randall (Anna Hreha) club tied for third place with 700 points . . .

Natice af revocatian of charter: The Modern Screen Fan Club Association has revoked charters of the following clubs, effective May 23, 1949: The Peter Lawford Fan Club, Urban Jones, President (Buffalo, N. Y.); The Virginia Mayo Fan Club, Urban Jones, President (Buffalo, N. Y.).

Prizes: Well, this contest may be over, but we have another thrill-packed, and prize-packed one coming up. Compacts are one thing, but **Elgin-American** compacts are something else. They're beautifully finished and a real joy to any girl's purse. We're really proud of the nice things you correspondents have been saying about them . . . **Revlan's King's Ransom** sets may be fit for a king, but they're none too good for our fan club editors. Handsomely packaged in a black velvet box, each set comes with a gold lipstick holder and seven luscious, separate shades . . . All the colors of the rainbow very aptly describes our wonderful **Enger-Kress** wallets. We have them in gold, green, blue, red and violet and they've been specially designed to hold lots of your favorite snaps as well as money and valuables. The **Tangee** Trip-kit is so wonderfully packed with such necessary cosmetics for that trip you've been planning, we don't wonder it's such a favorite with club artists. The kit includes make-up base, cologne, powder, rouge and other swell articles.

9th Semi-annual TROPHY CUP CONTEST
Last Lap

This Is My Best: (100) points "As the Years Roll By," Florence Ufolla, Lanny Ross Journal. "The Dreamer," Iris Cohan, Martin and Lewis Journal. "Stars and Stuff," Eleanor Ciccarone, Marilyn Maxwell Journal. "Does Vaughn Monroe Have Adenoids?" Edward Howard, Vaughn Monroe Journal (Staub). "Pirate Invasion," Cathy Cali, Glenn Vernon Journal (Olson). "We're To Blame, Too," Helen Highsmith, Freddie Stewart Journal. **Best Journals:** (500 points) League 1. None qualified. League 2. Rise Stevens Journal. League 3. Tied. Nina Foch Journal. Dorothy Kirsten Journal. **Best Editors:** (250 points) League 1. Dorothy Crouse, Gene Autry Journal. League 2. Dee Fling, James Stewart Journal. League 3. Alice Geigley, Douglas Dick Journal. **Best Artist:** (150 points) Marge Delgarian, Bill Lawrence Journal (Lawson). **Best Covers:** (250 points) League 1. None qualified. League 2. None qualified. League 3. Vanessa Brown Journal. **Best Correspondents:** (100 points) League 1. None qualified. League 2. Marion Hesse, Ginger Rogers Club. League 3. Beatrice Smith, Marta Toren Club. **Most Worthwhile Activities:** (250 points) League 1. Nelson Eddy Club (Mottola) (Donation Julliard Scholarship Fund.) League 2. Bob Crosby Club (Box of toys for Crippled Children's Home). League 3. Art Mooney Club (Donation to Children's Home). **Membership Increases:** (100 points) League 1. Gene Autry Club. League 2. Perry Como Club (Staley). League 3. Dick Contino Club (Rosenthal). **Candid Camera Winners:** (100 points for first prize, 50 points for others) Martha Kaye, Joan Crawford Club. Dorothy Nix, Sinatra Club of Staten Island. Kay McGowan, Jean Pierre Aumont Club. George Bunch, Penny Edwards Club. Margie Keith, Eddy Arnold Club. Gerry Kee, Alan Ladd Club.

HUTTONTOTS, THE CARE AND FEEDING OF

(*Continued from page 47*)

there had been ten other persons in the room, we swallowed, "Who-o-o? *Us?*"

"You're not scared to tackle it, are you?" asked Betty, fixing her extra-large hazel eyes directly on us.

"N-not exactly," we stammered. "But . . . well, baby-sitting's a little out of our line, we've never. . . ."

Our sentence trailed off, as we sneaked a swift glance at Lindsay and Candy. They were shy and sweet—and not even half our size. At that moment they couldn't have looked more spiritual if halos had been prancing above their heads.

"Fine! It's settled. Thanks a million!" said Betty. "Be right over!" she said into the phone, and hung up, beaming. "Now, come with me, gals, and I'll show you everything to do." And with this she zipped off to the kitchen. We tagged along, notebook still in hand—only this time we were jotting down pointers on care and feeding.

Betty lined up a row of baby food cans. In between her rapid-fire *be sure to's,* and *you mustn't's,* and *oh yes, remember's,* we nodded and noted. We continued the procedure in her dressing room as she changed to go out. Then, in the driveway, as she jumped behind the wheel of her chartreuse Cadillac, she delivered a few last-minute instructions that ended with a prophetic line: "Good luck, girls—you'll find this an interesting experience."

We sure did!

dick tracy saves the day . . .

A cloud began to cover Candy's sunny face as she contemplated what was happening. Before Betty had backed out of the driveway, Candy was bawling lustily.

We began to get a helpless, lost feeling, like someone adrift at sea, until Lindsay (bless her) said, "Please read to us." Instantly, Candy turned off the tears and looked up at us expectantly.

"Sure!" we cried in relief. "Where's your book of nursery rhymes?"

"No-no," said Lindsay. "Let's hear Dick Tracy."

"Dick T'acy," echoed Candy.

So, Dick T'acy it was. We went into the living room, stretched out on the yellow hooked rug and spread the funnies before us. Lindsay followed every word with large, fascinated eyes. It was almost as if she were reading along with us.

The funnies, however, soon lost their appeal for Candy. She preferred the livelier sport of bouncing up and down on Reba's back, exclaiming, "Burrump! Burrump!" with each bounce. Being on the unenlightened side, we had to get Lindsay to interpret.

"She wants to play horsey."

"How do you play that?"

"Our daddy knows how. He plays it with us every day. He even gave us cowboy boots. Mine's red. Candy's brown."

So we played horsey. We went scampering around the room on all fours while our two riders rode us behind the couch, under the piano and around every table in the room. This would have continued indefinitely, but Candy decided she'd like to improvise.

She grabbed hold of Bonnie's long hair and reined her in—but hard. The steed, naturally, r'ared back with a most unhorselike yell. We decided to try some other type of fun.

The baby Briskins, still brimming with zest and bounce, wanted to play outside. We sized up the yard with its swings, slides and sand-box. There were giant palm trees, skirted with clinging ivy, that edged the wall-enclosed yard.

At the far end was an oval swimming pool, carefully fenced in. The gate boasted several padlocks and a caution to guests to "Please keep gate closed." (We knew Betty had taught Lindsay to swim, and we'd often seen her floating across the shallow end of the pool making like a whale.)

We felt sure that nothing could go wrong in such a peaceful and well-protected setting. We left them enjoying their little playthings and quietly re-entered the house, hoping for a little peace.

We were just beginning to relax when an ear-piercing scream shot in from the yard. Our hearts went up and down like yo-yos. Absolute silence followed.

We tripped over chair legs and tables in our scramble to get to the yard. We arrived just in time to watch the opening round of a sand-throwing fight to the finish. Candy, the powerhouse of the Briskin family, was holding—or rather, throwing—her own.

We broke it up. At least, the spat was suddenly interrupted when Lindsay spied the artificial red flowers adorning Reba's hair. Immediately she observed, "Poises need water." And thereupon picked up a pail and gave them a liberal dunking.

Hereafter, we kept an eagle eye on events. From time to time we consulted Betty's list of instructions. At 11:30 we said, "All right, girls. Time for lunch!"

"You eat, too," said Lindsay, pulling at our skirts. "Here, have this apple pie." She shoved her latest culinary effort in our direction—a mud pie swimming in water and decorated with blades of grass.

"Doesn't look quite done," we remarked.

"Oh yes, it is," affirmed Lindsay. "Look!" She took her tiny hands and spanked the wet goo, splattering everything in sight—which, besides ourselves, included Candy. She immediately set up a howl.

At this moment, their halos were fading and our thoughts were showing.

We had considerably more success when



critic's corner

WHICH PAPER DO YOU READ?

Joan Crawford gives an impressive performance [in *Flamingo Road*] as the put-upon heroine of the story. She creates sympathy by making her seemingly courageous in the face of adversity, and having her stand up with fortitude under brutal injustices. . . .

Kate Cameron
N. Y. Daily News

Miss Crawford runs this gamut in 94 minutes flat, and we think it rather significant that she isn't even winded in the end. . . . From one dramatic crisis to the next one she moves like a sleek automaton. Her face deeply plastered with makeup, in an ageless, emotional mask. Adversity only registers now and then in her glycerin-moistened eyes.

Bosley Crowther
N. Y. Times



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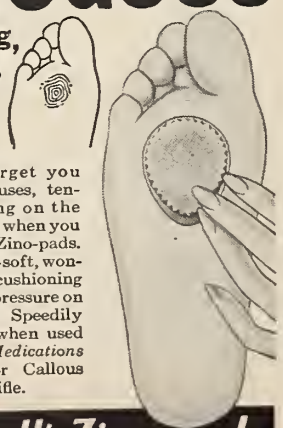

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it came to lunch. Following Betty's instructions, we outfitted them in their look-alike bib aprons and settled back to watch them enjoy their food. They both can feed themselves and have excellent table manners. All went well.

After lunch, Candy gave a one-woman concert on the nursery's tiny white piano. Lindsay preferred to show us what mama brought them from New York. Tiny look-alike dresses. (Betty plans to dress them in twin outfits until they develop their own likes and dislikes.)

Lindsay has already developed a style sense. Whenever possible, Betty takes her along when shopping and allows her to select her own socks. She'll eye the assortment at the counter for a few moments and invariably pick out a pair with fire-alarm red, yellow and purple stripes. She's happiest when she's wearing them.

"Schnooklee" (that's one of Candy's nicknames—the other is "Stuff") will wear anything or nothing (preferably the latter) with equal enthusiasm.

Whenever Betty has to go out of town, she brings back souvenirs for the children. She always tells them where she's going and why. Recently, she and Ted were invited to Washington to meet the President and attend the Press Photographers' Ball. Lindsay knew all about it and when she saw a photo of the trip afterward she promptly pointed, "That's my mommy, and that's Harry."

While away, Betty spends half her time worrying if the babies are all right, and the other half long-distancing to make sure they are. Lindsay can carry on quite a phone conversation. "But," Betty will tell you, "when she grows tired of talking she simply says 'good-bye now' and hangs up. On long distance yet!"

Candy is a little young for the phone. Once in a while the nurse will hold the receiver up to her ear. Her eyes will fill with wonderment and surprise as she hears Betty's voice. After the first thrill, she usually decides to see what makes the thing tick.

We noticed that Candy's piano-playing was growing steadily slower, so we decided it was about time to put them in their sleepers for their nap.

We knelt beside Lindsay as she began her prayers. "Now I lay me down to sleep. . . ." She was very earnest. That's due to Betty's training. She wants Lindsay and Candy to learn about all religions, so when they grow older they can decide for themselves on the church they wish to join. Betty and Ted see alike on this subject. Since they are of different faiths, they plan to have a tutor instruct the youngsters in the principles of all religions.

We tucked Lindsay and Candy into their identical ruffled canopied beds. "Have a nice nap," we said.

"But Mommy always sings to us," said Lindsay.

"Well—we'll just play a record, and then you two go to sleep."

"But Mommy *always* sings to us," retorted Lindsay in a somewhat louder tone.

So we hummed a lullaby. Nothing happened. We switched to something more gay. The third time around on "MacNamara's Band," they were still wide awake.

"Do 'Doctor, Lawyer 'n' Indian Chief' like Mommy," coaxed the bright-eyed Lindsay.

We sang—we gestured—we hopped around the room.

It wasn't until we'd reached the louder wavelengths and were beginning to stagger slightly, that the Briskins rolled over on their tummies and went sound asleep. (We'll never know if it was from our singing, or from sheer boredom.)

Seeing them lying there, so warm and cuddly, we got all fluttery inside. We picked up Lindsay's baby book and saw where Betty had carefully recorded Lindsay's first haircut and enclosed a few of her blond locks to remember the event.

We looked at the youngsters again. Their faces were angelic. We could forget the drenched flowers, the pulled hair, the sand-box caper. . . A sharp snap in our sacroiliacs brought us back to earth!

We decided to collapse quietly in some corner for a few years. Then, we heard a car enter the driveway, the screen door slam, and a vibrant, "Yoo-hoo!"

Betty and Ted were home. They bounced in with merry cries. "How'd you get on? How're things?"

"Please!" we cautioned in our best librarian whisper. "Not so loud. We've finally got them to sleep."

"Oh," laughed Betty. "The kids've been giving you the treatment, eh? That's what *we* go through with them every day."

"It is?" We gave a groan. But they seemed to be enjoying our misery. Ted was practically in hysterics.

With such goings-on, the expected thing happened: Lindsay and Candy both woke up with a bang!

Betty hurried into the nursery. "None of that, now!" she said firmly. And that was that.

Why hadn't we heard of this approach before? THE END

WHY HOLLYWOOD PRAYS FOR JUDY

(*Continued from page 24*)

But again the old quarrelsome pattern reasserted itself, delays took place, and the gentlemen who sit in the accounting room to estimate costs began slowly tearing their hair out as the figures started zooming upwards again.

This time Judy was accusing the new director of needlessly shooting scenes over and over. The situation took on a hopeless aspect with scores of actors standing by while the bickering went on. Then, with Judy's failure to report on the set after lunch one day (she arrived that morning only a little while before lunch), her suspension was ordered.

This decision was not lightly taken by the company. It has been reported that Louis B. Mayer, for whom Judy originally auditioned in a dusty pair of slacks when she was but 13 years old, climbed from a sick bed at home to come to the studio and consider the case. But, serious as the suspension was, to her friends it served only to point up the whole strange aspect presented by the girl they loved.

The Judy of today is a mother who adores her baby, yet lives apart from it, saying, oddly enough for any mother, that it is best for the child.

The Judy of today is a wife who admits that her best friend is her husband, to whom she runs continually for advice and comfort, yet announces, nevertheless, that they cannot continue together.

The Judy of today is an actress long acquainted with the simple but important obligations of her art, yet fails repeatedly to appear on the set on time.

The Judy of today, in the opinion of all who know her, is ill—and has come to a crisis in her life.

Yet Judy is only 27 years old. She has



HOW TIME FLIES!

Marlene Dietrich won't let photographers snap her with her daughter Maria Sieber any more. It's not because Marlene doesn't love her offspring, but it seems Maria has grown so rapidly of late, that right now she's as tall as her mother. And glamour queens simply don't have grown daughters.—*Modern Screen, August, 1937.*

the resiliency of youth still in her on which to draw in bouncing back to her old, vital self. That is why there is hope mingled with the tears.

Those who make excuses for Judy, and sometimes even condone her erratic viewpoint on her relationship with her friends, her associates and her studio, often speak of the tender age at which she began her professional life.

It is perfectly true that, at 27, she has already had a career—complete with both hard luck and good. Hedda Hopper, a close friend of Judy's ever since she came to Hollywood, often points out that at the age when other girls were graduating from grammar school, Judy was already caught in the throes of a competitive acting life on the screen and suffering sleepless nights worrying whether she'd get the parts she wanted—and whether she could handle them if she did.

But a good deal of the confidence that her friends still have in her is based partly on the hope that Judy will not accept this as an excuse for herself—even if others do. They have in mind that Judy can still achieve adult happiness even if she spent childhood and youth before the public. A few of these friends received a pointed illustration of this one evening, not so long ago, when they attended a special revival showing of Sam Goldwyn's *Hurricane* in Beverly Hills. They were standing in the lobby of the theater when they noticed Judy entering, her face pale, her manner subdued, and looking neither to right nor left.

"Hello, Miss Garland," said a man standing just a few feet away from her. Judy nodded, but her eyes failed to light with any sign of recognition. She vanished quickly through an aisle entrance. There were other people in the lobby and a momentary feeling of depression seemed to touch them all. The old Judy would have winked and sparkled to find herself among people she knew. She would have left those behind her smiling and aglow with just the fleeting sight of her. And, surprisingly, that very effect was created in the same lobby hardly three minutes later when another girl entered.

This second girl, exactly Judy's age, came running in on a burst of happiness, followed by her husband. She, too, knew people in the lobby and it developed that she was running because she thought she was late for the picture, and that she was happy because she had just found a wonderful baby-sitter and felt she could get out for a night without any worries on her mind. Along with this breathless explanation went merry sallies, quick reports of her baby, and greetings to every familiar face. Then, with her husband having to tug her away. she marched laughingly into the auditorium.

The contrast between the two girls was startling for more reasons than the fact that they were of the same age. It happens, as everyone present very well knew, that they also were stars together at one time. Both had started their professional careers as tots, both had worked their way to the top. But here their paths had split . . . without seeming to. The second girl had turned to marriage and motherhood, finding so much satisfaction in it that, without giving it a second thought, she has practically abandoned her career. Judy? Judy still has her career, as well as a husband and a child. Yet her life has arrived at a point characterized mainly by her discontentment with it.

This was not the dream that Judy had in her 'teens, which those who knew her then very well recall, and which particularly saddens them. For years she always kept her grandmother's wedding gown in the bottom drawer of her bureau. She planned to be married in it. But when she eloped with Dave Rose on a July night in 1941 the wedding gown lay in the drawer forgotten. Nor did she wear it when she married Vincente four years later after her divorce from Dave. Impulse had outspeeded plan . . . and Judy has long been a creature of impulse.

Impulse, of course, is often very much the outstanding trait of an artist. When Judy wanted to learn to play the piano she wouldn't take time to study music. She placed her fingers on the keys and made such music as she could—made better music as she went along. When she wanted to sing she opened her mouth and sang. If her voice wasn't trained, her heart was full of melody and more than made up for any technical shortcomings. When it came time to embrace life for the lasting happiness that is possible in it, Judy didn't stop to plan. She just leaped—more or less blindly, her friends feel.

And now?

For a few nights after her suspension, Judy was not seen anywhere around town. Then, on the opening night of a new attraction at the Mocambo, she attended with her personal manager, Carlton Alsop. She was draped in a white, flowing, Grecian gown, had her hair combed back severely, and wore no wedding ring.

Hollywood eyes are observant. Judy must have realized she was being studied closely by most of those present. But no sign of this was forthcoming from her. She danced, laughed at Carlton's quips, seemed to be having a most enjoyable time.

"A wonderful kid," commented an actor seated nearby. "Whatever her studio situation, whatever her trouble, she's out there smiling. That takes a great heart—and she sure has one."

"You think she'll come through?" asked his companions.

"I'm praying for her," he answered.

The other nodded, as if to say, "Aren't we all?"

THE END

The screen story of Judy Garland's latest film, *In the Good Old Summertime,* is one of the brightest items in the August issue of that bright Dell magazine, SCREEN STORIES.



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THE BACHELOR TAKES A WIFE

(*Continued from page 22*)

of dates, reporters broke out in a rash of speculation. One zealous journalist suggested to Jimmy that perhaps there was some girl in his past who'd jilted him, thereby dooming him forever to the single life.

"Well, now that you mention it," Jimmy said, "that's exactly what happened."

The writer bloomed with expectation of a scoop.

"Uh-huh," Jimmy continued. "Vivian was her name. A beautiful redhead. Most gorgeous girl you ever could imagine. Why, when we held hands I was speechless for hours. A man couldn't want for anybody more perfect."

"Well, what about this girl? Why didn't you marry her?"

"I thought of it a good many times, but her folks broke up the romance."

"Oh, that's too bad."

"Yeah, sure was. Vivian moved to another town and I guess I was just about the unhappiest nine-year-old in Indiana, Pennsylvania."

All things considered, though, Jimmy Stewart made a remarkable recovery from this crushing blow and in later years he went around with quite a few pretty girls who almost made him forget this Vivian creature.

But enough of this. Jimmy has a large, all-inclusive statement to make about Gloria, the lady of his final choice:

"She's a wonderful girl, that's all."

You ask anyone who knows Gloria McLean, brunette, 31, fragile in a pretty sort of way and pretty in the style of a strong little thoroughbred racehorse, charming, witty, philosophical, practical, over-all delightful—and they'll say that's it: She's a wonderful girl.

without benefit of script . . .

As Jimmy says, he didn't reach this conclusion in a split second. The idea grew in his mind by easy stages as they had dinner together several times a week at Dave Chasen's restaurant, to which people like to go to rearrange their lives in a congenial atmosphere.

Jimmy began to think about proposing to Gloria several weeks before he got around to it on May 20th, which was his birthday. This was the first time Jimmy had ever asked a girl to marry him—outside movies, that is. In pictures, he'd always had the choicest of dialogue for such occasions, and he found himself wishing now that he could think up something really distinctive. Some way of asking the girl in a way she'd never forget.

Well, he made it all right, but the words will never be preserved for posterity because he was a little nervous at the time.

"I just asked her if she'd have me and she said yes," he remembers.

After a while, Jimmy is going to take his girl back to Indiana, Pennsylvania, and show her off to the home folks—some of whom, by the way, weren't too sure that this Stewart boy would ever amount to very much in the world.

"Uh-huh," Jimmy ruminates, "I was quite a problem. I didn't realize it at the time. Everything I did seemed to be logical, but the end results were something else again. Thinking back, my earliest recollection is the time I ran away from home. I wasn't going anywhere—just down to the hardware store a few blocks away. Got there all right, navigating really fine even though I was only four at the time. Walked right in and said to my dad, 'Well, here I am!'

"Dad wasn't much for talking. He just looked at me and said, 'Son, let's go out in back.' So we did. We sat down on a couple of nail barrels and he began whittling with his pocket knife. I thought that was pretty nice of him, going to all that trouble to carve something for me out of that board he had. Yup, it wasn't until I saw what he was whittling that I began to lose interest. It was quite a thing—a big, solid paddle. He didn't say a word, just whopped me good about eight times."

That's the way it was with Jimmy and his father. And maybe his dad's example accounts for Jimmy's growing up not wanting to do a lot of talking about this or that, or himself. When Alex Stewart made a point, words weren't necessary.

"Come to think of it," Jimmy declared, "if I'm not too hard to get along with now, maybe it's because I got a lot of hell-raisin' out of my system when I was a kid. Not that I ever really intended to get into trouble. I was just mighty curious. Still am, I guess."

He sure was. He ran around with a bunch of kids who were like millions of other American kids before and after. "I'm lucky I stayed out of the penitentiary for what happened one time with a train. We were looking at this thing when it pulled into the station, and being mechanical-minded, I wanted to find out how the air brakes worked. Well, we found out that by moving a certain gadget, the steam came out with a wonderful hissing sound. Then, after awhile, we worked our way up to the front of the train where I discovered I could ease all the steam out of the brakes clear to the end of the train with one manipulation.

"I was pretty proud of myself. Then I looked up—and there was the train crew. They picked us up by the scruff of our necks and our feet didn't touch ground until we got to the hardware store. I don't remember what happened to the other guys, but Dad got out that bat he'd carved. Didn't say a word. Just let me have it. And ever since, I haven't had any interest in what makes a train stop or go."

Yes sir, when Jimmy brings his bride

MODERN SCREEN



"I've been proposing for 20 years now, Matildo. Isn't it time you gave up on Francis X. Bushmon?"

back to the old home town, sure as shootin' there's going to be some old timers who'll say, "Well, Alex Stewart's boy's finally got himself a real nice wife." And then they'll add, "Funny thing—never would have thought the way he started out he'd turn into such a solid citizen."

Yup, as Jimmy says, you can kind of see it now. . . . Jimmy and the folks in the front room. Maybe Gloria'll show 'em she's got a talent for the piano. The same one they used to try to get Jimmy to practice on is still there. Jimmy's mother says he was quite a disappointment in that department. He just made a noise as if he were practicing and never took an interest in music until Dad bought that old accordion at the Salvation Army. It was a present for his sister, Virginia, but she couldn't lift it.

As it turned out, though, that accordion was what really got Jimmy started. Helped him get into the Triangle Club show at Princeton. Then, when he was graduated, he joined up with the Falmouth Players in Massachusetts. Not as an actor, though. He played the accordion in a tearoom until the customers objected, so they let him act instead.

At this time, while Jimmy was breaking into show business, Gloria McLean, his bride-to-be years later, was just entering high school in Larchmont. It's doubtful whether Gloria would have been much impressed, being around 13 at the time, with this raw-boned apprentice actor who made his Broadway debut at the Biltmore Theater in *Carrie Nation*. As for Jimmy, if by some miracle she had been transplanted backstage at the moment, he would have looked at her and said, "Out of my way, child. I'm a busy man."

And he was.

In *Carrie Nation*, Jimmy did more acting in one job than he has ever done since. He played a gardener, a sheriff, a vigilante, a deputy, and a man in a crowd wearing a derby hat. For this last character, he came in walking on his knees, figuring that way the audience wouldn't recognize him as the four other people.

The play wasn't good or bad, but it was the beginning of a career that led to Hollywood.

Jimmy has a way of keeping his friends. Consider Billy Grady, whom he chose as best man for his wedding. It was Billy who brought Jimmy into the office of Harry Rapf when that producer was looking for a man to play the part of Shorty along with Spencer Tracy in *Murder Man* back in 1934.

Rapf took one look at Jimmy, then turned to Billy and yelled, "Are you trying to kid me? We want an actor to play Shorty and you bring me in a man 12 feet tall!"

"Couldn't we rewrite the script," Grady suggested, "and call the character Slim?"

Raft snorted. "Nothing doing. The character is Shorty and he *stays* Shorty."

Even so, Jimmy played the role, and he didn't do it on his knees. He credits Grady with having a great deal to do with his success in pictures. Another good friend—this one tied up with his romance—Jack Bolton, Jimmy's agent.

Way last February, when Jimmy and Gloria first started going together, Jack Bolton and his wife, Peggy, invited them on a fishing trip down around Mazatlan, Mexico. They flew down and for the first two days the results were nil. Then the fish began to cooperate and in two-and-a-half hours they established the season's record, catching five marlin.

"Gloria," Bolton says, "is one of the wonderful people. She's not the exotic type. She has the glamor of reality, and she'd be just as much at home shooting marbles with kids on the corner as she would in the swankiest Bel-Air drawing room."

Matter of fact, Gloria has two children by her former marriage to Ned McLean—Ronald, five, and Michael, three. They are a couple of fine little fellows whose mother never treats them as pampered darlings, as was observed by a friend who watched her send them off to bed one evening. Instead of kissing them and saying, "Goodnight, sweeties" in approved Hollywood fashion, she swooped them up and, after being partially strangled by bear-hugs, saluted them with, "So long, men."

It was Gloria who caught the biggest marlin on that trip which was the beginning of her romance with Jimmy. It took her 40 minutes to land the critter—which tipped the scales at 185 pounds.

Bolton took one look at it and whistled, "Some fish!"

"Yup," Jimmy retorted. "And some girl!"

He's right. Look what she landed.

THE END

. . . AND THE LIVING IS BREEZY

(*Continued from page 42*)

two high-backed chairs covered in Wedgewood blue linen.

The Andrews were married nine years ago. David, Dana's son by his first marriage, was seven at the time. Mary remembers how, in the courtship days, the three of them used to go on picnics to Lake Malibu, and how David took her for granted in his little world and called her "Mary" as though she were his contemporary. She was worried then, for she didn't quite know how he'd take her and Dana's marriage, and whether he'd ever call her "Mother" naturally. She decided to do nothing about the matter, just to wait and see what would happen. When Dana and Mary were first married and had a small apartment, David stayed with his grandmother. But when they moved a few months later, David moved into the rooms Mary had fixed up for him—and it's been his home ever since. He has a wood-panelled study with lots of shelves and cabinets for his mechanical gadgets, a short-wave radio and a writing desk. Off the study are his sleeping quarters, with a man-sized bed and a yellow decorative scheme.

David came into Mary's room the day she got home from the hospital with baby Kathy. He stood hesitantly in the doorway, as Mary smiled at him from her blue chaise longue—then came forward to inspect his new sister. Kathy's face was red and rather angry, and she waved one tiny foot at him. David took the foot in his hand and closed his fingers round her ankle. For a moment he said nothing, then he lifted his serious face to Mary.

"When the baby gets a little older, she's going to think it funny if I keep calling you 'Mary'," he said. "I think I'd better start calling you 'Mother'—right now." That decision made, he gently released Kathy's foot and hurried off to put a new condenser in his radio. Mary marks that moment as a definite milestone in her marriage.

Dana first got interested in boats when his stand-in took him out for a mild afternoon's sail at Newport harbor. Dana, who never does anything by halves, soon found

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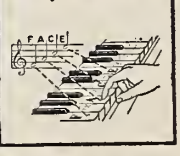
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Address.....

himself the owner of not one, but three boats of his own. All within the space of three months. Five years later, he still has two of them, and parks them at Terminal Island. There, they rock at anchor from week to week, ready at instant notice for jaunts to Santa Barbara or Catalina.

On ordinary fishing trips, Dana takes the whole family. Mary dresses the kids warmly in blue jeans and pullovers and they fish as though their lives depended on it. Kathy has just recently landed her first catch, a two-pound bass. She landed it unassisted, except for a maternal hand on the belt of her pants. Stevie is still hoping. Quivering like a bird dog, he has almost dived into the ocean in his anxiety to scoop up his prey. So far, the wily bass that have nibbled so tantalizingly at his live bait, manage to nibble and scram with disheartening regularity. In a little while it will be Susan's turn to fish. She has already inherited Stevie's outgrown polo shirts, but right now she'd rather tug at Dana's hair or scramble over the deck on all fours.

having wonderful time . . .

Mary had the time of her life on their trip to England. She haunted antique shops and auctions from London to Oxford and brought home a crateful of treasures for the house. Old English bellows for the den fireplace, chestnut tongs of gleaming brass, and an Old English coach horn for the mantel.

"Everything was dated prior to 1830, so in that way we didn't have to pay any duty on our finds," Mary says delightedly. "The whole trip was wonderful, particularly for the children. We got a good English Nanny to take them on trips to the zoo, Kensington Gardens, and Hampstead Heath. They got a real child's-eye view of the London sights and once when I got lost, Kathy showed me the way home.

"We had a few bad weeks waiting for the *Queen Elizabeth* to sail home. First, dock strikes held us up, and then it was the fog. Being cooped up aboard the ship with nowhere to go was pretty dull—but I used the time in teaching Kathy to read from the primers I'd brought along. That is, while I wasn't keeping an eye on Stevie, who had a horrible habit of hanging out the porthole to see how far he could reach without losing his balance."

Every morning, chunky young Stevie would leap from his bunk and scramble over his prostrate mother to the porthole over her bed. He'd survey the sky and the sea and then shake his head portentously.

"Uh-uh. We don't sail today. Too foggy," he would announce cheerfully. For three days he was right. Then came the great day. Stevie made his usual leap to Mary's bed and peered outside.

"Fog's going away. We'll sail today," he squealed. To Mary's amazement, they did. The captain of the *Queen Elizabeth* was evidently of the same opinion as Stevie, for a few hours after Stevie's pronouncement, the Queen was heading for the open sea.

Dana has been treating his four-year-old with added respect ever since. Seems to think he'll be quite a help on the *Vileehi* this summer. THE END

You'll want to read the screen story of Dana Andrews' newest movie, *Sword in the Desert,* in the August issue of Dell's SCREEN STORIES magazine.

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MOVIE REVIEWS

(*Continued from page 20*)

passel of Westward-ho'ers. Stanton and Cox neglect to tell these settlers that their land is awful dry, because Rod and Don control all the water in the area from a dam on their ranch. The settlers feel they've been gypped, ond they holler to Stanton and Cox. Rod and Don won't help, because they don't want the settlers around, puttin' up fences, and wreckin' it for the cows. Stanton, sick of the settlers' complaints, decides he'll blow up the boys' dam, and send the water coursing through the vicinity. When Don surprises him with dynamite in hand, he kills Don. After that, he sends men to stampede Rod's and Don's cattle off a cliff. He's not going along on that party though; he's staying to blow up the dam, like the stubborn cuss he is. Rod, his cattle stampeded (in one of the grimmest scenes of all time), his brother killed, his visage stony, goes to the dam. First he kills Stanton. Then he's joined by the daughter (Gale Storm) of one of the settlers. She loves him. That's all he's got left. That and his dam. But he decides the dam never brought him anything but trouble anyway, so he blows it up himself. Now the settlers will have water, and he'll have a settler's daughter. Probably even have to become a settler (whatever *they* do). Didn't seem to be much future for a cattleman there.

SORROWFUL JONES

Cast: Bob Hope, Lucille Ball, Mary Jane Saunders, William Demarest, Bruce Cabot.
Paramount

In this one, Bob Hope's a Broadway bookie, ond a miser—but a hard-working, sincere miser. Damon Runyon wrote the original story. It's funny and crazy and sentimental—the kind of mixture Runyon was famous for. Hope is Sorrowful Jones, Lucille Ball loves him despite her better self. She hasn't seen him in four years, but she recognizes him by his suit. Lucille's a night club singer and her boss (Bruce Cabot) is a louse. He thinks he owns Lucille and the horse-racing racket (but don't worry, he gets his). Sorrowful has to pay graft to this cur to make a killing on a horse called Dreamy Joe. Seems Dreamy Joe runs on speedballs. (Slip him three and he'll fly.) Now enters a poor, deluded fool, Orville Smith (Paul Lees). Orville thinks he can beat this racket, but unfortunately, he doesn't own a dime. He leaves his five-year-old daughter, Mary Jane Saunders, with Sorrowful as security for a $20 bet and he goes off and gets himself tossed into the East River. Seems he overhears Cabot's plot to fix Dreamy Joe's race and he's gonna tell. Anyway, the police find him in the river with a $20 marker in his pocket. (Now it gets complicated.) Mary Jane doesn't have a place to go, so Sorrowful takes her home. Eventually, he amazes everyone by moving to a high class joint—he wants to treat this child proper. He breaks open his piggy bank to buy her milk, he buys her dresses—all that soft stuff. Meanwhile, the police are on Cabot's trail, so Cabot registers Dreamy Joe in Mary Jane's name. He doesn't know who her father was. When he finds out, he wants to get rid of Mary Jane and Sorrowful Jones. (Children in institutions and dead men don't talk—get it?) When Cabot's men come to get Mary Jane, Sorrowful hides her on the firescape—from whence she falls. Scene shifts to the hospital day before the race. Mary Jane's delirious. She keeps calling for Daddy and Dreamy Joe. Sorrowful dashes out to the racetrack, steals Dreamy Joe, gallops down Broadway (better than a Western) and into the hospital. It's pretty funny when Hope walks Dreamy Joe into the elevator. A doctor looks at the horse inquiringly. "Oh, him," Sorrowful laughs apologetically, "that's my brother—he thinks he's a horse." A lot more happens—but you can guess. It's nice; it's heartwarming—and there's Hope.



Sorrowful Jones: Hope tokes core of Mory Jone Sounders in Domon Runyon's rocetrack tole.



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Neptune's Daughter: Esther Williams is a career-minded girl in the bathing suit business with Keenan Wynn. Betty Garrett's her sister.

NEPTUNE'S DAUGHTER

Cast: Esther Williams, Red Skelton, Betty Garrett, Ricardo Montalban, Keenan Wynn.
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

With a title like *Neptune's Daughter*, you know it's going to be Esther Williams. With a studio like MGM, you know it's going to be Technicolor. These simple truths established, we can proceed. Esther's a swimming champ who goes into business with Keenan Wynn, to design, manufacture and sell bathing suits. You should see the lush layout they've got. Complete to large landscaped pool where they put on their fashion shows. Keenan loves Esther, but she's a career girl. Her main worry is sister Betty Garrett. Betty falls in love a lot, and she's none too bright. Right now, she's read that the South American polo team is in town, and she's declared herself enamored of the entire aggregation. Esther says Betty must stop chasing men. "Men are men," she says, "and women are women, and you can't change it." "I don't want to change it," says Betty. "I just want to get in on it." Eventually, she fastens on Red Skelton, whom she discovers in the captain-of-the-South-American-polo-team's dressing-room. (She happened to be passing through the neighborhood.) She assumes Red's the captain, though he's really just a dopey masseur. That's one romance that starts in a blaze of glory. Esther also finds love when she meets the *real* captain, Ricardo Montalban. There's oodles of mistaken identity (captain, captain, everybody's got a captain), there are dance sequences which are nothing short of orgiastic (Cugat plays, and the spectators throb), there's the wonderful song, "Baby, It's Cold Outside," there are crooked gamblers, and kidnapping, and slapstick; it's an entirely satisfying movie.

SAND

Cast: Mark Stevens, Coleen Gray, Rory Calhoun, Charley Grapewin.
20th Century-Fox

Here's a picture version of Will James' "Sand." And, I might add, there is no particular reason why it should be called *Sand*. I didn't see no sand. I didn't hear no talk about sand, and I didn't under-sand it. Otherwise, I guess I have no fault to find. Mark Stevens plays the Technicolored owner of a prize horse (worth $35,000) who escapes into the wilds of the West from a blazing box car. The box car (along with the rest of the train) is en route to California. Well, Mark wants to find that hoss. He gets help from rancher Coleen Gray, and her old grandpappy, Charles Grapewin. (Grandpappy's eager to pair off Coleen and Mark; he treats them like a couple of blooded horses.) Coleen's foreman, Rory Calhoun, loves Coleen and hates Mark. You see, he shot at Mark's prize horse (thought it was a wild stallion) and killed, instead, his own prize mare. Rory's mare meant a lot to Rory, and from then on, he's not to be trusted. He'd rather kill Mark's horse than bring him back alive. Mark's horse, meanwhile, has turned a mite crazy, due to various encounters with wild animals and some Indians who try to brand him on the ear. Mark keeps tracking him through the hills, but the horse keeps right on going, only stopping long enough to neigh derisively, or to paw some innocent human in the face. It looks for a time as though he's become a real killer (he sure doesn't want to come back and be civilized again) and then we have the trouble between Rory and Mark to settle, etc. This picture won't strain your brain, but maybe it will relax your nerves.

also showing . . .

capsule criticism of films previously reviewed

ADVENTURE IN BALTIMORE (RKO)—Shirley Temple, as a young lady of 1905 who thinks women ought to vote and has other radical notions, gets herself, her parents—Robert Young and Josephine Hutchinson—and neighbor John Agar in various fixes. Brightly performed by all concerned, pleasant and amusing.

THE BARKLEYS OF BROADWAY (MGM)—An extremely happy re-teaming of Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire, just what we've all been waiting for. There's a story—something about the female member of a bigtime musical comedy team wanting to be a great actress—but it doesn't matter much. What does matter are the clever lines, the good songs and the wonderful dancing. In Technicolor, with Oscar Levant and Billie Burke.

CHAMPION (U.A.)—Kirk Douglas punches and double-crosses his way to the top of the prizefight racket, wrecking a few lives en route. A tense, exciting and realistic film, brilliantly acted, directed and photographed. With Paul Stewart, Ruth Roman, Arthur Kennedy and Marilyn Maxwell.

EDWARD, MY SON (MGM)—Spencer Tracy, determined to become rich and powerful for his son's sake, doesn't let morality, legality or common decency stand in his way while achieving that goal. An absorbingly dramatic picture, well performed. With Deborah Kerr, Ian Hunter, and Leueen MacGrath.

FLAMINGO ROAD (Warners)—Carnival dancer Joan Crawford, tired of being pushed around by Sydney Greenstreet, a political despot, decides to play the game his ruthless way and rapidly rises in the world. The background of crooked politics is convincingly presented, the complicated plot moves along fast, and the acting is good. With Zachary Scott, David Brian and Gladys George.

THE FORBIDDEN STREET (20th-Fox)—Maureen O'Hara, a young lady of the Victorian era, marries [illegible] to live with him in the slums, to her sorrow. He dies, along comes a nice young down-and-outer, together they find romantic and financial happiness. Dana Andrews plays both men's roles. Slow, but well acted.

THE FOUNTAINHEAD (Warners)—Gary Cooper is a famous architect with rather psychopathic ideas of integrity (when they change his plans for a low-cost housing development, he dynamites it). Patricia Neal is a rich girl who gets a yen for him. With Raymond Massey, Kent Smith, Robert Douglas and Henry Hull.

HOME OF THE BRAVE (U.A.)—A powerfully outspoken study of racial discrimination, told in terms of the story of one young Negro G. I. in World War II Pacific warfare. James Edwards, as the Negro, gives a tremendously moving performance, and Douglas Dick, Steve Brodie, Frank Lovejoy, Lloyd Bridges and Jeff Corey lend effective support. A tight, absorbing and exciting drama.

ILLEGAL ENTRY (Univ.-Int.)—Immigration Service investigator Howard Duff becomes a member of a gang of alien-smuggling racketeers to get the goods on them. Done in semi-documentary style, this has a large quota of pretty breathtaking thrills. With George Brent, Marta Toren, Paul Stewart and Gar Moore.

THE LADY GAMBLES (Univ.-Int.)—Barbara Stanwyck as a luckless lady who just can't stop gambling. Presumably a study of human frailty à la *Lost Weekend*, it never, despite Stanwyck's all-out performance, quite achieves reality. With Robert Preston, Stephen McNally, Edith Barrett and John Hoyt.

THE GREAT SINNER (MGM)—Another gambling drama—a big, lush, highly entertaining one laid in a fashionable European resort in the 1860's. Gregory Peck becomes a gambling addict, rapidly degenerates, then is brought back to respectability by spiritual rebirth and Ava Gardner—who started him downward in the first place. The outstanding cast includes Walter Huston, Melvyn Douglas, Ethel Barrymore and Frank Morgan.

LOOK FOR THE SILVER LINING (Warners)—June Haver as the late Marilyn Miller in a Technicolor biography of the famous musical comedy star. Much singing and dancing, of course. With Ray Bolger, Gordon MacRae and Charles Ruggles.

LUST FOR GOLD (Columbia)—A violent Western about a lost gold mine, with Glenn Ford, Ida Lupino, Gig Young and Will Geer. Good show.

MASSACRE RIVER (Allied Artists)—Guy Madison, Rory Calhoun, Cathy Downs, Carole Mathews, Johnny Sands and a number of redskins involved in a good deal of gunfire on the post-Civil War frontier. A solid, satisfying, well-executed Western.

MR. BELVEDERE GOES TO COLLEGE (20-Fox)—The vastly talented Mr. Belvedere of *Sitting Pretty* fame, again superbly portrayed by Clifton Webb, becomes a beanie-wearing freshman. Among the collegiate lives he influences are those of Shirley Temple and Tom Drake. A lot of fun.

SCOTT OF THE ANTARCTIC (Eagle-Lion)—The story of the British explorer, Captain Robert Scott, and his ill-fated attempt, in 1910, to be the first man to reach the South Pole. Done with elaborate authenticity, this remarkable Technicolor film contains some of the most magnificent and terrifying vistas ever photographed. The all-British cast, with John Mills as Scott, is first rate.

THE STRATTON STORY (MGM)—A fine and inspiring biography of Monty Stratton, the big league baseball pitcher who came back after losing a leg in a hunting accident. Jimmy Stewart, as Stratton, and June Allyson, as his girl, give memorable performances. With Frank Morgan, Agnes Moorehead and Bill Williams.

TAKE ME OUT TO THE BALL GAME (MGM)—Esther Williams owns a baseball club in Teddy Roosevelt's day, and among her players are Gene Kelly and Frank Sinatra. A very diverting Technicolor musical, with Betty Garrett, Edward Arnold and Jules Munshin.

TULSA (Eagle-Lion)—A drama of the oil fields, showing how Susan Hayward gets rich and materialistic. Plenty of spectacular action and good acting. With Robert Preston, Pedro Armendariz and Lloyd Gough. Technicolor.

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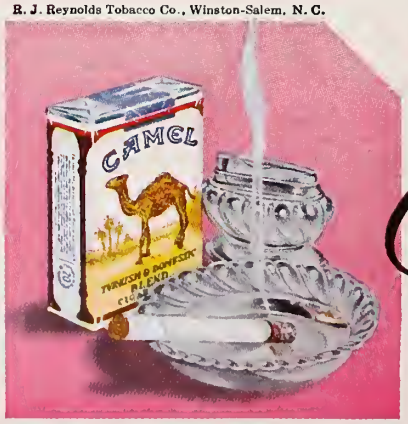
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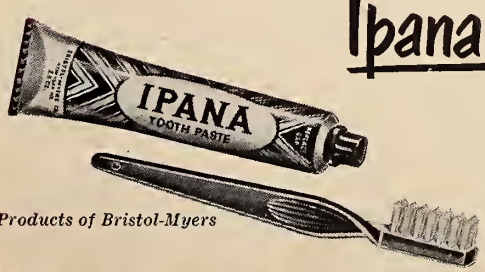
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Whatever it is that French women have... Madame Bovary had more of it!









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and **JAMES MASON** *Portraying* GUSTAVE FLAUBERT, THE AUTHOR

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★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Don't be Half-safe!



by

VALDA SHERMAN

At the first blush of womanhood many mysterious changes take place in your body. For instance, the apocrine glands under your arms begin to secrete daily a type of perspiration you have never known before. This is closely related to physical development and causes an unpleasant odor on both your person and your clothes.

There is nothing "wrong" with you. It's just another sign you are now a woman, not a girl . . . so now you *must* keep yourself safe with a truly effective underarm deodorant.

Two dangers—Underarm odor is a real handicap at this romantic age, and the new cream deodorant Arrid is made especially to overcome this very difficulty. It kills this odor on contact in 2 seconds, then by antiseptic action prevents the formation of all odor for 48 hours and keeps you shower-bath fresh. It also stops perspiration and so protects against a second danger—perspiration stains. Since physical exertion, embarrassment and emotion can now cause apocrine glands to fairly gush perspiration, a dance, a date, an embarrassing remark may easily make you perspire and offend, or ruin a dress.

All deodorants are not alike—so remember—no other deodorant tested stops perspiration and odor so completely yet so safely as new Arrid. Its safety has been proved by doctors. That's why girls your age buy more Arrid than any other age group. More men and women use Arrid than any other deodorant. Antiseptic, used by 117,000 nurses.

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★ ★ ★ ★ ★



WHEN WE HEARD Judy Garland had checked into a Boston Hospital, our ulcers began to have ulcers. We were that worried. We sent for that sterling reporter, George Scullin. "George," we said, "we know Judy's seeing no one. But try and find out how she's getting along." George handed us an aspirin. "I will talk to Judy herself," he said. Then he disappeared. Some 48 hours later, he returned. Into our lap he dumped an exclusive story. You'll find *Judy's All Right!* on page 36 Now we're feeling better, too!

SOMETIMES WE WISH we were more like Glenn Ford. When we're tired of looking at the same old color in our living room, for example, we complain to our good wife—and get nowhere. Our boy Ford, on the other hand, empties a bottle of ink on the ceiling. Then his wife Ellie consoles him as follows: "Accidents will happen," she says, and goes to call the painters. Well, in short, we were just amazed at the things this fellow does—and without telling his little woman. We were sworn, of course, to secrecy. So when you read *Don't Tell My Girl*, on page 51—keep it quiet, willya bud?

"DON'T BE SO formal," we said to Reba and Bonnie Churchill. (They were standing at the mantel taking turns at the typewriter.) For our pains we got a very cold stare. For *their* pains, however, they got a story. When we read that story we understood. You will, too, because *Westward, Whoa!* (page 42) is about their day with Dale and Roy Rogers . . . about the ranch, the picnic, *and* the horseback ride. The Churchills loved every minute of the day, they tell us, even if they didn't think they'd live through it!

THERE'S NOTHING COMPLICATED about us. We're sure of that because so many people call us simple. But take a fellow like Richard Widmark. *He* is the only guy we know who's ever had his personality split by a typewriter. In print he was tagged a menace. But he'd no sooner learned to leer nicely for the reporters than the rumor got round that actually he was exceedingly meek. Under such circumstances, it seemed reasonable to ask the man, "What are you, chum, a louse or a mouse?" He gave us a harried look. "Ask that guy Schroeder," he said in a tired voice, "he'll tell you." So Schroeder told us. *How Phony Can You Get!* is on page 34.

EDITOR WADE NICHOLS is in packing his briefcase. He's moving on to another job. Looking around the office we see everyone sobbing into handtowels. We try to be sympathetic. "Don't take it so hard," we cry. But people just look at us happily. "These," they say, "are tears of joy. Bill Hartley's the new boss." This exuberance stems from the fact that Bill Hartley is a genius. Exclusive stories just follow him around. He's hep! So next month, as Editor-in-chief he's giving you stories on Jane Powell, Rita Hayworth, John Agar, Jennifer Jones, Farley Granger and many others. Read 'em and you'll see what we mean.


Paramount presents
BETTY
HUTTON
and
VICTOR
MATURE
In
"RED, HOT AND BLUE"
IT'S HAPPIER THAN NEW YEAR!
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IT'S ZINGIER THAN THE 4TH OF JULY!
• • •
IT'S THE BIG MUSICAL FUN-SHOW OF '49!
Wait'll you hear those FOUR wonderful tunes written especially for Betty ...by Hollywood's No. 1 Songwriter Frank Loesser!
A
JOHN FARROW
production with
WILLIAM DEMAREST
JUNE HAVOC
Produced by
ROBERT FELLOWS
Directed by
John Farrow
Screen play by Hagar Wilde and John Farrow
Story by Charles Lederer

LOUELLA PARSONS' Good news

■ Everyone asks me, "Why didn't you go down to Stromboli and get the truth about Ingrid Bergman while you were covering the Rita Hayworth-Aly Khan wedding in Europe?"

Well, not to give you a short answer—Bergman would not see me. It wasn't anything personal. She sent a personal message saying she was just not seeing any reporters.

I think I know why. I think Ingrid, herself, does not know which turn her heart affairs will take. From someone very close to the situation, I hear she has days of thinking she has been a fool and that Roberto Rossellini has used her to exploit himself.

Then, because she is really completely infatuated with the fiery Italian, she does an about-face and becomes as deliriously in love as a bobby-soxer.

Want to know what I think will eventually happen? When the picture is finished (if ever!) Ingrid will admit that she is planning to marry Rossellini.

Friends of her husband, Dr. Peter Lindstrom, say he is practically reconciled to the idea of a divorce—even to the point of pulling up stakes in this country and returning to Europe to practice. He was in London when I was there, but he was definitely hiding out.

* * *

When Jane Wyman walked into Bebe Daniels' and Ben Lyon's cocktail party for me in London, with a handsome man by her side, I thought, "Good heavens, Lew Ayres has flown over to be with her!" But no such luck for Janie. Her escort was not that unpredictable gent, but Clark Hardwicke, the spit and image of Lew.

Young Hardwicke, millionaire golf champion, obviously has it bad for Jane—but I think she still has it bad for Lew, and that ain't good.

I've known Janie since she first came to Hollywood and when she is in love there's



Paulette Goddard, who is going to be divorced from Burgess Meredith, is squired to Desi Arnaz' opening night at the Mocambo by Clark Gable.



Cathy Downs gives Janet Leigh the latest dirt as the girls wait for their escorts to check their hats while attending the Circle Theater.



Bing Crosby, in the caurse of his recent visit to the East, seems to be asking another young singer, Marton Downey, what to say next.



Alan Ladd gives encouragement as his twa-year-old son, David Alan, bravely undergoes a haircut at the Paramount studio barbershap.

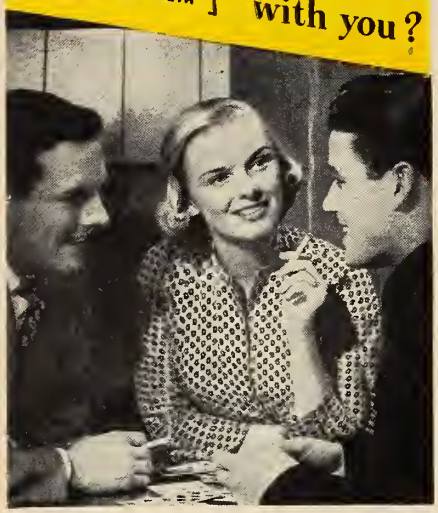


Who says radia acting is nathing but sound? Bill Zuckert and Dick Widmark wax really expressive on an NBC Cavalcade of America pragram.



Dale Evans and Ray Rogers, all decked out in matching white outfits on a recent jaunt to New York, see how the city slickers have fun.

Smoke all you want, but... why take TOBACCO MOUTH [OFF-COLOR BREATH OFF-COLOR TEETH] with you?



The most unfortunate thing about "tobacco mouth" is that it becomes part of you so gradually. The only people it gives a "start" to are your friends!

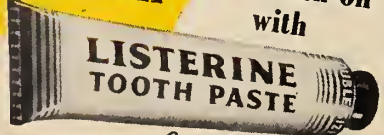
Your friends, your neighbors, your dentist—they all recognize "tobacco mouth" at the drop of a smile. But you, you're *never* quite sure . . . unless, of course, you are a regular user of Listerine Tooth Paste. There's a good reason why you *can* be sure—

It contains *Lusterfoam*—a special ingredient that actually *foams* cleaning and polishing agents over your teeth . . . into the crevices—removes fresh stain before it gets a chance to "set" . . . whisks away that odor-making tobacco debris!

See for yourself how Listerine Tooth Paste with *Lusterfoam* freshens your mouth and your breath! Get a tube and make sure that wherever you go—you won't take "tobacco mouth" with you!



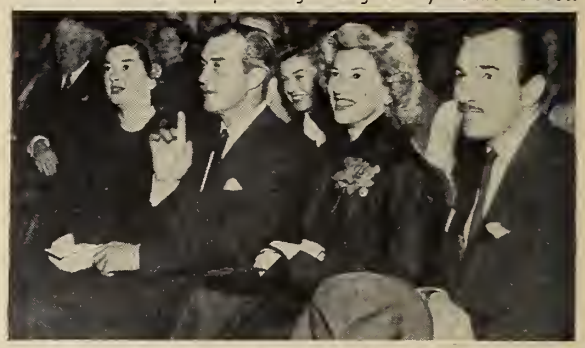
TOBACCO MOUTH ...give it the "brush-off" with



"Feel that Lusterfoam work!"



Celebrities gave castly items to Loretta Young's St. Anne's Maternity Haspital charity auctian. Loretta, Irene Dunne and Debarah Kerr inspect a figurine given by Delmar Daves.



Ray Milland gives the benefit auctioneer the high sign far 20 hats. Ray, who's surrounded by Rasalind Russell, Mrs. Milland and Lee Bawman, helped raise the tremendaus sum af $42,000.

LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD NEWS

no one more in love. She was literally "out of her mind" about Ronnie Reagan and was so jealous of him before their marriage that he could hardly speak to another girl.

But she got over Ronnie—and I'm sure she will get over Lew.

If she could only learn not to fall so hard, I think she could have more fun. She is so chic these days, easily one of the smartest-looking girls in London or Paris. When Parisiennes turn to look after another woman, you know she is smartly turned out—and believe me, they turned and took a good look at Janie, everywhere she went. She is studying French like mad and chatters away like a magpie, complete with Gallic gestures and rolling eyes. Very cute.

* * *

While we're still on the subject of Paris—Maria Montez and Jean Pierre Aumont are more lovey-dovey than ever since their separation and reconciliation. When I saw them lunching at Maxim's they were either trying to convince themselves—or me—how much they cared. Such smooching!

Maria has become very Parisian and dresses to the teeth. They told me they were spending their summer vacation on the French Riviera, then Maria is coming back to Hollywood for a movie. Jean Pierre isn't returning until Spring. He loves his native France and will stay there to write a play.

* * *

There's been a lot of publicity that Claire Trevor will wear one of the new French bathing suits in *Borderline*—but don't let them kid you. She couldn't wear the real thing—our censors wouldn't let her, thank heavens.

Honestly, I've never seen such nudity as was exhibited on the beaches at Cannes. The so-called bathing suits amount to nothing more than a G-string and a couple of rosettes. What lies between is neither seductive nor alluring.

Florenz Ziegfeld, the greatest exponent of feminine allure who ever lived and whose Follies were world-famous, once said: "There is nothing seductive about complete nudity. Most people do not realize it, but the Follies girls are *dressed* to allure—not undressed." And that's from a man who knew.

* * *

Around Town:

Over the back of a booth at Romanoffs: "Of course I'll talk about Peter Lawford and all this nonsense linking his name with Junie's," said Dick Powell, being interviewed about his wife. "I'd rather bring all the whispers out in the open than ignore them."

At La Rue: Glenn Ford holding his hands over his eyes so he couldn't see what his order of caviar and blinis added up to. He just put his wallet down on the table and pushed it toward the waiter.

Mocambo: John Hodiak kidding Anne Baxter so much about her hat that she took it off and put it under a table. . . . Ava Gardner posing prettily for the photogs but Howard Duff brushing them off. (How come he always seems so surly in public? He's really a nice guy.)

Beverly Hills Hotel Lanai Room: Jane Powell and Geary Steffan looking dreamy-eyed as the violinist plays "Kiss Me Again" in front of their table.

At the Farmer's Market: Gregory Peck, at the pastry stall, and Dana Andrews, eating a tamale—eyeing each other politely, but not speaking. They had never met until I came along and introduced them. "I'm not supposed to eat tamales," said Dana, "so that's why I sneak down here to do it. Then, I get



STARRING JUNE HAVER RAY BOLGER GORDON MacRAE

DIRECTED BY DAVID BUTLER PRODUCED BY WILLIAM JACOBS

From a Story by Bert Kalmar & Harry Ruby
Musical Direction by Ray Heindorf

Screen Play by Phoebe & Henry Ephron and Marian Spitzer
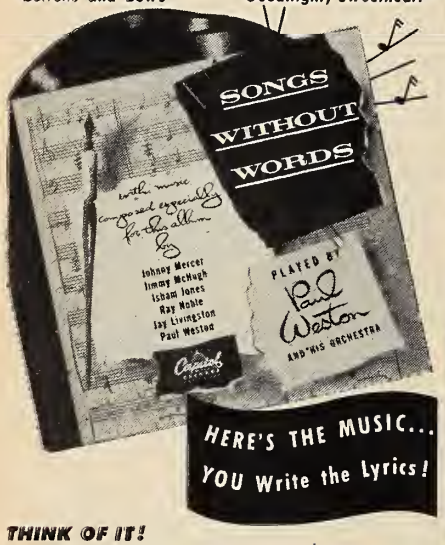
Despite record heat-wave world premiere at Radio City Music Hall brought out all New York!

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*Advances against contract royalties

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ISHAM JONES — co-composer of "It Had to Be You"
PAUL WESTON — co-composer of "I Should Care"
LIVINGSTON-EVANS — composers of "Buttons and Bows"
RAY NOBLE — Co-composer of "Goodnight, Sweetheart"



HERE'S THE MUSIC... YOU Write the Lyrics!

THINK OF IT!

YOU... writing the words to the melodies of internationally famous composers who have made many thousands of dollars with their music.

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PLUS the fact that as a co-writer with one of America's greatest popular composers you'll have made a big step to fame and fortune in a business where the rewards are great.

NEVER BEFORE A CONTEST LIKE THIS!

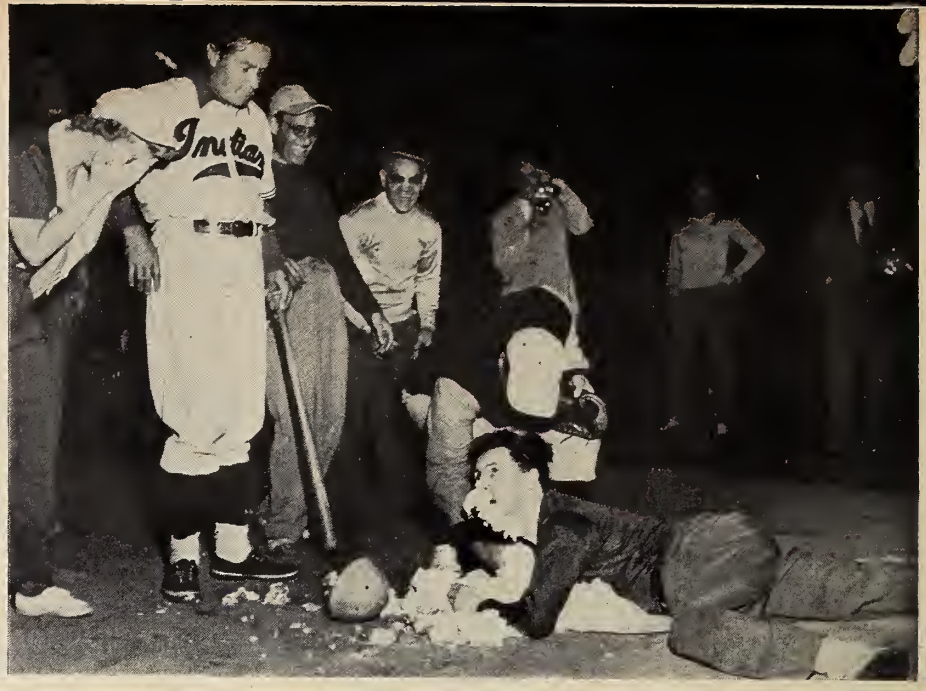
Here's your big chance to "team up" with Hollywood's top tunesmiths...become a recognized songwriter. Hear the music...get your official "Songs Without Words" contest entry blanks today, at your favorite record store. NO FEE TO PAY!

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SEE YOUR RECORD DEALER TODAY!

Capitol RECORDS HOLLYWOOD



At the Annual Charity Baseball game, Eddie Brocken slides home with a gag cake for Hope.



Ava Gardner and Howard Duff wait for their time at bat. He was called out at first, afterward hit a home run to thunderous cheers.



Ronald Reagan was borne from the field like a true hero. He thought he'd torn a tendon but later found he had a badly broken leg.

caught red-handed." He looked on a little enviously as the lanky Peck consumed a chocolate éclair, holding it, goo and all, in his fingers.

At the Bantam Cock Bar: Rod Cameron and Marie Windsor having one you-know-what of a battle. She hurled over her shoulder as she flounced out, "Just forget you ever knew me."

* * *

What a wonderful thing Loretta Young did when she took on the task of raising $30,000 needed by St. Anne's Maternity Hospital for Unwed Mothers to carry on their great charity. Aided by a small but willing committee, Loretta got the idea of putting on an auction and asked her movie friends to contribute things to be sold.

The response was beyond her wildest dreams—and, instead of the $30,000 they had *hoped* they could raise, the actual figure from the three-night auction at the Goldenberg Galleries was nearly $42,000! Merchants and jewelers contributed everything from mink coats and stoles to diamond bracelets—but here are some of the things contributed by the movie stars:

Walter Pidgeon: Complete dining room set; sofa, desk.
Cary Grant: Two antique mirrors.
Claudette Colbert: French chair.
Frank Sinatra: Gold pen and pencil set.
Barbara Stanwyck: Jeweled cuff links.
Howard Hughes: Gold and ruby pin.
Van Johnson: Original painting.
Joseph Cotten: Original portrait of clown.
Ray Milland: Silver demi-tasse spoons.
Ann Blyth: Silver candlesticks.
Robert Mitchum: Silver cigarette box—matching lighter.
Humphrey Bogart: Liquor set—silver and crystal.
Jeanne Crain: Compote dishes, candlesticks, ash trays, baby cup, porridge dish—all silver.
John Garfield: Pearl-handled rattle.
Ann Sothern: Chafing dish.
Gary Cooper: Jeweled snuff box. Pair of antique china dogs.
Clark Gable: Antique carved chest.
Bob Hope: Schiaparelli gown.

* * *

If you are one of the millions of girls with movie ambitions, beware of any man who

One Mardi Gras Night in New Orleans

. . . that exploded into murder!



ON the eve of the gay Mardi Gras, Orson Foxworth, financial buccaneer, gave a dinner at world famous Antoine's for seven extraordinary guests. One was beautiful young Odile St. Amant. An unkissed wife, she ached with desperate longing for the embraces of Leonce, her playboy husband.

And at the table sat Odile's younger sister, voluptuous Caresse, even more sultry than her name. She resided with Odile and her husband in the family mansion and she drove Leonce to a maddening desire to put an end to his wife so that he could possess her. And Foxworth himself had reasons of his own for wanting Odile out of the way!

What a setting for a story when these people and five others as deeply involved with one another meet for dinner at glamorous Antoine's! All the color, romance and intrigue of New Orleans creole society is packed into Frances Parkinson Keyes newest best-seller, *Dinner at Antoine's*. This book, PLUS another popular novel, *High Towers*, is yours for *just a three-cent stamp*—yes, BOTH for 3¢—if you join the Dollar Book Club now!

THESE 2 FLAMING NOVELS OF LOVE AND ADVENTURE

BOTH for a 3¢ STAMP YOURS

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THE best-selling new historical novel, packed with romance and thrilling action by the author of "The Black Rose." *High Towers*, plus *Dinner at Antoine's*, BOTH yours for a 3c stamp when you accept this amazing membership offer of the money-saving Dollar Book Club.

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Upon receipt of the attached coupon with just a 3-cent stamp, you will be sent BOTH *"Dinner at Antoine's"* and *"High Towers."* You will also receive the current selection for only $1.00. Thereafter, every month, you will receive the Club's Bulletin, which describes the forthcoming Club selections. It also reviews many other popular books which you may purchase at the Club price of only $1.00 each. Buy only the books you want!

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With these books will come my first issue of the free descriptive folder called "The Bulletin" telling about the two new forthcoming one-dollar bargain book selections and additional bargains offered at $1.00* each to members only.

I have the privilege of notifying you in advance if I do not wish either of the following months' selections and whether or not I wish to purchase any of the other bargains at the Special Club price of $1.00 each. I do not have to accept a book every month — only six during each year that I remain a member. I pay nothing except $1 for each selection received plus a few cents shipping cost.

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Lady—throw your razor away—use safe, odorless, new Nair lotion to keep legs smoother . . . more exciting.

No nicks . . . no bristles . . . no stubbly regrowth. No irritation to normal skin.

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Have "second look" legs! Get Nair today.



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TO REMOVE HAIR SAFELY

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For Legs that Delight Use NAIR Tonight



Escorted by fiancé Geary Steffan, Janie Powell pauses at première of *The Stratton Story* to autograph the MGM Silver Anniversary scroll.



Elizabeth Taylor's fiancé, Bill Powley, was in Florida, so Elizabeth attended the *Stratton* opening with her old pal, Raddy McDowall.

says he is from Hollywood until it is proven that he is really the "big league" personality he claims to be.

Two women have been victimized by a character claiming to one of them to be Sam Engel, 20th Century-Fox producer, and to the other, to be Carl Laemmle, Jr., son of the founder of Universal Pictures.

Both women gave the impostor their money and jewels and one married him. Police records later revealed that he has a long list of offenses—each time representing himself as a big shot from Hollywood and winning the confidence (and usually money) of his victims.

* * *

Now that he has made up his mind to take the plunge, perennial bachelor Jimmy Stewart can hardly wait to get married. Believe me, in Gloria Hatrick McLean, he has certainly found the Right Girl he said he was waiting for.

She is a delightful woman, charming and beautiful. She has two children and, fortunately, Jimmy likes youngsters. Gloria was terribly hurt over the break-up of her marriage to Neal McLean, son of the late Evalyn Walsh McLean, until she fell deeply in love with Jimmy.

She has always adored her father, Edgar Hatrick, for years an executive of the Hearst newspapers. When she took Jimmy to see her father, ill for months in Colorado Springs, he told Gloria that he liked Jimmy and knew she would be happy with him.

* * *

The big social event of the month was the West Coast opening of the play, *A Streetcar Named Desire*, and the big party afterward hosted by Louis B. Mayer in honor of his daughter, Irene Selznick, producer of the show.

I have never seen such a good-natured sidewalk crowd and—perhaps because of this—I have never seen so many big stars signing autograph books and pausing to chat with the kids and oldsters.

Clark Gable came to the theater and later to the party, with Ann Sothern. When someone in the crowd yelled, "Hey, Clark, where did you get that sunburn?" Gable grinned and called back, "Fishing!"

Joan Crawford, her hair cut very short, had on a beautiful lace dress made little-girl style with a pink satin bow in back.

Ethel Barrymore, looking so lovely with her gray hair very, very short, was enthused over Mary Welch, who plays the sister in the play. Ethel, who sat in front of me, turned around to say, "This girl worked with me on the stage in a small role. I am amazed and delighted over the way she is handling this big assignment."

Later on, at the Mayers', many stars who had not been able to get tickets for the opening showed up to toast Judith Evelyn and Tony Quinn, anyway. (Among those who couldn't get tickets was Jessica Tandy, the actress who created the star role in the play on Broadway! But Jessica and her husband, Hume Cronyn, told me they had seats for the second night.)

Cary Grant was on hand for his first party since coming home so ill from making *I Was a Male War Bride* in Europe. Cary is over his long siege of yellow jaundice and looks swell with the weight he has put on.

Anne Baxter had on the most dazzling red dress-and-cape outfit I have ever seen. Only a girl as pretty as Annie could get away with it. She came alone because her husband, John Hodiak, was on location.

Joseph Cotten was stagging, too, because Mrs. Cotten has been very ill in the hospital.

Among the hundred-odd guests enjoying the buffet and the lovely music, I saw Loretta Young and Tom Lewis, Janet Gaynor and Adrian, the Artur Rubensteins, the Arthur Hornblows, Otto Preminger, Mary Livingston Benny, Mrs. Danny Kaye, the William Goetzes, and many more.

* * *

I happened to be out at MGM visiting on the *Bodies and Souls* set and got in on the fun when the cast and crew surprised Glenn Ford with an "anniversary" party. Since it was not his birthday nor marriage date, Glenn could not have looked more surprised when three technicians hauled a big cake up to him, inscribed "Happy anniversary. Glenn."

Story and Screenplay by OSCAR BRODNEY · Produced by LEONARD GOLDSTEIN · Directed by GEORGE SHERMAN · A UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL PICTURE



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Jane Wyman gives away a friendly smile with each dish of ice-cream she sells at a London benefit for British stage and film charities.

LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD NEWS

"But it isn't my anniversary," said Glenn, completely puzzled but pleased. "What's this all about?"

Then they told him it was the tenth anniversary of his debut in pictures—that they had found out from his agent that he signed for his first picture, *Heaven With a Barbed Wire Fence*, exactly 10 years ago to the day.

Glenn was as pleased as punch. The thoughtful little party couldn't have happened to a nicer guy.

* * *

Will Errol Flynn marry Princess Irene Ghika, the girl who received his exclusive attention all summer? All I can say is that he appears to be deeply in love with her. She really bosses him around and he loves it.

Also, I'm sure that it is her idea, not his, that she appear in a picture with him. Now Errol is all-out for putting her into his independent movie and doesn't seem to mind thot she hasn't had an iota of acting experience.

When I was in Paris, I talked with Errol at length about Greer Garson, for whom he has great respect and admiration. He told me he thought Greer one of the finest women he had ever known and that he believed she will be happy if she marries Buddy Fogelson. When Greer's romance with the rich Texan cooled for a little while, it was because Buddy likes to have a good time and when Greer is working she isn't interested in anything but her career. But the rift made them realize how much they really cared, and now they have announced their engagement.

* * *

Don't mention *The Beautiful Blonde From Bashful Bend* to Betty Grable. Betty, usually the most amiable and tractable of stars, just doesn't like the picture she made with Preston Sturges and she is saying so, out loud.

"I knew it was not right when I was making it," says Betty. "I'll never be talked into anything like that again."

All Preston Sturges says is, "I find Miss



Lono Turner ond Bob Topping pose with the prize tunas they caught in the Bohomas. The fish were even bigger than the ones that got owoy.

Grable talented, charming and a very lovely person."

* * *

Keeping tabs on my personal mail: Glenn Ford is mentioned most often in the letters that came to my desk this month. Peter Lawford is second (there are pro as well as con comments about Pete), Robert Mitchum (also pro and con), followed by William Holden, Louis Jourdan and Montgomery Clift! I guess the reason Monty slipped from top spot in my mail is because he has been a long time between pictures.

But wait until you see him in *The Heiress!* You'll fall for that boy all over again.

Where the girls are concerned, Elizabeth Taylor is way out in front. Following in the order named are June Allyson, Jane Powell, Shirley Temple, Lana Turner (she keeps her fans whether she's on the screen or not, that gal), Esther Williams, Jane Wyman, Betty Grable and Gail Russell—Gail making the list for the first time.

Again, I want to say I like getting your letters whether you are praising or panning. Several times I have had ideas for radio editorials from what you have written me.

That's all for now. See you next month.

PHOTO CREDITS

Below you will find credited page by page the photographs which appear in this issue.

6—*T.* Bob Beerman, *Bot.* Bert Parry—7 *T. Lt.* Stork Club. *T. Rt.* Wide World. *Bot. Lt.* NBC, *Bot. Rt.* Stork Club—8 *T.* Bob Beerman, *Bot.* Bert Parry—10 Bert Parry—12 Bob Beerman—14 Acme—15 International News—20 Wide World—22 Bob Beerman—24 Pat Clark of Warners—29 Modern Screen staff—30 Bob Beerman—31 Bert Parry—32 Eagle-Lion—33 Wide World—36-37 International News—38-39 Bob Beerman—40 Floyd Hopkins—41 *T. Lt., T.* Cen. Modern Screen staff—*T. Rt.* Bud Fraker of Paramount, *Bot. Lt., Bot. Rt.* Modern Screen staff—*Bot.* Cen. Bob Beerman—42-43 Bob Beerman—44-45 Bert Parry—46 Bob Beerman—47 20th Century-Fox—48-49 Bob Beerman and Bert Parry—50 Bert Parry *Exc. bot.*, Bob Beerman—51 Gus Gale—52-53 Bob Beerman—54-55 20th Century-Fox—56 Universal—57 *Lt.* Jules Buck, *Rt.* Modern Screen staff—63 Bert Parry—64 *T.* Gus Gale, *Bot.* Don Ornitz—65 Bob Beerman—70-76 Jacques Simpson of Pagano Studios.

Abbreviations: Bot., Bottom; Cen., Center; Exc., Except; Lt., Left; Rt., Right; T., Top.

BING AND WALT

(CROSBY, THAT IS) (DISNEY, OF COURSE)

team up on The Headless Horseman!

Walt Disney presents

THE ADVENTURES OF "ICHABOD AND MR. TOAD"

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Walt and Bing bring to rollicking, melodious life that famous masterpiece . . . Washington Irving's fabulous "Legend of Sleepy Hollow" with awkward Ichabod Crane, curvaceous Katrina and the hair-raising Headless Horseman.

Walt and Basil Rathbone tell another tall tale about that rich, reckless, uproarious rake, The Magnificent Mr. Toad, and his frantic friends in a sparkling interpretation of Kenneth Grahame's "The Wind in the Willows."

MOVIE REVIEWS

by Christopher Kane



In *Any Number Can Play,* Clark Gable owns a gambling club. He works so hard that wife Alexis Smith sees little of him.



His son, Darryl Hickman, is ashamed of Pop's profession. Bitter at this, Clark won't retire despite his doctor's orders.



The drama, which includes a sub-plot concerning an old flame of Clark's, reaches a tense climax when the casino is held up.

ANY NUMBER CAN PLAY

Cast: Clark Gable, Alexis Smith, Wendell Corey, Audrey Totter
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

"A nice honest gambler is better than a little snob," is the moral of this motion picture. Clark Gable's the gambler. He owns a huge casino-restaurant, and he's rich. His wife, Alexis Smith, is sad because he works so hard she never sees him, and his kid, Darryl Hickman, is ashamed because his pop is what his pop is. Doctor tells Clark he has a weak heart. Get away from this life, the doctor says. Clark decides he'll give his wife a break. He and she and Darryl will go on a fishing trip. He's had enough excitement. He'll turn the business over to his trusty friends, Barry Sullivan and Edgar Buchanan. But Darryl doesn't want to go away with his father, and Alexis won't leave Darryl, and Clark is so dejected he goes back to the club to smoke and drink himself to death. At the club, his brother-in-law-employee, Wendell Corey, is cheating him blind. At home, Wendell's wife (Audrey Totter) is jealous of sister Alexis because sister Alexis has such a wonderful husband. And Alexis is miserable, as I said in the first place, because she never sees Clark. Sometimes she wishes they were poor and hungry again. So everybody's in trouble. But when two crooks try to hold Clark up, and Clark's kid comes along in time to see how many friends his pa has, things take a turn for the better. Kid's almost proud his old man's a gambler, after Clark explains it to him. "Everybody gambles. Who am I to try and reform the world?" Something like that. This isn't exactly first-class stuff, though there are a few nice character bits. Marjorie Rambeau has one as a rich old lady, and Lewis Stone has one as a poor old man. Stone seemed to me to have shrunk—he's smaller than I remember him—but maybe that's because he always played next to Mickey Rooney.



In The Good Old Summertime: Judy Garland and Van Johnson are music-store clerks—and mortal enemies. But, naturally, they're in love.

IN THE GOOD OLD SUMMERTIME

Cast: Van Johnson, Judy Garland, S. Z. Sakall, Spring Byington
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

Most of this picture takes place with snow on the ground, but the title song serves to place the period for you. Men are wearing skimmers, and ladies carrying parasols, when Judy Garland comes looking for a job (or rather, a *position*) in a certain music store. Head clerk Van Johnson says the store has enough help. The store's owner, S. Z. Sakall, who's just had a fight with Johnson (Johnson doesn't think they should have bought a hundred pint-sized harps because there aren't that many harpists—or midgets either) hires Judy just to spite Van. (Sakall's movie name is Okeldunker or Ovalstinger or Oberkuchen—I don't remember exactly—and he plays horrendous music on a Stradivarius, and he's in love with his cashier, Spring Byington.) Judy succeeds in selling one of the small harps. This leaves 99 to go. It also leaves her and Van mortal enemies, for obvious reasons. Van and Judy are in love with two unknown correspondents (they write to post office box numbers, so they don't know their true loves' names) and they keep bringing these unknown correspondents into their daily conversation. "You're so rude," Judy will observe. "Why, I know a man who has thoughts like—" And then she quotes poetry. You don't have to be Einstein to guess that Judy and Van have been writing to each other, and that everything will turn out jake. You do have to be a little clever to remember from one picture to another what a sensational performer Judy Garland is. There's a current between her and her audience which is more often found on the stage than in the movies. She can electrify me every time.

HOUSE OF STRANGERS

Cast: Edward G. Robinson, Susan Hayward, Richard Conte, Luther Adler
20th Century-Fox

House of Strangers may not be an Academy Award contender, but Edward G. Robinson certainly deserves a prize of some kind. He is great. He plays a man named Gino Monetti, who owns and operates an unorthodox bank, in a slum neighborhood. He lends people whatever amounts he thinks they should have, he's a law unto himself about interest rates,

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and he thrives. He has four sons: Joe (Luther Adler), Tony (Efrem Zimbalist, Jr.), Pietro (Paul Valentine), and Max (Richard Conte). All the sons except Max work for their father, but hate him. He doesn't pay them well ("You'll get it all when I'm gone") and he has no respect for their brains. Max, who's a lawyer, and independent, is loved and admired by Gino, and he returns the feeling. When the government decides Gino is violating legalities, Max tries to bribe a trial juror, goes to jail. Gino isn't convicted, but the other brothers manage to take over his business. Max promises to revenge his father, but his girl, Susan Hayward, finally talks him out of it. This picture is sheer excitement.

YOU'RE MY EVERYTHING

Cast: Anne Baxter, Dan Dailey, Anne Revere, Stanley Ridges, Shari Robinson
20th Century-Fox

Dan Dailey's an Irish hoofer. Anne Baxter's a Bostonian. All her ancestors taught Greek. But Dan and Anne get married anyway. He works her into his act (she's an awful dancer), a talent scout brings them to Hollywood (Dan assures Anne he'll be a bigger movie star than Rin-Tin-Tin), and Hollywood tries to sign Anne. She says she's no actress. They say, who cares? For silent movies, you only have to have a face. She's broken-hearted that they don't want Dan, but Dan's thrilled for her. She becomes the biggest flapper of the era; he goes on to be a popular night-club entertainer. They make loads of money, but they're never together. Anne eventually retires to have a baby. By the time she's ready to go back to work, the talkies have been born. She doesn't care about crashing the new medium; she's happy with her home and her child. Now Dan's moment comes. Musicals are the rage, and the movies put Dan in satin pants, and star him. He likes to take his small child (Shari Robinson) to the studio with him (he's always teaching her to sing and dance) but Anne doesn't approve. She wants the kid to be normal.

FREE SUBSCRIPTIONS!

Send back this questionnoire before anyone else does! Each month we get millions back, and each month 500 of them are the winners of our free three-month subscription to MODERN SCREEN. All we want to know is which stories you liked in this issue and which stars you'd like to read about in future ones. It's so simple, we'd like to send back a questionnaire ourselves—but then, we're not allowed. Remember—the October, November and December issues, all free to the first 500!

QUESTIONNAIRE

Which stories and features did you enjoy most in our September issue? Write the NUMBERS 1, 2, and 3 AT THE RIGHT OF YOUR 1st, 2nd, and 3rd choices.

Was Margaret O'Brien to Blame? ☐
My Heart Deceived Me (Doris Day) ☐
Why Dan Dailey's Marriage Failed by Hedda Hopper ☐
Am I Cheating My Children? (Susan Hayward) ☐
How Phony Can You Get! (Richard Widmark) ☐
Judy's All Right! (Judy Garland) ☐
Pride of the Irish (Maureen O'Hara) ☐
Why Stars Turn to Prayer (Stanwyck, Crosby, Williams) ☐
Westward, Whoa! (Roy Rogers) ☐
I'm Still Wild About Harry (Betty Grable) ☐
Hollywood's Romantic Hideouts (Granger, Brady, Powell) ☐
Don't Tell My Girl (Glenn Ford) ☐
One-Man Marshall Plan (Bill Holden-Brenda Marshall) ☐
Let's Not Talk About Love (Betty Drake-Cary Grant) ☐
Are Odds Against Teen-Age Brides? ☐
He's the Boss (John Lund) ☐
Wife in Fame Only (Guy Madison-Gail Russell) ☐
Picture of the Month (Red, Hot and Blue) ☐
Louella Parsons' Good News ☐

Which of the above did you like LEAST?.....

What 3 MALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them, 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.....

.....

What 3 FEMALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them, 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.....

.....

What MALE star do you like least?.....

What FEMALE star do you like least?.....

My name is.....

My address is.....

City..... Zone..... State..... I am ..... years old

ADDRESS THIS TO: POLL DEPT., MODERN SCREEN, BOX 125, MURRAY HILL STATION, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.



You're My Everything: Anne Baxter and Dan Dailey cotch colds outside the stage door. Dan's o hoofer. Anne morries him and joins the oct.

The musical craze finally dies down, and Dan retires to be a gentleman farmer. Until the doy he reads about a certain producer needing a child star. He sneaks Shari out, sells the producer on her, signs her for the picture. Shari's career comes close to breaking up the perfect marriage (Anne's still agin it) but musicals always have a happy ending. This picture's early sequences are fresh and gay and Anne Baxter makes a fine flapper. I didn't admire little Shari Robinson much, but one man's child star is another man's poison. If you think she's adorable, you'll enjoy the last part of the picture as much as I enjoyed the first.

THE BIG STEAL

Cast: Robert Mitchum, Jane Greer, William Bendix, Patric Knowles
RKO

It only takes 71 minutes for Robert Mitchum to chase Patric Knowles all over Mexico, while justice powders its nose and gets ready to triumph. Mitchum is an Army lieutenant who's been entrusted with a $300,000 payroll. Knowles has swiped the payroll, William Bendix, an Army captain, has accused Mitchum of collusion, Mitchum's got to clear himself, and we're right back at the beginning. Seventy-one minutes of Mitchum chasing Knowles all over Mexico, with Bendix chasing Mitchum, a couple miles in the rear. Mitchum's companion en route is Jane Greer (Knowles once cheated her, too). They fall in love, but there's work to be done. Eventually, Knowles is tracked to his hideout and caught red-handed (he's red-handing the $300,000 to an international crook) but it looks as though Mitchum and Jane have taken on too much. Because Bendix arrives almost at once, and you discover that he was the boy in collusion with Knowles. He now proposes to shoot Knowles (and does just that). After which he proposes to shoot the international crook, Mitchum, and Jane. That it doesn't work that way is a tribute to clean living. Maybe you won't learn anything from this picture—I'll make that more definite; you positively won't learn anything from this picture—but the chase is exciting, the Mexican locations are delightful, and who wants to be educated all the time?

(Continued on page 109)

New Pepsodent Guaranteed to Sweep FILM Away!

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DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK!



Another fine product of Lever Brothers Company

was margaret o'brien to blame?

This is the strange tragedy of a woman who is more mother than wife, of a child who is loved too much, and of a man who is hurt and bewildered . . .

BY FLORABEL MUIR*



Margaret with Don Sylvio and her mother shortly before the wedding.

Margaret O'Brien's mother, Gladys O'Brien, married bandleader Don Sylvio in Palm Beach, Florida, last February 22, while Margaret wept. On May 31, it was announced that Mrs. Sylvio would seek an annulment of the marriage. In the following exclusive story, an ace Hollywood reporter presents a frank and revealing picture of this amazing emotional tangle.—THE EDITORS.

■ "Please don't blame Margaret for this," Gladys O'Brien Sylvio told me as she explained the crack-up of her marriage. "It isn't her fault. I should have realized that I'm too wrapped up in the child ever to give much of myself to a husband. There are some women in this world who are more mother than wife—and I'm one of them.

"Usually a couple have become adjusted to each other before the wife becomes a mother, so it isn't so difficult for the husband when he must share part of his wife's affection with another. Then, too, if the child is his own, he is far less likely to be jealous of it."

Margaret's mother sighed. "These are the facts I should have understood before I jumped into marriage with Don," she went on. "Unfortunately, I didn't. I thought Don could join our little circle that rotates around Margaret—but as it turned out, he's too much of an individual to take second place in my affections to my daughter."

As this Hollywood mother was talking, I thought of motion picture mothers in general—and then it occurred to me that you

seldom hear anything at all about movie fathers.

Most of them seem to be shuffled off into the discard as the little stars climb to fame. Those who can't stand playing second fiddle to a child being groomed for stardom, go off about their business—usually via the divorce courts.

So it is slight wonder that orchestra leader Don Sylvio found himself in an intolerable position and didn't know what to do about it.

"You can't fight a little child like Margaret," he said wistfully. "I didn't know it would be like that. . . . But I want to tell you that I'm not blaming Margaret entirely for this smash-up. I think the child and I could have become very good friends if we'd had the opportunity.

"She's an amazingly brilliant little girl. I wanted to talk things over with her thoroughly before we held the wedding, but Gladie seemed to think it would be better to surprise her.

"Margaret was so shocked when she found out we really were getting married that she became emotionally upset. I can't blame her for crying."

Then Don went on to tell me how the romance had started—a romance which brought only fleeting happiness to Gladys, many tears for her daughter and bewildered frustration to Don.

It began one night in February, 1945, in Bill Bertolotti's night club in New York, where Don's orchestra was playing. Margaret and her mother were at a table and when Bertolotti introduced his orchestra leader, Gladys asked him to play her favorite song, "I Can't Begin To Tell You."

"That was the beginning of all my trouble," Don told me. He said he played the song over and over again that night and when Gladys and Margaret left, they both thanked him. They left New York the next day and he didn't see either of them for a year.

the melody lingers on . . .

In February, 1946, Mrs. O'Brien and Margaret visited Bertolotti's again. When they came in, the saxophone player reminded Don about the song he had played for them before and suggested it be played again now.

"I didn't think she'd remember having asked for it and thought it would be presumptuous for me to try to make her remember, so I skipped it," Don told me. "But when Bill, who was my boss and also my pal, asked me over to her table to shake hands, she smiled at me and said, 'I'm really disappointed in you, Mr. Sylvio. You forgot to play my song.'

"I stammered and stuttered like a schoolboy—and had to take some kidding from my saxophone player. To make it up to her for forgetting, I asked her if she'd have lunch with me next day. She said she'd love to.

"We began seeing a lot of each other while she was in New York. We had lunches and dinners and I gave her a party at Bertolotti's. We really got acquainted.

"Always we sang her song, 'I Can't Begin To Tell You'—and the words came to have a lot of meaning for us. A year later she invited me to be her house guest in Hollywood. I flew out here from New York and stayed three weeks.

"I proposed to her one night under a California moon and, although she didn't accept right away, I wasn't discouraged. She acted as if she were as much in love as I was. She visited New York oftener and we were always together.

"Last February, just four years after I first met her, I went to Palm Beach and Gladys flew down there to see me. That's when we made our wedding plans.

"I thought little Margaret and I had become very good friends while I was wooing

THE NEW

'Gold' Rush of '49



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her mother. At least, she certainly behaved as if she liked me.

"Our marriage got off to a good start. We spent our wedding night in the bridal suite of the Colony Hotel, and although Margaret had cried at the wedding, I didn't think too much about that. It's not unusual for relatives to become emotional at weddings.

"Gladie and I had talked over the trip to Europe she was to take with Margaret and we decided to postpone our honeymoon until they got back. The day after our wedding, Gladie had to fly to Boston with Margaret, who was participating in the Brotherhood Week activities going on there.

"I met them in New York to see them off for the European trip. I thought everything was sunshine and roses. Gladie wanted me to come to California and she understood I wouldn't be able to work as a musician here for six months—it takes that long to be transferred in the musicians' union. I put in for a transfer in April so I could come out.

"I was agreeable when Gladys suggested that we live in separate apartments until Margaret could get adjusted to having a man around the house.

"Gladie has kept two different apartments in Beverly Hills for a long time. I occupied one of them and she the other with Margaret. Gladie's sister, Mrs. Jean Harris, also lived with them. I thought after awhile, if things didn't work out, Margaret could go to live in the big apartment with her aunt.

"I arrived in Beverly Hills on the evening of Tuesday, May 17—but I didn't see much of Gladie until the following Tuesday. I went over to her and Margaret's apartment for meals and began teaching Margaret how to play the piano.

"On Tuesday afternoon I asked my wife not to make plans for that night, because I thought it was about time we had an evening alone together.

"We went out to the Cocoanut Grove at the Ambassador Hotel and had a wonderful evening together. We went to Sherry's on the Sunset Strip later and I was so happy when I took Gladie home.

"The next morning on my way to her apartment, a half-block away I met her sister, Marissa Bogue—who acted as if she were very upset. She told me Gladie was upset, too, and that instead of going to the apartment she wanted me to go to the office of Gladie's business manager, Al Blum.

"I couldn't understand what it was all



Margaret O'Brien and her mother set forth from their home in Beverly Hills for a day's work.

about, but went to Blum's office. He coldly told me that Mrs. O'Brien wanted to have our marriage annulled and offered me $3000 to agree to it.

"I was shocked and completely broken up. I implored Blum to tell my wife to think it over for another day—I was sure she'd then see things differently.

"I tried calling her on the phone the following day. She wouldn't answer. I tried again on Friday. No luck. On Saturday morning she came to the phone and I asked her to see me that night. She agreed and we went to Sherry's about six o'clock that evening.

"We had a few drinks and it was just like a guy taking his gal out. I didn't argue with her about anything. I didn't want to upset her. I thought if we could see each other a few more times and have some laughs together, she'd change her mind.

"She has a great habit of blurting things out without weighing her words—and the next minute changing her mind. So I thought she'd react the same way again.

"I didn't call her Sunday because I thought if she wanted to see me she'd call me. I wanted her to feel that she wasn't being rushed by me into making a decision she'd regret.

"On Monday evening you called me and told me she had announced to the newspapers that she would seek an annulment. That was the first inkling I'd had that she was actually going to go through with her plans as told to me by Blum.

"Our get-together on Saturday evening apparently hadn't meant a thing to her. The idea of an annulment was preposterous. She had no grounds for such a move.

"I'm not going to give her up so easily. I still love her very much and believe if she were away from her sisters and daughter that I could make her see that she really loves me, too. I can't understand what she means in her divorce suit when she said I was cruel to her.

"I wouldn't hurt her for anything in the world. I'm going to stay in California and devote my time to trying to win her back."

Don was born in Brooklyn and his right name is Sylvio Sprigata. He is 42. Gladys is 45. This is his first marriage. He is the eldest of six children. When he was 22 he had his own band.

her heart belongs to mommie . . .

Like many mothers, Gladys plays down to her little daughter most of the time. This perhaps comes from the subconscious desire to keep the child a baby as long as possible.

In a family living normally this isn't so harmful as it can be with a child who has long been the wage-earner.

In many ways, the little actress is almost a dual personality. At home she is babied and everything is done for her. At the studio they expect her to use her own brains when she's before the cameras.

Perhaps Gladys doesn't realize it, but the child has a fiercely protective attitude toward her. From remarks she has made to folks around MGM, she really believes she is saving her mother from a marriage that could only bring her unhappiness.

She has a feeling that no man is good enough for her mother. It probably wouldn't matter who the fellow was. She liked Sylvio well enough when he was just a friend—but when he moved into the family circle, she looked at him with a different eye.

How this will all turn out is anybody's guess. Should Gladys get her interlocutory decree, she would have to wait a year before it became final. In that time, Don might persuade her to drop the whole thing. Stranger things have happened in Hollywood. THE END

(Margaret O'Brien's latest film is the forthcoming The Secret Garden.)

Aldens



176 ENCHANTING PAGES

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MAIL COUPON NOW

MY HEART DECEIVED ME

by Doris Day

She thought that love was all that mattered—until she learned it's friendship that really makes a marriage. Doris Day won't be fooled again!



Doris with a fellow actor on the set of her newest, *It's a Great Feeling.*

■ She was 17, a small dark girl and, I noticed, quite shy. As an editor of her high school paper she had been interviewing me, and now we had come to the end of our talk. She put away her pad and pencil, stood up and was ready to go . . . but didn't.

Instead, she leaned very close and, with troubled eyes asked, "But what I really mean, Miss Day, is how can I get to be like you and the other singers? I mean, really. I'm not as attractive and I know I lack so much. . . ."

I could almost hear my own voice asking this same question. Because I *had* asked it, and others like it, when I was 17. And when I asked it, talking to singers with orchestras and girls performing in night clubs, I didn't get a good answer. I had to learn for myself. But, I decided, now that *I* was being asked the question, I was going to answer it correctly. And I did.

"You think you're not as attractive as I am," I began. "But what would you say if I told you that there are at least 10 things about you that I would terribly like to have?"

She pulled away blushing, and her hand went touching here and there at her face in confusion. "Oh . . . you're just . . . just being nice," she said.

"All right, then," I went on. "I'll name them. I think they'll come to about 10."

And I did name them. What I said was just between the two of us as women. And as I itemized her good points, the transformation that came over her was marvelous. You could (*Continued on page 98*)



HAT BY JOHN FREDERICS. MANTELET DESIGNED BY PAULINE TRIGÈRE.

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*PLUS TAX

Beauty is my business—



AND SWEETHEART IS MY BEAUTY SOAP
say 9 out of 10 Cover Girls

We questioned the beautiful girls on the covers of America's leading magazines this year. "What beauty soap do you use?" we asked. And *9 out of 10* replied, "SweetHeart Soap."

"It's SweetHeart Care for Me Always!"

says MADELON MASON, *Lovely Cover Girl*

"For it simply *wakes up* my complexion's radiant, living beauty! My skin photographs glowing fresh and young. So I earn top modeling fees thanks to SweetHeart Care."

With such convincing proof to inspire you, promise yourself radiant, new loveliness! Like *9 out of 10* cover girls, use SweetHeart Soap!

Every day enjoy the beauty benefits of SweetHeart Care. For that creamy SweetHeart lather has a heavenly gentle Floating Lift. It's an amazing beauty action. You'll quickly see results! One week after you change from improper care, your skin looks softer . . . smoother . . . far fresher and younger.

Beauty is my business, too!



Only 7 months old, cute little Karen is already a model. And like grown-up cover girls, she has a SweetHeart complexion! Her mother, a smart New York housewife, always bathes Karen with pure, mild SweetHeart Soap.

Today get gentle SweetHeart Soap in the new, large bath size.



SWEETHEART

The Soap that AGREES with Your Skin

your letters . . .

DOUBLE LIVES

Dear Editor: Advice is sometimes pretty easy to give, but I've no doubt Hedda Hopper was sincere when she dished it out in "Myths Stars Believe About Themselves," in your July issue. However, what does she expect of stars? How can they remain themselves when they constantly play numerous other people on sound stages, read reams of publicity about their supposed personalities, are "groomed for stardom" with changes made in both their personalities and appearances? What does Miss Hopper expect of stars who have to sit in a spotlight with 99 million fans expecting them to be anything but themselves?

FORREST WALTERS,
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

Dear Editor: Hedda Hopper knows what she's talking about when she advises the stars to be themselves. We go to the movies to see those people in character, but offscreen it's comforting to think of them as fairly normal and unaffected human beings. You'd think they'd have the integrity to behave as such. So orchids to Hedda Hopper for her brave attempt to set these stars straight!

ANNE FOLKS, EVANSVILLE, INDIANA

BERGMAN'S FOLLY

Dear Editor: I have to laugh when I think of the high ideals that were supposed to be upheld by Ingrid Bergman. *Joan of Arc*, itself, seems a little sullied by Miss Bergman's escapades, if rumors are to be believed. It's coincidental, and a pity, that having played both saint and sinner in the movies, Miss Bergman seems to want to go to the same extremes in private life.

EILEEN SULLENBERGER, NEW YORK CITY

Dear Editor: I've always admired Ingrid Bergman and her acting. Despite the unpleasant publicity concerning her and director Rossellini, I don't think it's too late for Miss Bergman to come back and again be one of Hollywood's finest and best-loved actresses. Others before her have survived foolish mistakes. Surely a woman of Miss Bergman's stature should be given another chance if she wants one.

THELMA ROSS, POUGHKEEPSIE, NEW YORK

IS M. S. HUMAN?

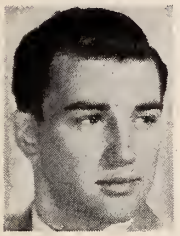
Dear Editor: Your type of magazine is one of the main things that is wrong with Hollywood. Seldom, if ever, do you see a good article. Ninety percent of the time they're cheap and trashy—"Are Parents Human?" "Is Sex Necessary?"—now really! The only good articles your magazine has are "The Picture of the Month" selections. In all probability you won't publish this letter. If not, it just illustrates further what I have said herein.

F. N. HANSEN, INGLEWOOD, CALIFORNIA

Dear Editor: I have never written a fan letter before, but I would like to tell you how much I enjoy your magazine. Movie magazines in general aren't above telling lies to attract readers; they "scoop" each other in an effort to be the first to publicize a rumor even if it is false. In my opinion, Modern Screen is different. It leads all the rest in *printing the truth.*

ARTHUR BAKER, COOPERSTOWN, NEW YORK

new faces



MICHAEL KIRBY *was born in Nova Scotia and at the age of four, doctors told his parents he should confine his sports activities to ice skating. He became so proficient at it that winning competitions was almost like child's play. Sonja Henie, whom he recently starred with in* The Countess of Monte Cristo, *says he is the best partner she's ever had. He married Nora McCarthy in 1943 and they now have two children. Michael's 6'2" tall, weighs 180 lbs., has blue eyes and dark brown hair.*



PENNY EDWARDS *made her first appearance in a B'way play when she was only 12, and after a series of hits and misses was at last discovered by a Warners dance-director. He thought her style of singing and dancing extremely original and the public wholeheartedly agreed with him when they saw* Two Guys From Texas. *Penny was born in New York on August 24, 1928. She has blue eyes, blonde hair and though she's 5'6" tall, weighs 118 lbs.*



ROSSANO BRAZZI *gave up boxing to study law, and then he gave up law to become an actor. Aside from college theatricals at the University of San Marco, he never had any inclination to act until he was given a supporting role in an Italian film. He became one of Rome's leading stars and was ordered by the Nazis to make propaganda films for them. Shortly after, Rossano disappeared. He was born on September 18, 1917, is 6' tall, weighs 180 lbs. and has blue eyes and brown hair. You've seen him recently in* Little Women.



GALE ROBBINS *came to Hollywood via a toothpaste ad. That is, the teeth were hers and they advertised a famous brand of paste. She was born May 7, 1921 in Indiana and got her schooling at Northwestern University. She joined the glee club there, and while pursuing her modeling career also sang with various dance bands. During the war Gale toured the European theater with the Bob Hope troupe. She's 5'3" tall, weighs 112 lbs., has blue eyes and honey-colored hair. Her latest is* The Barkleys of Broadway.

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So Solid and Long-Lasting
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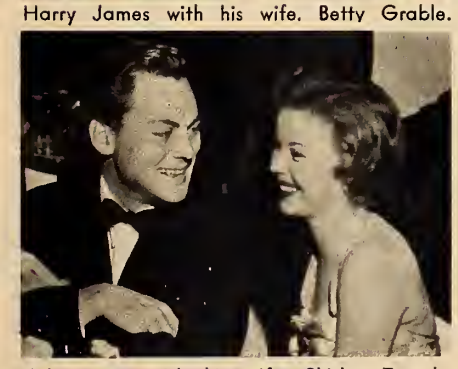
an open letter to shirley temple, betty grable and maureen o'hara



Will Price with his wife, Maureen O'Hara.



Harry James with his wife, Betty Grable.



John Agar with his wife, Shirley Temple.

Dear Ladies:

We hear that you are all on the verge of leaving your husbands. Yes, that's what we hear.

We realize, of course, that the reports are preposterous. (And they're certainly refuted by the stories concerning you, Betty and Maureen, in this issue of MODERN SCREEN, and by the one on you, Shirley, that appears next month.) But the fact that statements to the effect that you're all having domestic troubles are downright foolish hasn't stopped a number of Hollywood "reporters" from making them in recent weeks. And that situation is one we're all going to have to live with right along. For as long as the public has a legitimate interest in the lives of celebrities, there will always be gossip-mongers around who'll peddle any sort of intimate morsel—legitimate or not.

What can you do about it? What *should* you do?

Well, there's probably never been a marriage anywhere that hasn't, to some degree, been subjected to gossip. It may be a mild little report to the effect that, say, Joe Epperknoggen was secretly amused by the bonnet that his mate, Mary, wore on Easter morning. (The truth was that he told a friend that Mary had a wonderful sense of humor—and Joe just happened to be looking at the hat at the time.) Or the gossip may range in intensity up to a report, say, that Mary, weary at last of having Joe beat her up every night, has gone off with the kids to Atlantic City to think about a divorce. (The truth being that he's planning to join her there on their vacation in a couple of days.)

The sad thing is that such rumors, wild and unfounded though they may be, exert a real pressure on their victims. As the gossip goes on—and everyone knows how, especially in Hollywood, it *does* go on—a couple's trivial quibbles may tend, in the light of what they're hearing about themselves, to become enlarged into major quarrels. It takes a good lot of calm common-sense to resist this.

We hope that in your cases, Mrs. Agar, Mrs. James and Mrs. Price, your demonstrated level-headedness will prevail against the current blasts. We hope this not only for the sake of your own happiness—but in the interest of established marriages everywhere. It goes without saying that, as great stars, you set examples of incalculable power. If you allow gossip to undermine your marriages, thousands of other homes against which gossip is directed will be all the more susceptible to its attack.

If, on the other hand, you remain steadfast, it is no exaggeration for us to say that your example can be a clear and inspiring force in the preservation of what is, after all, the foundation of our society.

Audrey H. Nichols

EDITOR



It was love at first sight when Dan and Liz met. Here, in the happier days of 1947, they attend a night club.

why Dan Dailey's

MARRIAGE FAILED

by hedda hopper



Author Heddo Hopper interviews Dan.

His name in lights
was the most wondrous sight
he'd ever seen, and applause was
magic music to his ears.
But gaining this, he risked the
things that made it
all worthwhile.

As we go to press, there are reports that Dan Dailey and his wife Elizabeth, who separated recently, may yet be reconciled. The following story is a frank account of why their marriage failed—perhaps temporarily, perhaps permanently.—THE EDITORS.

■ "I guess while I was making my success I was letting my home be destroyed," said Dan Dailey.

His frank face wore a puzzled look. He shook his wavy red head as if to wonder. "I didn't think it would happen like this. I didn't believe all those stories I'd heard about other couples. But, Hedda, the truth is—*I've* paid the penalty of success. I've just been too busy to be a husband. It's all my fault that Liz has left me. It's my own selfishness, my own thoughtlessness. But I've learned my lesson. There's still hope that we can iron out our differences. If and when we do get together again, it won't be for two or three months. It will be for keeps."

I was talking to Dan soon after his home had apparently been wrecked. His pretty wife, Elizabeth, had gone home to her family, taking with her the light of Dan's life, Dan Dailey III.

"Was there another woman?" I wanted it straight.

"Oh, no!" He sounded horrified. "There's been nothing like that. I forgot her, I forgot myself. I forgot everything except the million things connected with my career that I was doing, still am doing, love doing." Again Dan looked puzzled. And then Dan sang the same old song I've heard ever since I first hit Hollywood. "Nobody who isn't in the business can ever know what demands it makes on you—inescapable demands, night-and-day demands. And if you love show business as I have all my life, you can't say 'no.' At least, I couldn't," he confessed. "That's the story—the whole story—and I still can't believe that it's happened to me!"

Frankly, I couldn't either. But I should have known better. I should have known that something would have to give sooner or later for Dan Dailey, that he'd have to pony up with the fiddler's fee. The morning we talked (*Continued on page 66*)

Dan Doiley III shows his parents his gardening technique. His proud pappy insists the two-year-old can do on expert version of "Clancy Lowered the Boom."



One of Dan's favorite haunts in Hollywood is the Club 47. (You'll find a description of this hot-jazz spot on page 48.) Here he sits in as drummer, with Doc Rondo on the sax and Noppy Lamare on guitar.





Am I CHEATING my children?

by Susan Hayward as told to Mary Bain

It's a vital question that must be faced by every mother who has a demanding career. Here is Susan Hayward's straightforward answer.

■ *"Timothy! Gregory!" called their nurse. "Come along—time to wash up for supper." And off rushed Susan Hayward's twins across the lawn.*

The promising young actress from the East who, now that she'd landed a Hollywood contract, was visiting Susan to renew their old friendship, watched the tots disappear. Then, smoothing back her play-rumpled hair, she sat down again on the terrace between Susan and Susan's husband, Jess Barker.

"Gosh," she said, "if I had a beautiful pair of children like that, I swear I think I'd give up my career and just stay home with 'em and keep house!"

Susan and Jess exchanged smiles. This sentiment was nothing new to them. So often they'd heard actresses declaim wistfully about the glories of motherhood and housekeeping and how, without batting a false eyelash, they'd give up all the satisfactions a movie career can bring, in exchange for a dutiful career of washing diapers and bustling about a hot kitchen.

"You mean," said Susan, "that it'd be so much fun and besides, you'd feel you'd sort of owe *it to them?"*

"I guess I would, sort of," said the friend. "I mean . . . Of course, I know you're a wonderful *mother, and everything—but . . . I mean . . ."*

"You think that perhaps I am, in a way, cheating my children?"

"Oh, now!" said the friend.

"Well," said Susan, "here's the way I look at it."

I think I'm a pretty normal woman (said Susan Hayward), and I think that part of the reason normal women are put on earth (*Continued on page 100*)



After the day's work (her latest movie is *House of Strangers*), Susan hears the latest home news from her four-year-old twins, Greg and Tim.



HOW PHONY CAN YOU GET!

■ When Director Henry Hathaway was looking for someone to play that spine-chilling hop-head character called Tommy Udo in *Kiss of Death,* he toyed briefly with the startling idea of getting the genuine article to play the role. He almost had one, too, but the guy couldn't remember his lines. So he got a phony article.

For, as it happened, along came one Richard Widmark to apply for the job. Trouble with *this* guy was, he seemed so much like the college professor he'd almost become in real life. But, with a hairpiece pasted on his high forehead that pulled his hairline down to within a couple of inches of his eyebrows, and using an insane, high-pitched chuckle he'd once invented while playing a minor gangster in one of his thousand-odd radio shows, Dick became the perfect, trigger-happy killer.

Thus, a new and arresting personality was on the way to stardom. And to two-level public misunderstanding.

Shortly after the release of *Kiss of Death,* radio executive Bill Smith took Dick to his first Hollywood broadcast —on the Lux Radio Theater. When the studio audience caught sight of Dick, they shouted the rafters loose, and after the program they wouldn't let him go until he'd given out with his by-now famous hysterical laugh.

As Bill and Dick struggled through the mob of fans outside, a youngster called, "Hey Widmark—you don't look like such a tough mugg!" (*Continued on page 85*)



There are two
Richard Widmarks—
both as genuine
as a three-dollar bill.
But then, there's
also another
Richard Widmark . . .

BY CARL SCHROEDER



JUDY'S ALL RIGHT!

Judy Garland faced complete collapse and professional ruin. Now, rested and happy, she's making a dramatic comeback—in the tradition of great performers.

BY GEORGE SCULLIN



Daughter Liza is greeted in Boston by Judy.

Following her dramatic breakdown while making Annie Get Your Gun *a few weeks ago, Judy Garland entered a famous Eastern hospital for a complete physical check-up and subsequent treatment. While there, Judy was interviewed for* MODERN SCREEN *by George Scullin, nationally-known writer and editor—who then gave us the following remarkable story.*—THE EDITORS.

■ I talked to Judy Garland while she was a patient at Peter Bent Brigham Hospital in Boston.

Filled with a sense of renewing vitality, smiling and sparkling, she talked candidly of the past, of her plans and hopes for the future.

The general outlines of what had happened to bring her to that hospital are well-known by now. In the midst of her strenuous work on *Annie Get Your Gun,* she suddenly folded up. After a series of battles on the set, she went out to lunch and didn't come back. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer was left with slightly more than a million dollars tied up in the lavish production. A million dollars being what it is these days, the studio slapped a suspension on the "recalcitrant" Judy, and the report went out that Betty Hutton would get the role of Annie.

Then came the discovery that Judy had not actually rebelled, though she had made sounds curiously like it. Instead, she was halfway over the brink of exhaustion, and she simply didn't have the strength to go on. After years of furiously burning her candle at both ends, the flames had finally met in the middle and *pouf!*—Judy was a small glow and a wisp of smoke.

Talking to me about it, she said: "I'll admit my actions on the set those last few days were hardly up to winning friends and influencing people. But I really wasn't myself. It was just that I was so very tired." As she said the last word, she seemed weighted with all the exhaustion in the world.

A moment later, her famous voice vibrant again, she burbled, "But look at me now! Six meals a day, sometimes eight! I slept 12 hours last night, and 10 hours the night before. Do I feel *good*!" And she looked it.

As soon as a preliminary physical check-up had revealed the grave extent of Judy's exhaustion, Carlton Alsop, her manager, mentor and general counselor, packed her off to Boston. There, at the great Peter Bent Brigham Hospital, she was examined by specialists using just about every analytical device known to medicine. Their findings: "Absolutely nothing wrong." Their (*Continued on page 79*)



PRIDE OF THE IRISH

There's a touch of old Eire in this white house on the hill—the proud and sentimental touch of Maureen O'Hara.

BY VIOLA MOORE



An exquisite hond-crocheted spreod covers the canopied tour-poster in Moureen's bedroom. Sentimentol souvenirs—o piece of her wedding coke, o sprig from her bouquet—ore preserved in smoll, antique cobinets.



Moureen mokes plons tor one of her informal supper porties on the terroce—an ideol place for them. Her husbond, Will Price, does the cooking for these events—so well that she's hoppy to cleon up after him!

In the living room, Maureen arranges some of Will's flowers—he's a fine gardener. The vivid painting over the fireplace depicts a Negro legend.



Will's brown and yellow den houses his collection of Southern literature. Out of sight is the flag he brought home from Iwo Jima, where he landed with the Marines.

■ Things weren't exactly festive that day two years ago when Maureen O'Hara and Will Price moved into their house. Though they'd fallen in love with the stately white house on the tree-shaded hill the first minute they'd seen it, now that they were moving in they were too exhausted and worried to sit down on the staircase and admire their new diggings. Their daughter, Bronwyn, was coughing croupily as Will carried her upstairs to her bedroom. They had to stay up with her most of the night, for the doctor feared she might have pneumonia.

Then, when they finally settled down wearily in their own cluttered bedroom, Maureen's sleep was shattered by a chorus of murderous screams.

In a panic she awoke Will.

"Listen!" she breathed. "Those screams! They seem to be coming from the Everett Crosby house. Do you suppose . . . ?"

Will grunted. "Oh, I forgot to tell you, honey. They keep peacocks. Peacocks scream at night. Guess we'll just have to get used to it."

Sleep now being out of the question for Maureen, she went out on her bedroom balcony and, pacing up and down in the gray light of dawn, composed the monologue she planned to deliver to the owners of the peacocks next day.

"Mr. Crosby: I defer to no one in my admiration of peacocks. What, indeed, would life be without them? (*Continued on page 87*)

why stars turn to Prayer

Through deep experience in their personal lives, many in Hollywood have found the shining power of prayer, and the spiritual peace that comes from faith.

BY LOUIS POLLOCK

Father Peyton poses with three of his friends, Irene Dunne, Rosalind Russell, and Loretta Young, before one of his broadcasts.





RELIGIOUS FAITH has been, to Bing Crosby, the greatest guiding force throughout the years of his long, phenomenal career.



FAMILY PRAYERS, started on Father Peyton's suggestion, play an important part in the lives of the Ricardo Montalbans.



THE POWER OF PRAYER, Betty Hutton and her sister Marion agree, allowed them to surmount the poverty of their childhood.



FAITHFUL DEVOTION she learned from her mother has been held responsible for Esther Williams' happiness and success in life.



EARNEST SUPPLICATION, Pat O'Brien is certain, saved the life of his young daughter in 1937. That's Mrs. O'Brien with Pat.



TRIUMPH OVER PAIN was given Barbara Stanwyck (here with Al Jolson) when she prayed after a near-paralyzing accident.

The following inspiring account of prayer in the lives of Hollywood personalities is the first in a series. From time to time in future issues, MODERN SCREEN *will present further religious experiences of individual stars.*—THE EDITORS.

■ Two years ago a group of Hollywood stars attended a dinner party at Loretta Young's home. Father Patrick Peyton, who was then starting his Family Theatre radio program to bring his message of the power of prayer to the whole country, was also a guest.

After dinner, Father Peyton was talking to Ricardo Montalban and Ricardo's wife, Georgiana—who is Loretta's youngest sister. The priest mentioned the fact that in his home in Ireland, the family never missed a day without gathering to say the Rosary.

Ricardo turned to Georgiana. "I think that's a wonderful idea for us," he said. "Why don't we and the children do the same?"

She agreed enthusiastically.

Recently, Father Peyton ran into Ricardo again, at a gathering called to discuss the future of the radio program. The priest wondered if Ricardo and his family had managed to keep their good resolution, and asked him about it.

"Padre," replied Ricardo earnestly, "we haven't missed a day. We've vowed to keep it up the rest of our lives."

Father Peyton was pleased, but not surprised. He had already come to learn, as have the pastors of every denomination represented in Hollywood, that most of the stars actually *live* their religion—within it, and by it. And, very often, that which is referred to by outsiders as "luck" or "breaks" in their careers, is known by them to be the product of their prayers.

It would be difficult to think of any star, from the longest-established to the very newest names, and not come up with a living, working illustration of this.

Doctors have told Barbara Stanwyck, for instance, that she is lucky that her career wasn't cut short some 10 years ago when she fell from a horse and injured her back. But Barbara has her own view of the matter.

She was making *The Great Man's Lady*, when the mishap occurred. Not only was she thrown but the horse trampled on her. She was told to lie motionless and a doctor was summoned. After a preliminary examination, he told her that it would be beyond her power to get to her feet. An ambulance was sent for—but when it came Barbara had pulled herself up and was walking about!

As she had lain there, a yearning to pray had come to her. Then followed a feeling that she could get up. The pain was great. She almost fainted. But she persisted. And soon she was asking that (*Continued on page 95*)





Ray's guns are kept in his den alang with the mounted heads af animals he's bagged. Reba and Bannie were *really* impressed with the genuine sada fauntain.



Perched an the rail fence surraunding the ranch, Dale explains its set-up. Seven Palaminas, 11 haund-dags, cattle, pigs and chickens make up the livestack. The hens lay sa many eggs, Dale is getting desperate far new ways to caok them.

They gave us boots and
saddles and put us on a horse.
"What now?" we shouted to the Roy Rogers'.
Well, they took us for a ride . . .

BY REBA AND BONNIE CHURCHILL

westward, Ho-hoa!





Pal (Dale's horse) is patient, but Reba is slightly hysterical as Roy helps her into the saddle. Above: Roy, on Trigger, shows 'em how a cowboy rides.

■ We'd never been on a horse in our lives. There are worse places not to have been, but even so, we shouldn't have mentioned it to Roy Rogers and Dale Evans. They gasped, "What! Never?"

"Well, hardly ever," we quavered.

"We'll have to see about that," said Roy.

"No, no, don't," we pleaded. But it wasn't any use. "Come over to our place Sunday," said Dale. "We'll show you how to live."

We could have told her we already knew; we could have made at least 10 excuses—like, our lumbago isn't good for horses—but we didn't. We were cowards. We were also under strict orders from the editors of MODERN SCREEN. (We—Reba and Bonnie Churchill—are their roving reporters.) "When someone lays a story idea at your feet," these editors tell us, "pick it up—or else!"

A few minutes later we were standing in the center of Republic's wardrobe department being outfitted with levis and boots, checked shirts and felt pork-pies and fancy leather belts. We tried them on and looked in a full-length mirror and really, we couldn't say no.

Sunday morning we hopped into our borrowed duds, saddled our four-door sedan and headed for the Rogers' ranch. The highway stretched out before us like a gray satin ribbon; orange groves reflected the sunlight in brilliant patches; in the distance, hills stood out sharply against the sky. Did we appreciate the view? We did not. All we could do was wonder how it must feel to be kicked in the head by a bronco.

For a few giddy moments we wanted to die, but that would have been ungrateful. Besides, it was too late, for now the white rail fences that surround the Rogers' ranch came into view. Cattle were grazing peacefully beyond them, and fields of green alfalfa stirred in the breeze.

We turned off at a little white bridge and were immediately surrounded by 11 leaping, barking dogs who led us the rest of the way to the ranch. There we were greeted by Roy, Dale and a six-month-old Alaskan Husky pup named Spur. Spur took a liking to us; he almost chewed off our boots.

"I'm trying to get him used to ranch life," said Roy. "He's afraid of horses."

"Maybe," we laughed feebly, "we ought to start neighing."

Spur sure did like us. He (*Continued on page 45*)



The Churchills help Roy fill Trigger's saddlebags with the cartons of food Dale's prepared. They've already chosen the site of their picnic—a huge turnip field with a shady oak tree in the center.



Trigger and Pal are led out of the corral all spruced up for the picnic. The horses have identical $1,500 silver saddles, and Trigger has a deluxe $5,000 one which he wears for parades and rodeos.



The girls wouldn't go it alone, but it didn't take much coaxing to get them on Trigger with Roy along. Later, all three rode him back to the ranch. Trigger—who's 16—is looking forward to retiring.



The quartet settles down to a fine feast of roast beef and baked ham sandwiches, potato salad, juicy tomatoes and dessert—apple cobbler and ice-cold lemonade. Who said Western life was rugged?



Roy stretched himself out under the oak for a quick snooze. "Looks too comfy," whispered Dale. Bonnie, who agreed, tickles him under the nose with a sprig of grass. Roy pretends he's fast asleep.



The tickling finally gets Roy's goat; he chases Reba and Bonnie and, with a neat toss of his trusty lariat, easily snares them. It plumb doesn't pay to trifle with Roy Rogers, King of the Cowboys.

Tied up steer fashion, Bonnie collapsed to the ground for a little taste of her own medicine. Roy tickles her with a turnip leaf.

(*Continued from page 43*) followed us into the house, and while Dale went to collect the picnic lunch he followed us into the den. In a few minutes, though, our novelty wore off and he went away.

The den's furnished in real cowboy style with animal skins and heads dotting the walls. (Roy showed us the guns that shot 'em.) But you don't have to be a cowboy to enjoy the television set, the movie projector and the pool table—or the soda fountain. The soda fountain and a deep-freeze unit stand together in a pine-panelled alcove.

"Have a coke," suggested Roy, pointing to the freeze.

Delightedly we reached in—and pulled out a frozen possum! Roy was nearly convulsed with laughter. We looked about wildly for the door, but just then Dale appeared. One glance at our stricken faces told her all.

"Why, Pa," she said gaily, "we'll have to put you in the doghouse again."

The doghouse seemed pretty (*Continued on page 102*)



Bonnie pushes as Reba tugs off her boots. Then Reba tugged for Bonnie. "This is the life," they cried, limping to their car. "That is—if you can live through it!"

I'm still wild about HARRY

by Betty Grable

Seems only yesterday that Betty Grable became Mrs. Harry James . . . although the calendar says six years have passed since that wonderful day. But happiness gives wings to time.

Betty Grable helps Vicki, who's five, and Jessica, two, brush up on their dancing at home. Actually, Vicki is much more interested in watching Westerns on the James' television set.



■ As a rule, I can act pretty calm-and-collected, no matter how I feel. But that July weekend in 1943 I was up to my ears in butterflies, and didn't care who knew it. You see, I was about to be married to Harry James.

Thursday I bought my wedding dress—blue, for that's Harry's favorite color. Saturday, I shopped for gloves and a hat to match, and couldn't find either. So I had a blue-feather gardenia made for my hair, and figured Harry'd take me without the gloves. (I could have skipped the gardenia too. When the time came, I forgot to wear it!)

Sunday—July 4th—Edith Wasserman and I took the train for Las Vegas. It was through Edie that I'd started going to the Hollywood Canteen, and my first date with Harry was



when he drove me home from there one night. So Edie was my Cupid and my bridesmaid.

All the way up I kept trying to push that train, which was a little silly, because Harry's train from New York wasn't due till 2:30 in the morning. By midnight I was dressed and ready. They kept telling me to relax, but that was like so much wind in my ears. We hit the station around 1:30, and sat waiting in the car for a couple of centuries till the Streamliner pulled in—exactly one hour late.

Two things I'll never forget about that morning. One was the sight of Harry ducking out of the last car and running toward us. Suddenly he stumbled and almost went sprawling, and my heart popped right into my mouth. Luckily, he came out of it right side up. But I must confess I went on shaking for quite a while.

The other thing was our last-minute change of plan. We'd intended to be married in the little church at The Last Frontier. Everything was arranged. Then, as we drove up, what do we see but a crowd of about a hundred people—and worst of all, a man with a mike, yelling, "Step this way, please!" Honestly, it was like a circus. Harry and I looked at each other. Nobody in the car said a word—nobody had to. We just by-passed the church.

I've been in pictures long enough to understand about publicity and cooperation. And believe me, I appreciate the interest of fans who'll turn out for (*Continued on page 82*)



The Marquis: Shelley Winters and Farley Granger love its swank coziness and come here regularly far late suppers. When the evening is warm, they dine outside on the terrace under turquoise umbrellas.



The Little Gypsy: Janet Leigh and Arthur Loew like the Hungarian food, the candlelight and lilting music of this tiny restaurant an the Sunset Strip where Paul Gordos (left) and Jack Scholl serenade the guests.



Bublichki: Quique and Louis Jourdan are habitués of this small Russian restaurant whose Cantinental atmosphere reminds them so much of a favarite café in pre-war Paris. Flaming *shashlik* is served an skewers.

Hollywood's

■ Some, like Café Gala and La Rue, are elegant establishments of glitter and sophistication. Others, like the bluntly-named Barney's Beanery, are Damon Runyonesque nooks that seem transplanted straight from New York's Third Avenue. Some, like the small, boxy Club 47, are merry jazz joints ajump with jive. Others, like The Little Gypsy and Bublichki, present a facsimile of Old World atmosphere, complete with yearning string music to go with their Old World fare. But all these Hollywood restaurants have one thing in common: Romance. Each, for various reasons, has become the favorite hideout for certain of moviedom's dating twosomes.

In exclusivė pictures on these pages, MODERN SCREEN takes you along on some of their intimate outings.

Shelley Winters and Farley Granger are often to be found at a table for two in the Marquis. This swank spot couldn't be more convenient when they've been working nights—it's on Sunset Boulevard just about halfway between their respective studios, U-I and Goldwyn. On such evenings, they don't bother to dress up, and get there before the lamé-and-black-tie set starts sweeping in. But when Shelley and Farley have been indulging their regular habit of catching plays at the Little Theaters around town, they're decked out in formal finery, too. Then they linger long, talking over the play they've just seen . . . "often linger so long," says Shelley, "that closing time and dessert arrive together."

When Janet Leigh and Arthur Loew set forth for an evening on the town, they generally begin with dinner at The Little Gypsy. Modified Hungarian is the motif of this tiny Sunset Strip café. First thing you notice when you come in is the fire-engine red bar, with the bartender doubling (*Continued on page 50*)

romantic hideouts

You'll find them by the beach and in the valley and on the Sunset Strip— the small, romantic places for wining and dining and falling in love . . .

Club 47: Jane Powell and her fiancé, Geary Steffan, spend many an evening here where the excellent Dixieland jazz brings in the aficionados.





Barney's Beanery: Mona Freeman and Pat Nerney ore attracted not only by the famed steaks and onion soup, but also by the vast knowledge of movies that Barney (center) dispenses.



Cafe Jay: Rory and Lita Calhoun had some of their first dates at this little place near Santa Monico beach—so naturally it'll always occupy a pretty special place in their hearts.



The Tallyho: Scott Brady and Ann Blyth usually leave its intimate dining-room to have after-dinner coffee in the cocktail lounge—where Harold Grahom plays songs from new shows.

(*Continued from page 48*) as disk jockey. He mixes Pink Ladies with one hand and puts on gypsy records with the other while the violinist and accordion player take time out. "The wonderful food—like Chicken Paprika—the dreamy music, the candlelight . . . It's a lovely place," says Janet.

Another little place standing modestly amid the more celebrated cabarets on the Strip is the Bublichki, a Russian restaurant beloved by Louis Jourdan and his wife, Quique. "It is almost an exact duplicate of a café called Korniloff's we used to go to in Paris," says Louis. "The food is the same—caviar, excellent soup, and *shashlik*. Quique and I are both very Americanized by now, but we still love to spend an evening in a place with a true Continental flavor."

Club 47, out on Ventura Boulevard, features some of the best Dixieland jazz to be heard anywhere. Jane Powell, who lives only eight blocks away, loves to stop off there with Geary Steffan on their way to her house. A hep pair, they get fine kicks digging the great pre-bop music put out by owners Nappy Lamare and Doc Rando—who were original members of Bob Crosby's Bobcats. Almost any night you can find big-band personalities sitting in with the regular band.

Barney's Beanery is a joint on Santa Monica Boulevard with a sawdust-floor atmosphere and good solid food. Besides being attracted by this, Mona Freeman and Pat Nerney love to go there on account of Barney's collection of old casting directories—great things for settling arguments. "The other night," says Mona, "while we were checking on Hedda Hopper in the 1925 directory, we came across a photo of Mervyn Leroy—who, it said, was available for 'city slicker' roles!"

Rory Calhoun and Lita Baron began going to the Café Jay at Santa Monica while she was singing evenings at Mocambo and they'd be spending afternoons at the beach. Jay's holds only about 20 people and the proprietor makes it his anxious personal business to see that every one of them is properly fed. Lita likes the candlelight and fine wines; Rory is enthusiastic over the steak. "From our table just inside the door," says Rory, "we get a view of everybody coming and going. Yet, if we want to, we can sink back into the shadows and be quite alone."

Favorite dating-dining spot for Scott Brady and Ann Blyth is the Tallyho, a hunter-style restaurant on Beverly Boulevard with red-coated waiters. Billy Mann, the wine steward, claims he's the only genuine wine steward in Hollywood and carries the key to the wine cellar on a silver chain to prove it. After dinner in the new intimate dining room, "The Buttery," Ann and Scott repair to the cocktail lounge for coffee by the glowing fireplace. . . .

These, then, are some of Hollywood's romantic hideouts—essential ingredients in the social life of what is, after all, the most glamorous town on earth.



Don't tell my GIRL

by Glenn Ford

Glenn Ford, the sly rascal, has been married all these years and there are still things he doesn't tell his wife. But when Ellie finds out —she'll love him just about twice as much.

■ I've never been one to do too much talking. Which is one of my traits that'll bring Ellie most of her gray hairs when and if she gets them. So, by not being loquacious, I've managed to store up a lot of—shall we say?—"surprises" to hand her someday.

For instance, she's eventually going to learn that she hasn't thrown away as many things as she believes. Not things of mine, understand. She's resigned to my mania for collecting all kinds of souvenirs. She gives house-room to such mementoes as a rock I picked up off a rock-pile at a state penitentiary in the Middle West during a visit. (Strictly a *voluntary* visit!) And she's patient about the aquarium of tropical fish I brought back from Cuba a few years ago. She's never said a word about the wagon wheel I proudly brought home from the desert one day.

But she has a passion for throwing away things of her own. I've never objected much to that. But guess what she tried (*Continued on page 89*)



ONE-MAN MARSHALL PLAN

Hollywood was disturbed when Bill Holden's Brenda went back to the screen. But Bill wasn't—he knew how beautifully the new plan would work.

BY IDA ZEITLIN

■ When it was announced that Brenda Marshall had signed to play opposite Alan Ladd in *Whispering Smith,* Hollywood was agitated. "Is Brenda discontented with being a plain wife and mother? Is Bill sore? How now, Holdens? Quarrels? *Separation?* DIVORCE?"

You see, Hollywood had had the Bill Holdens neatly catalogued. "They know two careers in a family won't mix. How sensible Brenda was when she gave up her career for good."

But Brenda and Bill, patiently denying all the rumors, remained unagitated. They also remained a happy couple—as they obviously were when I dropped in the other night to see them in the charming den of their new valley home.

"If you ask me if I'd rather have my wife at home or at the studio," said Bill, "there's only one sensible answer: At home, of course. Smelling of Chanel Number Five, and ready to enjoy a cocktail with me. On the other hand, I know how she feels, not acting. I had that same feeling myself during the war."

"But I don't *always* feel that way," said Brenda. "Often there's nothing I'd rather do than stay home and wash windows."

As you can see, it's no simple black-and-white picture. It's the story of two young individualists who, through the flux of eight years, have adjusted themselves to their changing lives and times, to marriage, to work, to children and one another.

The story goes back to the days of their courtship. Brenda, fresh from the New York stage, had been signed by Warner Brothers. Bill had come from the Pasadena Playhouse to *Golden Boy* and a Paramount contract. Both ate, drank and argued acting, both were bent on careers, both were wrapped up in the Hollywood dream. Differing in trifles, united by fundamentals, they fell in love and the future lay bright ahead of them. It included marriage, hard work and no more children for at least two years. They were young, they had Deedee by Brenda's former marriage, and brothers and sisters for Deedee could wait till their prospective parents got more than a toehold on the golden ladder.

Two things changed their minds: (1) separation and (2) terrible parts for Brenda.

At first it was kind of a tragi-comedy. They were married on a Sunday in July, 1941, went back to work on Monday, and parted on Wednesday, when Brenda took off for location in Canada. She was gone just over three weeks, and the day she returned, Bill left for 10 days' location in Carson City. It would have been nice to say hello and goodbye, but even that wistful hope proved a mirage, since she didn't get in till eight hours after he'd gone.

Well, what's 10 days? Merely an eternity to honeymooners. But they passed, and Bill reappeared, rubbing his right (*Continued on page 77*)



Bill handles the dialogue while West, Scott, Deedee and Brenda give rapt attention at one of the Haldens' nightly bedtime story sessions. Bill has just completed *Sunset Boulevard* for Paramount.



Bill, who is the culinary genius of the Holden family, gets to work on a late snack. He's also the chef every Thursday evening the cook's night out. Brenda—admittedly—is no Fanny Farmer.

LET'S NOT TALK ABOUT LOVE

Betsy Drake's career is looking very forward, but Betsy herself is staying very shy— especially if asked about her heart and Cary Grant.

BY MARY MC SKIMMING



Betsy Drake welcomes Cary Grant home after a 40-day voyage from Europe—where he'd been making *I Was a Male War Bride.*



Betsy confers with producer George Jessel between scenes of *Dancing in the Dark*. In order to do the leading role, the hard-working Miss Drake had to learn to sing and dance—completely new accomplishments for her.



On the set of *Dancing in the Dark*, co-star Mark Stevens and his stand-in Fred Fisher had a fine time ribbing Betsy about her romance, but she could take it.

■ The morning of the day Cary Grant was to get back from Europe, Betsy Drake's short mop of honey-colored ringlets was dress-rehearsed for the role she was about to begin in *Dancing in the Dark*.

She gazed in the studio beauty-parlor mirror at the sleek creation of upswirling waves and precise curls.

"Is that *me?*" she said. "Gosh, I—I hardly recognize myself."

"Guess not," said Irene Brooks, 20th Century-Fox's hair stylist, proudly. "Wouldn't know it was the same girl."

Lucky Betsy! Her best beau coming to town and here she had a beautiful new hair-do. So what did she do? She dashed right home and washed it out.

That's Betsy.

As she lathered away the glamor, Betsy grinned down at Suzy, her gray French poodle. "You heard what she said, Suzy. 'Wouldn't know it was the same girl.' We might get down to the pier and have *him* not know us. Besides, he finds enough to tease us about without us throwing in a la-de-dah hair-do."

That's Betsy.

But when the boat docked, it actually was Betsy who didn't recognize Cary. Searching the line of passengers at the rail, she did spot one tall figure who seemed to be wearing a familiar Grant suit. But he was much thinner than Cary—and was, besides, a sort of chocolate brown.

It was Suzy who really spied Cary first. She began wiggling joyfully and trying to jump up the boat's side to greet him. The thin, chocolate-brown guy *was* Cary. A violently deep tan, acquired in the long, lazy voyage from Lisbon, almost disguised the famous Grant features. As a rest cure following the seige of illness he'd suffered abroad, Cary had come home on a slow Dutch ship that took 40 days for the crossing. . . .

Betsy's the first to admit that Lady Luck tossed her a bouquet of roses when, aboard another ship, Cary asked Merle Oberon to introduce them—an introduction that, as everyone knows, was to lead to Betsy's starring with Cary in her first film. But strangely, the lucky break almost proved a boomerang. *Every Girl Should Be Married* was a hit, Betsy was a hit, and Cary and Dore Schary beamed with pride. Romance, though, is a much spicier topic than hard work, so Hollywood placed more and more emphasis on the influence of Cary's personal interest in Betsy. The boys and girls of the flaming typewriters by-passed the fact that Betsy had earned a right to her role by years of work and study, with a successful stage run to her credit, too. They skimmed lightly over the knowledge that, though a newcomer to pictures, Betsy had turned in a performance that would have won lavish praise for an established cinema queen.

Never one to shirk a bout with reality, Betsy faced the issue squarely: She hadn't really proved a thing. There was only one answer. Betsy reasoned: "I've got to do something clearly on my *own*."

(*Continued on page 97*)

TEEN-AGE MARRIAGES THAT FAILED

star	born	spouse	married	age
Joan Bennett	1910	John Fox	1927	17
Cyd Charisse	1922	Nico Charisse	1939	17
Doris Day	1924	Al Jorden	1940	16
Deanna Durbin	1923	Vaughn Paul	1941	18
Vera-Ellen	1925	Robert Hightower	1942	17
Judy Garland	1923	David Rose	1941	18
Ava Gardner	1923	Mickey Rooney	1942	19
Paulette Goddard	1911	Edward James	1927	16
Rita Hayworth	1918	Ed Judson	1936	17
Hedy Lamarr	1915	Fritz Mandl	1932	17
Barbara Lawrence	1930	John Fontaine	1947	17
Janet Leigh	1927	Stanley Reames	1945	18
Lana Turner	1921	Artie Shaw	1940	19
Loretta Young	1913	Grant Withers	1930	17

NON-TEEN-AGE MARRIAGES THAT SUCCEEDED

star	born	spouse	married	age
Lucille Ball	1911	Desi Arnaz	1940	29
Claudette Colbert	1905	Joel Pressman	1935	30
Linda Darnell	1921	Pev Marley	1943	22
Irene Dunne	1904	Francis Griffin	1927	23
Alice Faye	1912	Phil Harris	1941	29
Betty Field	1919	Elmer Rice	1942	23
Ruth Hussey	1915	Bob Longnecker	1942	27
Dorothy Lamour	1914	William Howard	1943	29
Jeanette MacDonald	1907	Gene Raymond	1937	30
Maureen O'Sullivan	1911	John Farrow	1936	25
Rosalind Russell	1912	Fred Brisson	1941	29
Eleanor Powell	1913	Glenn Ford	1943	30
Barbara Stanwyck	1907	Robert Taylor	1939	32
Teresa Wright	1919	Niven Busch	1942	23

are oldn



Deanna Durbin wed Vaughn Paul when she was 18. After their divorce she said, "If I'd known more . . . I might not have married the first man I ever dated alone."

Do teen-age marriages lead to happiness? Or are they the shortest road to despair? Here are the facts about young Hollywood girls who couldn't wait to be wed.

BY TED WILSON

against teen-age brides?



Rita Hayworth was 17 and still obscure when she was wed to 40-year-old Ed Judson. "He married me as an investment," she later cried.



Bing Crosby's marriage to Dixie Lee was one teen-age romance that lasted. On the verge of separation a year after the wedding, they reconciled.



Barbara Lawrence eloped with John Fontaine against her mother's wishes, was divorced less than a year after.

■ "Bing Crosby is a fine boy as a friend—but married, he and I cannot be happy!"

Dixie Lee (Mrs. Groaner) said that. Not yesterday, or last week, but back in March, 1931, when for one full week she and Bing were separated. "We have been married about six months," she continued, explaining to reporters, "but we have already found out that we are not suited to each other."

How about that? Today the Bing Crosbys are pointed to as one of Hollywood's finer examples of sane, happy, married folk. But at the time Dixie made her statement, she was ready to throw in the sponge. She was 18 when she wed the obstreperous, happy, playboy Crosby, and not yet 19 when she decided, briefly, to call it quits.

So they went back together after a lalapalooza of an argument. And only recently Dixie said, "That was the brightest thing little Wilma Wyatt (her real name) ever did!"

No such hearty endorsement of the wisdom of a teen-age wife can be uttered in connection with most adolescent movie marriages. The records of Hollywood divorce prove that these early marriages frequently result in more than mere temporary disillusionment. There for all to see is the fact that these divorces often are initial symptoms of tragedy to come—nervous breakdowns, prolonged ill health, search for escape in use of narcotics. Sometimes—yes, sometimes even death!

A sensational charge, that—but consider the case of Carole Landis. It is more than idle opinion that events leading up to her suicide began their inexorable march on January 14, 1934, when the doomed actress married at the age of 15. Five weeks later, while still in high school, she sought a divorce.

Always a "good egg," and one of the most delightful girls who ever rose to stardom, Carole was from the beginning haunted by one yearning—the desire for happy marriage. And by one great fear—that she would never find happiness. Three times, thereafter, her heart ruled her head. Between July of 1940 and December of 1945, she (*Continued on page* 103)

Picture of the Month

RED, HOT AND BLUE

In a wild and delightful musical farce, Betty Hutton is given an ample opportunity to display her great and special talents.

■ The genius of Betty Hutton comes to full flower in Paramount's *Red, Hot and Blue*, the best picture that matchless performer has ever made.

Without Betty, the film would still be a bright musical, with funny situations and dialogue and exceptionally clever songs. With Betty, it becomes one of the big treats of the year. Never idle a moment, she plays a light-headed but aspiring actress whose commercial ambitions ("I don't want to be Bernhardt, I just want to be me, with money!") are a constant grief to her true-love (Victor Mature), the starving director of an arty little-theater group with which, incongruously, her lot is cast. The plot is centered on her kidnapping by thugs after she happens to be the only witness at a murder. Head thug is played by Frank Loesser—who wrote the movie's music and lyrics. (He's the man to whom the nation is indebted for "Baby, It's Cold Outside" in *Neptune's Daughter*.) If Loesser ever wants to leave song-writing—Heaven forbid!—he obviously can have a brilliant career as a comedian.

On these pages, MODERN SCREEN tells the story of *Red, Hot and Blue* in pictures.

Betty Hutton and Victor Mature find their ideals clashing but their affections meshing throughout a riotous, off-and-on romance.





1. As *Red, Hot and Blue* begins, Eleanor (Betty Hutton) is kidnapped by a gangster (Frank Loesser) who insists she knows who murdered his chief. "I'm only a girl from Ohio," she moans.



2. She tells her story. In a flashback, we see her with Danny (Vic Mature), director of the little theater group she's with. They battle—he's all for Art, while she's for making money.



3. Having breakfast with a roommate (June Havoc), she encounters her press agent, Charlie Baxter (William Demarest), who wants her to be "Yum-Yum Collier" in a cereal ad. Danny is furious.



4. Danny smashes the poster, threatens Baxter. Undiscouraged, Baxter arranges a date for Eleanor with Mr. Creek (Raymond Walburn), an eccentric millionaire, for purposes of publicity.



5. When Eleanor finally gets him to take her to dinner instead of listening to his ballclub play, Creek's wife appears in the restaurant, douses Eleanor. Subdued, she makes up with Danny.



6. He tells her a producer wants the group to do Shakespeare in summer stock, later on Broadway. She's all for Art, now—but then Baxter shows her her name in a gossip column. (*Continued.*)

"RED, HOT AND BLUE" IS A BLEND OF CLEVER MUSIC, DEFTLY COMIC DIALOGUE AND ALL-OUT SLAPSTICK.



7. She's delighted and, hearing there's an opening in a musical, makes Danny take her at once to the theater—where, in the alley, the manager auditions her. His verdict: "You stink."



8. Deflated, she goes with Danny to show the Shakespearean producer the group's stuff. After straight *Hamlet*, she suggests they do their burlesque of it. The producer likes this better.



9. Afterward, Danny proposes to Eleanor and she accepts. But then he tells her she can't be in the Shakespeare play—the producer wants a big name. Upset, she breaks the engagement.



10. Baxter has introduced her to racketeer Bunny Harris (William Tallman) who, posing as a producer, lures her to his apartment to "read a script." Someone kills him from the hall.



11. Police grill her but let her go—her innocence is clear. But when she returns home, Bunny's henchmen kidnap her. Before she goes, though, she manages to leave a message in lipstick.



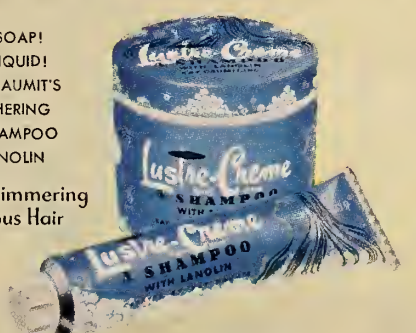
12. Danny finds the warehouse where she's being held, gains entrance as a piano-tuner. He and Eleanor then defeat the gang in one of the most satisfactorily slapstick brawls ever filmed.



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the fans

MODERN SCREEN FAN CLUB ASSOCIATION

News: We're just getting under way with a bright, new MSFCA contest with lots of swell prizes to be awarded each month and fun for all. So in order to get things into working order at the very beginning, we've decided to change the quotas of our membership leagues. We think our new system will provide for a more equal division of clubs and will be much fairer to the smaller clubs. Henceforth, League 1 will consist of those clubs having 300 or more members. League 2—clubs with a total membership of between 101-299. And League 3 clubs will have a total membership of between 10 and 100. This new system will provide more competition in League 1 where it is really needed and less competition in League 3 where our greatest membership is. This is a wonderful opportunity for new clubs to get into the swing of things, and a swell chance for older clubs to show their worth. We think you'll like our new scheme and we'll be awfully glad to hear from you about it.

Prizes: We'll still have some of those lovely **Elgin-American** compacts for some of you lucky correspondents, if you hurry and send us some interesting news about your club. They're all finished in jeweler's bronze and just about the handsomest compact we've seen in many moons. For club editors we have a prize we're sure you'll be mad about. They're little foto stamps, wonderful for your journals or stationery, and we'll be awarding them in blocks of 500 to winning editors. The **American Foto Stamp Company** is making them for us and we'll have them of any star you want. Winners in our This Is My Best contest have written us rave letters about the **Enger-Kress** wallets they've received. In all the colors of the rainbow, they're specially designed to hold your favorite snaps as well as folding money. Luscious is the only word that aptly describes our **Revlon's King's Ransom** lipstick set. Seven shades of creamy lipstick with a gold holder and all in a black-velvet case.

10th Semi-annual TROPHY CUP CONTEST
1st Lap

This Is My Best: (100 points) "A Pome," Ruth Kellman, Arthur Kennedy journal. "My Favorite Memories," Shirley Baxter, Jack Berch Journal. "Bop Crazy," Lee Garber, Alan Ladd Journal (Kee). "Perry and the Pigtails," Marie Quick, Perry Como Journal (Staley). "Poem" Gloria Veripapa, Art Lund Journal (Sherman). "Can It Be True?" Joanne Okermeyer, Joan Caulfield Journal. **Best Journals:** (500 points) League 1. Contino-Peck-Melari Journal (Diefenbach). League 2. (tied) Jack Berch Journal. June Allyson Journal. League 3. Dave Willock Journal. **Best Editors:** (250 points) League 1. Ruth Schweitzer, Allan Jones Journal. League 2. Dorothy Fenger, Shirley Temple Journal. League 3. Janet Miller, Alan Ladd Journal. **Best Artist:** (150 points) Gene Jankus, Joan Crawford Journal. **Best Covers:** (250 points) League 1. Bariton-y Journal. League 2. Arthur Kennedy Journal. League 3. (tied) Peggy Lee Journal. Anthony Quinn Journal. **Best Correspondents:** (100 points) League 1. Dorothy Crouse, Gene Autry Club. League 2. Mary Jane Grootenboer, Nina Foch Club. League 3. Vivian Hewitt, Richard Walsh Club. **Most Worthwhile Activities:** (250 points) League 1. Jeanette MacDonald Club (Farrington) (donation to children's home). League 2. Dick Contino Club (Rosenthal) (contribution to Cancer Fund). League 3. Perry Como (Hoffman) (donation to T.B. society). **Membership Increases:** (100 points) League 1. Mel Torme Club. League 2. Dick Contino Club (Johnson). League 3. Gene Reynolds Club. **Candid Camera Contest:** (100 points for first prize, 50 points for others). Betty Jane Engler, Macdonald Carey Club. Frank Bellinger, Penny Edwards Club. Kay McGowan, Jean Pierre Aumont Club. Gloria Martino, Nelson Eddy Music Club. Kathy Campbell, Darryl Hickman Club. Margie Hummel, Ginger Rogers Club.

John Lund's a nice considerate guy, but he doesn't fool about being the head of the house. And Marie's the kind of girl who likes it that way.

HE'S THE BOSS

by Marie Lund

■ When John heard I was going to do this story, he cautioned me: "Remember now—no build-ups!"

"Then shall I tell them you beat me, dear?"

"Certainly. Just don't tell them I'm adorable."

Okay. He's not adorable. If anything slips in that makes you think otherwise, it's a typographical error. The man said no build-ups, and he's the boss.

Yep, he's the boss. Not that he's bossy. Life with Lund bears no resemblance to *Life with Father*. My husband is a mild-mannered, considerate man with no yen to dominate anybody or anything. But the fact remains that I usually wind up doing just what he wants me to do. He's the kind of guy who's definitely the head of the house. I'm the kind of girl who likes it that way.

Not, on the other hand, that I consider men the lords of creation. Far from it. It's just that I'm highly susceptible to suggestions from my spouse.

He's got clear-cut notions, for instance, about what I should and shouldn't wear. No flat heels. No hats. No make-up. I *like* flat heels and hats and make-up as needed. So here's what happens.

We'll be getting ready for a party. John looks at my feet. "You're not going to wear *those*, are you?" *Those* are an elegant pair of gold sandals with wedges. From the way he says it, you'd think they were boa constrictors. "Why don't you put on high heels? Your legs look so much prettier." (*Continued on page 107*)



John (soon in *My Friend Irma*) doesn't really approve of Marie's whipping up her own clothes—but he cooperates by offering suggestions. Some of them she can actually use!

Guy and Gail are firmly putting their careers before marriage at present. Guy's latest movie is *Massacre River,* Gail's is *Captain China.*

wife in fame only

by Gail Russell



The couple often take to the woods to escape gossi
questions about their romance. Guy's taught her ho
to hunt (with arrows); she's taught him how to fis

People are always

calling me

Mrs. Madison,

and men hardly

ever call me at all.

But, cross my heart—

even if only one

Guy believes me—

I'm not married!



Once, driving home from a day of sailing like this, Guy and Gail were amazed to hear over the car radio, an annauncement saying: "At this very moment, Guy Madisan and Gail Russell are eloping!"

■ "They don't seem to believe me," said Guy. "You try it."

All right, I will.

Ladies and Gentlemen, Guy Madison and I are not married. And the following is the way I feel about it.

I don't particularly like *not* being married to Guy. After all, when any Gail meets a Guy, she begins to think in positive terms—not negative.

When I met Guy I thought of many things—and kept them to myself. For instance, I thought of the Modern Chinese furniture which Mother had given me to furnish my apartment. (Now, while I like Modern Chinese very much, it's not my favorite. I prefer Early American. But Modern Chinese was the decorating theme in Mother's home.) I thought of the sort of linens I would like (blue—and my mother has just sent me a set including sheets, pillow slips and towels, all in blue and monogrammed with my initials in peach), the silver, the sort of home I would like and its arrangement. I thought of all these things, which shows what effect he had on me. Don't all girls have such thoughts when they meet someone they like? Or even imagine they could like?

After I got to know Guy better I found he had certain plans, too. And since they concerned both of us, I could let him in on a few of mine. I did. Our discussions had to do with our personal lives *and* our professional lives. It seemed to us that if we continued to like each other we ought to be able to do something about it by such-and-such a time. And we felt like two sensible people when we made this decision.

In any other place in the world—in Peoria where my mother and father went together for years before heading for the altar, in Bakersfield where Guy's parents did the same, in Pascagoula, Quebec or Sourdough, Alaska—in any other place you are permitted to make such long-range plans about so serious a thing as your future together—and to go through with them. But not in Hollywood.

We found that out on a Sunday about 18 months ago. Casually dressed (I was wearing shorts), we turned into a drive-in on our way home from Laguna Beach where we had spent the day sailing. Guy ordered hamburgers and malteds for both of us and we sat listening to a radio commentator over our car radio. Our food came. Guy started to drink his malted and I picked up my sandwich. Then—

"Exclusive!" came a voice. "At this moment Guy Madison and Gail Russell are eloping!"

Guy choked on his malted. I found myself staring at my hamburger and thinking how unlike a wedding cake it looked.

On the way home we kidded about it.

"What kind of an announcement did you send?" I asked.

"The usual," he replied gravely. "With rosebuds on it, pink cherubs and all (*Continued on page 91*)

WHY DAN DAILEY'S MARRIAGE FAILED

(Continued from page 31)

over his tragedy he was still on the merry-go-round of his sensational fame; it was still whirling giddily and he couldn't get off in spite of that jarring jolt. The night before he'd played a police benefit 40 miles away and had crawled home at two a.m.—after a full day's work on his picture, *Rise and Shine*. Next day, he was on the set again bright and early. That night he had a radio show.

In two years he's made six straight pictures and six straight hits. Last year he pitched every studio workday of the 365 and most Sundays, too, and his jobs were tough. On top of all that, I've watched this huge-hearted guy knock himself out playing four and five charity benefits a week around town, prodigal to exhaustion with his energies, time and talent.

A few weeks ago I ran into Dan hustling across the lobby at NBC. I was lined up myself to do a show with him there. "See you in Studio B," I called.

"Wait a minute!" Dan yelled, "Which show is that, Hedda?" He dug into his bulging pockets and fished out four scripts. He was on four different programs that night!

Dan Dailey's top man at 20th Century-Fox today. Businesswise, he's asked for nothing, griped about nothing, flashed no more temperament than a turtle. He's stayed grateful and glad about every part he's played. And once when I pointed out to him that Fox had $10,000,000 worth of pictures stacked ahead for him to do, Dan said eagerly, "I hope I make every one of 'em, too. If I can just keep on rolling like this, I'll be happy as a clam!"

Happy? Those words must ring hollow in Dan's generous ears by now. And yet, they may, someday, have real meaning again. That is, unless he's already lost more than his wife, unless the tide of his great Hollywood success has Dan floundering in deeper water than I think. Unless he can't take being top man at Fox and a bright-lighted box-office bonanza. Unless this domestic blue note is the opening bar of that old, old Hollywood refrain. Me, I'm just crazy enough to say I don't think so. I know I'm sticking my neck out at this point in Dan Dailey's defense, but that's an old habit of mine and I couldn't extend it for a nicer guy. I like him, you see, and well enough to sing out of tune.

And one of the main reasons I like Dan is because he's honest—even when the raps must hurt. He told me right out, "I left Liz alone. I was thinking of myself first. I wanted success above everything and I got it—but I made Liz pay." That's talking like a man, and that's the way Dan Dailey has always talked to me.

A few weeks ago, before one little straw of Dan's broke the camel's back of his home life, I asked Dan over to my house expressly to see for myself and for Modern Screen how he was taking his amazing fame. I'd heard the double-barrelled crack of shots sniping at the friendly, long-legged hoofer's success.

"Come in and sit down, Dan," I greeted him. "But don't sit by that window! A brick might come flying through. You're getting more vulnerable every minute." And I wasn't exactly kidding, either.

The bigger Dan Dailey gets, the better target he makes. Right now his family explosion makes him fair game. But this was before that happened—and he'd already sampled what he was in for if he made a false move. A newspaper gal had sniffed growing incompatibility at the Dailey's (they'd faced the problem twice before and had patched up for another chance because of their baby boy both times), "Come on, confess," pressed this lady reporter, "don't you and your wife ever fight?"

"Oh sure," quipped Dan, "I beat her one week—and she beats me the next!"

Well, that's almost a stock vaudeville gag about marriage. But it was Dan's bad luck that this babe was just waiting for a quote she could set a dynamite cap to. She wrote the item straight: Dan Dailey beats his wife—practically like that—and when Dailey saw it he couldn't believe it. A radio chatterbox grabbed the ball from there, ran up and down the field blistering his microphone about that wicked wife-beater Dailey's shame! Dan's thoughtless glib tongue so often gets him in Dutch, especially when there's the suspicion of fire behind his smoky wisecracks.

"Dan," I told him, "don't you know you're the bull's eye now? For gosh sake, when you crack wise put labels on 'em! Say 'that's a joke, son' or something to protect yourself."

But Dan Dailey's not the type to protect himself—that way. Maybe that's why I'm such a sucker for a guy who admits his faults and failings and stands ready to take the consequences, why I think he'll never phony himself up à la Hollywood, even though his big foot may slip many times again.

"Remember last fall when they were saying you were passionately in love with another man's wife, Betty Grable?" I reminded him.

I thought that'd certainly make sparks fly from Dan Dailey's red head. He just shrugged.

"Sure, I heard that," he said, "and I was sore at first. I went right in to see my boss, Darryl Zanuck, and told him what I'd heard. 'Dan, look,' he said, 'When anything's as silly as that, there's only one thing to do—forget about it.' That's what I did."

"Didn't you mention it to Betty Grable?" I asked.

"Of course," he said easily. "I called her right away. I said, 'Have you ever heard anything so utterly stupid in your life?'

" 'No,' she said, 'I haven't.'

"I asked her what she wanted to do about it. Betty said she'd like very much to tell 'em all to go to blazes, but that might not be ladylike. . . . But why bother?" Dan shrugged again. "It's true Betty Grable and I have a wonderful time together. We're the best of friends and we've hit it off right from the start. I've never known anyone as generous and considerate; there's not a shred of Hollywood hooey anywhere around her. She's a breeze to dance with, act with, sing with. I've always admired Betty Grable, but if I'm gone on anyone in that family it's Harry. I've been a fan of Harry James and his horn since before he went with Benny Goodman back in 1936. I used to drive down to the beach when his band played there, just to listen to him toot and beg him to let me sit in at the drums. But there's something else about that which everyone seems to have overlooked: I'm pretty crazy about my own wife."

That was Dan Dailey talking only a few weeks ago and it shows so many things—so many confusing things about Dan's complex make-up:

His generosity and frankness, his selfishness and thoughtlessness. His naïve uncaginess. His vagueness. His lack of understanding of his new big-star importance. His complete devotion to his job.

Now let's look at Dan Dailey's marriage and see what was wrong with it for a guy like that. Briefly, I'd say Dan Dailey married the wrong girl—and vice versa, although she's beautiful (Dan thinks she's the prettiest he's ever seen), sweet, peppy and fun.

Dan fell in love with his wife, Elizabeth the first time he saw her. He was showing his horse in a ring out in the San Fernando Valley one Sunday and a girl sitting in the stands kept pulling his eyes her way. By the time Dan won his ribbon the pretty girl was talking to someone he knew so he promoted an introduction. Turned out he knew her dad, who kep



"Four widely-scattered singles, please."

his horses at the same stable where Dan kept his.

"I asked her if she'd like to go riding some time," Dan relates. "She said 'yes'—and that was it." Elizabeth Hofert was a Pi Phi co-ed at USC at that point. She's five-feet-four, blonde and pretty. The war kept them apart for some time but the minute Dan graduated from Officers' Training School at Fort Monmouth, New Jersey, he took his shiny shavetail bars West to marry Liz.

Not long after, Dan went off to Italy and the wars. Liz sat it out alone, like any war bride, for months and months. Then one day Dan was back and she thought things would be different. Now was their chance for the fun together they'd talked about, dreamed about, wrote about in V-Mail rolls back and forth across the Atlantic. The dreams didn't come true. Dan Dailey was back and busting to make up lost time in something besides marriage—show business. Elizabeth nursed no such strange fire. Dan—well, it was bred in his bones. He says simply, "I've been at it all my life; I couldn't stop if I had to."

Dan's relatives, Dan Dailey and Lucy Dailey, were famous Broadway names. His mother was an entertainer. Dan's been through the rough-and-tumble ham-and-egging that young stage-struck performers seldom have the guts to get nowadays. He's a hoofer grad of the five-a-day circuits—burlesque, vaudeville, night clubs, marathon dances, carnivals, road shows—even summer stands in the Catskills. He's forgotten more buck-and-wing, cane-and-straw-hat off-to-Buffaloes than glamor dancers like Fred Astaire and Gene Kelly ever knew. Dan knew Gene when he was a "gyp" around Broadway, hunting any kind of job. He helped chorus boy Van Johnson land his first Broadway job.

Dan made Broadway, himself, at last in three musicals, *Babes in Arms*, *Stars in Your Eyes* and *I Married an Angel*. He was playing the last one on tour in Los Angeles when Billy Grady, MGM's talent chief, caught him at the Biltmore Theater and signed him up. He started his movie career at $225 a week. Dan's making more than $2,000 now. He didn't get that way sitting around the house.

Elizabeth was helpful and she tried to understand. There were confused and uncertain times at first when it looked as if Dan would go on playing gangster bits at MGM forever. He and Liz lived in a one-bedroom Hollywood apartment. They moved to a small Toluca Lake house only when Dan III announced he was arriving. Night they moved in, their baby arrived.

By now, the tot is almost two years old and Dan claims he's already taught him to sing "Clancy Lowered the Boom" and go into a whirlaway dance routine that has a split for a finish! It goes without saying that Dan's wild about his boy.

spoiled vacation . . .

That's what kept them together when Dan's ambition was making his wife a show-business widow. But Liz is not an actress, and doesn't want to be. She did want a husband whose life she could share. There wasn't enough of Dan's left.

There's always been a phone call or a wire or something to break up everything they've planned to do. Liz and Dan were up at Lake Arrowhead, for instance, when a mighty important one spoiled their vacation. They were up there with Dan pacing the pine needles restlessly, ducking the Hollywood people who were asking him, "What you doing, Dan?"—because he was tired of answering, "Nothing." That was when he was hanging around MGM on a war-interrupted contract with no job in sight and a half-hundred MGM stars—also back from the wars—on the list ahead of him. Liz was just settling down to getting acquainted with her husband, enjoying horseback riding and the water-skiing they both love, when Al Melnick, Dan's agent, rang and broke it up with, "How'd you like to make a picture with Betty Grable?"

"How would *you?*" cracked back Dan bitterly—and hung up. Dan figured that was no time for comedy. Only when Al called back and talked fast did he convince Dan his big break had arrived at last. The Daileys' delayed honeymoon ended right there and then. Of course, Liz couldn't have been happier for her ambitious guy—but she couldn't realize what that big-time break would do: take him away from her, every bit as much as if a seductive siren had grabbed his heart.

I've been an actress myself and I can understand Dan Dailey's dilemma—also Liz's, because I've been a wife and mother, too. I have no quarrel with Dan Dailey as a trouper. On the contrary, I have only admiration. He has humility and gratitude—which is very refreshing, believe you me, in a town crawling with Big I-Am's. The first time I ever quizzed Dan he tossed his credit sheets everywhere

pretty as a
picture!
shirley temple
on the
october
cover
of **modern screen**
on sale
sept. 9

but at himself. Dan had champed at MGM bits—when he could get those—for eight years. I expected him to be bitter as gall about that wasted time. He almost bowled me over by saying: "I learned a lot there, Hedda. I got some wonderful training and some great advice. I still drop in and see my friends, George and L. K. Sidney and Louis B. Mayer—all the gang. They were swell to me, fair and helpful, and I'm grateful."

I can't help admiring an actor who points out the incredible Hollywood fact that he got some help along the way!

Showing how wrong a Hollywood prophet can be, Lamar Trotti, who produced *Mother Wore Tights*, told Dan's agent, Al Melnick: "I like Dan in this picture all right—but I don't know what he'll find to do around here after this."

What Dan found to do after *Mother Wore Tights* was *Give My Regards to Broadway*, *You Were Meant For Me*, *When My Baby Smiles at Me*, *Chicken Every Sunday*, and *You're My Everything*—just as fast as he could. They made some important gold for 20th-Fox and they made Dan Dailey—with an Academy nomination as best actor of the year to prove it. On the heels of that great honor, Dan got a vacation, his first in three pictures. He didn't share that with his wife, Liz. He went to New York with his agent to see his family and—you guessed it—to do shows, personal appearances, and keep right on chasing that career of his. That's my indictment of Dan—the same true bill he slaps dismally on himself today: He's guilty of consistently forgetting his own partner in life.

It's mighty convenient for busy husbands—whether they're in a studio or the stock market—to take a wife for granted and, when they do have a chance to relax, grab it selfishly without a thought for who's sitting alone.

fine but wobbly . . .

"Doesn't Liz like a good time, too?" I shot at Dan.

"Why sure—she loves it," he said. "Only we never had time to have them together."

"Whose fault was that?"

"Mine," said Dan. And it surely was. His intentions, I'm sure, were the best—but wobbly.

That night when he came to my house a few weeks ago, Liz was up at Lake Arrowhead hunting a house for the summer. Dan had come back from his New York holiday expansively satisfied that his career was under control. Liz, as usual, optimistically believed she'd see her husband for a while. When she left for that mountain-cabin hunt, Dan told her, "Get a small one, no guest rooms. We don't want a lot of drop-in guests up from Hollywood. Just us." He was to go up the next week and give it a preview, family style. Instead, Dan went off again to New York.

His studio asked him to take on a bond drive tour. "Sure!" said Dan. He was gone five days, worked like a beaver and had the time of his life, without a thought in his head about Liz and their plans. When he came back, he found that was one trip too many. There comes a time. That was when Liz told him flatly and finally that she was through—and left. "I can't live like this forever," she said.

Unless Dan's fooling me pretty badly, neither money, women, nor high life have turned his Irish head. If Dan had stuck his neck out stupidly that way, I'd be the first to whack it—and as hard as I could. But the only slight splurge I ever noticed Dailey indulge in was a new Cadillac he drove up to my house one night not long after he hit it big. He caught my awe-struck look and enjoyed it.

I knew how he felt and I thought it was swell. Dan had dreamed about owning that Cadillac for years and years. I was glad he had it at last. Incidentally, that little episode is as pure a picture of one Dan Dailey as I know, a big kid with honest weaknesses and a burning desire to get the things he's never had—like Cadillacs and big-time show business fame.

But I think he prizes them too highly. And I think, too, he's paid too high a price. Dan's precious career is still ahead of him and I'm not looking for him to knock over any more hurdles. Yet he'll find it different running the race alone—the trophies will be tasteless without someone to bring them home to. I think he realizes that now. But I'm not certain that, being Dan Dailey, he could do a single thing about it—even if he tried. He blames Dan Dailey, sure, but at the same time Dan blames what he loves best. "It's the penalty of fame," he told me gloomily, "and you can't win. You can't have everything."

No, you can't—in Hollywood or anywhere else—and I'm afraid that's the lesson of life Dan Dailey's learned the hard, heartbreaking way. Something had to give. But I wonder if Dan will ever convince himself in the years to come that what is left is worth what was lost?

THE END



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Fall is closer than you think

by connie bartel, fashion editor

■ Yes, we know it's still very much summer, as far as the weather goes. But as far as fashion goes, Fall is due the day after Labor Day. Promptly.

So, although the temperature is soaring to a point where you hardly feel like thinking about fur coats, we thought we'd slide you gently into an autumn mood with the smaller gimmicks. Accessories, to begin with—belts, bags, gloves, jewelry, page 70. For what is so drab as a wilted summer bag or belt on the first crisp day in September?

In undies, page 72, we've concentrated on nylon—quick-drying, non-ironing, and sweet as daydreams in the new pastel lemons, pale limes, heavenly blues.

As for shoes, there's news of a terrific new shoe material on page 74.

Point about all these early fashions is that you can shop for them comfortably now—so you can save the heavy search for your big suit or coat later. Also, the smartest accessories always have a way of appearing (and disappearing!) the earliest. Latch on to them now.

Marilyn Maxwell looks to fall in a turnabout sweater

■ Marilyn Maxwell, who wowed you in United Artists' *Champion*, wears something really new in sweaters.

Know how hard it is to decide between a slipover and a cardigan? Here is the "Turnabout," a sweater that is both! Opposite Marilyn is shown wearing the slipover front, but turn the page and you'll see Marilyn looking entirely different in the identical sweater as a cardigan.

And don't imagine this is one of those sweaters you simply wear backward; it is designed and knitted from the start for turnabout wear, and even the collar is notched front and back. All wool, in California Rose, blue, grey, kelly, copper.

By Featherknits. About $4.95.

At Stern's, New York. Other stores page 75.

Belt by Criterion; pin by Agnew; gloves by Kislav.


modern
screen
fashions

new accessories

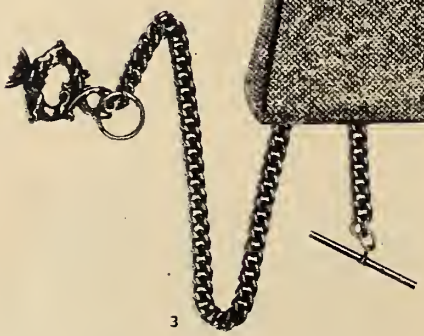
fall is closer than you think.



1



2



3



4



5



6



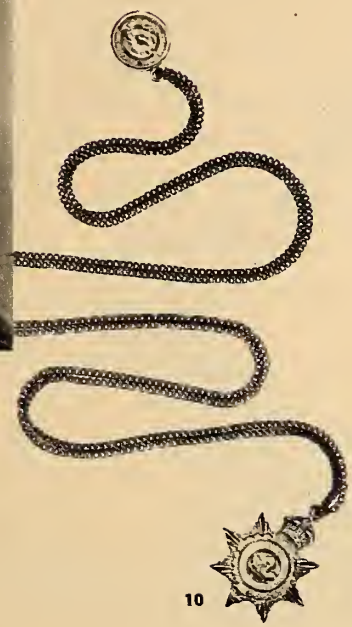
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8



9



10



11



12

Early fall accessories are beginning to steal the show in your favorite shops. Even though you may consider it much too hot to try on wool suits or dresses, you can begin to collect the belts, bags and gloves you'll want the minute Labor Day is over. As, for instance, the super tweed bag and shoes we show. Or consider the latest in necklaces—open-at-both-ends chains to knot and let dangle. Or a scarf in autumn colors; or—but you take it from there. For where to buy, see page 75.

1. New tabbed white cotton shortie glove; many fall colors. By Hansen. $2. Available Sept. 1 at Stern's, N. Y.

2. Tweed's terrific for fall accessories. Brown tweed bag meant for suit you'll be buying. By Ingber. $7.95.

3. "Portrait of Jennie" seal on a watch-fob chain, to knot at throat. Gold finished. By Agnew. $6 plus tax.

4. 36″ silk square East Indian scarf—cravanetted to keep your hair dry in the rain. A B. & G. Creation. $3.

5. Marilyn Maxwell wearing the turnabout sweater on page 69 as a cardigan. By Featherknits, $4.95.

6. Dashing tweed pump to match tweed bag shown above. Low calf college heel. About $10. By John Flautt.

7. Slim tubular leather belt with tiny flat buckle to point up your little waist. All colors. By Criterion. $2.

8. Elizabeth Taylor, next in MGM's "Conspirator," wears pert fall hat. Elizabeth Taylor hat by Cinderella, $2.95.

9. Black cotton shortie gloves, etched with white stitching. Also white, brown, chamois, beige. By Hansen. $3.50.

10. Wonderful gold-finished chain with Middlesex medal on one end, Heron medal on other. By Agnew. $6 plus tax.

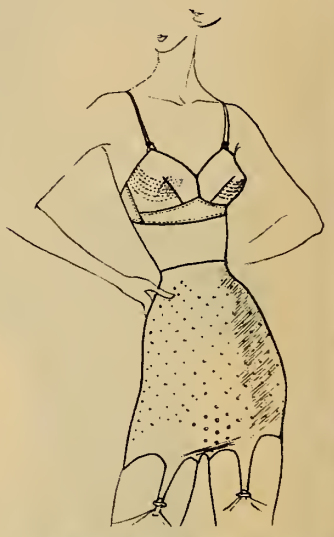
11. Black suede barrel with bright red lining, gold pin fastening. Pin is attached to suede ribbon. By Kadin. $7.95.

12. 36″ silk crepe square scarf in an adorable "house and tree" print. A B. & G. Creation. About $3.95.

new undies



1. Nylon bra with nylon embroidered net and rayon satin. By LOVABLE. $1.50. Figured nylon girdle. By YOUTHCRAFT. $5.95.



2. Firm but light nylon bra, with a divine uplift. By MAR-GRO. $1. Sculptured pantie girdle of pure latex. PLAYTEX LIVING GIRDLE. $3.95.



4. Nylon taffeta plunge bra, with elastic band. By PERMA-LIFT. $3. Nylon petticoat with wide lace flounce, beading. By JOSIE. $5.95.



5. Nylon multi-filament lace slip, sheer nylon embroidery at bodice and hem. White, green, larkspur blue. By STRUTWEAR. $6.95.

7. Photo at left: Strapless nylon deep-plunge, with sheer net half-cup. by GODDESS. $3.50. For where to buy all these undies, see page 75.



3. Nylon slip etched with nylon lace. Moulded bodice, gracefully swinging skirt. Pink, blue, nile, maize, orchid, white. By MISS SWANK. $4.98.



6. Nylon bra, adjustable front hooks to separate and support. By RENO, $3. Nylon halfslip with cocktail slit, lace, ribbon bow. By FANTASY. $3.95.

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GOWN BY HATTIE CARNEGIE

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Rings enlarged to show detail

*Trade Mark Reg.

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fall is closer than you think...



1. For a big night—
lush velvety brown platform
sandal in Norzon.
By Mary Lou. $4



2. Triple-strapped
flat in velvety black Norzon
—for tailored clothes.
By Suzies. $4

new velvety shoes

What are good little shoes made of? These good little shoes are made of Norzon . . . and that's news. Norzon looks like velvet—feels like suede—and wears like anything. Walk in it, dance in it, date in it—Norzon fights off that beat-up look . . . resists scuffing and shining. The cute styles it comes in—stay cute! For where to buy, see page 75.



3. Open wedge sandal with
square perforations.
Black, green, wine Norzon.
By Suzies. $4

4. Grecian ankle
strap sandal. Black, brown,
green, red Norzon.
Darlin's by Rex. $2.95



WHERE YOU CAN BUY MODERN SCREEN FASHIONS

(Prices on merchandise may vary throughout country)

Turnabout sweater worn by Marilyn Maxwell, color photo (page 69)
Los Angeles, Calif.—*Foreman & Clark*, 7th & Hill Sts.
New York, N. Y.—*Stern's*, 41 W. 42nd St., Fashion Basement
Philadelphia, Pa.—*Lit Brothers*, Market & 8th, Sportswear Dept., Subway Store

Accessories on pages 70-71

1. White tabbed glove
New York, N. Y.—*Stern's* (available Sept. 1)
Washington, D. C.—*Woodward & Lothrop*

2. Tweed Handbag
Write: Ingber Brothers, 347 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

3. Necklace with "Portrait of Jennie" seal
New York, N. Y.—All *Peck & Peck* shops

4. East Indian print scarf
New York, N. Y.—*Gimbel Brothers*

6. Tweed Shoe
Write: John Flautt Shoe Company, Lynn, Mass.

7. Slim tubular leather belt
New York, N. Y.—*Stern's*, 41 West 42nd St.

8. Pert felt hat worn by Elizabeth Taylor
Philadelphia, Pa.—*Gimbels*, Market & 9th

9. Black shortie glove
New York, N. Y.—*Stern's* (available Sept. 1)
Washington, D. C.—*Woodward & Lothrop*

10. Necklace with Middlesex and Heron medals
New York, N. Y.—All *Peck & Peck* shops

11. Black suede barrel handbag with red lining
New York, N. Y.—*James McCreery & Co.*, 5th & 34th

12. House-and-tree print scarf
New York, N. Y.—*Gimbels*, 33rd St.

Undies on pages 72-73

1. Embroidered nylon net bra
New York, N. Y.—Blackton, 398 Fifth Avenue and all other Blackton shops

Figured nylon girdle
New York, N. Y.—*Arnold Constable*, 5th Avenue & 40th St., Lingerie, 4th Floor

2. Nylon bra
Boston, Mass—*Gilchrist's*, 417 Washington Street, Corset Department, Basement

Playtex living pantie girdle
Boston, Mass.—*Jordan Marsh Company*, Washington Street, Notions Dept., St. Floor
New York, N. Y.—*Macy's*, Herald Square, Corset Department, 2nd Floor

3. Nylon slip with nylon lace
New Orleans, La.—*D. H. Holmes Co.*, 819 Canal St., Lingerie, 2nd Floor

4. Nylon plunge bra
Chicago, Illinois—*Mandel Brothers*, 3rd Floor

Nylon half-slip with beaded lace trim
Pittsburgh, Pa.—*Gimbel's*

5. Nylon slip with sheer embroidery trim
Minneapolis, Minnesota—*The Dayton Co.*
New York, N. Y.—*Blackton's*, 398 Fifth Ave.

6. Nylon bra with adjustable front closing
New York, N. Y.—*Blackton's*, 398 Fifth Ave.

Lace and ribbon trimmed nylon half-slip
New York, N. Y.—*Oppenheim Collins*, 33 West 34th St., Lingerie, Main Floor
Philadelphia, Pa.—*Strawbridge & Clothier*, Market & 8th Streets, Lingerie, 4th Floor

7. Strapless nylon plunge bra
New York, N. Y.—*Oppenheim Collins*, 2nd Fl.

Norzon Shoes on page 74

1. High heeled platform sandal
Columbus, Ohio—*Boston Store Co.*
Toledo, Ohio—*Kobacker Stores*, 408 Summit Street

2. Triple strapped flat
Baltimore, Maryland—*Wilmer Shoe Stores*

3. Open wedge sandal with square perforations
Baltimore, Maryland—*Wilmer Shoe Stores*

4. Ankle strap Grecian sandal
Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania—*Fowler, Dick & Walker*, 17 S. Main St., Downstairs

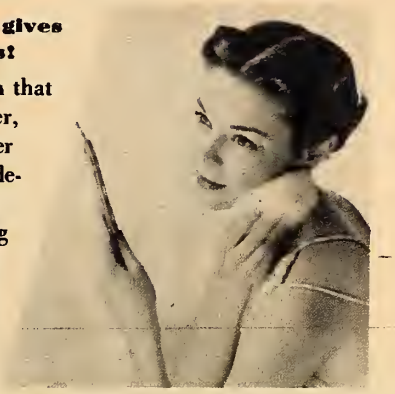
Square Dance Dress (page 76)
New York, N. Y.—*Bloomingdale's*, 59th and Lexington, Economy Dresses, 2nd Floor
Portland, Oregon—*Meier & Frank Company*, 621 Southwest Fifth Avenue, All Day Dress Dept., Fourth Floor

How to Order Modern Screen Fashions

(1) *Buy in person from stores listed.*
(2) *Order by mail from stores listed.*
(3) *Write Connie Bartel, Modern Screen, Box 125, Murray Hill Station, New York 16, N. Y.—for store in your vicinity.*

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Greaseless Powder Base . . . gives a soft, natural finish! Protects!



Here's delicate new flattery for the skin that doesn't like a *heavy* foundation! A sheer, *greaseless* powder base that holds powder beautifully—never gives a coated, "made-up" look! Before powder, smooth on a satiny, protective film of Pond's Vanishing Cream. The snowy-white cream disappears instantly. No oily shine. No streaking or discoloring! Your make-up looks fresh and natural—clings longer!



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fall is closer than you think...

whirling square dance dress





The square dance rage which swept the country this summer is slated to get even bigger and gayer this fall. Everybody's dipsy-doing it—so climb into this darling calico with the on-or-off shoulder—pick your partner, and hoe on down! In green or rose print. Sizes 10-18. By Kay Whitney. About $6.95. At Bloomingdale's, N. Y. Other stores page 75.

ONE-MAN MARSHALL PLAN

(*Continued from page 53*)

side. "Acute indigestion," he explained.

Two days later he lay flat on his back in a hospital, minus his appendix. Convalescence was pleasant, for Brenda'd finished her picture and danced attendance. Every once in a while she'd rub *her* right side. "I've got a pain here."

"Sympathetic reaction," Bill assured her. "How painful can sympathy *be?*"

In the end, she was X-rayed. "Your wife," the doctor told Bill, "has acute appendicitis."

"Quit playing games!" he roared. "We've been married two months, and I haven't *seen* this girl!"

They sent him home, changed the sheets and stuck Brenda into bed. Things had barely straightened out when Pearl Harbor Day dawned. Soon afterward they went to Washington for the President's Birthday Ball, and parted again—Brenda to New York for personal appearances, Bill back to Hollywood for another picture. He finished on April 15th. On the 17th —his birthday—he enlisted in the Army. Whatever wry humor the situation may have held now faded out. For eight months they didn't see one another.

With Bill making a private's salary, it seemed sensible for Brenda to work. And work would have helped fill the emptiness of his absence, except that they kept on handing her stinkeroos. Out of 14 parts, she hated 11. The golden future darkened to a dismal series of studio battles and suspensions against the ever-present background of personal heartache. At last she couldn't take any more, asked for her release, and flew East to Bill.

Returning to Hollywood, Brenda signed with 20th Century-Fox for *Paris After Dark*—and discovered a week later that she was pregnant. Everyone at 20th was having babies that year, so she didn't tell them until production was over. Peter Westfield—called Thumper before his birth because he kicked so hard, and Westinghouse later, because he rumbled like an icebox—made his appearance on November 17th. (At five-and-a-half, he's known as Wild West.)

from hunger . . .

Changing studios failed to change Brenda's luck. With the baby born, she reported back to 20th. They had news for her. "We'd like you to do a musical. Something for the boys."

"We-ell," said Brenda, "it's a lovely thought—only I can't sing or dance. I'm just an actress."

Another suspension, and out of a job again. Columbia offered her a contract, but she'd been twice bitten now and was contract-shy.

"If I don't take it, I'm a selfish pig," she wrote Bill. "We need the money."

"You do as you please," he wrote back. So she turned it down and when they were flat broke, made a quickie at a minor studio that she'd just as soon forget. . . .

Those were the war years. In October, 1945, Captain William Holden was discharged from the Army. In a way, the year that followed was the toughest yet. For 11 months Bill drew his salary at Paramount, and did no work. Being paid for nothing may sound like a sweet way to live. It isn't. To an actor, it's the sword of Damocles over your head. Bill's last picture had been released in 1942. The war was one thing. Sitting out your contract and watching fat parts go elsewhere was something else again. *Dear Ruth* was dear to Bill in more ways than one. It saved him from a case of desperation.

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Meantime, little Scotty had been born in May, and Brenda seemed quite content to stay at home. The separation, the fears, the loneliness had left their mark on the girl of a few years before, to whom a career had been so important. Now it was enough that she and Bill and the children were together. Producers would call, and Bill would hear her on the phone: "Interview? Thanks a lot, but I'm not interested."

This would please him mightily. Yet sometimes Bill would have qualms. Brenda'd been so crazy to act, he didn't want her frustrated. "Now that the pressure's off and I'm back on the job, why don't you get an agent and do a picture?"

"Maybe I will." And back she'd go to her housework and gardening. Bill in his wisdom had left the door wide open. She could always step out and back into her career.

That's how matters stood when the phone rang one morning. It was Bill Meiklejohn, Paramount's casting head. "Brenda," he said, "you haven't made a picture for six years. That's too long! Want to go back to work?"

"Doing what?"

"A Technicolor Western with Alan Ladd, called *Whispering Smith*."

Bill was making *The Man from Colorado* at Columbia, but she finally got him on the phone. "It's Technicolor, Bill. I think I look better in color than black-and-white. The role is a married woman in her thirties, and that's for me. Besides, with Alan Ladd, how can you lose?"

They'd been telling me the story together. Now Bill picked it up. "First thing I asked her was, 'How much money can you make?' She told me. It wasn't hay! And here's where I'd like to make one point very clear. We have three children. You've got to put money away for those kids. You also need adequate space for them. Our old house had two bedrooms. We were negotiating for a new house. In fact, we'd about decided to go ahead, but with tremors. The tremors grew less when I heard what Ardis could make." (You'll have to get used to this Ardis-Brenda routine. Her real name is Ardis, and Ardis she remains to Bill and their close friends.)

"And don't think," she cut in, "that I didn't play on those tremors. What's a new house with old furniture in it? We planned to buy nothing new till we could well afford it. Now, I told Bill, we could at least afford to *start*."

"So we started," Bill grinned. "You're sitting on a chair that wouldn't be here if Ardis hadn't worked in *Whispering Smith*."

The picture was a lovely interlude for Brenda. She and Bill would gulp their morning coffee together, and follow each other into town. If he finished first, she'd find him waiting in her dressing room. They'd follow each other home, jump into showers, have dinner on trays, then go upstairs and rehearse for the next day.

busy beaver . . .

Brenda revels in domesticity. Feels it's both her business and pleasure to keep the home fires burning. Bill's working his head off. It's a far cry from the days when he chewed his knuckles, waiting for a part to show. Now, if he sliced himself in two, there still wouldn't be enough Holdens to fill the demand. With actors crying, "No work!", Bill's made a round half-dozen pictures this year. Ordinarily, he thinks, that would be too many. But having been off the screen so long, he's catching up. More important is the mounting variety and stature of his roles. Twentieth Century-Fox borrowed him to do *Apartment for Peggy*. People say—and I mean people, not press agents—that if *The Dark Past* had been released in time, he'd have copped an Academy Award nomination. Now, having finished *Miss Grant Takes Richmond* for Columbia, he's slated for Brackett and Wilder's *Sunset Boulevard* on his home Paramount lot. And to play the lead in a Brackett and Wilder film is the gold ring on the merry-go-round.

They don't belong to the Mocambo crowd. Life revolves around home, family and profession. But it's not a narrow professionalism—"not just being an actor," says Bill, "following certain patterns set by the town. I love the whole business. I'm an officer of the Screen Actors' Guild, and Ardis is just as concerned with those problems as I. She's a very helpful girl. Pretty too. Always pretty, even first thing in the morning."

"You should see me in winter, when I'm wearing one of his T-shirts for warmth!"

"Then she's cute. Looks like she's entering a bob-sled race at Saranac."

They kid about this, but in earnest. Bill can't understand the curler-and-mudpack type, nor why a woman should let herself go, once she's got her man signed, sealed and delivered. Neither can Brenda. "Especially when he's working all day with the most attractive girls in the world."

Meantime she works with hoes and shears and Snarol, waxes and polishes.



"I wish I had their recipe—I can never get a pie to turn out light and fluffy."

"I'll be at the windows, with a bandanna round my head, looking like the devil. Along comes a sight-seeing bus. 'Here's where the William Holdens live,' yells the driver, and some tourist yells, 'Who's that there? She looks underpaid.'"

Come late afternoon, Brenda tracks the kids down, corrals them, bathes them, polishes their shoes for school next day. By the time Bill gets in, they've eaten and are busy with the television set. And a smartly-groomed wife, smelling of Chanel Number Five, is ready to enjoy a cocktail with her husband.

Except on Thursday, the help's day off. Give Brenda a house to clean, and she's in her glory. But give her an egg to boil, and she's through. Certain situations have to be faced. Some people are color-blind, and Mrs. Holden can't cook. She's tried her honest best, and she still can't cook. If the cook's left a Pyrex dish of stew that needs only to be heated, she eyes it balefully. "I *know* I'm going to burn it," she mutters—and she does.

For lunch, she feeds the kids canned soup and raw carrots. "Health food, that's what they need." Thursday's the only day she believes in health food. Thursday night they have hamburgers, cooked by Bill. His reaction to this arrangement is mixed.

"In a way, it fractures me. There I am at the studio, knowing our poor little children won't eat till Daddy gets home. In another way, it builds up my male ego."

One Thursday night he dashed home to find their radio man—come to do a job on the sound machine—bending over the broiler.

"This is terrific," said Bill. "How did *you* get roped in?"

"Mrs. Holden asked, did I know a good formula for hamburgers."

"A formula! What's it supposed to be—pablum?"

"So I said I'd fix 'em. Got kids of my own. They're crazy for hamburgers too. . . . These are well seared now. Only take another five minutes."

Brenda's voice floated down from above. "Surprise, darling! Mr. Kepler's cooking the hamburgers."

"I know! He gave me his formula."

no more hassle . . .

So she can't cook. But she sails through the dishes like a breeze. Bill settles for that.

You feel a serenity in Brenda, a sureness in Bill, a sense of love and stability between them. You feel that all problems (including hamburgers) have been settled and will continue to be.

On one essential point they're firmly agreed. Never again will Brenda be tied to a contract, which might separate them as it did before the war. "A contract," she says, "is Ulcer Alley. I've had my fill of it. Why go through that awful hassle when life's so wonderful this way?"

Bill feels no concern over any movie job she may take. "I know her too well. Through six lean years and two good ones she's proven time and again what comes first with her."

"I love acting and always will," said Brenda. "But for what you get, you've got to give something else up. How can you weigh a career, which lasts just so long against the enduring values of marriage and children? You can't."

In their still half-furnished living room hangs a lovely Paul Clemens portrait of Brenda and the children. It's the result of a vacation Bill didn't take, and is a kind of symbol of family solidarity.

Recently Bill caught a glimpse ahead of 10 days between pictures, and suddenly felt he had to get away from it all. Ten lovely lazy days at Acapulco—just he and Brenda and the sun and the sky. . . .

They started planning. Till Bill remembered the Clemens portrait they'd always wanted sometime when they could afford it. He did some fast calculating and came up with an offer. "If we skip the vacation, honey, we can have the portrait. Take your choice."

"But it's your vacation, Bill. You need the rest."

"I can rest in the backyard. I'd rather have the portrait now—before the children grow older."

The job was commissioned and done. Bill spent his holiday in the backyard, and went in every now and then to look at the painting. Count the minutes of joy he's already drawn from it, and they add up to a lot more than 10 days.

"Not to mention the years ahead," said Bill. "Ten years from now, what would Acapulco mean? Not a thing. On the other hand, Deedee'll be a young lady. Wes' voice'll be changing—even Scotty'll be in his teens. But I'll still be able to look at those cuties in the picture."

"Hey," cried Brenda, "you left one of us out! What'll Momma be doing?"

His eyes crinkled. "Waiting for Popp to come home and cook the hamburgers."

THE END

JUDY'S ALL RIGHT!

(Continued from page 37)

prescription: "Rest, rest, and more rest."

And you have my word for it that she was resting. A lot of rumors in the newspapers had her dashing down to New York for a weekend of play-going, or visiting friends at fashionable beach resorts on Cape Cod and Long Island. I can assure you that such was not the case.

"I am not rushing things," said the new Judy, who heretofore has rushed things all her life. "I remember too well what happened to me two years ago when I went to Maine for a rest, and came back too soon."

Hedda Hopper reported that tragic story in "Breakdown," in the November, 1947, MODERN SCREEN—Judy's divorce from David Rose, her marriage to director Vincente Minnelli, her gruelling work schedule that kept her going almost up to the moment of daughter Liza's birth, and her return to the grind before she had recovered her strength.

It's true that the trip to Maine did avert the dreaded breakdown—but, as events have shown, it was not enough. Soon Judy was working her legs off matching the polished perfection of Fred Astaire in *Easter Parade*. She plunged into radio, matching tunes with another perfectionist, Bing Crosby. She began work on the songs and dances of *Annie Get Your Gun*—a staggering job, as Ethel Merman of the stage version can tell you.

burning the candle . . .

That was when she began fanning the flames of her double-ended candle to make them burn brighter. Tense and high-strung, she would return from the studio unable to sleep. Sleeping pills helped at first, but after a while they took their toll on her work the next day. To counteract this, she began taking the tablets that were used by wartime air pilots who had to stay awake during long-range bombing missions. The result was that between trying to sleep and trying to stay awake, the time came when Judy could do neither at the right time.

Mr. Alsop, who was with us during the interview, added another point. Himself a veteran actor, director and producer, he could speak with authority. "The preparation for a singing, dancing and acting role such as Judy has always played," he said, "calls for three times as much work as a plain acting part. The physical energy burned in learning a dance number is unbelievable. Worse, dancing builds up a lot of muscles that interfere with singing, so these muscular tensions have to be overcome. And finally, you have the strain of sustaining the dramatic intensity of the role during the weeks it is before the cameras. . . . My wife doesn't see how she does it," he added frankly.

Since his wife is Sylvia Sidney, another widely-experienced hand at show business, the tribute to Judy's terrific vitality is of more than casual significance.

But enough analysis of water that's over the dam. Let's take a look at this new Judy.

With the full approval of Judy's doctor, the interview took place in a corner suite on the ninth floor of the Ritz-Carlton Hotel in Boston, overlooking the historical Common. Judy was wolfing her third meal of the day—codfish cakes, which are as much a part of the traditional Boston menu as baked beans. Her delightful three-year-old daughter, Liza, fresh up from her afternoon nap, sat on the floor immersed in the problem of opening a draw-string bag. Mr. Alsop was listening



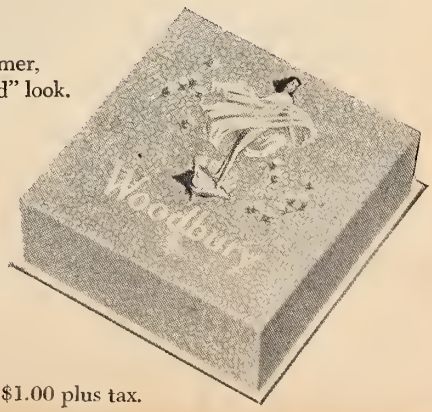
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to ticking noises in the telephone as his call to London went through.

The interview had to be quiet. Not for a long time would she be up to one of her slam-bang get-togethers with the press, with everyone firing a barrage of questions.

"They're wonderful to me out at the hospital," said Judy, tackling another cake. "I'm just another patient out there, you know. No special nurses, no special privileges. When I want my breakfast, I get it when they get to me."

I asked how she was progressing in learning how to sleep all over again.

She laughed. "They taught me, all right. They turned out the lights and told me to go to sleep. There was nothing else to do, no place to go, and so I went to sleep. It was just catnaps at first, but now I just close my eyes and I'm off for 10 and 12 hours at a stretch. No pills. It's wonderful. . . .

"This hospital really renews your faith in human nature," she went on. "I went with the nurse to the children's ward the other day. One little girl—the palest, most wistful mite you ever did see—had a chart at the foot of her bed, and upon it were the letters T. L. C. I asked what they meant, and my nurse said, 'Tender, loving care.' You see, love was as much a part of her cure as medicine, and every night the nurse cuddled the little child until she dropped off to sleep." Judy's big eyes were moist. "Imagine people caring so about others that they do all that."

part of the cure . . .

There was no doubt that Judy's time in the hospital had given her a new maturity. As a patient now instead of—as so often before—a benefit entertainer, she was seeing the hospital's whole complex function from the inside. This was no shallow stage setting, and the beds were not props filled with extras. This was life with its suffering and its healing, and Judy was absorbing it all.

"As soon as the doctors were convinced my recovery was the real thing," she continued happily, "they let me have Liza brought here from the Coast. Now I can play with her every day—and of course we have to catch her favorite shows on television. We're both great fans."

Judy's range of activity had been extended as her gratifying progress continued. Now, almost daily she was going for a drive with Mr. Alsop, often along the beach for the salt air, but more often to points of historical interest. She was coupling her pilgrimages to Plymouth Rock, Concord, and Lexington with an intensive reading program in American history, finding in this tradition-filled New England environment a feeling of strength and solidity she had missed before. Favorite spot of all was Harvard University at dusk, amongst the great elms and the ancient walls that hold a continuity of 300 years.

And what of Judy's future?

Right now she was returning to the hospital every evening, there to remain until noon the next day, sleeping, sleeping, sleeping. And some time around the first of August there would come the return to work—but never again at the old pace. Judy has been reflecting on the counsel of friends, and they've had some remarkable things to say.

"Judy Garland," says Katherine Hepburn, "has everything it takes to become a great dramatic actress. What she has done so far can't compare with what she will do in the right parts."

It was Miss Hepburn, incidentally, who so opportunely provided Judy with a house to rent when Judy separated from husband Vincente Minnelli. Strangely enough, the house was extremely close to the one she was leaving.

"They couldn't have separated at closer quarters," says Alsop enigmatically. Mr. Alsop happens to be also the manager and personal representative of husband Minnelli. Somehow, between the adjacency of Judy's and Vincente's dwellings and the coincidence of their sharing a most diplomatic manager, I gathered there was no reason to accept their separation too seriously.

Minnelli is another who has never sold Judy short, and his words of advice on the more serious phases of acting are now getting her close attention. The stage is beckoning. London wants her, either at the Palladium or in a revue. If they get her, it will not be for lack of some highly competitive bidding from the New York stage, but because Judy is anxious to see more of the world. Boston has stimulated her interest in history, and now she wants to follow through.

What kind of a role does Judy see for herself? Singing is so much a part of her, she cannot see herself working without music for a while. But how about Judy as the adult, sloe-eyed enchantress, Magnolia, in *Show Boat?* Or singing Mary Martin's role in *South Pacific?* I'm not saying Judy has her heart set on those roles. I'm pointing them out as the type of part she sees for herself in the future—parts calling for all the superb acting talent of which she is capable—and of which she shows flashes even in light roles such as she has in *In the Good Old Summertime.*

As I looked at her, so poised and relaxed and charming, it seemed incredible that this was the Judy who, nervous and more than a little irritable, had fled Hollywood a few scant weeks before, convinced that her career was in ruins. Now she knows that if she had not left when she did, she might really have ruined her career by exhausting that last slight reserve of nervous energy that is proving her salvation. Her outbursts of temperament—call them tantrums if you will—were the poppings of Nature's safety valve, and they sounded their warnings in time.

Now, refreshed by long hours of sleep that would be continued until her reservoir of energy was at flood, she had found herself again. More mature, yes, and more thoughtful—and to have gained those attributes out of her past troubles is to have redeemed far more than was lost.

There still remains the problem of the Great Suspension and the little matter of *Annie Get Your Gun.* Judy was not up to talking business, but there were some clues as to which way the wind was blowing. For instance, Metro was showing a right fatherly concern over Judy's rest, and the telephone calls she had been receiving from her bosses could hardly be called stern and disciplinary. In fact, they added up to something mighty like "Get well, Judy, and come home. All is forgiven."

And she will be coming home again—the old Judy, clear-eyed, and vital. Judy's all right!

THE END

MEET THE AUTHOR

George Scullin was born in St. Paul, Minnesota, grew up there and entered journalism in 1930. After working on a number of Middle Western newspapers and being a staff writer for several radio stations, he moved to New York in 1936. There his jobs on various well-known periodicals have included an associate editorship of Fortune and the editorship of True. His articles have appeared in an impressive list of national magazines. During the war, Scullin served as a navigator in the Air Transport Command, flying runs over the North and the South Atlantic and the Hump.

"I dress for the theater....at 8 o'clock in the morning!"





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I'M STILL WILD ABOUT HARRY

(*Continued from page 47*)

you at that hour of the night. But it wouldn't have seemed like a wedding at all. And I think even movie people have the right to be married quietly, if that's what they want, instead of signing autographs on the way in and out.

So the ceremony took place in one of the hotel rooms. Five minutes later I was phoning my mother, and all I could say was, "Mrs. Harry James talking, Mrs. Harry James talking, Mrs. Harry James talking"—like a stuck record.

* * *

And now we've just marked the sixth year of our wonderful marriage.

There was something very special about this anniversary: It was the first one we've spent together—every other time Harry's been on the road.

Being together was all the celebration we needed. We don't make a big production of anniversary gifts. Harry always loaded the house with red roses, but lots of times he has been playing some little town where he couldn't find any other kind of present. I'm not crazy about jewelry, which makes it hard for him. Not long ago he gave me a gold chain with a gold poodle on it, and I do love that. But aside from that, the only jewelry I usually wear is my wedding ring and my wrist watch. I do, however, really go for furs—and Harry came up with a blue mink this year!

He's worse than I am to buy presents for. He's got a bunch of watches, and doesn't use any. He's got six lighters and I don't know how many tie clips. I'll be beating my brains out for an idea, and all of a sudden he'll say, "I really need some new shirts." *Fine,* I think, the man needs some new shirts. Then, a week before his birthday, he'll go out and buy them. Or a week before Christmas, he'll stock up on Argyle socks. Makes me *so* mad! The ranch helps out though, as far as presents are concerned. From time to time, we'll give each other a horse.

so darn sweet . . .

Naturally, the high spots of our marriage have been Vicki and Jessica. Harry was here when Vicki was born. I was pretty uncomfortable, but I honestly think it was harder on Harry. He'd have done anything, only there was nothing he could do. Till an idea hit him. Suddenly he said: "Excuse me," and went out and came back with about 16 crossword puzzles.

I didn't know whether to laugh or cry. If he'd brought me just one! But no—a whole pack of them! I remember wondering, "How long does he think I'll be here?" But I never let on, because I could see just how his mind worked. Being desperate to get me something and knowing I loved crossword puzzles, he felt they'd please me more than flowers or perfume. It was so darn sweet that, feeble though I felt, I even tried to do one or two, to show him I appreciated the thought.

When Jessica came, he wasn't here. He'd arranged his tour to be back in time, but Jessica came about five weeks early. I'd promised him this one would be a ballplayer, and I must say I was disappointed at first. I'd been dying to tell him, "It's a boy!" But it was Mother who broke the news, anyway. She talked to him right after the baby was born, because I was in the operating room for nearly three hours. Then, as soon as I got down to my room, I talked to him. If it had been a boy, I'd have come right out with it, loud and clear and joyful. This way I said, "It's a girl, you know." Almost as if I were apologizing.

But he didn't care. "Why d'you think I had the name Jessica all picked out?" he cried.

That was Harry's choice entirely. He thought Jesse James was such a wonderful name, especially for a little girl. Well, I like Jesse with an *e* but not with an *ie.* So we call her Jess or Jessica. With no middle name. Vicki's is Elizabeth, after me and my grandmother. But Jessica James just sounded right, with nothing in the middle to break it up.

* * *

To me, loving someone makes you want to make him happy. I've always tried to fit myself into Harry's way of life, and it's been easy. Harry's a very easy person to live with. He's got a heavenly disposition. Any problems that come up, we straighten them out together. Our only problem that's ever amounted to a hill of beans is my being in the movies. Harry's never said, "Don't work"—but I know he'd be better pleased if I didn't. He's not the least bit impressed with being married to a movie star.

I can understand that. Harry's ideas about women are very old-fashioned. He doesn't care about seeing his wife in the limelight. But he's understanding, too. He knows I enjoy making pictures, so he won't ask me not to.

What really griped him at first was the Betty Grable thing. It shouldn't have, because his name is as big as mine, if not more so. But the fact remains that it made him uncomfortable. It made us both uncomfortable. I'd squirm when people would introduce me as Miss Grable in his presence. When they'd call up at home and ask for Miss Grable on the phone, I'd always tell the help to say, "Do you mean Mrs. James?"

Even at the studio, where I naturally expected to be called Grable, my chair is marked BETTY JAMES. And there's one director who always introduces me as Mrs. James. I never asked him to, he just sensed that I liked it better. Somebody'll come up and he'll say, "This is Mrs. James." It gives me a nice feeling. It's as it *should* be.

As Mrs. James, I've got a husband, two children and a house to look after. That's my job. The studio doesn't enter into our home life. Once that door closes behind me, my work's shut out as if it didn't exist. We not only don't discuss it, it's never mentioned. As I said before, Harry's not interested in my being a movie star, so why bore him with chit-chat about what happens on the set? It's not as if I helped to keep the wolf from the door. He pays the bills, like any business man who's married. I could retire right now and live very comfortably for the rest of my life. Which is just what I plan, when my dancing days are over. I have no ambition to be a dramatic actress.

No, we don't have any movie talk round the house. But music—that's another story. I love to have Harry bring his test records home, so I can hear them. He puts them on to see if they sound all right, or if he wants to make changes here and there. I guess I've got some old-fashioned notions myself. I feel very strongly that the man of the house has a right to bring his work home and talk it over with his wife, and expect her to sympathize and understand. If Harry were a broker and said, "I had a terrible day at the office, I sold 10 shares when I should have bought

them," I'd make it my business to find out about shares. Even if I hated music—though who could hate music?—and wanted to go lock myself in a room, I'd never let him know it. I think it's up to me to be interested in Harry's career. I don't think it's up to him to be interested in mine. Maybe that's not modern, but that's how I feel.

And maybe this sounds corny, but—well, there's *nothing* in Harry I can find to criticize. To me, he has perfect taste—in clothes, in music, in people, in behavior. I trust his judgment more than my own. Which is why I get nervous when he comes over to the set. I'm afraid he may think that what I'm doing isn't good. Nobody makes me self-conscious at work but my husband. So I'm just as glad, when he does have time off, that he'd rather play golf or take in a ball game. Maybe twice while I'm on a picture we'll have lunch together, and that's it.

he's the tops . . .

Because I respect his taste so deeply, he's naturally influenced me in lots of ways—broadened my knowledge of music, changed my mind about people. If we argue about something, Harry can always explain to me why he feels as he does. I can't. Harry makes good sense, so generally I come round to his way of thinking. Which doesn't mean that the James boy can't change his mind, too.

Like the time I got a bright red car. "That's Hollywood," said Harry, who hates anything flashy. So do I, for that matter, but I hadn't thought of it that way. I just liked the color. Well, a couple of weeks later, he said, "Come on out, I've got something to show you." And there in the drive stood my husband's car, painted red.

"It's a pretty shade, isn't it?" I said.

He grinned—and we let it go at that.

About the children, we've never had any difference of opinion. I'm the one who's responsible for their day-by-day routine. Harry's the one who takes Vicki to the circus. We don't worry about when they'll start piano lessons and so forth. Vicki's five and Jessica's two. We enjoy their being five and two, and the future can wait until it gets here.

We give them all kinds of love and attention, but we don't spoil them. When I say, "Vicki, it's time to go to bed," she says goodnight and goes—even at Christmas, when people are over and she's having such fun playing with her new toys. Sometimes I'd like to say, "Oh, well, you can stay up a little longer." But I don't. I think that's indulging yourself and harming the child. If you stick to your word, then you don't get the tears and tantrums and the business of having to drag them upstairs. At least, that's how it is with us. Vicki's always been a happy child, and so is the baby. I've never really had to discipline or spank them. Though, if it were necessary, I'd be the one to do it, not Harry. He's gone so much, I'd hate to have them feel he came home just to spank them.

When he's away, I don't care about being with a lot of people. Once in a while some friends'll take me to dinner, or have dinner at home with me. But not because they think, "Poor Betty's going to be lonesome—let's whip up an evening for her." They know me better than that. Of course I'm lonesome, but I don't get frantic over it, or wonder, "Oh, what'll I do tonight?" Maybe I'm just lazy, but I'd rather eat dinner with Vicki, watch the television set, and climb into bed with a book at 9. When I'm working, I've *got* to be in bed by 9. Working or not, I prefer to be lonesome by myself instead of having people trying to entertain me and get my mind off Harry's being away.

I miss him terribly. I miss him every



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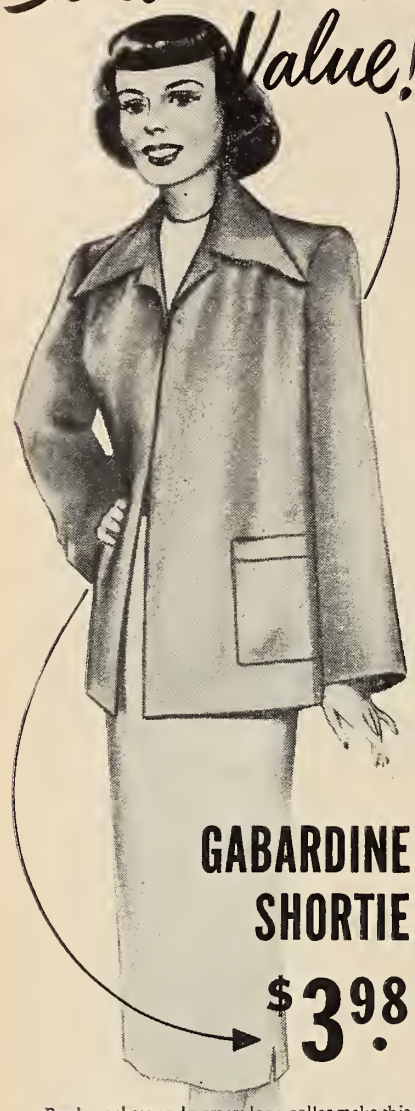
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minute. But he *has* to go on the road a certain part of each year. I have to accept it, so I accept it. Gosh, I'm *lucky!* Look at the girls whose husbands were gone for years and years during the war. What have *I* got to complain about? Nothing—with a capital N!

I talk to him every night he's away. He calls me the minute he finishes work. With the difference in time, it's generally 9 or 9:30. But even if it's 2 in the morning, the phone's by my bed, and I can always go right back to sleep again. I tell him what the kids have been doing, and we find enough to talk about for half an hour.

The first time he went off on the road, since we were talking on the phone every night, I didn't bother to write. Then one night, towards the end of our conversation, he said, "Betty—I wish you'd write me a letter."

"But, honey—I've told you everything. There's nothing left to *write.*"

"All the other fellows get letters from their wives. When I go to the desk, there's nothing for me."

"But the other fellows don't talk to their wives every day."

"Well, you could at least get a big piece of paper and write 'I love you' on it, and send it. Just so there's something for me at the desk."

Naturally I couldn't have poor Harry standing there, and the clerk shaking his head. So ever since, when he's away, I've been writing him about three times a week. And three times a week he calls early, so he can talk to Vicki.

When Harry's home, we live just as quietly. If he's working, he'll be on his feet for four solid hours. Right now I'm making *Wabash Avenue,* and my day runs from 6 to 6. With a schedule like that, you just want to relax at night. But even when we're free, we don't do much running around. I've never had a lot of girl friends, and Harry's never had a lot of buddies. In his business you work with people, and then you don't see them again for months. We have our own group of friends, and we're comfortable with them, and don't feel the need for making new ones. Harry's a shy person. So am I. I have a terrible complex about going to parties and walking into a room and meeting strangers. We'd rather spend our spare time with each other and the kids.

never a bored moment . . .

Of course, Santa Anita's a ritual. When the track's open, we get up in the morning, get dressed, and we're off to the races. At night we just sit around. Maybe Harry'll watch a ball game on television, and I'll read a book. Sometimes friends'll drop in for cards. But it's never this thing of, "Let's run here, let's go there, let's call the gang up and ask them over." When that happens to people, I think it's often out of sheer boredom. I've never been bored for a minute since my marriage. There's no restlessness. We *love* our life. There's nothing else we want to do. Maybe some day we'd like to travel. But we don't feel we just can't wait to scramble on a boat and go see Europe. We can wait very nicely till the kids are old enough to enjoy it with us.

I'm not saying we never go out nights. But only if there's a ball game we really want to see, or a band we really want to hear. And if the music's good, we'll dance. I've been asked how it feels, as a professional dancer, to get up on a public floor, with people watching. The answer is, I don't look around to see if they're watching or not. If they like the way we look, fine. If they don't, fine. I enjoy watching good dancers myself, but not to the point of fascination. That's why I think nobody's that way over *me* out there on the floor. If they were, it would embarrass me.

I SAW IT HAPPEN



When Marsha Hunt was making a personal appearance here in Canada I went to see her. After the performance I went to the stage door and waited for her. In a few minutes, Marsha came out and as she started to sign my autograph book, a middle-aged couple came around a corner of the building. "Are you that fancy movie star who's supposed to be in town?" the woman asked. Before Marsha could answer, the man spoke up, "Of course she's not, Ma. Look how pretty she is. You know how awful those movie stars look off the screen." "Oh, yes, of course, Pa," said the woman turning away, "Sorry I bothered you, Miss." And as they both scuttled away Marsha and I dissolved into helpless laughter.

Beverly Matlin
Winnipeg, Man.
Canada

Apart from each other and the kids, our big interest is the ranch. At first it was just a pleasure thing—a place to ride and cavort through the hills. Then Harry thought, why not get some brood mares and start raising? So now it's developed into a breeding farm, which my father manages. We go out there weekends, and every other chance we get.

It was quite a thrill when Sociable, our two-year-old, won at the Golden Gate his third time out. You know, if you own a mare, and the mare has a baby on your ranch, you get breeder's stakes in addition to your purse. We've had five baby horses this season. Of course, they won't get to the races for two years—but we love the whole idea, and not just for thrills. I always feel that, when I'm through in pictures, the ranch'll be right up my alley. I'm not the type that likes to lunch at Romanoff's and spend the afternoon playing bridge. To me, that's kind of a waste. I'd rather sink my teeth into something that shows results. And believe me, you can find yourself plenty of bother when you've got a lot of stock to take care of. Besides, I'm just plain crazy about horses, and so is Harry.

And we're going to live where our horses are. About six months ago we sold our house, which was too small after Jessica came, and rented this one, expecting to build on the ranch right away. But we found we needed more property first—flat ground where the mares and their babies can run, and where we can set up a half-mile training track. Once that deal goes through, we'll build us a rambling stone-and-frame house in a ranchy sort of style. Harry wants one huge room with a lot of stone inside and a big stone fireplace—the kind of room that'll hold a pool table and a shuffleboard and a television set. Anything Harry wants, I want. If I didn't, I'd say so. If I said, "Look, honey, I don't think that pool table looks so well in there," we could get together on it. But what's the way a room looks, compared to its comfort?

By January the place ought to be in shape, so we can move the whole shebang over there. That'll be the James home for good. That's where we hope to spend our golden anniversary. THE END

(Betty Grable is currently in *The Beautiful Blonde from Bashful Bend.*)

HOW PHONY CAN YOU GET!

(Continued from page 34)

Dick grinned. "I'm not!" he called back. "A heck of a guy you are," Bill Smith muttered to him. "What do you want to do—disillusion people?"

The boys in the publicity department still laugh over their first experience with the "cold, ruthless, conceited killer." During his first interview, Dick behaved like a mobster who'd been warned that he'd be bumped off if he talked to the D. A. When the ordeal was over, his hands trembled violently as he lit a cigarette. Perspiration glistened across his forehead.

"I don't think I can ever go through *that* again," he said. "Whew!"

"Scared, huh?"

"You can say that again," said Dick. "Thank heaven it's over."

"*Over?*" The publicists laughed. "Why, this is only the beginning. You're in Hollywood now."

But Dick Widmark has still not taken, to put it mildly, to being interviewed. Writers who've tried to manage vivid explorations into his private life have come away saying they'd rather tangle with such notoriously mum characters as Gary Cooper or John Wayne. And so, in trying to "get to him," writers have given up the effort of attempting to find something about his real life appropriate to the "killer" light in which the publicists first presented him. Instead, the writers have gone to the other extreme: They've portrayed Dick as a shy, mousey type who's content to sit back, take what comes along

CALLED ON ACCOUNT OF MUD

When Dick Widmark was in high school, he played drums for a time in a pick-up band at small local dances. He and his pals would take turns borrowing family cars for transportation. One night, Dick wheedled his dad's brand new sedan for a dance 20 miles away. It had been raining hard, which turned the road into a sea of mud in places—particularly in that place where an enterprising farmer had dug a special mudhole from which he pulled bogged victims out at $15 a head.

When Dick and his orchestra colleagues hit the hole, the new car promptly sank in up to its fenders. When the farmer "just happened by" with his team of horses, they couldn't raise the $15 among them, so they simply hooked a ride and left the car stranded.

By unusual coincidence, Carl Widmark chose that time to say to a friend of his, "Dick borrowed the car tonight to play a dance date. Why don't you get your car out, and we'll take our wives over and watch awhile."

The "old folks" too came to the mud hole.

"Whaddya know!" the elder Widmark declared. "There's a car just like mine. Brand, spankin' new and sunk up to its ears. Hate to be the guy who owns that." They got out to look. Widmark found out that he *owned it.*

"I'll never forget that night," Dick remembers. "We were playing our idea of a hot version of 'Penthouse Serenade' when I looked up and saw Dad crossing the floor. I never did finish the number. Father and son had a nice long talk—with no emphasis on the nice . . . From there on in, I haven't ever had to figure long when deciding whether my career or personal obligations came first."



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Have You Heard?



JOAN LANSING

Have you met an angel with a slippery halo lately? Or come face to face with the fact that there is such a thing in love's pattern as hate at first sight? I have, but not through crashing keyholes. I heard "My True Story" the other day and had my eyes opened. For here in the midst of radio's contrived fiction and blushing examples of emotion-mad script writers is an intimate and revealing program based on the confessions of real people. (The program I happened to catch dealt with an unscrupulous woman in angel's disguise who thoroughly wrecked another woman's life because of a thwarted love). Another thing that impressed me was that "My True Story" is no cliff hanger that leaves you suspended in mid-marriage but a complete and often brutally frank dramatization of a life which might be yours or mine but for a quirk of fate. A whole galaxy of leading actors and actresses make these unreserved confessions of jealousy, remorse and warped lives as real as they really are, and it's a credit to Libby, McNeil and Libby and to Sterling Drug that they present such powerful and adult entertainment every day at 10:00 AM EDT over the ABC network.

★ ★ ★

There is a man I know who could sell a furnace to a Fiji Islander. His anecdotes, sage and salty, would fascinate even the most retiring spinster and you can make a date with him any day at 11:45 AM EDT over the American Broadcasting Company network. His name is Galen Drake and he can talk about anything . . . people or penguins, truths or trivia . . . all in a friendly, low-falutin' style that has endeared him to me for years. Stories are his forte, sometimes tall . . . sometimes short . . . but always entertaining. I often think that if Scheherazade were alive, she'd have to look to her laurels for Pillsbury's Galen Drake has entertained me for more than 1001 days.

★ ★ ★

Other Tips on ABC Daytime Dialing

"Bride and Groom" 2:30 PM edt
A wedding a day keeps the blues away.

"Breakfast Club" 9:00 AM edt
Morning merrymaking with Don McNeill.

Kay Kyser 4:00 PM edt
Dean of the Original College of Fun and Knowledge.

Joan Lansing

and, for real contentment, repair the family lawn mower.

And this is just as phony as the first notion.

A glimpse of the real Widmark came while a scene for *Kiss of Death* was being shot in New York's St. Nicholas Arena. His performance as the sadistic Tommy Udo had been so realistic that his fellow workers were beginning to feel slightly jittery in his presence. Even Director Hathaway must have felt this way, for at one point, when Hathaway thought Dick was doing some action too fast, he shouted:

NICE WHISKERS

Not long ago, Dick Widmark went East for a personal appearance tour. Coming into New York on the Century, he overslept, and jumped out of his berth only when Grand Central Station was announced. In his haste to get a fast shave, he dropped and broke his electric razor in his compartment.

As he hit the Pullman corridor, feeling tough and looking like a gangster on the lam, his path was blocked by a studio publicity man.

"Hold it, Dick!" he said. "Wait until the people get off. You'll be mobbed."

"Look," said Dick. "I've got to get somewhere and get shaved."

"What for?" the man cried indignantly. "This way, you look right in character. This way, you look just like Richard Widmark!"

"No, no, no! Good Lord, man, slow down that yackety-yak—you're driving me crazy!"

A hush fell over the arena, its lower seats jammed with 400 extras. Killer Udo would have giggled and proceeded to destroy Hathaway on the spot. Mouse Widmark would have curled up and begged everybody's pardon. But Richard Widmark—well, he said calmly; "Mr. Hathaway, you don't have to yell at me. If you've something to say about my performance, take me to one side and discuss it with me. But please don't shove me around. I don't need a job in pictures that bad."

Hathaway, the hard taskmaker but also an understanding veteran of many fine pictures, smiled. Then he apologized.

Dick Widmark, neither a conceited killer nor a mouse, has been that way since he was a little shaver. "When I was a kid," he recalls, "my family moved frequently from town to town because of Dad's business. Every time we hit a new place, my brother and I were a couple of pint-sized strangers. We practically had to fight our way in. You know how it is with kids, and how clannish they are."

So wherever the Widmark brothers went, it was "two against the mob." Finally Dick's father, Carl Widmark, grew weary of the battles his sons were constantly getting into. He bought a pit bulldog named Scrappy. Every morning the bulldog walked the kids to school. Every afternoon he was waiting at the schoolhouse to bring them home. Scrappy, with his fanatic loyalty, had them frequently in hot water with his eagerness to take the seat out of the pants of any kids who tried to muscle the young Widmarks around.

"It's a wonder," says Dick, "that somebody didn't slip Scrappy a poisoned dog biscuit. But he lived to a ripe old age. I've still got his collar around somewhere. I saved it because Scrappy never cared who was right or wrong. He was for us."

Let's take a closer look at the "conceited" part of the killer tag. Conceited? Of course Dick Widmark isn't—any more than he's got an inferiority complex. His head is today the same size it was when he landed in Hollywood. For those who may think that as time has gone by, he's been edging toward association with the top upper crust of Hollywood, it may be pointed out that Dick has more excuses for dodging social events than a woman has for buying a new hat. And as for money, Dick is not impressed. Even before he came to Hollywood, he was earning fat chunks of the stuff. Nowadays, what with the increasing bite taxes have taken out of his increasing paycheck, he figures he's doing only about as well as the day Hollywood beckoned.

People are forever being cynical about the effects of fame on their old acquaintances. Sometimes, though, it's not the actor but the old acquaintance who comes up with a stuffy attitude when they meet again—as Dick found out when he recently made a trip back to his old stamping grounds.

"I ran into a guy I used to know," Dick tells you, "who now is doing very well as the proprietor of a store. We'd never been very pally, but here I was, all ready to be nice and friendly. He wasn't.

"'Well, Dick,' he said, wearing his animosity in his voice. 'I guess you're too much of a big, tough, ruthless movie character to think much of Main Street now.'

"I told him it looked just as good to me as it ever did. Only maybe I didn't smile when I answered his remark—as he hadn't when he made it. So I'm positive he's been going around saying, 'Ba-ruther, did that Widmark get a swelled head in Hollywood. He says this town is terrible!"

It's probably going to take some time for people to get focused on the real Widmark. Right now, they've got firmly in their sights one or the other of the two phonies.

BE NONCHALANT

They were shooting a scene for Dick Widmark's Kiss of Death *in the Tombs, that big, gloomy prison in New York. The cameras were trained for action when a huge, real-life murderer was led by. Without warning, the man wheeled around, a razor in his hand, slashing wildly.*

Guards leaped to one side, reaching for their automatics. The movie crew ducked wildly. For a moment, pandemonium broke loose. One guard was seriously wounded, another slashed across the face, before the prisoner was finally subdued.

As the movie-makers came out from cover, an assistant director called, "Widmark—are you all right?"

"Certainly!" said Dick—who, while the melee raged, had remained calmly leaning against a nearby corner. "I guess I was the safest guy in the place."

Obviously he had been. Throughout the little riot, Dick had been locked behind bars in a cell.

The other day, Dick received a letter from an earnest lady who wrote: "I think it's a shame the way they make you play those rough, brutal characters when everybody knows that really you're just a sweet, shy, retiring, polite man."

On the other hand, the same mail brought him a letter from an inmate of a famous prison. "I been thinking," the inmate wrote, "that after being a dirty crook all my life and thinking I was a right guy, I am really as big a stinker as you are. Maybe I'd better go straight when I get out of here."

THE END

(Read the screen story of Richard Widmark's new film, Slattery's Hurricane, *in the September* SCREEN STORIES.)

PRIDE OF THE IRISH

(*Continued from page 39*)

But I have to go to work some mornings at five-thirty, and I *do* need my sleep. Wouldn't they be just as pretty if you had them stuffed?" Or: "Now that we're neighbors, Mr. Crosby, I wonder if you'd mind putting muzzles on those blankety-blank birds' beaks? After 11 o'clock, that is?"

But when she met Everett that morning the conversation, somehow, was a bit less eloquent. "Hello," said Mr. Crosby, waving cheerfully, as he headed his car into the road. "Hello," said Maureen. "Ah . . . hello." And she watched him disappear in the direction of Stone Canyon.

Well, nothing ever was said to Bing's brother about his peacocks. Now, two years later, they don't bother Maureen a bit. She just sleeps peacefully on through their squawks and screams.

Today all is fine with the family that lives in the house on the hill. Bronwyn's croup is a thing of the past, and she's shooting up faster than Will's prize camellia bushes. She's four-and-a-half now, and is as big as the average child of eight. But since her mother was five-feet-seven before she was 12, the Price family doesn't think Bronwyn's height is worthy of comment. Visitors do comment on her good looks, her bronzy hair and her violet-blue eyes. A bright kid, she can name every state in the Union and the products and industries of each one. Maureen taught her with the aid of a cut-out map, Bronwyn learning her geography by fitting the pieces together. She goes to pre-primary school at Marymount, and she utterly refuses to wear slacks, jeans or other male attire. "I'm a girl and I want to dress like one," she says firmly.

international house . . .

Will is a Southerner. Maureen (surprise!) is Irish. So it's to be expected that touches of Mississippi and Eire mingle in their home. They both like the slower tempo of living for which their birthplaces are renowned, and they've brought their heritages right into their house and garden in little, unexpected ways.

For instance, their wrought-iron stairway and balcony and their formal patio are strongly flavored with the South. Ireland is represented in the dining-room by an exquisite Georgian table which came from Slane Castle—Maureen got it at an auction on her recent trip to Eire. . . . Two additional pieces are still missing—small tables that will fit into the big one, or can be used as buffets. Every time she goes back to the old country, Maureen is determined to stalk through antique shops until she finds those missing parts. *Then* she'll start looking for matching chairs. . . . Over the dining-room fireplace is a huge gilt American eagle, silent symbol of the blending of their ways of life.

Maureen's spacious living room has twin coral-red couches drawn up on either side of the massive fireplace. A startling, effective painting hangs over the mantel, depicting a Negro legend. The black-and-gold of the picture becomes the focal point of interest in the room. Low tables hold vases of flowers grown by Will. Red camellias glow in sunny nooks. Large windows open onto the terrace, and beyond is the secluded patio with its high white wall.

Their terrace is their favorite spot in the whole scheme of house and garden. Here are low coffee-tables and polished bamboo furniture loaded with bright cushions. The place is just made for those special informal gatherings that occur most





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BEHR-MANNING, TROY, N. Y.

Sunday evenings when friends come over for supper.

Early in the evening on such occasions, Will puts on his chef's apron and gets to work turning out a super-special delicacy. Sometimes it will be baked fish with blue cheese, accompanied by baked bananas. Sometimes it will be barbecued chicken, or French, Italian, or "Gumbo" food. Maureen will tell you that her Will is the best cook on both sides of the family—and that she's proud and happy to wash up the dishes and pots and pans which he stacks up after a cooking spree.

Guests who are particularly partial to neighbor Price's cooking are the John Hodiaks, the Bob Crosbys, the Stephen Ames, and Dr. Kalmus from next door. They all vote for Will's barbecued chicken as the most succulent they ever tasted. Served on a candle-lit table in a California garden, it has a way of recalling Far South memories to people who've never even been there!

just ask maureen . . .

Favorite after-dinner pastime of the Prices is playing charades, indications, 20 Questions or other acting games. They get into wonderful arguments about acting out slogans, the names of books, poems and movies. Will is considered tops in this activity, but he got good and stumped the other night when called upon to enact the single word "If"—the title of Rudyard Kipling's famous poem. Maureen doubled up with laughter as her husband grimaced and postured through a variety of acts until his time limit was up. Then she jumped to her feet and showed him how it *could* have been done by merely running through the alphabet in pantomine, and stopping at the right letters. Will bowed to her on that one. (But he had no trouble at all with *Father Was a Fullback*—the name of Maureen's new movie.)

When the nights are balmy, the Prices and their guests often use the patio for dancing. Candles and hurricane lamps cast shadows on the patterned bricks, and the olive trees sway their dark arms above them. The lady of the house looks like a Castilian princess in her gown of sea-green lace.

Maureen is a romantic at heart. She says she has no time for any sort of modernism. She wishes cars and airplanes had never been invented. She likes horses and sailing ships and long walks in the hills. Her bedroom, with its canopied four-poster, is done in soft shades of beige and rose. Her hand-crocheted spreads and pillow slips are cherished old-world symbols. Sentimental trophies fill Maureen's cabinets. The top of her wedding cake and a sprig from her wedding bouquet are side by side. Then there's a tiny carved elephant from a Woolworth store in Ireland. It was given to Maureen when she was 11 by her best girl friend.

Bronwyn is at an age when she copies everything that Maureen does. Sometimes her imitations have dire results. Using her mother's make-up, for instance. She knows she's not allowed to touch the things on Maureen's shelves, but she goes ahead anyway. Just the other day Maureen caught her lavishly decorating her mouth with a deep red lipstick.

"Bronwyn! Didn't I tell you that if you touched my make-up again, I'd give you a good spanking?" Maureen said sternly, laughing inside at the sight of the little clown-face.

"Yes. You told me." Bronwyn admitted. "But I thought it was worth it."

She got her spanking, for Maureen believes in discipline, but as she administered the smacks, her mind went back to her own childhood. Almost 20 years ago, Maureen swiped some Madeira cake from her mother's kitchen. She knew she'd be spanked for it, and she stole it anyway. She thought the whole thing out and decided the cake was worth a few bats with the back of a hairbrush. That's the way Bronwyn feels, too.

The enterprising nature of the Prices' little daughter is the talk of the neighborhood. When her woolly camel lost an eye, Bronwyn was all for hot-footing it next door for a consultation with Dr. Kalmus. "He's a doctor, isn't he?" demanded Bronwyn. "He can put back my camel's eye." Maureen explained that Dr. Kalmus' specialty was Technicolor film, not camels' eyes. In an emergency like this, Daddy would have to be the doctor.

Sunday is family day at the Will Price's. They get up early and take Bronwyn to church with them—they consider her too young for Sunday School. After church the Prices go picknicking or swimming in their pool. You can look over the pool and gardens from many rooms in the house, but perhaps the nicest view is from Will's study. Done in tones of yellow and brown, Will's den is his castle. Here he houses his fine collection of Southern literature, his movie scripts and gardening books, his Japanese flag from Iwo Jima—where he landed with the Marines—and his collection of rare etchings.

There's another den downstairs which Will has decorated himself from lengths of bottle-green plaid he got at an inexpensive shop. Fact is, everything about their home reflects the loving personal touches of Maureen and Will, from the curving white wall outside, which was Will's idea, to Maureen's fine antiques.

They have only one definite wish for their child's future. Says Maureen:

"We want her to grow up and marry a good man and raise a family. It's as simple as that. No career could ever make up for missing the kind of family life that we're lucky enough to have. And we're sure Bronwyn will settle for that, too. For we're a closely-knit clan, even though widely separated. Will's family's in the South, and my family's scattered over the earth. I have one sister in Texas, one in Montreal, and my father, mother, a brother and another sister in Ireland. One brother is in England. But Father and Mother keep our side of the family bound together. Mother shuttles from one home to another, spending a few weeks in each, and keeping us all posted on each other's doings. This year she's going to South Africa to catch up on back news with my father's sister.

"Mother and Father have taught me that family life is the best way of life there is. Bronwyn's going to find that out. We can promise her that."

THE END



HOW TIME FLIES!

Paulette Goddard is a new face (in *Modern Times*). She was discovered by Chaplin while playing minor parts in the Hal Roach studio. Because he believes the public prefers to make its own discoveries, Charlie has refused to have his protégée interviewed or given any publicity.—*Modern Screen, May, 1936.*

DON'T TELL MY GIRL

(*Continued from page 51*)

to throw out right after we were married!

Four wardrobe trunks filled with such priceless mementos as the first working script of her big Broadway success, *At Home Abroad,* the scripts and still photographs from all her movies, scrap books which tell of her success as an actress and dancer, wonderful congratulatory letters, and many other such irreplaceable evidences of her career.

She just looked them over one day and said calmly to herself, "I don't think we need these. I'm getting rid of them." With her usual efficiency, she immediately called a trucker to take them along with some other discards to the Assistance League. And off they started.

She doesn't know that when I heard about it in the nick of time, I chased the truck for blocks and arranged for the driver to stop off at Bekins Storage on his way to the Assistance League.

The day our son, Peter, starts asking about her career, he can read for himself what people thought of his mother as an entertainer. I think she's going to be darned glad, too.

I'm not too sure how she'll react to another surprise I have for her. This one is Peter's surprise, too.

to the manner born . . .

She's been going around bragging how Peter is a natural-born horseman ever since, not long ago, she took him to a pony track for the first time. She was amazed when he stepped right up and asked for the fastest pony.

"And do you know," Ellie tells everyone, "he sat the pony just as if he'd been born to the saddle. He galloped that pony around the track as though he'd ridden all his life. He certainly has inherited Glenn's riding ability."

I haven't disillusioned her, but actually it was training, not heredity, in this case. Peter has been riding ever since he first started walking. I've taken him countless times with me to the Columbia Studios Ranch where I keep my two horses. I wouldn't dare, of course, put Peter on a powerful stallion I have named Count. But one of my friends stables a small pony at the ranch. He offered to lend it to Peter—and Peter began to ride. Well, I didn't want to worry Ellie, so I told her nothing about it. And Peter made a game of building a surprise for her. In the excitement of having his mother take him to the pony track at last, I guess he just forgot to tell her what he and I had been doing.

Or maybe he's inherited my trait of not talking too much. In any event, Ellie keeps on bragging about his natural ability.

Then, one of these days, Ellie's going to be surprised to learn where my personal collection of books has come from. She reads a lot, too. But she leans more to the type recommended by the Book-of-the-Month Club. She gets excited about a book like William Vogt's "Road to Survival," which deals with the dangers of over-population. She feels I, too, should read this earnest type of book. And often I do. But my idea of enjoyable reading is a good mystery or a wild rip-roaring Western. I have over 200 such books on our shelves. Ellie is under the impression they've come from studios, producers, or agents who've thought there might be roles in them for me.

Well, I have acquired a dozen or so that way. But all the rest I've bought myself.

Ellie's never been one to eat much. In my opinion, she doesn't eat enough. Until Peter began eating instead of drinking, I'd tried in vain to talk her into eating more. My first success came when I pointed out that she couldn't expect Peter to eat well if she didn't at least put a reasonable amount of food on her own plate. With the "clean plate" policy for children, she has to finish all she has, too.

I'm pretty good at palming cards and other sleight of hand tricks. With that talent, it's really quite simple for me to slide extra pats of butter onto a piece of hot toast for her without being suspected. My record so far is nine pats of butter on one slice. That time Ellie said, "This is unusually good toast, isn't it? It must be a different brand of bread."

So far, I haven't been caught at it.

Nor does she realize that Peter's accident with a bottle of ink about three years ago gave me an inspiration. He spilled the ink all over the floor of her room. The rug was really a mess. I was just leaving for a trip East when that happened. On the train I suddenly remembered something. I wired her to check our insurance agent. Sure enough, we had protection for such accidents.

But when the company tried to remedy the damage, we discovered nothing would take the stains out. So, of course, we had to get a new rug. That led to the whole room having to be redecorated—a course of events which I thoroughly enjoyed.

If I had my way about it, our entire house would be redecorated every year. But Ellie's much more practical. She'll meet my decorating ideas with remarks like, "But Glenn, we really ought to put a new roof on the house. And we ought to get a new sink or do something about the plumbing. Agnes is getting tired of having to empty a pan of water dripped from the sink several times a day."

I remembered how Ellie hadn't made a single protest when we redecorated her room after Peter's accident. And by the strangest coincidence, I spilled a bottle of ink on her rug just as she was leaving for London for her appearance at the Palladium early this year. I did a good job of it. I even managed somehow to splash some of the ink on the ceiling! Then I discovered the fireplace had smoked up the walls of our den. After that, I spilled something on the bathroom walls of our wing.

It's quite amazing how much redecorating I had to do while she was away.

on the record . . .

Ellie thinks she's heard recordings of all the radio shows on which I've appeared. I never tell her ahead of time about any such shows I'm going to do. Sometimes they come on my regular Wednesday night out for poker. Sometimes I find some excuse such as having to attend a board meeting at the Screen Actors' Guild. I'm pretty good at figuring up logical excuses on such occasions. Then off I go and do the show and having a recording made of it. If I like my performance, I take the recording home and play it for her.

But there are quite a few that never went home with me.

Ellie has been amazed at the running account I can give her of her opening at the Palladium in London this spring. I'll explain to her how I do it one of these days. Here's how:

One night I had to cable her about something. I was astonished to discover the cable bill was over $25.00. Out of curiosity I called the long-distance operator of the telephone company. I discovered I could have said all I said in the cable and more, too, for $12 if I'd telephoned.



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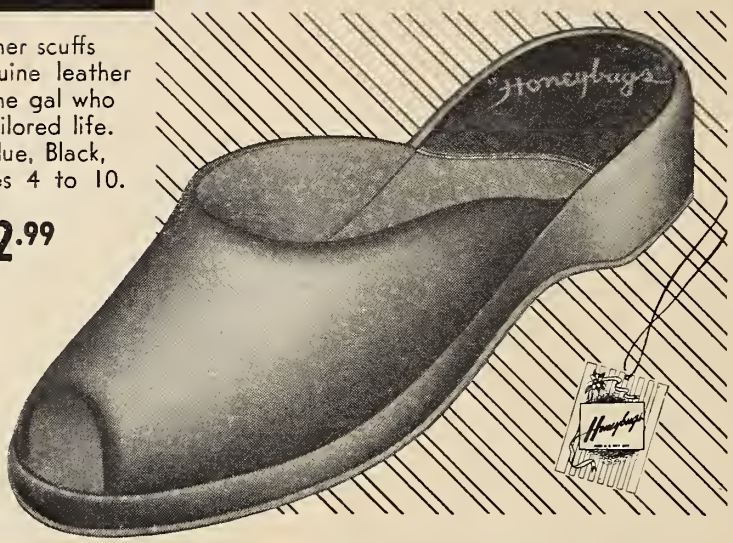


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So then I really splurged. No more so than if I'd been there and had taken her out for a big first-night celebration. But for $80, I was able to put a telephone call through to the stage phone at the Palladium and keep the line open for 20 minutes so I could listen to the opening of her show. What a surprise it'll be to her when she learns I'm not clairvoyant!

One time I set out to surprise Ellie and succeeded in amazing even myself.

Peter had refused to have anything to do with tomatoes. Ellie worried about that because she felt they were essential to his proper diet. I told her I'd take care of it.

I'd sold him on eating fish by bringing them home from the market on a string the way a good fisherman does. "Aren't you going to eat some of this fine fish Daddy caught?" I asked. It worked like a charm.

Of course, before long he was refusing to eat anything that Daddy hadn't personally snared. Why, I even had "killed a steer with an atomic bomb" for our steaks. So what seemed more logical than to provide tomatoes I'd raised myself. I went to the nursery and returned home with some of those tiny green tomato plants. (I guess right here is an appropriate point to say my new movie is *Mr. Soft Touch.*)

Sure enough, Peter was so pleased to see my tomatoes growing that he eagerly ate them as they ripened. But it wasn't long before Ellie was searching desperately for new recipes calling for tomatoes. We had everything from fried green tomatoes to dead ripe tomatoes, canned.

So, in fact, did everyone we knew. Every morning I arrived at the studio with so many tomatoes for everyone there I became known as the Tomato Man. We were all relieved when the vines died down and the ruddy fruit disappeared from our place.

But I'm afraid Ellie has a shock coming. Looking around the place, I have a suspicion we're going to have a bumper crop again this year. You see, the whole project got out of control last year. A lot of those tomatoes fell off the vines, went to seed, and turned into more plants than ever!

Well, not being a talking man, when I'd bought the original plants, I'd just answered the nurseryman's question about the size of the place we have by giving ground dimensions. I didn't tell him about the house, the garage, the greenhouse and the other items on the place.

So he did a little figuring on an envelope and sold me 500 plants! I set them out all the way from around the greenhouse to our window boxes. And they all flourished.

Yes, I've never been one to do too much talking. Ellie knows that. She says, "You're like a telegram while I'm like a detailed diary!"

But she doesn't have a gray hair yet.

THE END

I SAW IT HAPPEN



Danny Kaye was making a personal appearance tour through our state and was half-way through a song at our local theater, when a little girl began wailing. He stopped singing and bent over to ask her what was wrong. "I've lost my mitten," the child howled. Danny then ordered the spotlight shone near her seat and asked the entire audience to look for the mitten. It was soon found and the child expressed her thanks by giving him a great big kiss.

Gail Wright
Grosse Point, Mich.

WIFE IN FAME ONLY

(*Continued from page 65*)

that stuff. Lots of curlicues, of course."

I acted shocked. "You're thinking of the old-fashioned marriage certificate that hangs on the wall. Announcements should be engraved—or at least in plain type."

"What do you *know!*" exclaimed Guy. "Even when I don't do something, I do it wrong."

But we shouldn't have laughed. Already the finger was pointing at us and an endless string of "How comes?" was being formed in the minds of our friends to be put forth the moment they saw us.

The beginning of it came hardly two hours later when I walked into my home. My father, who was sitting at the piano hitting some moody notes, shot to his feet. He did his pointing by pointing to my shorts like a district attorney pouncing on an untruthful witness.

"You didn't get married in those!" he accused.

"Of course not!" I replied. "I. . ." And then I was floundering as I tried to explain—because it *was* a kind of trick question. Before I could make sense my mother came in wanting to know why I hadn't told her I was *not* going to get married. She was mixed up too and I remember thinking that this was a scene no director would accept as representative of real life.

alone at the telephone . . .

Eventually we did a retake, and I got it straightened out with my folks. But not with the rest of the world! Things began to happen to my mail and phone calls—or rather, things which always had happened before, suddenly stopped. The usual invitations to parties and premières fell off to nil. I didn't know it at first, but I was already getting a taste of what it means to lose your old identity and status when you marry. The première invitations and party bids were still coming, but not to me; Guy, my "husband," was getting them. As for calls from men—slash! Cut off, just like that! Whew!

"Do you understand what's happened?" I demanded of Guy, after I told him about it days later.

"Yeah," he said. "That's too bad." But he didn't look it!

Then came our denials. Guy denied. I denied. We both denied. But it just didn't take with anyone, from the waiter at Lucey's who always insisted on saying, "Yes, your table is ready, Mrs. Madison," to my best friend, Diana Lynn, who put her finger right to my nose and wheedled, "Now stop kidding. Are you or aren't you married? After all, people think I know and what'll I tell them?"

It's different with men—but a girl in a spot like this finds her position almost hopeless. As you deny you feel that you're also expected to justify. If you aren't married, then, why not? But I hadn't a thing in the world to be apologetic about! Everything between Guy and myself was going according to plan, and yet I could sense a note of something like guilt creeping into my voice. A fine thing!

In self-defense, so as definitely to scotch this acceptance that we were married, Guy and I both started dating others. But it didn't work out so well—particularly for me.

In the first place, it brought on something that I didn't want from those of my friends who took this to mean Guy and I had broken up. It brought sympathy! There's a certain tone which characterizes a woman's voice when she's about to com-

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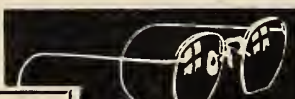
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miserate with you. All I had to do was hear the greeting, "Oh, Gail, you—" and I would break in sharply with, "Skip it!"

All my fan mail took up the marriage and three-quarters of the letters ended ". . . and I hope everything turns out all right."

So it isn't surprising that I began to wonder if I hadn't better start going around with a sort of wistful look in order not to disappoint people who expected it of me. And it did seem that when I joined a group, at either the studio or any affair, the laughs would die out and a hush would fall, with everyone acting like mourners at a wake—the corpse being me!

About this time I was ready to advertise my willingness to trade places with anyone—say, a soul tired of giving Tonis to man-eating lions, or someone about to cross Niagara Falls on a tight-rope. Just apply to me at Paramount Pictures, I was going to state. Ask for the sad-faced girl.

Then there was the new attitude of the other men I went out with.

"What's the matter?" I asked Jack Sasson one night when he took me dancing. "You're not yourself."

"Well . . ." he stalled. "I—I guess I've never taken out another man's bride before."

"I'm *not* a bride!" I retorted. "I told you that."

"I know," he said, looking miserable. "I heard you."

And he kept right on acting as if he felt that I was anyway!

As for Guy—well, while it *is* different with a man, he really wasn't having too happy a time either about it all. People weren't exactly rushing up to grab him by the shoulder and demand, "Say! Why don't you do right by our little Nell?" But he was getting questioning glances, some of them not too friendly, and every now and then the kind of press mentions that are sort of *stabbed* out on the typewriter, if you know what I mean.

All in all, our romance, through no fault of our own, was quite off key—something like Guy's whistling. He loves to whistle, but is so seldom on tune that when he hits a note right everybody applauds, including Guy.

with my bow and arrow . . .

The way things were going was one of the reasons why Guy and I went in for our little outdoor expeditions, instead of being seen around town. We were getting tired of everyone putting the same old $64 question to us. So Guy taught me how to shoot a bow and arrow, and stood bravely at my side—where my arrows were just as likely to go as anywhere else.

During these months, contrary to popular belief that Guy does all the instructing in our outdoor trips, I taught him how to fish. The main quality he lacked in the art was patience. One day, at Sherwood Lake, I made him sit in one spot until late in the afternoon even though he wasn't getting a nibble. Then he started catching fish and made me stay there until long after dinner!

And that's the way we've been conducting our lives to date—which brings us to the question asked by those who, perhaps, are now actually beginning to believe that we are not married. Are we *going* to be married? When?

My answers must match Guy's, because everything said so far we have both agreed upon.

"I go out with Gail Russell," Guy said in the March MODERN SCREEN. "The way I am, when I go with a girl I 'go steady.'"

There you are, Guy and I are going steady. One of the places we have gone to is a section of West Los Angeles. There's a piece of land there. We didn't

buy it. We just looked at it and liked it. Another place we went to is a certain house in the hills that we both admire. We wondered how much it would cost to build such a house so we went and talked to the contractor. He told us. (Gulp!) You might be interested in the style of house we'd like, so I'll give you a rough idea. It's half-way between a Cape Cod house and a farmhouse. It's usually done in red and out here it's sometimes called Red Barn style. I don't know how it sounds to you, but it's really a honey! And, of course, Early American furniture would be just the thing for it.

Where else do we go while we are going "steady?" Well, last month we went up to Bakersfield and Guy introduced me to his mother and father. Incidentally, I got a new visualization of Guy there—a cute one.

I've always thought of him as the type who is very sure of himself, rarely embarrassed or ill-at-ease about anything. But that disappeared when his mother started talking about him—as fond mothers will.

"Robert [his real name] was always shy as a little boy," she said—and went on with more of the same, getting understandably sentimental about her own son. Guy wriggled in his seat at first. Then I noticed his complexion was getting a few shades to the pink. And finally he got on his feet and turned to his father.

"C'mon, Dad!" he sort of growled. "Let's take a walk."

And so I stayed and *really* found out about Mr. Guy Madison.

the lowdown . . .

But I knew a lot before I met his mother. I knew that he was a very loyal boy. If you speak against a friend of his you have to prove it three times. And then he'll walk right up to the friend and ask point-blank if it's true. More often than not, he says, the gossip won't be true.

He has a very active conscience and lives by its dictates. He has to feel that the thing he's doing is right before he can do it. When he accidentally was the cause of his friend, Howard Hill, getting hurt in a hunting accident, he was a most miserable boy. For weeks afterward, sometimes from places as far away as Florida, he'd telephone Howard daily to find out how he was coming along.

He is stubborn. (I might as well say right here that I, too, am stubborn.) But he can be reasoned with. It isn't generally successful, but at least there's a *chance* that you might get him to see the light. (He says there is *no* chance with me, and on the chance that he may be right, I'm trying my best to change!)

He is pleasant, he is generous, he is serious about his career, and he works so hard at it that I know he's going to get places. And—I definitely think he'd make a good husband. But. . . .

Maybe it won't happen—because no one of us, or no two, for that matter, can guarantee that their tomorrows will come up made to order. But if ours do . . . well, even so, we are not fooling ourselves. We've been considered married so long that when (and if) we take this important (to us) step, both of us know that it will probably be one of the finest examples of anti-climaxes in Hollywood's history. If ever an announcement is slated to receive a casual "uh-huh" reception, that one will get it. Our friends will yawn. Editors will toss the notice into their wastebaskets. Every columnist will write a short "Don't forget you read it here first" note and go on to other news . . . and we will be forgotten.

And that, I think, is something every newlywed couple is entitled to for a while!

THE END

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Isn't it a blessing that in this modern age of enlightenment, helpful truths can be outspoken? Today, vaginal douches 2 or 3 times weekly are so widely recommended and practiced for intimate feminine cleanliness that the all-important question has really become —WHAT to put in the douche!

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By CAROL CARTER, Beauty Editor



Point with pride

Joan Caulfield, who's starring in Paramount's *Dear Wife.*

■ Perhaps you've been leading the care-free life of a nature-girl this summer, taking a very happy-go-lucky attitude toward the finer points of your personal appearance. Now you're back in business or school-room, meeting and competing. Lots of pure genius is an asset, as no one can deny—but when you point with pride to the flawless letter you've typed, or explain at the classroom blackboard how you discovered the value of X, let your eloquent hands draw attention by their beautiful care and the flash of 10 bright, jewel-like fingernails.

You need a thorough manicure at least every 10 days; the more often you beautify your nails, the less time you need to spend per session.

When you remove chipped polish, hold a bit of remover-soaked cotton against the nail and then pull from the base toward the tip. This keeps dissolved polish from staining your cuticle. If you're just changing shades, however, to match a certain frock or lipstick, you can put coat over coat of nail enamel, building up a good, strong defense against chipping or nail injury.

File your nails before scrubbing your hands—water-softened nails are hard to file nicely and tend to have a frayed-looking edge. File from the corner of the nail toward the tip and leave enough of the nail corner to protect your surrounding skin from callouses.

Follow the natural curve of cuticle in shaping your nails. Long, pointed nails aren't being worn much now and anyway, they break easily and aren't practical. If your nails need an appearance of length, use a soft pink nail enamel and cover the entire nail from base to tip, except for a mere hairline down each side of the nail. Put an extra brushful of color down the middle of the too-square nail. If you want to give a too-fragile hand a more substantial look, leave moons and tips uncolored and use a rich red. The lucky girl with oval nails and smooth, white hands can use any shade or shape she prefers. Put the accent on beautifully-colored fingernails if you want people to remain unaware that your hands aren't completely perfect! Get into the hand-lotion habit, too, for soft-fair hands and carefully polished nails compliment each other—*and* you!

WHY STARS TURN TO PRAYER

(Continued from page 41)

the scene be finished—and at her insistence it was.

That night, the same doctor examined her again. This time, what he found amazed him. Barbara's injury was such that had she *not* gotten up and walked immediately she might have been invalided for years! What would probably have been a badly congested area in the region of her lower spine had cleared up greatly with the increased circulation of the blood brought on by her activity.

There is Doris Day. Alongside her bed is a scripture book. Not a day goes by without her reading it. The habit goes back to her 'teens when an ambition to become a dancer, not a singer, was cruelly ended by an auto accident in which both her legs were broken. She became so dispirited during convalescence that her whole will to live lessened. She suffered a mind block that made her morose. But, in time, she turned to prayer for comfort and came to the decision that "if this accident has happened, then there must be some good that will surely come out of it for me."

It was only then that she took up singing lessons. She had no thought of it as a career, had no idea of ever singing in public. Yet that was to be the means to the fame she thought had gone out of her life forever because she couldn't dance.

Father Peyton—or, as he is better known, Father Pat—tells of a Christmas Day when Bing Crosby was to sing "Adeste Fidelis" on the Father's special Rosary radio program, and awoke to find himself the victim of an attack of flu that included a throat raw with inflammation. Bing phoned immediately, but not to cancel. He wanted the chorus rehearsed so that it could break in at any point of the song if his voice should fail.

The program went on—and Bing sang through his song perfectly. When someone asked him how he'd done it, Bing was thoughtful.

"Someone must have said a prayer," he replied with simple sincerity.

Virginia Mayo is a member of the First Presbyterian Church of Hollywood, where Dr. Louis Evans is the pastor. Her husband, Michael O'Shea, has just joined. He declares he has never required a demonstration of the power of prayer to believe in it, but nevertheless, he has seen one. It is something that occurred during a visit to Gallup, New Mexico—an incident which is engraved in his memory permanently.

He was on the Navajo reservation near Gallup when a dog belonging to an Indian boy was accidentally shot by a hunter. The dog was brought to the boy and laid at his feet. A Christian convert, the boy prayed for his pet. Then he announced that the dog was sure to get well, and set off for school, happily.

The boy's father immediately summoned a veterinarian, who reached a different verdict. There was no hope for the dog. He had best be put to death.

The father took up a rifle. He was an expert shot. Stepping up to within 10 paces of the dog, he took careful aim, fired—and missed! He was so overcome that he lowered his gun and refused to shoot again, despite the vet's repeated assertion that it was inhuman to let the animal suffer.

miraculous recovery . . .

Late that afternoon the boy came back to his dog and found him sleeping. By nightfall the dog was taking nourishment and by the next morning was well on the way to being himself again.

The only person not amazed by the miraculous recovery was the boy, whose simple faith had saved the pet he loved.

Religion is no more on the lips of those in Hollywood than it is of others anywhere else. But their lives are necessarily more in the public eye. Jane Russell doesn't particularly want it known that, when working on the set, she spends most of the time between scenes studying her Bible. But since she has to do it in the presence of some 40 or more fellow-workers, it's become known not only to them but to hundreds of others in the studio.

When John Payne's last attempt at reconciliation with Gloria de Haven failed a few months ago and he moved into the Beverly Hills Hotel, he did it quietly and without any fanfare. And perhaps only because a bellboy was curious and had to talk about it do we now know that outside of his clothes, the only other belongings John took with him from the home he had lived in with Gloria for years were two books—both Bibles.

John is not publicly identified with any special church, yet his spiritual faith is one of the strongest in Hollywood. He is quite sad about the delay in the production of *The Robe,* in which he has utterly no interest other than his feeling that the religious message in the picture is needed by the country. Something only his closest friends have known, until now, is that John volunteered to play any role in the picture offered to him, regardless whether it be a major or a minor part.

And the fact that Maureen O'Hara—like millions of other wartime wives—prayed every day for her husband, Will Price, when he was in the Fourth Marine Division during the bloody island invasions in the Pacific, was reported not by her but by a friend, a woman who had a husband in the same outfit, and who learned to overcome her own worry and gnawing fear in this manner.

When incidents of a dramatic nature happen in the lives of the stars outside their homes there is almost always someone present to take note of it. For instance, there was a reporter standing near Mrs. Beulah Williams on that day some years ago when her daughter, Esther, won the national 100-meter free-style swim-

I SAW IT HAPPEN



When I was 13, I attended my first formal dance, which was given at an Army post near my home. My girl friend and I were very excited but I guess she was rather shy and didn't do much dancing. Just as we were getting ready to leave, a tall blond officer approached and said to her, "It just doesn't seem right that such a pretty little girl as you aren't dancing"—and away they went. To my amazement, I realized that the handsome officer was Dan Dailey, then stationed at Ft. Riley, Kansas.

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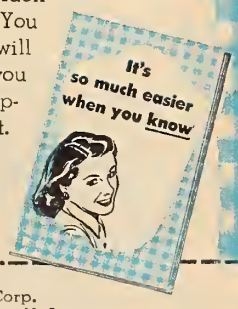
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ming title that brought her wide attention and started her on her way to MGM as a star. The moment Esther pulled herself up out of the water she ran to her mother.

"I won, Mother!" she cried delightedly. "I won!"

"I know, dear," said Mrs. Williams. "But don't forget, you didn't do it yourself."

Esther's face sobered. "You're right, Mother," she replied. "I will thank Him for answering my prayers."

One of the greatest successes in Betty Hutton's career was the sensational hit she made at the Palladium Theater in London. Reams of copy were cabled to this country about it and printed in almost every newspaper and magazine in the country. But not one story mentioned a most important fact about her triumph.

Every morning before Betty and her mother left their hotel they would get down on their knees and pray that she could give of her best in her performance.

These were not the first prayers in the Hutton family, of course. Betty, and her sister Marion, feel today that not only have they achieved their ambitions through prayer, but that prayer alone enabled them to survive the privations of their early lives when they were desperately and, yes, often hungrily poor.

and the greatest is charity . . .

Father Pat thinks Loretta Young is the most compassionate woman he knows, and tells of a demonstration of this trait which he witnessed on a trip to New York. He was staying at the French Hospital, where the nuns are of the Holy Cross Order (the father was ordained a priest of the Congregation of Holy Cross at Notre Dame) when Loretta, who was at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, invited him to lunch there.

Her husband, Tom, was with her, and after the meal Father Pat told them about a woman patient at the hospital who, the nuns had said, had survived 30 operations. He asked if Loretta could visit her and bring a bit of cheer. She was very willing and they all left for the hospital.

Loretta spent a long time with the woman, and then wanted to visit through the charity wards as well. For the rest of the afternoon she went from patient to patient, finally finding herself near two beds on which lay elderly Negro women. She talked to them but noticed that only one answered.

"She can't speak," explained this Negress. "She doesn't know what's going on here. I think she's frightened about it all."

Loretta was touched. She bent down quickly, kissed the mute woman and gently held her head close to hers, transmitting the sympathy she could not make understood in words. And she prayed for her.

Not far away stood Father Pat and Tom, and the priest could not help but note that Tom had to lower his head to hide the tears in his eyes.

There are many, many stories attesting the fact that simple faith lives in Hollywood, as it does all over the rest of the world, and that spiritually, the stars are not any different from other people.

There were 24 hours in the early Hollywood career of Pat O'Brien when the world could not reach him. He was himself reaching elsewhere. Every second of those 24 hours, Pat was on his knees in a session of supplication which he recalls as the most fervent in his life. It happened 12 years ago when his daughter, Mavourneen, who is now 15, lay seriously ill of a mastoid complication.

Pat told his beads, kept on, though there was echoing through his mind the doctor's pronouncement that Mavourneen's condition was practically without hope.

He knows, he says, that her recovery was an answer to his prayers.

It isn't any wonder that he once wrote an article for a national magazine stating that America's secret weapon is prayer—or that he received thousands of letters agreeing with him.

There was a day in the life of J. Carroll Naish when he didn't value it at a lead dime. As a youth, he was returning from the Orient on a tramp steamer when the boat was caught in a gale off the California coast, with winds up to 75 miles an hour and rain blotting out all vision.

A wave which tore away the rudder also disabled the wireless apparatus and prevented any call for aid. Unable to head into the force of the blow, the vessel shipped water steadily and soon lay helpless with decks almost awash.

There were lifeboats, but all aboard knew it would be impossible for them to stay afloat 10 seconds in the furious sea. Huddled together, crew and passenger alike, they could do nothing but pray. And they were in the midst of prayer when the Chinese cook called out that he heard something—bells, he said, church bells.

The ship was miles from shore. Not even a ship's bells could be heard, let alone church bells. They thought he had gone crazy. And then, from out of the windswept mist, there appeared a Coast Guard cutter! Lines were cast, the steamer taken in tow and brought into port. And not until then did the rescued men learn from the captain of the cutter that he had not come on them accidentally, but was investigating the source of an unusual sound that had come to the ears of his crew and himself—the pealing of church bells.

It is a mystery which has not been explained to this day, but it may be significant that of the 200 and more stars who have given their services for Father Pat's regular prayer program, which is heard every Wednesday over the Mutual Broadcasting System, and for his special Rosary programs broadcast every Christmas, Easter and Mother's Day—of these stars, J. Carroll Naish has been just about the most frequent performer.

And anyone desiring a summation of Hollywood's spiritual faith might be interested in some words spoken about the stars by Father Pat, who knows them all personally.

"*Never since the Christian religion has begun,*" declares Father Pat, "*has any group of individuals, of various denominations, themselves, done more to bring to the minds of the millions of people, the riches and depths and beauty that are hidden in prayer.*"

THE END

MODERN SCREEN



LET'S NOT TALK ABOUT LOVE

(*Continued from page 55*)

And so it was that Betsy, while Cary was on his way home, had undertaken the biggest, most important job she'd ever tackled. By taking the lead in *Dancing in the Dark*, a Technicolor musical, she was going to show the world she could stand on her own two feet. . . .

As the ship was eased alongside the dock, Betsy felt that Cary would be proud of her. She could hardly wait to be with him to give him a play-by-play account of her Betsy-on-her-own project. Though aside from that, naturally, she could hardly wait to be with him, period.

Well, as reunions go, Cary's and Betsy's wasn't a romantic one. Even if these two had wanted it to be, how *can* you be romantic with a dozen reporters and photographers breathing down your neck? Betsy and the small group of friends who came down to meet Cary were almost lost in the shuffle. When they finally did get to him, they uttered the usual welcome-home phrases—and, of course, he *did* give Betsy a few kisses. But Cary *didn't* say, as one over-zealous newsman headlined, "I've already asked her," in reply to the inevitable question about when he was going to propose. At least, no one else heard him say it.

Everybody in Hollywood has been trying to get these two married ever since Betsy came from New York a little over a year ago and Cary got her a screen test and made her his leading lady before you could say, "Every - girl - should - be - married." Everybody says they're in love. Everyone except Cary and Betsy. Her answer to investigators of the subject is invariably, "We have never discussed marriage." And when Betsy fixes you with the serious gaze of those chameleon eyes—sometimes deep blue, sometimes vivid green, but always direct and honest—you believe her. To Betsy, at this point, something more vital than marriage to anyone—even Cary Grant—is having a chance to prove that her overnight stardom in *Every Girl Should Be Married* wasn't just a lucky combination of knowing an influential screen idol and stumbling into a role tailor-made for her particular talents and personality.

fits like a glove . . .

And that chance came quickly. When June Haver became ill, Betsy was asked to take her place in *Dancing in the Dark*. Reading the script, she loved it instantly—perhaps for sentimental reasons, because the story about a struggling young actress reads almost like her own biography.

But more significantly, it would be a tougher role than even Betsy could have dreamed up to establish her right to be called a screen success. In it, she'd have to sing and dance, as well as emote. And Betsy had never sung or danced in her life.

With characteristic honesty, she emphasized her shortcomings when producer George Jessel discussed the picture with her. "I want to do the part—more than you know," Betsy told him earnestly. "But I can't sing or dance."

He said he'd take a chance.

"I'll probably ruin your picture, if I'm in it," Betsy insisted.

He said he'd still take a chance.

In Hollywood, where self-appreciation is a popular and assiduously practiced art, Betsy Drake is a phenomenon. To say that she's modest would be the understatement of the decade. She honestly thinks she can do nothing well. One day on the *Dancing in the Dark* set, director Irving Reis tried to jolt her out of this complex. "Now Betsy," he said, "there must be times when you do *something* to your own satisfaction."

After a moment, Betsy replied thoughtfully: "Yes, once in a great while I read a line or do a scene that I really feel is right, but it's so rare that it's like a single sunny day in a long rainy spell. . . . I wish it would happen more often," she concluded wistfully.

Although Jessel hadn't been disturbed, dance director Seymour Felix was bowled over when Betsy said, "Mr. Felix, I think you ought to know something: I can't dance a step."

they all laughed . . .

"Oh, don't worry," said Felix bravely when he recovered. "You'll—you'll get along fine after we've worked on the routines. Just relax as though you were doing ordinary ballroom dancing."

"But that's just *it*," Betsy insisted. "I can't even dance on a dance floor. You see, I've always been a wall-flower. Even in high school, when anyone asked me to dance, I'd just—well, I'd just freeze up like a broom-handle."

By now Felix was beginning to feel faintly panicky. "Well, look. Ah . . . just walk back and forth. You'll relax."

"Mr. Felix," Betsy gulped in agitation, "I'm even awkward when I walk."

So Mr. Felix and Betsy first practiced walking—and from that they went into the simple "time" step.

"Once she got over her self-consciousness, she did beautifully," Felix reported to director Reis. "That girl works like a Trojan. She practiced seven hours a day for three weeks on one number."

"I know," said Reis. "She tackles everything like that. If there's any truth in that old saw about genius being half application and half perspiration, I suspect we have a genius on our hands." When the dance scene was shot, Director Reis congratulated his suspected girl-genius.

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Reis," she blushed gratefully, "but if I'm at all graceful, you can just say that Mr. Felix hypnotized me."

Not long ago, a woman's page editor visiting the *Dancing in the Dark* set asked Betsy for her beauty secrets to include in a story. "I'm so sorry," Betsy apologized. "I'm just not a beauty and I have no beauty secrets. I just like to be clean."

With no illusions about her beauty, her importance, or her talent, Betsy has everyone who works with her unconsciously pulling for her. "She's like a high-stepping thoroughbred at race-time," one grip observed sagely, "trembling and rearing at the starting gate—but once the bell rings, you don't have to worry about her. She'll make it if she has to run her heart out."

Mark Stevens, playing her fiancé in the picture, continually teased Betsy about Cary. The first time they rehearsed a love scene, she was supposed to throw her arms around his neck and kiss him. It turned out to be a surprisingly enthusiastic buss and, in mock dignity, Mark protested, "Please, Miss Drake! Just because Cary's coming home tomorrow, you don't have to practice on me!"

Days later, commenting on the 25 pounds Grant lost while he was ill, Mark said, "Say, Betsy, you don't like Cary that thin, do you?"

"I like Cary *any* way," Betsy flashed. "I'd like him with a walrus mustache!"

If the wiseacres of Hollywood expected to fill in their speculations with facts when



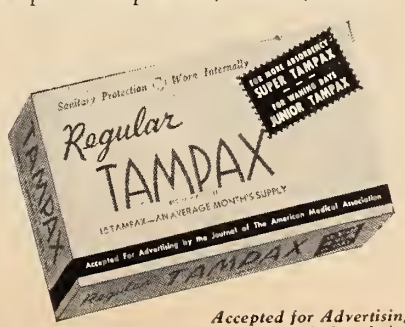
26 30 days hath September!

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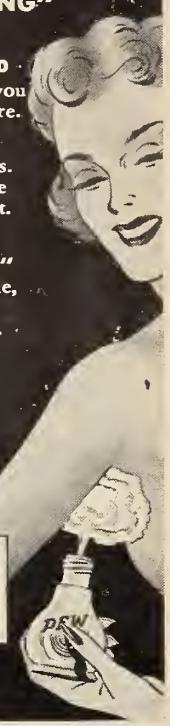
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Cary returned from Europe, they were disappointed. He and Betsy haven't been seen around in the bright spots or at parties. When they have dates, it usually means a quiet dinner together at Betsy's or at Cary's house. Afterward, they play backgammon or gin rummy and Cary always wins. Lately Betsy has been teaching him chess—and was delighted at beating him, until the last few sessions. "Now he's able to beat me even at that," she wails.

Typical of Betsy's low-pressure salesmanship where her own accomplishments are concerned, is her claim to only one social asset: "I play a fair game of ping-pong," she admits. She's an avid reader, and when she hasn't a book in hand, she's most content when she's learning something. Her current project is a self-teaching piano course, which she pursues so determinedly that she painstakingly copies two or three bars on a scrap of paper to carry in her purse for memorizing whenever she has a spare moment away from home.

"Home" to Betsy in Hollywood is a tiny white house just outside the studio gate. She rented it when she started work at 20th Century-Fox. In its four small, sunny rooms, she and Suzy live in ladylike seclusion.

Most of her waking hours since she's been in Hollywood, Betsy's been working. That's one reason why she's made few friends in the picture colony. Another is that she's so shy that meeting strangers frightens her. In a crowd she closes up like a clam.

In conversation, her voice has a soft huskiness, pitched so low that any other sound in a room can drown her out. Betsy counts this as an odd blessing. Completely self-effacing, she would much rather listen than take part in a conversation.

Celebrating the almost simultaneous completion of *Dancing in the Dark* and *I Was a Male War Bride,* Betsy and Cary, with Howard Hawks and starlet Marion Marshall, made a foursome at the recent racing meet at Santa Anita. While experts Grant and Hawks carefully studied their form sheets for the scientific selection of a winner, Betsy quietly picked, at random, a lost cause named Bollingcall, slipped over to the betting window and cautiously placed a two-dollar wager on his hopeless nose. Bollingcall (why that name intrigued her she's never figured out) romped home first, dumping $127.50 in the lap of a very dazed Miss Drake. "The first thing I ever won in my life!" she gasped unbelievingly.

Betsy's prognostications aren't always as accurate as her horse selections. She employs a favorite childhood device for foreseeing the outcome of a problem or the possibility of obtaining a particular wish: If she wins two out of three games of solitaire, then she'll get her wish or her problem will be solved. Following her screen test, while she waited to hear Dore Schary's verdict, she almost wore the spots off the cards. Two out of three games and she'd get the role in *Every Girl Should Be Married.* Weeks went by—and never once did she make it.

Next day, when she was visiting at Cary's house, she was still running the cards while Cary studied a script. Again she'd just failed on another two-out-of-three when Dore Schary called long-distance from Chicago, where he'd just seen the test. Finishing the call, Cary returned to the living room, looking completely bereaved.

"Betsy," he began, tragically, "I've some bad news for you."

Her heart crash-dived to her toes and she said in a small, crushed voice, "I didn't get the part."

"I said, 'bad news'," he went on. "You *did* get it! Now you're stuck with me for a leading man."

Whether two out of three wins at solitaire would foretell marriage with Cary, Betsy has never tried to find out. Asked if they would wed *eventually,* Betsy parries "Eventually is a long time to talk about. We might. Or one or the other of us might decide against it."

If this is a romance, no one else is in position to say for sure. No one except Suzy, who is their constant chaperone. And Suzy isn't talking.

Shrewd observers, but very close-mouthed, these French poodles.

THE END

MY HEART DECEIVED ME

(*Continued from page 24*)

see her straightening up, becoming more of a somebody every second. When I got through and asked, "Well, do you still think you're not as attractive as I am?" her reply was best of all. It showed me that what I had said had impressed her, but hadn't turned her head so far that she went the other way.

"Yes, I do," she replied. "I know I'm not as attractive. But I feel now that being attractive is something you can work at. That if I develop my good points, maybe I can get to be something like you and the other stars I admire."

We said goodbye—but just as we parted she had one more thing to tell me. "You must be awfully happy, Miss Day, to want to make others happy, as you have me," she said.

Well! Long after she had gone, all that day, I thought of this. Yes, I was happy. But why? I felt I had to put into words, into so many exact words, just why I was happy . . . so there could be no doubt of it.

There were reasons why I shouldn't have been. Twice in my life I had thought I was settled with men I loved and twice in my life I became unsettled . . . via divorce. This is enough to make a girl a little unsure of herself, and without confidence, life can be quite saddening. Oh, yes, in my case there was a career to make up for it. Maybe that was washing out the shadows of the past that could plague me. And it's perfectly true that making good in Hollywood has its own satisfying kind of thrill to it.

Yes, a career can help and mine is helping me. But, deeply and honestly, there is something else. It's not on the picture lot, nor written on the face of the check that I pick up at the cashier's window. It's not in the radio studio standing beside talented and kind people whom I admire and who have helped me so much. It's not in the dresses I can buy now, nor at the parties I am asked to attend, nor in any of the Hollywood whirl, that surrounds a star. It's in me! It's a realization and a conviction. The realization is that one never *falls* into happiness (as I had always thought). One has to *make* it! The conviction is that this time I know how to make my happiness. And before you think I am talking just in generalities, let me explain that the happiness I want can come only when I find the right man. I'll find him.

He won't be anyone who just smites me off my feet the second I see him. I've *been* smitten. He'll be several things which I'll name, and in the exact order I give: 1. A



HOW TIME FLIES!

Jackie Cooper and Judy Garland are at the hand-holding-at-soda-fountain stage. Which accounts for the completely dejected look on the freckled countenance of Mickey Rooney. But Mickey pulled a fast one at the studio commissary the other day. Jackie and Judy were interrupted in their soulful gazes at each other over malted milks when Mickey passed the table and yelled "Hi, you kids." On his arm was Sophie Tucker.—*Modern Screen, September, 1937*

friend. 2. A companion. 3. A friend. 4. A *friend.* 5. A FRIEND. 6. *A FRIEND!*

You never hear the phrase "True friendship at first sight," do you? Everyone knows that real, enduring friendship is something that develops slowly. Well, that was a little mistake I made before; a natural mistake, perhaps, because I was so young. I let something else come between the natural development of friendship and companionship—something sometimes called a mad love.

A few months ago I was invited to a party. Later I was thrilled to learn that a certain star would be attending whom I had never met, but had always been crazy about when I saw him on the screen. "This is fabulous, sensational!" I told myself. My old girlish enthusiasm hit me (oh, it's still there, all right, but I've learned to keep a tight rein) and I went into a flurry of preparations for the affair.

We met. He was handsome. He had a commanding presence. He was certainly something to be seen with. And—he was nothing!

This man was exactly that. He was nothing. He could wear clothes. He could look at you. He could sit still beautifully, at any angle, and let you look at him. He could chatter—nothing about nothing, mostly—and then let you look at him again. (If I seem to be going around in aimless circles, that's the way it was when I was with him. No matter how things started, or where they might lead to ordinarily, with him you just ended up . . . looking at him.)

Well, I thought, would I want this sort of man for *all* my life? For my mornings and my noons and my evenings? For my good moments and my bad moments, for my tears and my laughter and my illnesses? Always this . . . and *just* this?

No, thank you. I went home early that night. I pleaded illness. He had bored me to it.

There is a wall that can come up between two people. If they cannot communicate with each other because they hold little in which they are commonly interested, if one is one kind of a person and the other just opposite, if viewpoints are so different that they cannot take in the other person's—that's a wall. I know. I've faced it.

To fall quickly in love with a man, madly in love, is to be in love on only one level. But there are lots of levels to everyday life. And if you can't meet each other on these other levels just as interestingly and warmly, almost, as you have on the first one—well, when that great, big beautiful love moves out, the wall moves in!

Al Jorden, my first husband and the father of my son, was a nice man. It is as much a reflection on me as it is on him that we are not married today. Neither one of us, I think, used our good sense. It still wasn't being overworked when my second husband, George Weidler, and I met. We were married in 1946, separated a year later, and were divorced June 1 of this year.

Not long ago I met my second husband and we had a long talk. He surprised me by revealing a new attitude to life, a sound, spiritual relationship to it that I had never thought possible in him. It made me gasp to listen to him at first. And then his ideas captured me, I wanted to know more and more. We were by this time too far apart for a reconciliation to become possible, but just the same, I not only felt a new respect growing in me for him—I took his new-found spiritual outlook for my very own. It is very like what I am writing about now. He, who used to live on the other side of that wall from me, was now my teacher! This is what time had done for him. It might have done it for both of us if we had taken time to get to know each other before we married instead of falling right into each other's arms and hoping that we'd learn about each other later.

For some people it does work out well that way. It must, I guess—because there certainly are cases of people who have fallen in love at first sight and have stayed in love. Were they so-o-o much in love, and is that the reason—or were they lucky that they *happened* to be right for each other?

Today if I meet a man it is enough for me if he is pleasant. I don't ask that he be knocked over by me, or give me a rush, or depart from his usual, pleasant self in any way. I have met a number of men like that. With a few, the acquaintanceship has grown to real friendship. I am more than happy about it. It may be that one of these friendships will develop to something closer. That will be wonderful. But if it doesn't, I'll still value the friendship.

i'm not afraid . . .

I have a nice home. I have a fine son. I know what it needs. So does he. The other day, when I had time off, I told him I was going to spend it all with him. He was delighted, was Terry, who is just seven, and getting to know his way around the neighborhood alone. Yet, 10 minutes later (which I know is like a half a day to him) he casually announced he was going off to visit a playmate.

"But I thought we were going to be together today," I said.

He looked at me. "Why, Mom?" he asked. "Are you lonesome?"

"Yes, I'm lonesome," I replied.

"Why don't you get married?" he asked.

He went on to say that if I were married we'd have a "real gang" in the family, and, "You know, Mom. It takes a whole gang to have fun."

Okay, Terry, I thought to myself, we'll have a "real gang." And I'm not afraid, as many women are who have been divorced, that it will turn out badly again this time. There will be safeguards. The man who is to be your new father and I will have many things in common before he even becomes your father—so many things that we won't need a love to be interested in each other! And then—if such a love comes—well, that won't be the *only* bind that ties! THE END

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AM I CHEATING MY CHILDREN?

(Continued from page 33)

is to marry and bear children. But it also seems to me that God wants us to live our lives fully and honestly and to His credit.

My boys and their father are the lodestars of my life. But there's something else that's tremendously important to me as an individual: My work. Many women have outside interests in club work, in doing part-time jobs in hospitals, in any one of a hundred occupations. In my case, the outside interest is a Hollywood career, and I don't think it hurts my being a good wife and mother one tiny bit. On the contrary, I'm positive it's a big help.

Four years ago when Tim and Greg were born, I realized, of course, that I'd been presented with a brand-new set of problems. But not being a swami, I couldn't look ahead to see exactly what the problems would be.

By the time the babies were four weeks old, I was getting ready for a new picture. I had to leave them in the care of a nurse—so I didn't have a chance to get used to them. Like a lot of mothers, I was afraid to touch my babies. They were so *little*—four pounds each—and I was actually afraid I'd break them! I guess I'd have become easy and relaxed with them if I'd been able to take complete charge. But I spent most of my free time tip-toeing around the nurse and being terrifically impressed with the capable way she handled them.

full time mother . . .

After I'd finished the picture, I was sitting in the nursery one afternoon watching the two darlings when it suddenly occurred to me I was missing an awful lot by not taking charge of them—taking constant charge. Maybe, I thought to my daydreaming self, I ought to give up my career and devote myself entirely to bringing up my children. . . .

As luck would have it, the next day I was informed by the studio that my three-month lay-off period would now begin. Here was a golden opportunity to see how being a full-time mother would work out. So, dispensing with any halfway measures, I told both the nurse and the housekeeper that they could start their vacations immediately.

Late that afternoon, domestically attired in a peasant dress and an apron, I met my husband at the front door.

"Greetings," I said blithely. "You see before you plain Susan Barker, housewife and mother."

"How do you do," said Jess.

"I've sent away the nurse and the housekeeper," I said triumphantly, "and for the next three months, *I'm* going to take care of everything."

After I'd helped him up off the floor, he said, "That's very nice, darling," and kissed me. Then he went upstairs to play with the babies.

The four Barkers made, I thought, a very appealing family circle. But after about 45 minutes, I noticed that Jess was getting a strange look on his face.

"What's the matter?" I inquired.

"Well," he said, "isn't—isn't dinner a little late tonight?"

"Dinner?" I said. "Oh . . . dinner. . . ."

"Yes," he said. "You know, the food that usually somehow appears on the table in this house about six-thirty? Remember?"

"Good heavens!" I said. I'd forgotten all about the necessity for fixing it!

This was the first in my series of surprises. During the next few days, I discovered that two babies need an incredible amount of diapers; that a housewife checks on the dry-cleaning, orders the groceries, sees that the house is tidy, and doesn't answer the front door—especially if she's in pictures—with cake batter all over her face.

Now, I know that there are millions and millions of women who run domestic establishments six times as complicated as mine and manage, somehow, to wind up apparently fresh and blithe and set for a frolic when the old man gets home. They have my deep-down, all-out admiration. But—darn it—I'm just not that way.

By the end of one month, what with cooking, shopping, cleaning, and taking care of the little ones, I was definitely beginning to fray about the edges. I was a weary housewife, and I showed it. When Jess would come home at night, where once he'd found the witty observation, the tinkling laugh, the endearing wiles, he now found the vacant stare, the wan smile—everything but the blow and the curse.

Finally, my long-suffering mate said, "Now, look!"—and told me that (1) he preferred to have an attractive-looking wife to the tousled creature I was becoming, (2) he'd rather have a wife who was nice, (3) my biscuits shouldn't happen to a dog, and (4) this was not the girl he thought he'd married. What in tarnation, he asked, was I trying to prove and whom, exactly, did I think I was fooling?

Then he gave me his handkerchief and fell in love with me all over again. Next morning I called back the nurse and the housekeeper. I'd faced the fact that I'd been trying to do too much and had been doing it pretty terribly. . . .

Ah, well! The experience had been a good one: I certainly had a better working knowledge of the home; I had a much closer insight into the problems of the people who worked for me; and—most important—I'd really gotten to know my children.

I still, of course, take on myself the general responsibilities of their daily lives whether I'm working or not. I direct their nurse and plan their menus. And, naturally, I supervise the running of the household. But as to that, I do *not* wring my hands if the cleaning woman can't come—which happens quite often. I'm afraid I'm not the kind of girl who gets upset if the house isn't spotless. Neither is MacKay, our housekeeper—who, by the way, is a grandmother. We both know that the house will be cleaned when we get around to it. And none of us is overly fussy about the children, either. We don't think they ought to be antiseptic. As long as they're fundamentally clean, a little dirt on top won't hurt 'em.

new world . . .

I know I'm a darned sight more interesting to them when I'm an active part of the outside world and can bring that world closer to them. The boys aren't shut out of our working lives—anything but! They're always asking to go to the studio, and we take them. It's a whole new enchanting world we're able to unfold before their insatiably curious eyes. They play with every gadget in the different departments. They work the camera boom, they put on the sound engineer's earphones. The propmen always have something fascinating to show or tell them. They meet all kinds of people, talk to them without shyness—and I watch with delight, remembering my own shyness as a child. . . .

It seems obvious to me that what children require is not necessarily the constant presence of their mother, but the constant knowledge that they're loved and cher-

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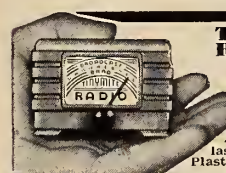
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ished. Jess and I have impressed on our boys—less by word than by actions—that we all love one another and should do things together. Their problems are our problems, and our problems—at least the little ones that they're able to tackle—are theirs.

When I get home, I slam the front door—that's our "secret signal." The boys shout and get ready for a romp with me. But if Jess has gotten in ahead of me, there's a slight delay while he and I sit down together for a minute or two. Then we run upstairs and tussle with the kids.

For the past year, the boys have usually taken their dinner with us. Jess carves. I cut up their meat for the boys. We talk about their doings and ours. (Though our major grown-up affairs can wait until after the kids are in bed.) Greg keeps us in smiles—he's the boy with the jokes. ("Mommy, why should you keep away from a dog named Ginger?" "Why, darling?" "Because *gingersnaps!*") Tim is the one with the questions. ("Daddy, do angels have to drink milk?" "Uh. . . . Ask Mommy.") Both have pretty good table manners for their age and, if little accidents do occur, we don't raise a fuss. So somebody tilts soup onto the floor—so somebody wipes it up! Usually the boy who spilled it, which means he'll be more careful next time. But I don't go into a tizzy. We have no Persian rugs to be ruined.

the children's hour . . .

After dinner, we generally watch Judy Splinters and a cartoon on the television set. . . . Once my picture, from a cover of Televiews Magazine, was flashed on the screen. The twins jumped up and down with excitement. "Mommy's on television! Mommy's on television! We want to be on television too!"

"Wait'll you get to be cowboys," said Jess.

"On a horse?" said Tim.

"Sure," said Jess, "on a horse."

"You gonna get us a horse, Daddy?" said Tim.

"Now, you just keep on saving your pennies," said Daddy.

Though I'm dead on my feet, I always tuck them in and hear their prayers. Jess always lets me do it by myself. I sort of like to be the last one with them at night—I somehow feel that their mother should be the last person they see before they close their eyes. It's possessive of me, if you like. But I'm aware of that, and don't carry it any further.

Sometimes, though, even after they're asleep, we play games with them. Recently a friend stayed overnight, and Jess went upstairs to get an extra pillow. While there, he went into the boys' room and leaned over Greg's bed.

"Did you shave today?" he asked softly.

Greg, the jokester, chuckled in his sleep and mumbled, "Yes, I did."

The boys think it's terrific to go to bed one place and wake up in the morning somewhere else. And every so often we'll pick them up in their sleep and put them in the guest room. Once I woke to find that Jess had put Tim in with me. We'll hear them chortling about it as they drink their morning orange juice. ". . . the time I slept with Mommy . . ." ". . . the time we were both in the front room. . . ." It's the kind of thing that makes you smile when, in later life, you look back over your childhood, remembering. . . .

Well—am I cheating my children by being an actress?

I'm sure I'm not! They're having a full, happy, secure and cherished childhood. And I believe that the main reason they are is that, by being an actress, I'm being a better mother.

THE END



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WESTWARD, WHOA!

(*Continued from page 45*)

meager punishment for a grown man. It's a piece of wood about a foot long that hangs on the den's wall. On one side there's a tiny doghouse, and on the other, five miniature leather dogs—one for each of the family—hang from five leather hooks. All you do is lift the right dog off the hook and put it in the house.

"Oh, never mind," we said ungraciously, "we can take a joke."

"Roy has a good sense of humor," Dale explained. "Why, on our last wedding anniversary he gave me a 22-gauge shotgun!"

"Some joke," we said.

"Of course," Dale added, "there was a pair of ruby earrings in the cartridge box."

We figured maybe he wasn't so bad at that and we allowed him to help Dale and us carry out the food. On the way to the corral we looked the place over. Pretty neat. Silos brimming with grain, colts frisking safely in the distance, a spinning windmill, fields of turnips. . . . What really impressed us were the chickens. They weren't much for looks, but they lived in specially heated coops of their own, and every time they'd lay an egg it would slide down a little wire trough in front of them.

"Remarkable," we said.

"Oh," laughed Dale. "Wait till they come out numbered. Roy's working on that."

For solid enjoyment, read the screen story of Roy Rogers' and Dale Evans' latest movie, *Down Dakota Way*, in the great September issue of Dell's SCREEN STORIES magazine.

Then we reached the corral. We took one look at those beautiful Palomino horses and felt like running away.

"Want to ride?" asked Roy.

"Us?" we said, dropping the food packages. "We?"

Dale, whose heart is bigger than Texas, calmed us.

"Simmer down, girls," she said. "Relax."

Relax? We were feeling so relaxed we almost fell to the ground right there.

"You know this song?" asked Roy as he started to sing a verse. It was about a couple of young dudes who got trampled to dust when they declared they were a-feared and started raising a fuss. "Remember old Leftie, Dale?" he asked suddenly. "He was a nice fella."

Dale snickered. About four seconds later we started laughing, too. It was pure hysteria.

Then Roy led Dale's horse, Pal, toward us. "Gentlest horse I've ever seen," he said, stroking Pal's mane affectionately. "Go ahead, talk to him."

"Hello, horse," we said. "Hello Pal, old boy, old horse."

"You know," said Roy, "even you could handle him."

"Oh, we doubt that," we said. "We very much doubt that."

"Sure you can," said Roy. That man must be a hypnotist—because the next thing we knew, sister Reba was in the saddle.

"He'll do anything you say," Roy shouted up from where he stood. "Tell him what you want him to do."

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"Giddap," Reba whispered. "Giddap." It could have been worse. Reba could have told him to do the Missouri waltz.

After this exhibition, Roy put Trigger through his paces. It was wonderful to watch. Trigger's getting on in years for a horse—he's 16—but he went through 25 tricks without an error: prancing, bowing, counting, kneeling to say his prayers. Trigger, Junior, who's being trained to take his pappy's place, will have to go some to outshine him.

Feeling a little more at ease, we helped Roy pack the food in the saddle bags and then ambled out of the corral. We came to the top of a hill and held our breath. The countryside lay huge and green and still beneath us. We picked out a site for our picnic. It was underneath an old oak tree in the center of a turnip patch.

Talk about living—you should have seen that food! Roast beef and baked-ham sandwiches, potato salad and whole, juicy tomatoes, apple cobbler and ice-cold lemonade. Heaven.

After lunch, Roy stretched out on the ground and slid his cowboy hat over his face. For a few moments nothing stirred.

"I'd say," whispered Dale, "Pa looks a mite too comfy."

We were inclined to agree. We plucked a sprig of green and swished it beneath his nose. Soothing as a horsefly, it was.

Roy didn't move. We swished, and swished. Suddenly he bolted upright. We bolted, too.

"Run for the hills, girls!" Dale shouted, as Roy reached for his lariat.

We bounded for the open field and stopped almost in mid-air as the lasso curled around us. "Help, police!" we cried as he hauled us in. "Enough!" we cried as he tied us up steer fashion. "Mercy!" we shrieked as he tickled us under the nose with turnip leaves. "Uncle!"

"Ornery critters!" laughed Roy. "Disturb the peace, will ya?"

"Fat chance we'd have," we muttered. Then we all shook hands.

To convince us we'd been forgiven, Roy offered to ride us back to the ranch on Trigger. We don't know much about the West, but when a cowboy lets you ride his horse, and especially when that horse is Trigger—it's an honor. So we got on, all three of us, and we joggled along with Dale on Pal beside us.

On the way back we passed the Rogers' prize-winning bulls and Trigger Junior's training ring and the pigpen. We wanted to stop by the pigs—little pigs are harmless—but Dale wouldn't let us.

"Hate pigs," she said. "Dates back to the time I was three and wanted to run away from home. Best place I could find was the pigpen. Took Dad two hours to find me and two more to coax the old sow to let me out."

"Why did you run away?" we asked.

"Had a new baby brother," Dale said. "I thought he was getting all the attention. Reckon that won't ever happen to my kids."

Before we knew it we'd reached the corral—and suddenly it dawned on us: The day was over. Time to hit the trail. Roy lifted us off Trigger and steadied us on the ground.

"Nice horse," we murmured, and even touched his mane.

We sat down gently on some bales of hay and tugged at each other's boots until they came off, one by one. Then we sat down gently again with a weak but happy smile on our lips.

"Have fun?" asked Roy and Dale.

"Podners," we said, "podners, there aren't words to describe . . ."

"Reckon you're plumb tuckered out," said Roy, smiling.

"Reckon so," we said, smiling back. "Reckon we've been ridin' a mite too hard. But shucks, podner, we'd love to do it again!"

THE END

ARE ODDS AGAINST TEEN-AGE BRIDES?

(*Continued from page 57*)

SHOULD HOLLYWOOD TEEN-AGERS MARRY?

(The following views on teen-age marriage are those of Mrs. Muriel E. Richter. Mrs. Richter is National Chairman of the Domestic Relations Clinic and a member of the National Association of Women Lawyers.)

Statistics show that teen-age marriages in general have a high mortality rate and in Hollywood, especially, teen-age marriages that endure are something of a wonder.

Older people often fight separation for reasons of their own security. Youngsters have less fear of the future and, hence, less incentive to fight off divorce. Then, too, Hollywood teen-agers tend to view marriage in a story-book light. Once wed, they expect to live happily ever after, but often give little thought to ways of securing happiness or to the responsibility they've undertaken.

Careers present additional problems to Hollywood youngsters who marry at the beginning of their professional lives. Continual adjustment of ego and personality is necessary as success comes or does not, as fame throws one partner into the limelight and ignores the other, as sudden, excessive wealth distorts true values. A great love and a high degree of understanding are required to withstand these threats to marriage. Most Hollywood teen-agers do *sincerely want to stay married but many, stricken with career-itis, still have the antiquated notion that to get somewhere in Hollywood you have to be free.*

Except for rare instances, then, I am not in favor of teen-age marriages. General immaturity, the inability to accept responsibility, and the inability or unwillingness to accept the yoke of matrimony stand in the way of lasting happiness.

became successively but not successfully Mrs. Willis Hunt, Mrs. Thomas Wallace and Mrs. Horace Schmidlapp. Then, last year, confused in mind and sick at heart over her romance with a man she could not marry, she killed herself.

"That," says the average teen-ager so confidently in love, "could never happen to me." Perhaps not—but there seems to be a strangely familiar pattern that is true of many girls who marry in their middle teens. Many of them become members of the "try, try again" school, marrying so many times that it would take a book to trace down all the effects of their marriages on the people involved.



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Bravely, but with little honest consolation for failure, many teen-agers say, "We'll try it, and if things don't work out, we can always get a divorce." But Judy Garland had no such attitude when, at 19, she married composer David Rose. They took their vows on July 28, 1941, at which time Judy declared confidently, "This is no ordinary Hollywood marriage. This is the real thing."

When she and Dave separated on February 22, 1943, she looked on things with the more considered judgment of a woman now past 21: "We were happy in the first few months. Then our careers began to conflict." This seemed rather a lame excuse at the time, but now Judy had substituted honesty for wishful dreaming. Now, too, there was a hunger inside she could not deny. She yearned for a husband, her own home life, and children, Two years later, she tried again—this time, she thought, more wisely—with a husband considerably older and more experienced than she.

An understanding, brilliant man, Vincente Minnelli devoted himself to Judy. They were blessed by the arrival of a wonderful daughter. Yet the inevitable parting came again. Meantime, what of Judy herself? Her friends have worried constantly about her. She has suffered several nervous collapses. She has been terribly unhappy, and as much as to any other cause, the reason can be traced to her first mistake in marrying before she had attained complete maturity.

At 18, Deanna Durbin was a year younger than Judy when she married Vaughan Paul. Theirs was a beautiful wedding, attended by hundreds of friends and co-workers, all of whom would have sworn that here was a down-to-earth young couple who could make a go of it. They had everything—money, youth, a mutual interest in movies. The years of happiness seemed to stretch ahead endlessly—but Deanna's marriage collapsed the same year Judy's did. One can speculate on whether or not both of these stars, had they waited until they were 21, might still be happy in their original marriages.

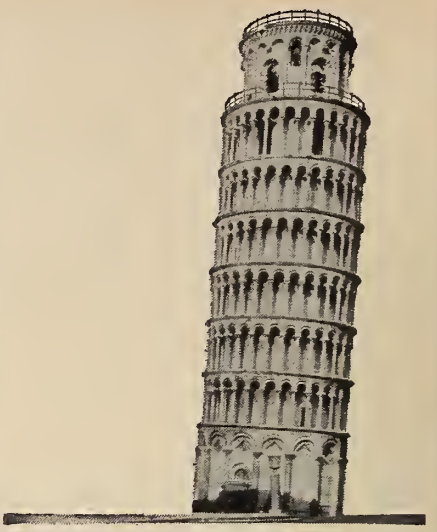
What wrecked Deanna's first marriage? The answer came simply, a few hours later when Deanna had a good cry and poured out her heart to Louella Parsons. There was no doubt about her real heartbreak when she said, "It wasn't Vaughan's fault or mine that we failed to make a go of our marriage. He, too, was spoiled. If I'd known more about romance, I might



HOW TIME FLIES!

From the coast comes word that despite all the hullaballoo about selections for *Gone With The Wind,* three top spots have been definitely cast. Margaret Sullavan is to play Scarlett O'Hara, Clark Gable, Rhett Butler and Walter Connelly has been chosen for the important part of Scarlett's father.

—Modern Screen November 1937



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FROM THE MOVIES

BEAUTIFUL BLONDE FROM BASHFUL BEND—"Every Time I Meet You" by Perry Como* (Victor); Dick Haymes (Decca); Buddy Clark (Columbia). Title Song by the Modernaires (Columbia); Tex Beneke (Victor).

THE CHAMPION—"Never Be It Said" by Herb Jeffries (Columbia).

IN THE GOOD OLD SUMMERTIME—Album by Judy Garland* (MGM).
Four short but cute sides, best of which is the novel *Play That Barber Shop Chord.*

IT HAPPENS EVERY SPRING—title song by Art Lund* (MGM); Dick Haymes* (Decca).

MGM'S SILVER ANNIVERSARY—album of eight sides (MGM).
A mixed bag from seven different movies, including Lena Horne's *Can't Help Loving That Man,* the Allyson-Lawford French lesson from *Good News,* and Jimmy Durante looking for the lost chord.

NEPTUNE'S DAUGHTER—"My Heart Beats Faster" by Tony Martin* (Victor).

RED, HOT AND BLUE—"Where Are You Now That I Need You" by Jane Harvey* (MGM), Betty Hutton (Capitol). "I Wake Up In The Morning Feeling Fine" by Betty Hutton (Capitol).
Both songs are from Betty's picture, but our vote goes to the sympathetic vocal quality of the Harvey girl (an ex-Benny Goodman vocalist).

YES, SIR, THAT'S MY BABY—"Look At Me" by Buddy Clark* (Columbia); Art Lund (MGM).

JAZZ

ERROLL GARNER—"Love Walked In"* (Savoy); "Love For Sale"* (Dial).

BENNY GOODMAN—"Bedlam"** (Capitol).
Everything is bop, except Benny's clarinet, on this wonderful sextet item. The band will be bopping it up in Europe by the time you read this.

WOODY HERMAN—"Early Autumn"** (Capitol).
A beautiful piece of mood music by Ralph Burns.

ELLIOT LAWRENCE—"Elevation" *(Columbia).
Surprisingly successful stab at bop by the polite Pennsylvania pianist and his band.

CLASSICAL AND POP

BUDDY CLARK—Songs of Romance* (Columbia). Oscar Levant—Playing Chopin** (Columbia).

JAMES MELTON—"Yours Is My Heart Alone"* (Victor).

JANE POWELL—A Date With Jane* (Columbia).
All the above show the great advantage of Columbia's 33-speed records over Victor's awkward 45-speed discs. The Clark, Powell and Levant items have up to 35 minutes of music on one disc; the Melton side is merely another three-minute opus solving nothing but your storage problems—which Columbia does anyway.

not have married the first man I was permitted to go out alone with. . . . That would have saved us unhappiness and a marriage that never should have taken place."

And now came the next inevitable urge that follows a teen-age marriage failure. Continuing the parallel between the lives of Deanna Durbin and Judy Garland, Deanna waited a couple of years and also married a much older man, Felix Jackson. Another highly-respected Hollywood producer, against whom there can be no criticism for what happened, Mr. Jackson seemed to bring to Deanna's life the stability she needed. However, like Judy, she reluctantly admitted another failure last year. Like Judy, she was famous and wealthy, but nervous, distraught and terribly unhappy.

Very few teen-agers are willing to face the facts after they have made their mistake. Not so with intelligent, frank and beautiful Barbara Lawrence. Several years younger than Judy and Deanna, she followed in their footsteps romantically—but she is determined not to make another mistake.

In a statement to MODERN SCREEN she says, "I eloped with John Fontaine without the consent of my mother. She was married in her teens and knew what in all probability would happen. I didn't listen—but now I can warn any girl that she is in grave danger of making a mistake she will regret for a long time if she marries before she's 21. When you reach that age you have a better chance of knowing what you really want. *Before 21 you act on your hunches, rather than knowledge and experience.* Of course, there are successful teen-age marriages, and there will be many more. Usually, though, you'll find them in communities in which values are constant—where there is not, as there is in Hollywood, so much emphasis on the importance of money and glamor."

foresight and hindsight . . .

That is a really sensible analysis for a girl of 19 to make. Isn't it too bad she couldn't have reached that conclusion *before* she married? If she had, perhaps she wouldn't have sought divorce less than a year later.

At this point, the average teen-ager may ask in protest, "Won't adults ever realize that every case is individual; that the chances for marital mistakes are equally as strong with adults? Look at all the marriage flops of people who marry in their middle twenties!"

True—but only half true. Anyone of adult stature is more able than a teen-ager to recover balance in case of a divorce, and when statistics are quoted to prove how many happy marriages there are in Hollywood, nine out of 10 of them concern couples who married only after considerable mature thought.

Today, Elizabeth Taylor is engaged to a fine young man, William Pawley, Jr. Will their marriage be a success? There is everything here to indicate a sound marriage—except Elizabeth's age.

Perhaps the breathtakingly-beautiful Liz could profitably examine the record of Janet Leigh, who works on the same movie lot. Janet came to Hollywood with her young husband, Stanley Reames, a Navy veteran who wanted to be an orchestra leader. They pawned everything they possessed to get started. Temporarily, his career was stopped short by the record ban and conditions of the times. Then Janet was accidentally discovered by Norma Shearer and was signed for movies.

At that time, Janet gave this reporter an inspiring story of her marriage to Reames. Even a mind trained to a dubious attitude toward all movie starlets who

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marry at 18, succumbed to Janet's charm and her earnest conviction that both she and her husband had their feet on the ground.

A few months later, on July 20, 1948, Janet took the stand in divorce court. She blamed their youth and made the usual pat references to his being "cruel and sullen."

What happened here?

To people in Hollywood it was an ancient tale. Janet was being catapulted into important pictures and big money. At first she wanted to have her husband with her on sets. Then it became the old story of the man feeling unimportant, relegated to the background. Arguments over late working hours and the easy, affectionate attitude that is typical of theatrical people working together, grew intolerable. Stanley was confidentially told that it would be better if he didn't visit his wife so often. His hurt and bitterness were understandable. So, too, was the attitude of his wife.

Will Elizabeth Taylor be able to survive similar experiences?

When Ava Gardner married Mickey Rooney at the age of 19, she was a starlet, but she had very little interest in her career. She was willing just to be the Mick's wife. They were together from January 10, 1942, to September 14, 1943, at which time she gave up. In place of the reconciliation statement of a few months before—"I couldn't get along without Mickey and he couldn't get along without me"—Ava said, "He just wasn't meant for marriage."

Now Ava is 26. People wonder why she doesn't marry Howard Duff, with whom she seems so obviously in love. She doesn't marry because one more attempt with Artie Shaw turned into failure, and she says that if she marries again it will be only after she has known the man a long time.

Just how iron-bound is the rule that if a girl marries in her teens and divorces she seems barred forever from finding true happiness with another man? There must be exceptions and there are. Sent to cover the divorce of Betty Grable from Jackie Coogan back in July of 1939, this reporter talked to a very confused and unhappy girl.

out of unhappiness . . .

"It's not the money," Betty said, referring to the court action which Jackie had filed against his mother and stepfather, claiming he was penniless. "I was just out of my teens when we married, and we've been fairly happy together. We've laughed over the fact that after all the millions he earned, all Jackie had left was an allowance of $6.25 a week and had to hock his car to pay our rent. No, it's all tied up with the fact that Jackie is almost out of pictures now. I'm not doing too well at Paramount and we figure we'd be better off if we split up."

Miraculously, out of Betty's tears soon came a rainbow. She went to 20th Century-Fox, soared to stardom, married bandleader Harry James, and today she has the happiest of homes and children.

So, too, do Lana Turner and Rita Hayworth seem to have come through their teen-age mistakes unscathed. Yet, if they escape the almost certain penalty of their teen-age misjudgments and live happily after with their current husbands, it will be considered by many little short of a miracle.

One thing can be said of today's army of young people under 20: They may be impetuous, but they're no fools. Give them the cold facts, such as just recorded here, then present an honest summation by one of their number who is obviously making good with her own marriage, and



"Two, please!"

the rest may be left up to their common sense.

So, at this point, we turn the problem of teen-age marriage over to Wanda Hendrix, recently married to Audie Murphy. Says Wanda:

"I'm glad I waited until I was 20 before I married Audie. We first met while I was still 17. I had just turned 18 when he proposed, and of course I dreamed of eloping. We had been vacationing in the High Sierras with my parents along for chaperones when he asked me, one evening, to go for a walk. We strolled along a path through the high trees. He popped the question and I said yes. Then, many times in the following months, we seriously and frankly discussed the advisability of my marrying so young. I told him that from the experiences of others I'd feel so much more sure of myself if we waited until I was out of my teens.

"He agreed it would be sensible to wait. For there was also the matter of his career. I seemed reasonably sure of mine, but his was still quite indefinite. I think the important thing that most people forget, no matter what their business happens to be, is that a man has a great deal of pride. If he didn't, a girl wouldn't want him. If they marry before he's reasonably sure of the road he is to take, there's a great danger: If he doesn't do well enough to give the girl he loves the home he wants her to have, he'll soon encounter a sense of failure and a girl in her teens usually doesn't have the patience or understanding to buoy up his courage and lift him out of his temporary despair.

"Before long, he begins to blame her, feeling that if she had insisted that they wait until they were more secure they wouldn't be having their problems. He suspects that whether she says so or not she thinks she chose the wrong man, and becomes a little ashamed. Before long, the undercurrents of immature reasoning break into a torrent of discontent.

"On the other hand, it is true that some of us grow up sooner than others. Mona Freeman is a perfect example of a girl who could marry in her teens and be assured of happiness. She is both a wonderful actress and a perfect home girl, while her husband, Pat Nerney, is a successful business man. Their parents are friends, and the two of them survived Pat's absence in Navy service.

"Should a girl marry in her teens? My answer is—think about it a long time before you do, and if you think long enough you'll soon be 20. By that time you won't even have to ask the question." THE END

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HE'S THE BOSS

(Continued from page 63)

The constructive approach, you'll notice —and I fall for it every time. Off come the wedgies. I compromise by wearing flat heels around the house. My hats languish on their stands, because John thinks hair is prettier than the prettiest hat. As for make-up, it's become a running gag.

"You don't need it," he says.

"Just lipstick, then," I concede. But I add a little rouge

"Why?" asks my husband.

"Oh, John—a woman feels undressed without a bit of rouge." Five minutes later I'm toning it down. There'll be girls at the party, well and subtly made up, and John'll think they look fine. But that's different. They're not his wife. He didn't have to watch them putting it on. There's no law that says he's bound to watch me, either. He just does. .

It's not a question of imposing his ways on me. John's much too civilized and I'm much too spirited for that. But somehow when I'm defeated in one of our little domestic contests, I don't feel as though I've lost at all. . . Well, it' too deep for me. Maybe psychologist could explain it.

small but nice . .

The house Mr. Lund bosses is a small hillside job with two bedrooms and a one-car garage. One medium-sized car, that is. The doors wouldn't close on a big car.

It's not the house of all houses we'd have chosen if there'd been much choice. We just grabbed what we could.

It was our first house, which was reason enough for me to love it. John took a less emotional viewpoint. "It's adequate, and who are we to ask more?" The only more I've ever heard him ask for is elbow room. "Something with a little land around it. So I can sneeze without having the neighbors say *Gesundheit.*"

I make soothing noises like, "Maybe . eventually. . . "

Still, a small house does have its advantages. Here I can revel in domesticity —which may pall one of these days, but so far it hasn't. I find it no chore to cook and keep house for two, with a cleaning woman and a part-time gardener to keep the dust inside and the weeds outside at bay. Only thing about the whole set-up that bothers me is that it bothers John.

"Why don't you get more help?" he'll ask. "Then you'd have more free time."

"For what? I'd rather cut a pattern or dream up a recipe any day than play bridge. With my system, full-time servants would be in the way. Besides, the house is too small."

"Then we'll get a bigger house."

And I sing the old refrain: "Well, maybe . . . eventually. "

I wasn't always so housewifely. It amounts, in fact, to a complete reversal of form. At school I failed to shine in domestic science, and at home I was discouraged from anything more ambitious than an occasional batch of chocolate walnut fudge. But I've turned into a pretty fair cook, if I do say so (and John says so!). As for sewing. . . .

Well, not too long ago I was leafing through a magazine when my eye was caught by a really stunning dress. It was love at first sight. I dashed out to find one like it. If you've ever dashed out on a similar errand, you know what happens. Mostly there's no such dress. If by some miracle there is, then the color's all wrong or they've got it in every size but yours. After two days of stalking the shops, I gave up. Temporarily. Because out of a clear blue sky an idea hit me. Maybe I could



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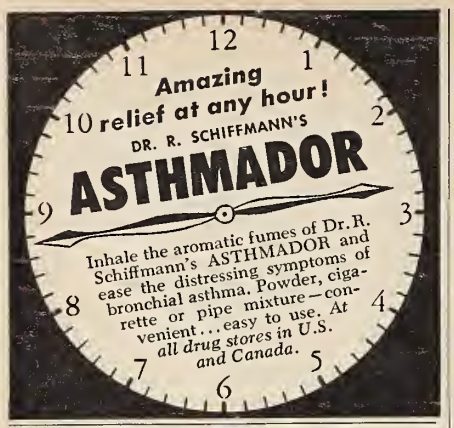
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make that dress myself. My mother had been a designer. There was just a chance I'd inherited some of her flair. . . .

So John came home to find me surrounded by patterns, material and all the paraphernalia of the seamstress. His face took on that "for heaven's sake, *now* what?" expression.

"Thought I'd make myself a dress," I explained.

"If you want a dress, why not *buy* one?"

I gave my reasons. He found them inadequate. Trying to compete with experts, said John, was silly. Waste of time and effort, and when you got through, what did you have?

"This," I said, opening the magazine. "Maybe."

He smiled tolerantly. "If it amuses you, go right ahead."

"Oh, *thank* you, Master," I replied.

After which, the sight of me plying my needle would prompt him to mutter things about killing your own meat and weaving your own wool. Once, with what I considered pretty feeble humor, he suggested that we buy a cow. "So much simpler than going all the way to the corner store for a pound of butter!"

I sewed on, regardless. When the finished product was unveiled, he stopped muttering. Offered no comment one way or the other, but he didn't have to. The man was plainly impressed, and that was good enough for me.

happy designing . . .

A week later I sat in my little knotty pine sewing room, wrestling with a knotty little problem. Across the hall John was reading, as usual. (I ought to explain that my husband has a mania for printers' ink. If there's nothing else available, he'll read the labels on the canned goods.) As I sat there pondering, he called out: "What's your trouble?"

I answered absently. "Can't decide what to do with this green satin I bought."

He dropped his book, sauntered over and examined the stuff with a judicial air. "Er—wouldn't it make a nice evening gown? You know—kind of a strapless. . . ." He waved his hands around, then made it perfectly clear by adding brightly, "You know—no straps."

I looked at him wide-eyed. The scoffer turned collaborator! I did make "kind of a strapless" and it turned out pretty well.

As of now, I make nearly all my own dresses, with my husband cheering me on from the sidelines. He'll even discourse learnedly about gores and peplums, though he wouldn't know one from the other if they both came over and sat in his lap.

I wish John would take half as much interest in his own clothes as he does in mine. Coat-hangers he regards as some kind of crazy fad that won't last the year out. Wherever he takes his things off, that's where they lie. At first I tried to reform him.

"John, it's just as easy to hang them up."

He was so pleasant about it. "Yes, dear, of course—as soon as I finish this chapter."

It's a mighty long chapter. He hasn't finished it yet. But it doesn't matter now. Because a vision revealed to me the perfect way of saving wear and tear on myself, on John and the clothes. *I* pick them up.

Only I don't touch his notes or his barbells. They're in the other bedroom, which he uses as a study. The notes are for an article he promised to write for a magazine three years ago. The magazine gave up hope long since. Not John. Those notes are sacred. Move them a millimeter and he knows it. The bar-bells have been around for only two years. To my certain knowledge, he's never lifted them an inch from the floor. Maybe just looking at them makes him feel strong. On me they have the opposite effect. I trip over them about seven times a week.

"John, old boy, why not put them in the garage?"

"But I'm going to start using them any day now!"

Meantime, it's become a kind of fascinating game. Whose neck gets broken before that day arrives?

People sometimes ask me, "How does John feel, now that he's a solidly established star?"

One thing I can tell them: He doesn't feel solidly established. He feels that a film career is built on sand. As I think I mentioned earlier, he a realist. And somewhere along the way he developed an ironical sense of humor that allows him to watch from the sidelines even while he's in the midst of the game itself.

To his way of thinking, the movies are such an up-and-down business that failure and success are part of the same pattern. If you hit, it's mostly luck, and who can say how long the luck will last?

"My luck," he'll tell you, "has been that Brackett and Wilder put me in *A Foreign Affair*—why, I don't know. Maybe as a challenge, maybe to see what they could do with a guy who hadn't fared so well in other films."

Stardom doesn't impress him much—as you may have gathered! When he played on Broadway, he got a taste of what he calls notoriety—enough of it, says John, to satisfy any reasonable man. There is, he'll admit, a certain commercial value attached to star billing. But as for the fuss and feathers that go with it—well, some of it's pleasant, some unpleasant, and all of it's unimportant.

Being human, he naturally prefers good luck to bad. But it doesn't make him exactly jump for joy. He's too conscious of what's on the other side of the medal. . . .

I was casting about for some way to bring this rambling essay to a close, and finally appealed to my husband.

"You used to write gags," I said. "Can't you think of something funny as a punchline?"

"We-ell, let's see," said John. "I know! Just repeat 'he's the boss.' That's the funniest gag I ever heard in my life."

All right. He's the boss.

(Some line, huh, John?)

THE END



critic's corner

WHICH PAPER DO YOU READ?

There was a time when Preston Sturges' name in a credit sheet meant wit and originality. There was a time when his films, written and directed and produced by one man, had a unique quality, a gay, good-humored and still a pointed sting. *The Beautiful Blonde From Bashful Bend* must be known as a Betty Grable picture rather than a Preston Sturges comedy. The sting is gone. So is the fun. So is the wit.

Eileen Creelman
N. Y. Sun

Though this goofey photoplay will win no awards, it's loaded with chuckles. The fine, big cast helps by getting into the silly spirit of things. If you want belly laughs and don't care how the entertainers stoop for them. *The Beautiful Blonde* is your prescription.

Lee Mortimer
N. Y. Daily Mirror

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MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 19)

TAKE ONE FALSE STEP

Cast: William Powell, Shelley Winters, Marsha Hunt, James Gleason, Dorothy Hart, Jess Barker
Universal-International

Take One False Step is unusual. It's sort of a comedy, sort of a melodrama, sort of a mystery, and the dialogue is witty and intelligent. William Powell, a respectable college professor, comes to the big city to see some men about some plans for a new university. His wife, Dorothy Hart, stays home. William's living at a hotel when he meets Shelley Winters, a girl who had a crush on him back in the middle of the war. He explains to her gently that the war's over, but she still wants to play. She drinks too much, and she's married to Jess Barker, whom she doesn't like— "He's not a nice man," she says wistfully—and she longs for the old days. "I'm the only person in the world who's still in a state of emergency," she explains. Powell's sorry for her, but he thinks she's a little nuts, and he doesn't want to get mixed up with her. She takes his scarf when she says goodbye (she always liked the way his shaving lotion smelled) and next morning he reads that she's disappeared. The police are sure she's been murdered. Her assailant left a bloody scarf behind. What Shelley, herself, left behind is a diary in which William figures prominently, and William wants to get to it before the police do. He can see the end of his honorable career, his happy home life—his life, in fact—looming before him. There are a lot more characters in this picture; you meet a crook Shelley went around with, a couple of eccentric doctors, a barking, biting dog, several university professors, a couple of marvelously funny detectives (Jimmy Gleason's one of them), and Marsha Hunt. Marsha has an always-a-bridesmaid-never-a-bride part here. She's William's pal, and she sticks by him—and his wife—to the end.



Take One False Step: College professor Bill Powell meets up with his past, Shelley Winters. The result: Comedy, mystery, and melodrama.

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THE GREAT GATSBY

Cast: Alan Ladd, Betty Field, Barry Sullivan, Macdonald Carey, Ruth Hussey, Howard Da Silva, Shelley Winters.
Paramount

Scott Fitzgerald's Jay Gatsby is brought to life by Paramount, with Alan Ladd starring. Gatsby, he was a simple man. He'd been a poor boy, he'd fallen in love with a society girl named Daisy (Betty Field), he'd wanted to be the sort of wealthy, cultured person he felt she deserved. He went to war, came out a major, discovered Daisy'd married, did some bootlegging, piled up a fortune. He bought an estate across the lake from Daisy's exclusive home, filled it with antiques, stocked his library with Shakespeare, imported his shirts from Bond Street. All for Daisy. Then he went after her. To Gatsby, it didn't matter that Daisy's child was four years old, that her husband was both rich and blue-blooded. Gatsby thought you could begin again. Daisy wasn't as simple as Gatsby. She was soft, she was sweet, and she was a coward. She never knew quite how to cope. Her husband wasn't faithful, and she used to say she hoped her child would grow up to be a beautiful little fool, because that was the best thing that could happen to a girl. And she loved Gatsby. "Tell me what to do," she says to Gatsby, finally. "Sometimes I'm frightfully clever, but I'm not very intelligent." For a while, it looks as though Gatsby will triumph, through sheer earnestness, but there's an accident. Daisy's driving Gatsby's car, and she kills a woman, and Gatsby takes the blame. The dead woman's husband shoots him. There's the ending, neat and pitiful. Gatsby's dedicated life leading to his inevitable death. Daisy's weakness leading to her inevitable life. She was a product of her time and her class. She could neither escape, nor, having escaped, be happy. The cast is good, but Betty Field turns in a great performance. She understands Daisy.



The Great Gatsby: Alan Ladd and Betty Field confront Betty's husband, played by Barry Sullivan. Ladd wants her to go away with him.

ONCE MORE, MY DARLING

Cast: Robert Montgomery, Ann Blyth, Jane Cowl, Taylor Holmes
Universal-International

Robert Montgomery's having a fling at being a movie actor, despite his lawyer-mother's objections. Mother (Jane Cowl) wants him to practice law, too. And as if he hasn't got enough trouble, the Army (he's a reserve officer) recalls him to duty. Army wants him to track down a crook. This crook stole valuable jewels from occupied Germany, but he fell in love with debutante Ann Blyth, and made her a gift of some of them. Army knows this because Ann posed for a perfume endorsement wearing one of the pendants. Montgomery's instructions are to romance Ann, get his and her picture in the papers, thus smoking the jealous crook out of hiding. (Crook's left town, and nobody's been able to pick up his trail.) Robert sets out to fascinate Ann, which isn't hard. She cares for him passionately the minute she lays eyes on him. He has trouble protecting himself, since she takes to running after him in her pajamas. He thinks she's very pretty, but she smells vile, because the people for whom she did the perfume ad gave her gallons of their product and she practically swims in it. (Other diners hold their noses when she enters a restaurant.) Montgomery explains that he doesn't want to appear priggish, but that if he gives in to her too easily, he may find himself giving in to some other young girl the same way, and she wouldn't like that, would she? Ann, however, has the most honorable intentions. She wants to marry him. He's in a fix, and not even his commanding officer will help him. "Fine," that cold-blooded official says. "Elope—that'll bring the crook out of his hole. He's not going to let you marry his girl. And by the way, have you got a gun?" That's how this movie goes. Farce and more farce, highly enjoyable.

also showing . . .

capsule criticism of films previously reviewed

THE BARKLEYS OF BROADWAY (MGM)—This reunion of Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire is a happy event in all respects. Their dancing is as wonderful as ever, the songs and dialogue bright, the Technicolor production handsome. With Oscar Levant and Billie Burke.

THE BEAUTIFUL BLONDE FROM BASHFUL BEND (20th-Fox)—Betty Grable as a straight-shooting gal of the Wild West who accidentally becomes a schoolmarm. Some of the hilarity isn't very hilarious, but a number of laughs do develop in the course of this cock-eyed Preston Sturges epic. With Rudy Vallee, Cesar Romero and Olga San Juan.

EDWARD, MY SON (MGM)—Spencer Tracy, driven by ambition for his son, becomes one of the most powerful men in England by tossing ethics out the window. A solid, absorbing drama, excellently acted. With Deborah Kerr, Ian Hunter and Leueen MacGrath.

THE FORBIDDEN STREET (20th-Fox) — Maureen O'Hara, a respectable girl of the Victorian era, goes to live in the slums with the no-account artist she's married. She has a bad time until he dies and a poor but ambitious youth finds her. Dana Andrews takes both men's roles. Slow-paced, but intelligently performed.

THE FOUNTAINHEAD (Warners)—Gary Cooper as a great architect whose insistence on rugged individuality knows no bounds and Patricia Neal as a rich girl who thinks he's dandy, anyway. With Raymond Massey, Kent Smith, Robert Douglas and Henry Hull.

THE GIRL FROM JONES BEACH (Warners)—A very light but very pleasant comedy in which artist Ronald Reagan tried to get schoolteacher Virginia Mayo to be his model. With Eddie Bracken and Dona Drake.

THE GREAT DAN PATCH (U.A.)—Dan Patch, who flourished before the days of motor cars, was the greatest trotting horse who ever lived. Seems he was also involved in human romances, and that's stressed here. A right charming movie, with Gail Russell, Dennis O'Keefe, Henry Hull and John Hoyt—none of whom, incidentally, plays Dan Patch.

THE GREAT SINNER (MGM)—Another movie that shows you what happens when gambling gets in the blood. This one's a big, expensive-looking affair that takes place in a fashionable European resort in the 1860's. The big, expensive-looking cast includes Gregory Peck, Ava Gardner, Walter Huston, Melvyn Douglas. Ethel Barrymore and Frank Morgan. Swell entertainment.

HOME OF THE BRAVE (U.A.)—A potent study of racial discrimination, the case in point being the experiences of a young Negro soldier in a Pacific battle area of World War II. James Edwards, as the Negro, is splendid, and Douglas Dick, Steve Brodie, Frank Lovejoy, Lloyd Bridges and Jeff Corey also contribute solidly to this extraordinarily exciting and moving film.

ILLEGAL ENTRY (Univ.-Int.)—Howard Duff, an Immigration Service inspector, joins a gang of alien-smuggling mobsters to get the evidence. Lots of thrills here. With George Brent, Marta Toren, Paul Stewart and Gar Moore.

INTERFERENCE (RKO)—Victor Mature as a star pro football player and Lizabeth Scott as his interior-decorator wife whose selfishness almost ruins him. Lucille Ball is Vic's ever-loving secretary. A well-done drama, with Sonny Tufts and Lloyd Nolan.

IT HAPPENS EVERY SPRING (20th-Fox)—Chemistry professor Ray Milland happens on a mixture that causes baseballs to shy away from bats, and becomes a great baseball pitcher. Jean Peters is his girl and Paul Douglas his baseball buddy. A delightful comedy indeed.

THE LADY GAMBLES (Univ.-Int.)—Barbara Stanwyck winds up in the gutter on account of how she loves those games of chance. Barbara gives her role the dramatic works, but nonetheless the picture is never very convincing. With Robert Preston, Stephen McNally, Edith Barrett and John Hoyt.

LUST FOR GOLD (Columbia)—A fast, exciting, violent Western—something about a lost gold mine. With Glenn Ford, Ida Lupino, Gig Young and Will Geer.

NEPTUNE'S DAUGHTER (MGM)—Esther Williams, Red Skelton, Betty Garrett, Ricardo Montalban and Keenan Wynn in one of those large Technicolor musicals that Metro does so satisfactorily. That wonderful song, "Baby, It's Cold Outside," is in this.

SAND (20th-Fox)—Mark Stevens as the owner of a prize horse who escapes and goes wild. Coleen Gray helps him bring him back despite numerous violent complications. With Rory Calhoun and Charlie Grapewin. Entertaining.

SORROWFUL JONES (Para.)—Bob Hope as a Broadway bookie who becomes the guardian of five-year-old Mary Jane Saunders. A very successful remake of the famous *Little Miss Marker*. Hope is wonderful, little Saunders is awfully cute, the whole thing's something you'll love. With Lucille Ball, William Demarest and Bruce Cabot.

STAMPEDE (Allied Artists)—Cattlemen versus settlers in this Western. Yes, it's exciting and fast-moving and everything. With Rod Cameron, Gale Storm, Johnny Mack Brown.

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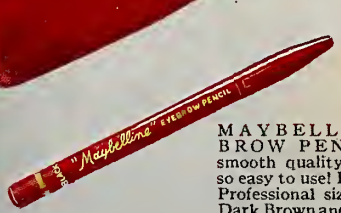
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SKIN-SAFE SOLITAIR! The only foundation-and-powder make-up with clinical evidence*—certified by leading skin specialists from coast to coast—that it DOES NOT CLOG PORES, cause skin texture change or inflammation of hair follicle or other gland opening. No other liquid, powder, cream or cake "foundation" make-up offers such positive proof of safety for your skin.

*biopsy-specimen

Gown by Cell Chapman

You'll find a lovelier *you*—the instant you start using Solitair cake make-up. Solitair is a special featherweight formula, unlike any make-up you have ever used. Solitair is a *complete* make-up. Combines powder and powder base. Hides little skin faults. Stays on longer. But never looks mask-like or "made-up." Contains Lanolin to help guard against dryness. Gives your skin petal-smooth appearance—flawless, natural, youthful-looking. No better quality. $1.00

Cake Make-Up Solitair ***Fashion-Point Lipstick**

Seven new
Fashion-right shades



Contains Lanolin

*Slanting cap with red enameled circle identifies Fashion-Point and color inside. U. S. Pat. No. 2162534.

New Beauty for Your Lips!

Yes—something excitingly new! Here is the one and only lipstick with point actually shaped to fit the curve of your lips! Helps you miraculously to apply color quicker, easier, more evenly. No blurred edges. See the new, exciting reds and "Dreamy Pink." So creamy smooth. Contains lanolin. Stays on so long! Exquisite case. $1

Now! Toni is *twice as easy—twice as fast*



Which Twin has the Toni, Lila or Ella Wigren of Chicago?

new SPIN curler cuts winding time in half—makes it double-easy!

New exclusive Toni SPIN Curler grips . . . spins . . . locks with a flick of the finger. *No rubber bands!* All plastic, patented! Nothing to tangle up in your hair! *Tiny teeth firmly grip* hair-tips so even the shortest ends become easy to manage! *Easy-spin action*—built right in—rolls each curl up in one quick motion! *Snaps shut!* Assures a better, longer-lasting curl. Winds more hair on each curler. Makes winding twice as easy—twice as fast! Now it's easier than ever before for any woman to wind perfect curls.

new FASTER process gives you the most natural-looking wave ever!

New Photo directions show how Toni waves hair in as little as 30 minutes! No other home permanent waves hair faster yet leaves it so soft and lustrous, so easy to set and style. For the Toni Waving Lotion is the same gentle lotion that has given more than 67 million permanents. Try this exciting Toni with new SPIN Curlers and see how quickly . . . how easily . . . you give yourself the most natural-looking wave you've ever had!

Which twin has the Toni? "Now we're both Toni Twins," says lovely Lila Wigren. "When I saw how easy it was for Ella to give herself a Toni with the new SPIN Curlers I decided on a Toni Home Permanent, too!"



SPECIAL COMBINATION OFFER

New Toni Refill Kit. Guaranteed to give the most natural-looking wave ever—or money back! Waves hair in as little as 30 minutes! $1.00

Complete Set of new Toni SPIN Curlers. No more rubber bands! Makes every wave from now on twice as easy! Reg. Value $2.00

Included in this offer—Toni Creme Rinse to make your Toni wave even lovelier!

BOTH FOR $2.29

NOW! PROOF that brushing teeth right after eating is the safe, effective way to

HELP STOP TOOTH DECAY with Colgate Dental Cream



NOW dental science offers *proof* that always using Colgate Dental Cream right after eating helps stop tooth decay before it starts!

Continuous research—hundreds of case histories—makes this the most important news in dental history!

Eminent dental authorities supervised 2 groups of college men and women for over a year. One group always brushed their teeth with Colgate Dental Cream right after eating. The other group followed their usual dental care.

The average of the group using Colgate's as directed was a startling reduction in number of cavities—*far less tooth decay!* The other group developed new cavities at a much higher rate.

NO OTHER DENTIFRICE OFFERS PROOF OF THESE RESULTS

Colgate's has been proved to contain all the necessary ingredients, including an exclusive *patented* ingredient, for effective daily dental care. No claim is made that using Colgate's can stop *all* tooth decay, or help cavities already started. But brushing teeth right after eating is the *proved* way to help stop tooth decay with Colgate Dental Cream. The Colgate Dental Cream now at your dealer's is the same formula that was used in the tests.

Always Use Colgate's* to Clean Your Breath While You Clean Your Teeth —and HELP STOP TOOTH DECAY!

*Right after eating



NO CHANGE IN FLAVOR, FOAM, OR CLEANSING ACTION!

OCTOBER, 1949

modern screen

the friendly magazine

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IT SPEAKS OF LOVE! IT SINGS IN COLOR BY Technicolor!



Worlds apart... yet their hearts are as close together as the hands of a clock at midnight!

M-G-M... producer of the screen's finest Technicolor musicals... presents another wonderful entertainment!

That Midnight Kiss



STARRING

KATHRYN GRAYSON

JOSE ITURBI

WITH

ETHEL BARRYMORE

KEENAN WYNN



J. CARROL NAISH • JULES MUNSHIN

THOMAS GOMEZ • MARJORIE REYNOLDS

and introducing

MARIO LANZA



Screen Play by Bruce Manning and Tamara Hovey

Directed by NORMAN TAUROG

Produced by JOE PASTERNAK

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

MEET A NEW STAR! He's the rugged, romantic type and the singing discovery of a lifetime!

NOTE! Something to watch for! The greatest picture since sound is M-G-M's "BATTLEGROUND"!

Your Loveliness is Doubly Safe



because

Veto gives you Double Protection!

So effective . . . Veto guards your loveliness night and day—safely protects your clothes and you. For Veto not only neutralizes perspiration odor, it checks perspiration, too! Yes, Veto gives you Double Protection! And Veto disappears instantly to protect you from the moment you apply it!

So gentle . . . Always creamy and smooth, Veto is lovely to use and keeps you lovely. And Veto is gentle, safe for normal skin, safe for clothes. Doubly Safe! Veto alone contains *Duratex*, Colgate's exclusive ingredient to make Veto safer. Let Veto give your loveliness double protection!

Veto lasts and lasts from bath to bath!



WE'VE ALWAYS HAD uncanny luck at racetracks. Every time we put two dollars on a horse—he throws his rider. It's reached the point where we can't even pass through Jamaica without rearing. Our good friend, K. Roby Eunson, tells us we're behaving abnormally. But K. Roby isn't exactly herself these days, either. We can picture her right now poring over a green sheet in some Parisian garret. It all comes of K.'s trailing Rita Hayworth on her honeymoon. Naturally, K. did it for us (her story, "The Truth About Rita's Honeymoon," is on page 46), but we'd no idea it would lead to this. If only Rita had stayed put; if only she'd rented a houseboat on the Nile and given her horses the run of the deck, K. Roby would never have been sending us collect wires like: "Saxon took the field at Longchamps. Yippee. Stop." or, "Will Skylarking be scratched at Ascot?" All we can say is, "We don't know, K. Roby, we just don't know. And please, why don't you trot on home—now that the honeymoon is over?" . . . *Follow-up from K. Roby: Seems Rita Hayworth has switched from horses to storks. It's rumored she's gone into seclusion in Deauville, France, to await the birth of a baby* . . . Well, now, that's coming around to *our* way of thinking . . .

LAST WINTER WE took a course at Arthur Murray's—and for what? So our wife would stop making odious comparisons between us and Clark Gable. We should have realized that Clark Gable does the two-step and everything else to perfection. That man has been a thorn in our side ever since he came out to Hollywood 20 years ago. About 10 years back, though, we started to relax. He's not getting any younger, we said smugly to ourself, time will tell. It certainly did. A toupee and a box of bicarb is now part of our equipment. As for Gable—a couple of grey hairs made their appearance above his famous ears—and now he's *completely* irresistible to the ladies. As a last resort, we decided to expose Gable in Modern Screen. What a blunder that was! Just turn to page 28 and be thrilled by "The Story Behind the Gable Legend" . . .

MONTGOMERY CLIFT IS another threat to our manhood, but we're a little too tired to fight back. In fact, we're throwing in the towel. We're letting Clift tell his own life story. You'll find it on page 50 . . .

WORDS CAN NEVER explain the way we feel about Lana Turner. We refer you to Shakespeare and to all the love poetry of India. Yes, we're mad about her, we might as well confess. Anyway, to get back to our editorial duties—several million people have been wondering whether being Mrs. Topping has changed Lana. We could tell you right now. But see the story on page 48 . . .

AT LAST, WE can talk about ourself. The thought of next month's Modern Screen makes us glow. Ava Gardner's in it, for one thing. We can stop right there—except that we're going to have stories about Liz Taylor and Glenn Ford, too. We'll have an inspiring piece about Gregory Peck's wife who's just become an American citizen, and a daffy tale by the Churchill sisters who are going to a bicycle party. By the way, Dell Publishing Co. (that's us) has just finished a whole magazine devoted to Betty Grable. On line, please, on line . . .

THE STORY BEHIND THE BIGGEST PICK-UP IN ENTERTAINMENT HISTORY!



"With 50,000,000 Frenchmen, she has to pick me!"



"She took me for a hayride in Heidelberg!"



"I was the best thing in a skirt in Bremerhaven!"







JUST MARRIED

CARY GRANT

ANN SHERIDAN

IN

HOWARD HAWKS'

I Was a Male War Bride

with

Marion Marshall · Randy Stuart · William Neff

Directed by

HOWARD HAWKS · SOL C. SIEGEL

Produced by

Screen Play by Charles Lederer, Leonard Spigelgass and Hagar Wilde · From a Story by Henri Rochard

20th CENTURY-FOX



HAVE YOU SEEN FLORENCE?

THE MOST HILARIOUS HIT IN MANY A HONEYMOON!



Jack Sassen stands by in Ciro's as Gail Russell chats long-distance with Guy. On his return from summer theater work, Madison and Russell were married. Date: July 31. Place: Santa Barbara.



Bob Mitchum presents Gertrude Niesen with a L.A. Gas & Electric manhole cover. Occasion wos on opening night party for Gertrude after her performance in *Annie Get Your Gun* at the Greek Theater.



Joan Crawford sits beside her protegée, Marion Morgan, who made her singing debut at Ciro's. Not only did Joan sponsor Marion, but she personally arranged her hair-do just before showtime.



Gary Cooper shyly backs away from George Fischer's microphone at the première of *The Fountainhead* in Warner's Hollywood Theoter. But "Rocky," Cooper's wife, firmly stands her ground.

LOUELLA PARSONS' Good news



Immediately after this picture was token, Greer Garson and Buddy Fogelson, Texas oil millionoire, left on their honeymoon. They were morried on July 15 at the home of Dr. and Mrs. Fletcher A. Cotron of Santo Fe, New Mexico.



Hollywood's newest rugged sensotion, Paul Douglos, dines at Romanoff's with Mary Jane Barnes. It's been rumored thot they'll morry. Meanwhile, Douglas has a busy working schedule—he'll fly to Berlin soon for *Two Corridors East.*

■ Let me tell you some highlights on Greer Garson's wedding to Buddy Fogelson I'm sure you have not heard:

The nervous groom-to-be didn't know the size of Greer's finger, so he bought *three* diamond circlets. One fitted perfectly—and he gave Greer the other two to wear on her charm bracelet.

Dr. and Mrs. Fletcher A. Catron, at whose 100-year-old Mexican ranch home the wedding took place, were able to engage only a Mexican orchestra with a very limited repertory. So the Catrons hired a full orchestra in Dallas to record the Wedding March and a dozen lovely melodies to play during the reception.

Instead of tossing her large wedding bouquet of orchids, Greer gave them to Mrs. Catron just before she and Buddy started on their motoring honeymoon, saying, "Put these on ice for me, please. I'd like them to stay fresh as long as possible."

When they returned to their own Fork Lightning Ranch in New Mexico after a few days, Greer found that Buddy had had interior decorators at work completely redoing her boudoir in the soft, pink tints she loves so much.

Oh, he's a nice man, this Texan that Greer has married! I have said all along—even when they took time out during a misunderstanding and the gossips said the romance was over—that Greer and Buddy would eventually marry. They are so right for each other.

For the first time in her life, Greer has a man who will be the boss—a man who is proud of her career, but not overly impressed by her importance as a star. Methinks the lady is going to love it.

Colonel E. E. Fogelson, as Buddy is officially known, has enough money to buy Greer a studio if she should ever need one, and he is just as important in Texas and New York financial circles as she is in Hollywood.

(*Continued on page 10*)

Here's how WARNER BROS. head y

THE ALL-HAPPINESS MUSICAL!

DENNIS MORGAN
DORIS DAY
JACK CARSON



It's a Great Feeling

COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR



And a Studioful of Guest Stars!

GARY COOPER
JOAN CRAWFORD
ERROL FLYNN
SYDNEY GREENSTREET
PATRICIA NEAL
ELEANOR PARKER
RONALD REAGAN
EDW. G. ROBINSON
JANE WYMAN

7 NEW SONG HITS!
'It's a Great Feeling'
'Give Me a Song with a Beautiful Melody'
'Fiddle Dee Dee'
'At the Cafe Rendezvous'
'That Was a Big Fat Lie'
'There's Nothing Rougher than Love'
'Blame My Absent Minded Heart'

DIRECTED BY DAVID BUTLER
PRODUCED BY ALEX GOTTLIEB

Screen Play by JACK ROSE and MEL SHAVELSON
From A Story by I. A. L. Diamond · Music by JULE STYNE
Lyrics by SAMMY CAHN · Musical Direction by Ray Heindorf

NEW HIT! NEW HEIGHTS!

JAMES CAGNEY

IS RED HOT IN

WHITE HEAT



CO-STARRING
VIRGINIA MAYO
with EDMOND O'BRIEN

FRED CLARK • Screen Play by IVAN GOFF and BEN ROBERTS
Suggested by a Story by Virginia Kellogg • Music by Max Steiner

DIRECTED BY RAOUL WALSH · PRODUCED BY LOUIS F. EDELMAN

ur theatre's parade of New Fall Hits!

THE WHOLE WIDE WORLD
WILL HAIL ITS GREATNESS!

GARY COOPER



TASK FORCE



with
JANE WYATT · WAYNE MORRIS · WALTER BRENNAN



WRITTEN & DIRECTED BY
DELMER DAVES
PRODUCED BY
JERRY WALD
ORIGINAL MUSIC BY
FRANZ WAXMAN

Strange things keep happening to

INGRID BERGMAN
JOSEPH COTTEN
MICHAEL WILDING



ALFRED HITCHCOCK'S

Under Capricorn

COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR



Screen Play by JAMES BRIDIE • Adaptation by Hume Cronyn • Based on the play by John Colton and Margaret Linden • From the novel by Helen Simpson

Directed by ALFRED HITCHCOCK

A TRANSATLANTIC PICTURE



Why take it with you?

New tooth paste with Lusterfoam attacks tobacco stain and off-color breath.

Don't kid yourself about "tobacco mouth"—it's as real as the stain on a chain smoker's fingers!

But your tongue can tell! (You can "taste" an odor.) And your dentist knows when he cleans your teeth. And your friends *might* notice . . . *you* know.

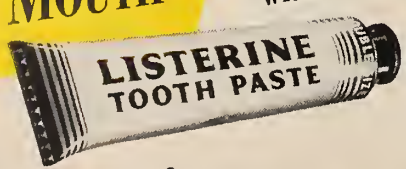
But they won't point the finger at you (after you've left the room of course) if you're a regular user of Listerine Tooth Paste. Here's why—

It contains *Lusterfoam*—a special ingredient that actually *foams* cleaning and polishing agents over your teeth . . . into the crevices—removes fresh stain before it gets a chance to "set" . . . whisks away that odor-making tobacco debris!

See for yourself how Listerine Tooth Paste with *Lusterfoam* freshens your mouth and your breath! Get a tube and make sure that wherever you go—you won't take "tobacco mouth" with you!



TOBACCO MOUTH ...give it the "brush-off" with



"Feel that Lusterfoam work!"



Ann Sheridan shares a rousing laugh with Cesar Romero and Zachary Scott at Romanoff's.

(*Continued from page 7*) Why wasn't Greer's mother at the wedding? Well, I can tell you it was no family tiff, in spite of some cruel printed insinuations. Nina, herself, told me: "I had my train ticket and was all ready to go to my daughter's wedding. Then an attack of neuritis I had suffered became so painful my doctor forbade my traveling on the air-conditioned train.

"Of course, I hated to miss it. You know how close Greer and I are and I am devoted to my new son-in-law. I think Greer is a very lucky girl.

"Every day I talk with them at the ranch. But I doubt if I will be with them again until we all meet in London. Our plans now are for me to go over there sometime after Greer starts the sequel to *Mrs. Miniver* in England."

I hope that settles *that*.

* * *

When Esther Williams heard that the eight-month-old daughter of the James Masons' was already swimming like a fish—she called up, introduced herself to Portland's Ma and Pa and asked if she could come over and see the baby do her stuff!

Esther, who was expecting her own baby at the time, was promptly invited over. Later she said she couldn't believe her eyes. Portland, who has as yet shown no inclination to walk, actually gurgles with glee when she sees the swimming pool.

"I started swimming young," Esther told James and Pamela, "but not *that* early!"

Esther said, before she left, "I'm a swimmer—so my baby will probably be an actor. You people are actors—and you have a champ swimmer!"

* * *

Betty Hutton's separation from Ted Briskin didn't even take time to develop into a nine-day wonder. It lasted only five days.

"Wha' hopponed? Well, I think a number of things brought on the temporary rift.

I have watched Betty and Ted together at parties. When the music would start up, it was natural for bouncing Betty to want to get up and sing and dance and have a time for herself. But a stern glance from Ted would put her right back in hor chair.

Betty's taste runs to zippy clothes a little on the conspicuous side. Ted likes her looking like a young matron from his home town, Chicago.

Also, Ted is a business man with little or no knowledge of Betty's show world. But, in spite of this, he has always had a lot to say about Betty's scripts and casting her pictures to her Paramount bosses. At one time, about two years ago, he interfered so much that Betty was constantly in tears. Finally, the head men at the studio made it plain they planned to produce Hutton movies without benefit of his advice.

Now that they have made up, they must have talked over these things and ironed them out. Ted was so eager to make up, I think he would have agreed to anything.

* * *

The Van Johnsons and Peter Lawford, who used to be the best of friends, stopped speaking about six months ago. Now they are back to nodding to each other when they meet at parties and cafés. But it ain't overly cordial.

* * *

Farley Granger is downright distressed over the terrific crush a very young actress has developed on him. He is very fond of the kid, but as far as being romantically interested, that's out.

She calls him all the time, pretending to be asking for advice about her own career. But before the conversation is over, she's trying to pin him down to a date.

Privately, Farley is wishing Dean Stockwell would grow up and meet her—or something.

* * *

Cobina Wright, Senior, gives very gay parties in her hilltop home next door to Pickfair, and her dinner-dance on the terrace in honor of the Louis Wolfsons of Florida was one of her best.

The good old moon was hanging out in the sky like a spotlight, illuminating such well-known faces as Joan Crawford, Joan Fontaine, Kathryn Grayson, Elizabeth Taylor, Sonja Henie (her diamond necklace shed more lustre than the moon), Anne Baxter, John Hodiak, the Zachary Scotts, Cesar

Are you in the know?



How to outsmart the "home date" type?

- ☐ *Padlock the ice-box*
- ☐ *Plant junior in the parlor*
- ☐ *Use the hot-and-glaves approoch*

'Tisn't that he hasn't the moola—or that you're glitter-minded. So, if *every* date's a "home" deal, better change his pinch-penny ways. To say "come y'aout"—greet him dressed for gallivanting: if only to the local Cokery. Or suggest bowling; or the skating rink . . . and if it's calendar time, no matter. You'll be *comfortable* with the new Kotex, for this new softness *holds its shape*. After all, isn't Kotex *made* to stay soft while you wear it?



Which suit should the lofty lassie wear?

- ☐ *The one on the right*
- ☐ *The one on the left*
- ☐ *The one in the center*

Ever feel as though you're built on stilts? Be wiser than the tall teen pictured here and shy away from vertical stripes. Likewise from an outfit that's all one tone. The suit on the right breaks height . . . you'll discover a contrasting jacket brings you down a peg! There's a difference in different girls' needs; on problem days, as well. For which Kotex gives you a choice of *3 absorbencies*. Try Regular, Junior, Super. There's one exactly right for you.



To be the picture of poise, try—

- ☐ *A blosé ottitude*
- ☐ *That "cosual" slump*
- ☐ *Sitting pretty*

You may be a walking posture lesson, but how do you fare with a chair? Plop down? Recline on the tip of your spine? Lady, be seated *gracefully*, with your weight on the foot nearest the chair. "Sit tall"; keeping soles of feet on floor. Correct posture's a poise-magnet. Also helps avoid "that day" discomfort—and you'll feel so at ease when you've chosen Kotex. For *extra* protection, there's an exclusive *safety center*. (Boo coo welcome feature—*n'est-ce pas?*)



If he spilled a soda on your best dress, would you—

☐ *Grieve and leave* ☐ *Grin and forget* ☐ *Call the manager*

You know the fizzician didn't drench you on purpose. Why brow-beat the poor guy? Grin . . . say the dress can be easily cleaned, then forget it. That's good sportsmanship. And it jet-propels your rating. Your confidence, too, hits the stratosphere—when you hurdle "certain" handicaps with Kotex. Because those special, *flat pressed ends* prevent revealing outlines, you can forget you were ever self-conscious.



More women choose KOTEX than all other sanitary napkins*

3 ABSORBENCIES: REGULAR, JUNIOR, SUPER



NEW!

A belt made with DUPONT NYLON ELASTIC

—wan't twist—won't curl —won't cut!

It's sensational! This new, nylon elastic Kotex Wonderform Belt gives 118% stretch—yet it's *strong*, smooth-feeling, light weight, quick drying. Stays flat, dainty-looking, even after many tubbings! This Kotex Belt won't bind—and you'll find the new *firm-grip fastener* easier, quicker to use! For utmost comfort—buy the new, nylon elastic Kotex Wonderform Belt.

2 *TYPES:*
Pin style and with new safety fastener



Kotex Wonderform Belt

Buy twa—far a change

Fall's more Fun!



WITH A

GREYHOUND

AMAZING AMERICA TOUR

Combine the *zest* of cool, bright Fall weather, with the *best* of vacation travel treats. Plan a Greyhound Expense-Paid tour this Autumn —to a glamorous big city, or to your favorite play-spot in the U.S.A., Canada, or Mexico. Everything's arranged as you wish, by Greyhound—hotel reservations, sightseeing, entertainment. And low tour prices mean you've *extra funds* for *extra fun.* Choose your Autumn vacation below, or write for information about any other trip you may desire.

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Hotel in Mexico City and Taxco. Visit Shrine of Guadalupe, Pyramid of Cholula, Puebla, Cuernavaca. ☐

7-day NEW ENGLAND CIRCLE TOUR $46.55
New York City, White and Green Mountains, cruise on Casco Bay, historic Boston, Concord and Lexington. ☐

6-day COLONIAL VIRGINIA $40.45
See Washington, D. C., Lexington, Natural Bridge, Richmond, restored Williamsburg. Five nights in hotels. ☐

3-day CHICAGO TOUR $11.95
Tour includes two nights at famous hotel. Grand Tour of Loop. North and South Lake Shore Drive. Tour of Chinatown by night. ☐

4-day Boston, $24.00 ☐. 11-day Florida Circle, $72.10 ☐. 4-day Washington, D. C., $19.75 ☐. 3-day Detroit, $12.10 ☐. 4-day Havana, Cuba, $60.60 ☐. 5-day Montreal-Quebec, $35.05 ☐. 7-day New York City, $46.55 ☐. 3-day Niagara Falls, $11.75 ☐. 3-day Salt Lake City, $8.50 ☐. 5-day Tampa, Florida, $23.70 ☐. 2-day Williamsburg, Va., $10.88 ☐. 3-day Yosemite, $34.50 ☐. 3-day Atlantic City, $17.00 ☐. 7-day Eureka Springs, Ark., $57.00 ☐. 3-day Kentucky Caves, $21.10 ☐. 4-day Los Angeles, $14.00 ☐. 3-day Denver, $13.00 ☐.

(Add round-trip fare from your city)

Prices are far double room accammadotions, and subject to change without natice.

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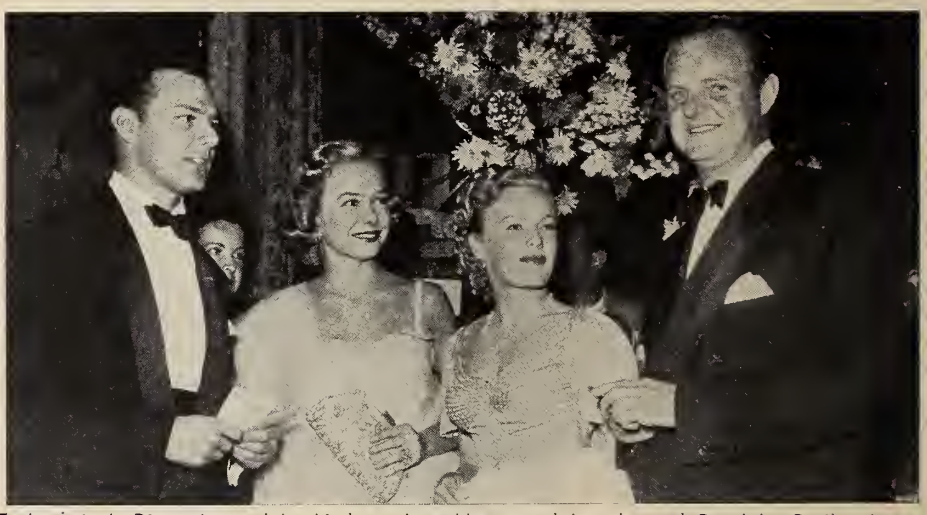
LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD NEWS



Dan Dailey and Shari Robinson greet Anne Baxter as she arrives at Grauman's Theater for the *You're My Everything* première.



Jeanne Crain waltzes dreamily in Paul Brinkman's orms at the première party. She'd spent a hectic day taking care of her small sons.



Early arrivals Diana Lynn, John Lindsay, June Haver and her devoted Dr. John Duzik, whose marriage plans are still indefinite, pause in the lobby for a gabfest before the show begins.

Romero, and Lana Turner and Bob Topping.

Joan Crawford was in a cotton gown with hoop skirts, and Elizabeth Taylor was in blue crinoline, cut very low, with a full skirt—both girls and gowns looking like something out of Gone *With The Wind.*

While I was talking with Joan Crawford, she pulled out a letter she had just received from her daughter, Christina, who is away at summer camp. She said, "Want a good laugh, Louella?" and handed me Missy Chris' note.

"Dear Mother," it read. *"Everything is fine here and very healthy. I am no trouble to anybody and I miss you."* Then she added with alarming honesty, *"This is my Duty Letter for the week so that I can get the Special Privileges!"*

Aren't these kids wonderful?

I think Elizabeth Taylor was very lonesome for her fiancé, William Pawley, Jr. Elizabeth came alone and looked a little lost. I didn't see her dancing at all, and when Johnny Johnston and Kathryn Grayson started singing in the living room, beautiful Lizzie spent most of the evening in there listening to them—and to a very clever entertainer, Dolores Anderson.

It was a very hot night, almost too hot for the black satin gown Lana Turner was wearing, but the slinky lines certainly set off her new stream-lined figure to advantage —which may be one reason she wore it. Both Lana and Bob have dropped pounds and pounds since their wedding. (*For further information about Lana's weight, see page 48.* —Ed.) Lana and Joan Fontaine had their heads together almost all evening, laughing like crazy about something.

Everybody was telling Anne Baxter how excited they were about her Clara Bow stuff in *You're My Everything*—and well they might. She's terrif'.

Marion Davies, so beautiful in a black chiffon, came in later in the evening and, as usual, had an admiring circle around her in no time. Marion is always so gay and sparkling. Elizabeth Taylor asked to be introduced to Marion. "I've always admired her so much," Elizabeth said.

* * *

I just can't believe that Shirley Temple really wants to play the part of the unmarried girl who is murdered by her sweetheart when she discovers she is going to have a baby in *An American Tragedy.* Shirley in such a role would really be an American tragedy.

To be kissed ... tonight ... as you've never been kissed before ... Tangee



Lips aching to be kissed
... in a heart-stirring love scene
starring

ANN DORAN
AND
MILBURN STONE
APPEARING IN

"CALAMITY JANE AND SAM BASS"

COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR
A UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL PICTURE

Tangee KISSABLE TEXTURE

1. Keeps lips soft ... invitingly moist.
2. Feels just right ... gives you confidence.
3. Does not smear or run at the edges.
4. Goes on so easily ... so smoothly ... so quickly.
5. And it lasts—and LASTS—and L-A-S-T-S!

Tangee KISS COLORS

TANGEE PINK QUEEN—A bright new pink ... to make him think ... of kissing.

TANGEE RED-RED—Makes your lips redder than red ... and ready to love. For brunettes especially.

TANGEE THEATRICAL RED—America's most dramatic shade—transforms your lips into a "feature attraction."

TANGEE GAY-RED—Cold men turn into bold men—when a blonde wears this daring shade.

De Long

Bob Pins
set the smartest
hair-do's

stronger grip—
won't slip out



Short in front—short in back...like this new "Directoire Style" that's so flattering to your face...that's the way your hair goes this season. And the smartest hair-do's are going up with De Long Bob Pins! Smoothly rounded at the ends, De Long Bob Pins slide in easily, stay in indefinitely. For easier setting—for lovelier hair—reach for De Long Bob Pins on the famous blue cards.



how to set this
"directoire style"
created by Robert King, famous New York and Hollywood hair stylist and make-up artist. Make 6 large pin curls for the bang. Wave a ridge over each ear and make two rows of curls from high on both sides all the way around back. Always turn curls toward face. Brush out hair away from face and let fall softly.



You're always "set" with De Long Hair Pins • Curl Setting Pins • Safety Pins • Hooks and Eyes • Snaps • Pins • Hook and Eye Tapes • Sanitary Belts

LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD NEWS



John Wayne romps with his frisky dogs, Feorless ond Dountless—who could compete with ony oct when they're put through their poces.

In a way, I know how it is. These young actresses just "burn" to go dramatic and "get their teeth into something important." Also, Montgomery Clift is the star of the picture and all the girls want to work with him.

But, oh, Shirley—not this particular picture, please!

* * *

Linda Christian is spending $2,400 on 10 maternity dresses—so the London newspapers report.

"I don't think that is extravagant," said Mrs. Tyrone Power. "Ty and I are planning to have a big family and the clothes will do for all the babies. Besides, I want to look as well as possible before having my baby."

Well, I'd say she should do all right. Norman Hartnell, personal designer to Queen Elizabeth, is whipping up Linda's maternity wardrobe!

The order includes three evening dresses, two daytime dresses, cocktail dresses and several "sports" things (which strikes me as strange!). The evening gowns will run around $400 apiece.

"Mr. Hartnell is creating very unusual collars for all my things," quoth Linda—adding naively, "to divert attention from elsewhere."

* * *

Looks as if Roy Rogers is going to be Mr. Millionaire of Hollywood in 1950. He has just signed a contract with Republic which will earn him $1,000,000 in the next two years. Considering that Roy retains all his "outside" income from cowboy hats, boots, records, etc. —he should average about a million per year.

This is five times what Spencer Tracy makes, four times above Clark Gable, and 'steen times what the average Hollywood star makes. Who says there ain't gold in them there Westerns?

* * *

Robert Mitchum is making sure his wife and children will never again be in jeopardy through an act of his.

Bob is broke. His trial cost him plenty and he was off salary for months. He owes a lot which he is paying back as fast as he can.

But—Bob went to his RKO boss, Howard Hughes, and asked for a big salary advance. "I want to buy a home and put it in my wife's name," Mitchum told him. "Nothing means more to me than their security."

Do you think he got it? You bet your life he did!

* * *

Romancing Around: Joan Caulfield and Frank Ross (Jean Arthur's ex-husband) are ablaze, but Joan had just as soon you'd forget it. She is really in love, but she is superstitious. Says everytime people start rumoring wedding bells for her, something happens to the romance. . . . Clark Gable and Paulette Goddard were going 'round and 'round before Paulette took off for Mexico City. But don't put too much stock in Gable and Goddard being a real combination. She has a very politically important boy friend in Mexico. . . . Peter Lawford gave zee big rush to Mary Jane Landbergh, when she came out from New York for the races. Mary Jane is richer than rich and Pete seems to prefer the socialite debs for his dates. . . . I hear that little Janie Powell would marry Geary Steffen right away, but he wants to get started in a business way before they take to the middle aisle. And I think he is a wise boy.

* * *

I get it from all sides that Shelley Winters has been exploding with temperament, and fighting with everybody on the set of *East of Java*. Yet, everytime I print anything like this about her, Shelley calls up sobbing and denying she's being hard to handle.

"I'm just nervous," she's always explaining.

Well, baby, don't get so nervous that people around the studio hate to be assigned to your pictures. You've got a big future ahead. Don't ruin everything this early in the game.

(Continued on page 102)

The Most SURPRISED Bride in all England!

She Wed Lord Johnnie the Rogue on His Way to the Gallows—and Planned to Forget Him! But No Mere Hangman Could Cheat Johnnie of His Delightful Prize!



WHAT mad purpose drove the ravishing young Lady Leanna to Newgate prison one night to marry a man she had never seen? To marry indeed, a notorious outlaw condemned to hang in the morning?

Anyway, Leanna did not suspect how her beauty could fire a man. For in less than twenty-four hours, while hangman and police were searching every corner of London for him, handsome Lord Johnnie was inside her door, breathless but arrogant, to claim at least one night with this woman who had expected him to die.

What happened on Lord Johnnie's wedding night, and the strange pact that was to take him halfway across the world on a mission of pirateering and vengeance, make this one of the most exciting novels of the year. And here's our amazing offer: BOTH *Lord Johnnie* and Frank Yerby's new best-seller, *Pride's Castle*, are yours for just a 3-cent stamp if you join the Dollar Book Club now!

BOTH HITS YOURS FOR 3¢!

if you join the DOLLAR BOOK CLUB now!

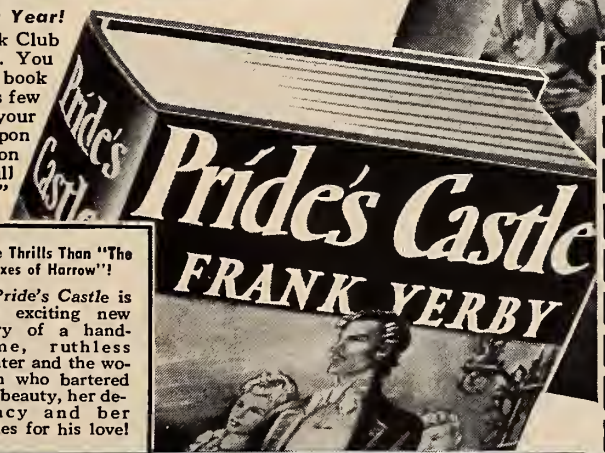
THE Dollar Book Club offers to send you both *"Lord Johnnie"* and *"Pride's Castle"* for just a 3-cent stamp—as a generous sample to new members of the wonderful reading entertainment and equally wonderful savings that nearly a million families enjoy through the Club.

The Dollar Book Club is the only club that brings you popular current novels for only $1.00 each. Yes, the very same titles sold in the publisher's retail editions for $2.75 to $3.00 come to members for only $1.00 each—an incredibly big saving of almost two-thirds!

Such values are possible because of the great economies effected in printing huge editions for so large a membership. And the Club's own new book plant is equipped for money-saving production on a scale never before possible. These big savings are passed on to you!



Take as Few as Six Books a Year!
Membership in the Dollar Book Club requires no dues of any kind. You do not even have to take a book every month; the purchase of as few as six books a year fulfills your membership requirement. Upon receipt of the attached coupon with just a 3-cent stamp, you will be sent BOTH *"Lord Johnnie"* and *"Pride's Castle."* You will also receive the current selection for only $1.00. Thereafter, every month, you will receive the Club's Bulletin, which describes the forthcoming Club selections, also other popular books offered at only $1.00 each. Buy only the books you want!



More Thrills Than "The Foxes of Harrow"!

Pride's Castle is the exciting new story of a handsome, ruthless fighter and the woman who bartered her beauty, her decency and her riches for his love!

MAIL THIS COUPON WITH JUST A 3-CENT STAMP!

Send No Money—Start Enjoying Membership Now!

When you see the wonderful package of reading you will get immediately and realize these books are typical of values you will continue to get from the club for only $1.00 each, you will be delighted to have become a member! Mail coupon now.

DOUBLEDAY ONE DOLLAR BOOK CLUB, GARDEN CITY, NEW YORK

2 Books for 3c with this offer

DOUBLEDAY ONE DOLLAR BOOK CLUB
Dept. 10-DG, Garden City, New York

Please enroll me as a Dollar Book Club member and send me at once *Lord Johnnie* and *Pride's Castle*—BOTH for the enclosed 3c stamp. Also send me the current club selection and bill me for $1 plus shipping cost.

With these books will come my first issue of the free descriptive folder called "The Bulletin" telling about the two new forthcoming one-dollar bargain book selections and additional bargains offered at $1.00* each to members only.

I have the privilege of notifying you in advance if I do not wish either of the following months' selections and whether or not I wish to purchase any of the other bargains at the Special Club price of $1.00 each. I do not have to accept a book every month—only six during each year that I remain a member. I pay nothing except $1 for each selection received plus a few cents shipping cost.

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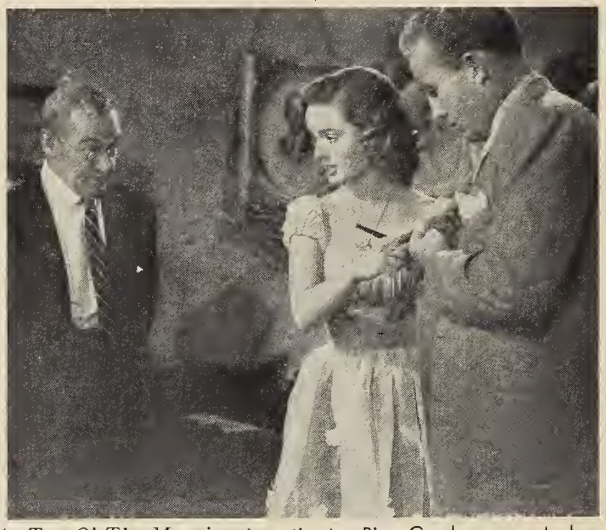
*Same Price in Canada: 105 Bond St., Toronto 2



The pretty young thing to the left is Christopher Kane. So many readers have been under the so wrong impression that she is a he, that we've decided to set things straight by using her photo regularly.

MOVIE REVIEWS

by Christopher Kane



In *Top O' The Morning*, investigator Bing Crosby comes to Ireland from America to help find out who stole the Blarney Stone. Ann Blyth, daughter of policeman Barry Fitzgerold, is amazed.



She's amazed—and delighted—because Bing seems to fit oll the local prophecies made obout the man she'll marry. Barry is also delighted when developments finally make him (Barry) a hero.

TOP O' THE MORNING

Cast: Bing Crosby, Ann Blyth, Barry Fitzgerald, Hume Cronyn.
Paramount

Bing Crosby is the boy the insurance company sends from America to find out who stole the Blarney Stone. (It's disappeared from its moorings, and the Irish citizenry is standing fearfully by, because an old legend states that one day the stone will be stolen, and unhappy consequences will result.) In Ireland, Bing meets a raft of people, including a simple old police sergeant (Barry Fitzgerald) who likes to play detective (he couldn't find your eyes behind your eyeglasses) and his constable (Hume Cronyn). To say nothing of Barry's daughter (Ann Blyth) who appears to be taken with a fit when she first lays eyes on our hero. (Bing fits a prediction made by an old lady named Biddy O'Devlin about the man Ann will marry, and these people live by predictions.) The dialogue in *Top O' The Morning* is fresh and delightful. Example: Ann Blyth has released Fitzgerald's pet pigeons, and he's grieving. "Why didn't you call me?" he cries. "Why? What could you have done?" she says. "I could have ate them," he says bitterly. At another point, Hume Cronyn, discussing a much disliked villager says, "Ah, but he's an ugly man. You wouldn't lend him a shoe if he had to walk around the world." But there's more than good dialogue in this picture. The music is lilting, the romance is tender and charming, the tracking down of a pitifully crazed thief and killer is filled with suspense (Biddy O'Devlin has predicted that a man will sing in the Wood of Callee, and will die, and you know Bing's right out there singing, alongside a murderer). The actors' performances are uniformly enjoyable (some of the kids' brogues slipped occasionally, but everybody else sounded Irish as Saint Patrick). I thought Bing Crosby's recent *Connecticut Yankee* was a bore. I think Bing Crosby's current *Top O' The Morning* is a pip.



DALLAS! "My doctor suggested Noxzema for my dry skin," says attractive Mrs. Marjory Ryan! "Now Noxzema is the only beauty cream I ever use—I couldn't do without it. I always use it as a powder base to help keep my skin soft and supple."



KANSAS CITY! "I used to have occasional blemishes," says popular Judy Hadas, "but since using Noxzema as my regular night cream, my skin is soft and smooth. Now it seems as though I'm always getting compliments on my complexion."

WHO ELSE WANTS A LOVELIER-LOOKING COMPLEXION?



NEW YORK! Charming Arlene Anderson first used Noxzema for an annoying skin rash. "It helped improve my skin so much," she says, "it's now my regular morning powder base and night cream as well. I'm never without Noxzema."

Doctor's new home beauty treatment helps 4 out of 5 women in clinical tests

● Pictured here are six women who solved one important skin problem almost every woman occasionally faces. At one time each was bothered with minor skin troubles like blemishes from external causes, rough dry skin or similar skin disorders. But they found a way to softer, smoother, lovelier-looking skin.

New Beauty Routine

For now a noted skin specialist has developed a home beauty routine for just such skin problems. It really gets results. You need only one cream—medicated Noxzema. There are only 4 simple steps. Here's all you do:

1. **Morning**—bathe face with warm water, apply Noxzema with a wet cloth and "cream-wash" your face.
2. Apply Noxzema as a powder base.
3. **Evening**—repeat morning cleansing with Noxzema.
4. Massage cream lightly into face. Pat on extra Noxzema over any blemishes.

Follow this routine faithfully for only two weeks. See the results! Note how refreshed your face feels—how Noxzema's medicated formula helps heal blemishes that come from dust and dirt. And if your skin gets rough and dry, smooth on Noxzema and watch for amazingly quick improvement.

You'll enjoy using Noxzema, too. This snow-white *greaseless* cream doesn't stain bed linen . . . never looks messy. Use it every night before retiring . . . every morning as a base for make-up. See if your complexion doesn't look softer, smoother, lovelier.

Helped 4 out of 5 Women Tested

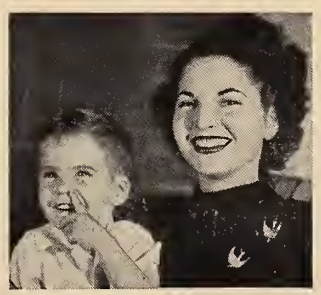
Noxzema's new 4-Step Beauty Routine has been thoroughly tested under careful supervision of skin specialists. Scores of women tried it—and 4 out of 5 showed softer, smoother, lovelier-looking skin in only two weeks. Try it yourself—see if you aren't amazed at the difference in your skin. **At all drug and cosmetic counters. 40¢, 60¢, $1.00 plus tax.**



CHICAGO! Vivacious Marion McEvoy had a dry skin condition. "Then I started using Noxzema every night," she says. "I soon noticed my complexion was smoother . . . and I've used it ever since."



BALTIMORE! "A skin irritation almost ruined a Company party," says Mrs. Erma Boone. "But I used Noxzema in time . . . and the party was a complete success. Now it's my night cream and powder base, too."



BOSTON! Mrs. Suzanne Lipsett likes to hunt and fish with her husband. "Noxzema keeps my skin soft and smooth in spite of long exposure. I also use it on the children for minor skin irritations."

New!
THE
Beauty Discovery
you've waited for . . .



Nestle
COLORINSE
with LURIUM

GIVES YOUR HAIR
MORE COLOR

- Absolutely harmless
- Washes out easily

Now, from the famous Nestle Hair Laboratories comes LURIUM—an amazing new ingredient added to Nestle Colorinse to give your hair more glorious COLOR-BEAUTY, sparkling highlights and silken lustre than ever before.

And — *Nestle Colorinse with Lurium* eliminates tangles — makes hair easier to comb, easier to manage—comes in 10 flattering shades.

FREE! Full size package of Nestle Colorinse. Just write the color of your hair on a postcard and mail it to The Nestle Co., 25 Baker Ave., South Meriden, Conn.

So Economical to Use!
2 rinses 10¢
6 rinses 25¢



NESTLE – originators of permanent waving — Meriden, Conn.



Roseanna McCoy: Farley Granger and newcomer Joan Evans portray principal characters in the famed and exciting Hatfield-McCoy feud.



It's A Great Feeling: Taking playful digs at Hollywood, Jack Carson, Dennis Morgan, and Doris Day get entangled in studio troubles.

ROSEANNA McCOY

Cast: Farley Granger, Joan Evans. Charles Bickford, Raymond Massey, Richard Basehart.
Goldwyn

Roseanna McCoy has an unreal quality about it. Its characters seem enchanted. From the moment Johnse Hatfield (Farley Granger) sees—and wants—Roseanna McCoy, at a county fair, you know there will be death and pain and blood, for Johnse's family and Roseanna's family are mortal enemies. Johnse sucks the blood from a hornet's sting in Roseanna's arm, and he tells her that she belongs to him, that he'll be along some night to take her away. Roseanna, who's young, and afraid, wanders close to a campfire where old mountain women sit telling stories, and they speak of the spells a man can lay on a girl, and Roseanna knows that she is lost. Johnse comes for her one dark night, and she goes with him to the Hatfield cabin, but there's no peace for her there. One of the Hatfields (Richard Baseheart) tries to kill her, hate moves all around her. She begs Johnse to let her go home and tell her father the truth about their love. Perhaps she can end the cruel feud which has wasted so many lives. But before Roseanna and Johnse come together again, before love vanquishes hate, there is more bloodshed, more killing. The picture generates an almost unbearable excitement; it has passion, and violence, and a strange kind of dark-of-the-moon feeling which combine to leave you gasping. It's folklore, well-told, and there are more good actors in it than you can shake a stick at. Granger has a wonderful vitality, while Joan Evans, who plays Roseanna, is warm and lovely and touching.

IT'S A GREAT FEELING

Cast: Dennis Morgan, Doris Day, Jack Carson, Bill Goodwin.
Warners

This is a gag picture. Warner Brothers let its directors and stars and musicians and producers romp through it, ribbing Hollywood, and they came up with a very gay show. Premise is that Warners is scheduled to make a movie starring Jack Carson and Dennis Morgan. A serious movie. No director will touch the project. They think Carson would wreck their efforts. Finally Carson says he'll direct himself. Morgan can't see that. He's about to walk out on the deal, when Carson hires a little waitress to pretend she's Mrs. Carson, in a delicate condition. Morgan's heart melts. He signs the contract. Little waitress (Doris Day) expects a part in the picture (that's what Carson promised her) but Carson tries to pay her off with five dollars. She's disillusioned, decides to go home to Wisconsin and marry a man named Jeffrey Bushfinkle. Now Morgan and Carson are in trouble. Morgan's been tricked into doing the picture, but no lady star wants to play opposite him. "A serious picture with Carson?" they all screech. Morgan and Carson go haul Doris back from the railroad station. "We'll make you a star," they announce grandly. They want their producer (Bill Goodwin) to discover Doris, so they stick her behind soda fountains, they make her drive a taxicab, they have her appear like Mary's lamb, everywhere that Goodwin goes. Instead of discavering her, Goodwin thinks he's losing his mind. "Every place I turn, I see a blonde with a sickening smile," he moans. And so it goes, right up to the surprise ending. Doris can make any song she breathes on sound like a hit, and Irving Bacon, as a railroad station information clerk, has the funniest bit in the movie.

JOLSON SINGS AGAIN

Cast: Larry Parks, Barbara Hale, William Demarest, Ludwig Donath.
Columbia

Here's the sequel to *The Jolson Story*, and it takes up right where that movie left off. It's probably no truer to the actual facts of Jolson's life than are most movie biographies of great entertainers, but on every other score it leaves those biographies far behind. There's nothing pretentious about *Jolson Sings Again*. It's gay and sad, nostalgic and believable. When Ludwig Donath and Tamara Shayne (once again playing Jolson's father and mother) are around, the picture has real



Jolson Sings Again: Lorry Parks again plays Al Jalsan and Barbara Hale is seen as his present wife in this fine *Jolson Story* sequel.

quality, and there's nothing wrong with the other actors either. Story is that after Jolson's wife Julie leaves him (because she thinks he loves singing more than he loves her) he goes back into show business. For a while, it's fine. Then suddenly the thrill is gone. He quits, goes for an endless vacation. The war begins, and progresses. Jolson's off on yachts, he's buying horses, he's buying prize fighters. Rome is burning, but he's not young any more. Then his manager of many years (William Demarest) convinces him he ought to go overseas and entertain. There are more ways of fighting than with guns. Jolson thinks the kids of today won't even remember him, but he goes anyway, and he gets a warm welcome. He contracts a fever, is sent home, insists on going right out again to tour hospitals. The next time he collapses, it's more serious. He loses a part of one lung. He's fallen in love with a nurse (Barbara Hale) and they marry, and go to live in California. It's a happy marriage, but Jolson broods. He feels he's all washed up. First, nobody remembers him. Second, he hasn't even got both lungs. Couldn't sing if producers were clamoring for him. Which they're not. But there's one producer who remembers, and who clamors, and there's his wife believing in him, and his manager, and his father, and before he knows what's happened, he's embarked on a brand-new career. He's going to sing the numbers for a film about his life. Film's to be called *The Jolson Story*. Etc. Etc. Barbara Hale is wonderful as Jolson's young wife (she plays the part with a Southern accent, but never overdoes it). If I had a beef, it would be that Larry Parks didn't look old enough. But you can't have everything, and in *Jolsan Sings Again*, you get most everything, at that.

COME TO THE STABLE

Cast: Loretta Young, Celeste Holm, Hugh Marlowe, Elsa Lanchester, Thomas Gomez, Dorothy Patrick.
20th Century-Fox

Two nuns, Sister Margaret and Sister Scolastica (Loretta Young and Celeste Holm) come from France to the village of Bethlehem, in New England. (During the war, they'd

She spent the evening with that "Left-Out Feeling"!



What fun is a party—for the girl other guests ignore? If only she didn't risk offending. If someone could whisper: *"Never trust your charm to anything but dependable Mum."* Mum gives safe, long-lasting protection against underarm odor. Its unique modern formula contains no water to dry out or decrease its efficiency. Be a safety-first girl. Get Mum cream deodorant today!

Mum-Safer for Charm ... Mum checks perspiration odor all day or evening. Protects against risk of *future* underarm odor after your bath washes away *past* perspiration.

Mum-Safer for Skin .... Smooth, creamy Mum contains no harsh or irritating ingredients. Doesn't dry out in the jar to form scratchy crystals. Gentle Mum is harmless to skin.

Mum-Safer for Clothes .... No damaging ingredients to rot or discolor fabrics. Quick, pleasant to use. Economical—no shrinkage, no waste.

For sanitary napkins—Mum is gentle, safe, sure ... dependable for this important use, too.

MUM
BRISTOL-MYERS CO. NEW YORK, N.Y.
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

Product of Bristol-Myers

keeps you nice to be near



HELENA CARTER
Soon to be seen in
"TOMAHAWK", a Universal-International release.
Color by Technicolor.

Helena Carter brought love into my life!

I thought "dates" were something to eat!

Love was a dream *I* saw in the movies ... until these words of Helena Carter tipped me off: "Romance and rough, red hands don't go together. I keep my hands perfectly smooth, soft and feminine with Jergens Lotion."

It was Jergens Lotion for me, pronto!





I noticed the difference right away... my hands looked silky soft. Then the men around the office noticed too! Now "dates" mean dancing and dining...and Paul thinks hands like mine need a diamond!

No other hand care keeps your hands so smooth, so lovely. Being a liquid, Jergens Lotion furnishes the softening moisture thirsty skin needs. Never oily or sticky. Still 10¢ to $1.00 plus tax, for today's finer Jergens Lotion.



Hollywood Stars Use Jergens Lotion 7 to 1 Over Any Other Hand Care.

Used by more Women than any other Hand Care in the World!



Come To The Stable: Loretto Young and Celeste Holm are nuns who are trying to establish a children's hospital. Hugh Marlowe helps them.

vowed that if God would spare a certain hospital in a certain French town, they—the Sisters—would some day visit the United States and establish a new children's hospital.) Once in Bethlehem, they move in on the stable-home of an eccentric painter of religious subjects, a Miss Amelia Potts (Elsa Lanchester). After they've quite taken *her* breath away, they go to petition the Bishop of their church. He's astounded by their plan. They have no money, no land, nothing but faith. He says he'll give them one month to see what they can accomplish. The Sisters discover a hill they like, call on the owner (Thomas Gomez), one of the biggest racketeers in the city, and come away with the deed to the property. (Gomez' son was killed near where the Sisters served, in France, and all he asks is that their hospital have a memorial window for his boy.) The Sisters put a deposit on an old factory building (for temporary use) and take an option to pay $5,000 more in three months. (There's also a mortgage of $25,000 outstanding, but they don't know or care about that.) The Bishop, who's a more practical soul, doesn't think they can even raise the $5,000 in three months, and he wishes they'd go back to France. He's about to pack them off, when 17 more nuns from their order arrive, fresh off the boat. They all settle in Miss Potts' stable, and start making ceramics, pastries, lace, etc.—which they plan to sell to raise the needed money. There's another story running through the nuns' story, and this second drama has to do with a young composer (Hugh Marlowe) and his girl, and his career, and his objection to the new hospital right under his nose. He sees the light in the nick of time, though. Celeste Holm plays Sister Scolastica with what sounds to these ears like a flawless French accent. She's a very versatile girl. She supplies a large share of the charming moments in this pleasant film.

THE SECRET GARDEN

Cast: Margaret O'Brien, Herbert Marshall, Dean Stockwell, Gladys Cooper, Elsa Lanchester, Brian Roper.
MGM

A quality of magic pervades *The Secret Garden*. For a little while, you're transported into a world of children and small animals,



The Secret Garden: Margaret O'Brien befriends Dean Stockwell and Brian Raper and they wark ta recreate the farmer beouty af the garden.

where everything is green and growing, and there is no place for death or decay. *The Secret Garden* begins with Mary Lennox (Margaret O'Brien) coming from India, where her parents have died, to England, where her uncle, Archibald Craven (Herbert Marshall) has an estate. Craven tells May he doesn't spend much time at the estate (he stays in London mostly) but that she's welcome there. He's a bitter man—hunch-backed—and he's had no interest in living since the tragic death of his beautiful wife. Mary, who's both lonely and curious, makes friends with a neighboring farm boy named Dickon (Brian Roper) and together, they ferret out the Craven mysteries. First, there's a secret boy. He's Colin Craven (Dean Stockwell), believed to have inherited a tendency to a crooked back from his father. He's kept in bed with braces on his legs, and he has tantrums. Second, there's a secret garden. Out in the middle of the big formal gardens, there's a walled-off section, overgrown with vines. Dickon and Mary find the gate in the vines, they dig up the key that fits the gate, and they push their way into the hidden place. It's desolate. Over-run with weeds. (Craven's wife had been killed here, by a limb falling from a tree, as she'd sat drinking tea with him on an afternoon ten years before. In his grief, he'd had the area sealed up, buried the key. Mary and Dickon proceed to bring the garden to life by sneaking in and working there every day. (The garden, incidentally, is in Technicolor, everything else in black and white. A good idea.) They also bring Colin to life, by sharing their secret with him, by wheeling him out of his room, into the sun and air. (The father's guilty certainty that he's passed his own infirmity on to his son is what's been making the child a bed-ridden neurotic.) As the garden blooms, so does Colin, and the picture has an ending which thrills and touches you. Margaret's wonderful, Dean Stockwell's only excellent (he's in fast company, and everything's relative) and Dickon—or rather, Brian Roper—is unbelievably fine. He has a lovely soft Welsh accent, his manner and his voice are gentle, his understanding of his part, absolute. Don't miss *The Secret Garden*. It will give you a couple of shining hours.

"Soaping" dulls hair— Halo glorifies it!



✓ *Not a soap; not a cream— cannot leave dulling film!*

✓ *Quickly, effectively removes dandruff from both hair and scalp!*

✓ *Gives fragrant, soft-water lather even in hardest water!*

✓ *Leaves hair lustrously soft, easy to manage—with colorful natural highlights!*

Yes, "soaping" your hair with even finest liquid or cream shampoos hides its natural lustre with dulling soap film

✓ Halo—not a soap, not a cream—contains no sticky oils, *nothing* to hide your hair's natural lustre with dulling film. Made with a new patented ingredient, Halo brings out glossy, shimmering highlights the very first time you use it! Its delightfully fragrant lather rinses away quickly, completely in any kind of water—needs no lemon or vinegar rinse. For hair that's naturally colorful, lustrously soft, easy to manage—use *Halo* Shampoo! At any drug or cosmetic counter.



Halo reveals the hidden beauty of your hair!

Advertisement

Have You Heard?



JOAN LANSING

Down on Radio Row there are tall tales about a certain master of unceremony. Everyone I've talked to says he's a hazard to women's inhibitions. His name is Art Linkletter. This master of mirth runs a small daily riot called "House Party" on the American Broadcasting Company network but it's like no house party I ever attended. For Pillsbury's mid-day host is a genius at verbally creeping up on an unwary participant. His interviews are famous for revealing repartee. As a matter of fact, someone once said that Linkletter could find something gay and funny in a quilting bee at an old maid's home. If "House Party" is any indication of this talent, I agree completely. Linkletter perpetually skates on the censor's thin ice. The personal questions he asks the Mrs.'s at the mike are unbelieveably funny. But that's not all of "House Party", there are stunts that could be conceived only by a master . . . games, quizzes and contests of the "est" variety—biggest feet, oldest old maid, longest married and so on. But the crowning glory of this noontime madness is Linkletter, the man who flies through his ad libs with the greatest of ease and makes "House Party" the best reason for staying out of the noon day sun ever invented.

P.S. In case you don't know it's at 12:00 noon EST every weekday.

★ ★ ★

Anyone can put her foot into it, but you should hear the contestants on Peter Donald's show talk their way out of it! This is just about the most hilarious example of the ticklish situation I ever heard. For here is the proof that silence is NOT golden. Peter Donald sows his wild oats (Quaker, of course) by donning fantastic guises to go with each situation — "Scarface Stilletto" was my favorite with "unwashed Donald" a close second — and then the trapped participants talk their way out of it to the tune of cash prizes. Naturally Peter Donald's masterful dialects are the *creme de la creme* which makes me sorry "Talk Your Way Out Of It" — a mad melee of wit and nitwiticism — is only aired Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 3:00 PM EST on the ABC network.

★ ★ ★

Other Tips on Daytime Dialing

Modern Romances 11:00 AM EST
Thrilling dramatizations of twentieth century love.

Galen Drake 4:00 PM EST
Interesting facts and fiction told by a master entertainer.

Betty Crocker 10:25 AM EST
Instructive household hints you'd never find elsewhere.

Joan Lansing

ROPE OF SAND

Cast: Burt Lancaster, Paul Henreid, Claude Rains, Corrine Calvet, Peter Lorre.
Paramount

There's a diamond area in South Africa belonging to a certain Colonial Diamond Company. The area's in the middle of a vast stretch of desert, it's surrounded by barbed wire, it's constantly patrolled, and its commandant is a beast named Vogel (Paul Henreid). There's nothing inviting about the place. But guide Burt Lancaster is out with a crazy hunter, and they camp near the prohibited area to sleep, and when Burt wakes up in the morning, the hunter's gone. Sneaked into the area. Burt follows his tracks, finds the man dying in the middle of a pile of uncut diamonds. He's stumbled on a fortune. Burt buries the stones, starts to carry the hunter back out of the area, but is picked up by one of Vogel's patrols. Vogel beats Burt for a couple of days, trying to make him tell where the diamonds are but Burt's naturally resentful and won't talk. He leaves South Africa—for his health. Two years later, he's back. Vogel's set to go to work on him again, but Burt claims he has business with Claude Rains, Vogel's superior. (Rains owns stock in the diamond company.) Burt plans to grab those diamonds (he feels he's already paid for them in blood) and everybody knows it. Rains wants to discover where the cache is just as much as Vogel does, but he's more subtle. He sics a French trollop (that's what they call her) onto Burt. Trollop (Corrine Calvet) falls in love with Burt, doesn't want to pump him. This distresses Rains. "Does money have no meaning anymore?" he demands in disbelief. As for Vogel, he loves the trollop till he discovers she loves Burt, and there are tricks, counter-tricks, and a couple of really spectacular fights. Vogel fights dirty—kicks, punches, grinds Burt's head in the sand—but Burt's a gentleman. It's a wonder he ever wins, the dopey way he acts. He'll get up off the ground, eyes full of grit, mouth missing teeth. Vogel'll be trying to run over him with a tractor, but if Burt sees Vogel's unarmed, he'll throw away his gun. Since gallantry like that doesn't go unrewarded in Hollywood, the picture has a happy ending. It also has Peter Lorre being very amusing, and Rains' performance is slick.

FREE SUBSCRIPTIONS!

We've got our own ideas about "first come, first served." To the first 500 readers who return this questionnoire to us, we're offering a free three-month subscription to Modern Screen. We're anxious to know which stories you liked best in this issue and the stars you'd like to read about in the future. Don't forget, if you hurry, you can be one of the lucky winners of our November, December, and January issues. Free to the first 500!

QUESTIONNAIRE

Which stories and features did you enjoy most in our September issue? Write the NUMBERS 1, 2, and 3 AT THE RIGHT OF YOUR 1st, 2nd and 3rd choices.

- . . . *So She Married the Boss (Jennifer Jones)* ☐
- *The Story Behind the Gable Legend (Clark Gable)* ☐
- *Get Off That High Horse! (Bergman, Wilde, Davis, etc.) . . . by Hedda Hopper* ☐
- *Marriage On Her Mind (Lizabeth Scott)* ☐
- *How Perfect Is "Perfect?" (Joan Fontaine)* ☐
- *Return From Tragedy (Robert Walker)* ☐
- *This Love Of Ours (Lucille Ball)* ☐
- *No Help Wanted (John Agar)* ☐
- *House Swarming (Bob Arthur)* ☐
- *The Truth About Rita's Honeymoon (Rita Hayworth)* ☐
- *Has Lana Turner Changed?* ☐
- *My Own Story. . . . by Montgomery Clift* ☐
- *Stop Lying About Crosby! (Bing Crosby)* ☐
- *Hollywood's Dizziest Marry-Go-Round (Flynn, Haymes, Eddington, Dru)* ☐
- *My Prayer Was Answered . . . by Jane Powell* ☐
- *Picture of the Month (Under Capricorn)* ☐
- *Louella Parsons' Good News* ☐

Which of the above did you like LEAST?.....

What 3 MALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them, 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.....

.....

What 3 FEMALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them, 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.....

.....

What MALE star do you like least?.....

What FEMALE star do you like least?.....

My name is.....

My address is.....

City..... Zone..... State..... I am ..... years old.

ADDRESS THIS TO: POLL DEPT., MODERN SCREEN, BOX 125, MURRAY HILL STATION, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

also showing . . .

capsule criticism of films previously reviewed

ANY NUMBER CAN PLAY (MGM)—Clark Gable, as the proprietor of a legal gambling dive, is beset by difficulties stemming from his rugged profession, but things work out beautifully after the joint is held up. A tailor-made role for Gable in a continuously interesting drama. With Alexis Smith, Wendell Corey, Audrey Totter and Darryl Hickman.

THE BEAUTIFUL BLONDE FROM BASHFUL BEND (20th-Fox)—A wild comedy in which Betty Grable, a straight-shooting gal of the Wild West, happens to become a schoolmarm. At times the laughs attempted just ain't there, but often they are. With Rudy Vallee, Cesar Romero and Olga San Juan.

THE BIG STEAL (RKO)—Robert Mitchum, as an Army lieutenant falsely accused of stealing a payroll, chases the real culprit all over Mexico while the authorities chase Mitchum. Lots of excitement against beautiful scenery. With Jane Greer, William Bendix and Patric Knowles.

THE GIRL FROM JONES BEACH (Warners)—A light and delightful comedy concerning Ronald Reagan's complex attempts to get schoolteacher Virginia Mayo for his model. With Eddie Bracken and Donna Drake.

THE GREAT GATSBY (Para.)—Alan Ladd as the man who amasses a shady fortune in a futile effort to win a girl who'd made other arrangements. This version of F. Scott Fitzgerald's famous novel of Prohibition days lacks the insight and scope of that moving work, but it's still a fascinating film. With Betty Field, Barry Sullivan, Macdonald Carey, Ruth Hussey, Howard Da Silva and Shelley Winters.

HOUSE OF STRANGERS (20th-Fox)—A passionate, exciting drama of a thriving Italian-American family in a slum neighborhood. Edward G. Robinson, as a well-meaning but illegal banker, is magnificent, and strong performances are given by Susan Hayward, Richard Conte and Luther Adler.

IN THE GOOD OLD SUMMERTIME (MGM)—Judy Garland and Van Johnson as feuding but ever-loving clerks in a Gay Nineties music store. It's all quite enchanting—especially, of course, Judy. With S. Z. Sakall and Spring Byington.

INTERFERENCE (RKO)—Victor Mature as a professional football star who has less trouble with opposing teams than with his self-centered wife, Lizabeth Scott. Lucille Ball is his adoring secretary. Good, medium-weight drama. With Sonny Tufts and Lloyd Nolan.

ONCE MORE, MY DARLING (Univ.-Int.)—Robert Montgomery, tracking down a jewel thief, attempts to fascinate Ann Blyth, a girl the crook loves, and succeeds much too well for comfort. A bightly enjoyable farce.

RED, HOT AND BLUE (Para.)—Betty Hutton as a would-be actress whose simple-minded ambitions, and her hungry press agent, get her involved in intricate hilarities. Victor Mature is her long-suffering fella. Hutton reaches new heights in this, one of the brightest musical comedies in ages. With William Demarest, June Havoc, Raymond Walburn and Frank Loesser (who also wrote the very clever words and music).

SORROWFUL JONES (Para.)—Bob Hope as Damon Runyon's bookie who finds himself the guardian of a five-year-old girl. Hope, in a less farcical role than usual, is fine and Mary Jane Saunders, as the tot, is cute indeed. An eminently satisfactory comedy. With Lucille Ball, William Demarest and Bruce Cabot.

TAKE ONE FALSE STEP (Univ.-Int.) — William Powell, a respectable college professor, sets out to solve the disappearance of Shelley Winters before the police find her diary, in which he figures prominently. An intelligent comedy-melodrama-mystery. With Marsha Hunt, James Gleason and Jess Barker.

THE WINDOW (RKO)—Youngster Bobby Driscoll tells so many imaginative fantasies that nobody will believe him when he describes a real murder he's witnessed—nobody, that is, except two people who know he must be silenced. A film of almost unbearable suspense, brilliantly done. With Paul Stewart, Ruth Roman and Arthur Kennedy.



How to make a million women laugh!

A lot of women who use Fels-Naptha Soap would think we were kidding, if they saw this announcement. And they would laugh right in our faces.

They use Fels-Naptha because it already contains a wonderful ingredient—in addition to good golden soap. A proven ingredient, known for years for its active, dirt-removing ability . . . NAPTHA.

So . . . we don't make any laughable announcements about adding 'miracle' ingredients to Fels-Naptha Soap. We're content to make a laundry soap so good that women just *smile*—with pleasure—when they see the results it gives them on washday.

If you want better washday results—better in every way—we suggest you try the *mild, safe soap* with *no* 'miracle' ingredient—Fels-NAPTHA Soap.



MADE IN PHILA BY FELS & CO.

FOR EXTRA CLEANING ACTION USE

Fels-Naptha Soap

MILD, GOLDEN SOAP AND ACTIVE NAPTHA

For a while her heart clung to the past. Then Jennifer Jones chose the future.

...so she married the boss

BY CYNTHIA MILLER



Jennifer and David Selznick arrive in London after their honeymoon.



Robert Walker and Jennifer Jones, then his wife, with David Selznick and Shirley Temple soon after the Walkers' initial Hollywood success.

■ Jennifer Jones has a habit, even in the midst of conversation, of falling into a silence while she thinks through a problem that has come up. Finally, after a spell of brooding, she will announce her decision. Jennifer followed this pattern in reaching her decision to marry David Selznick—the man who was caught so deeply by her dark beauty himself while bringing her to the attention of the world.

For more than a year before their recent marriage aboard a yacht off the Italian Riviera, there were recurrent reports of stress in their relationship. Only a few weeks ago, their conferences at various European resorts were being described as tempestuous and inconclusive. It was known that Jennifer was having the utmost difficulty in making up her mind.

Only by examining what led up to the tangled love affair can anyone get as much as a partial understanding of what these two were up against. Jennifer and David were caught in deep problems of the heart and soul that individuals do not ordinarily solve easily. . . . *(Continued on page 89)*

Like Jennifer, Bob Walker also begins a new life. For his story see page 37.

Your letters . . .

THE CASE OF MONTGOMERY CLIFT

Dear Editor: As president of a Montgomery Clift fan club I want to thank you for that fine open letter you wrote to him in the August issue of Modern Screen. Mr. Clift's indifference to his fan clubs has long been a discouraging factor in our organization. We realize that he is a very busy man, but after all, what's the point of his spending all his time choosing future movie scripts if his fans are so disappointed with him that they refuse to see his movies? Two journals were issued by our club without one bit of help or acknowledgement from Mr. Clift. He acted as if we didn't exist even though we kept him posted on the various activities and developments of the club. Maybe now he will come to realize just what a grave mistake he is making in ignoring his fan clubs. If he does—we have you to thank.

ELEANOR PAUL, MT. VERNON, N. Y.

Dear Editor: I was so surprised at some of the things you said in your open letter to Montgomery Clift that I had to write and tell you. I am secretary of his fan club in Madisonville, Texas, and I've never had any trouble in getting replies to letters I've sent him. In fact, Mr. Clift and his secretary were very cooperative in answering any question I asked about organizing and running a fan club. I even received a Valentine from Montgomery Clift, himself!

MARGIE WORCESTER, MADISONVILLE, TEXAS

Dear Editor: We can't understand why Montgomery Clift is a constant source of criticism. To begin with, why should he have to obey the wish of every fan club in the world? A person of his importance is likely to be flooded with thousands of fan letters and it isn't his fault if he can't answer them all. As long as he continues his outstanding acting he'll get along without any fan club telling him how. The way he leads his personal life is no one's business but his own—so please let's have no more of what we've just read in your August issue, because in our opinion, Montgomery Clift is tops!

NORMA ALLMAN
MACITA DEACY
LORA ALLMAN, BUCKLEY, WASHINGTON

Dear Editor: Your open letter to Montgomery Clift amazed and shocked me. I'm writing this to all the ungrateful fans who once claimed they were loyal to him. I don't think that these fans could find a nicer person to admire. When he was in New York he was mobbed by fans but he stopped to talk to as many as he could. He's a pretty busy man and he's been working hard these past few months. How could he find time to answer all his fan mail? He hasn't even *received* all his fan mail, because he's been traveling so much. I know for a fact that he has a new secretary trying to file all the letters he's been getting. I also know that he's going to hold an interview this fall and that any club president who asks for an invitation may attend. Monty isn't at all the conceited man you picture him. I do wish you'd print a nice article showing his discontened fans what a really fine person he is.

BARBARA COLLINS, NEW YORK CITY

Beauty is my business—



JENI FREELAND
a SweetHeart Cover Girl

AND SWEETHEART IS MY BEAUTY SOAP
say 9 out of 10 Cover Girls!

• We questioned the gorgeous girls on the covers of America's leading magazines this year. You see them on newsstands *right now*. "What beauty soap do you use?" we asked. And *9 out of 10* gave the same answer..."SweetHeart Soap."

"I owe so much to SweetHeart Care!"

says JENI FREELAND, Stunning Cover Girl

"To earn top modeling fees, a cover girl *must* have a peaches-and-cream complexion. And I've found nothing else that compares to SweetHeart Care. It makes my skin look creamy-smooth, radiantly fresh and young."

• You may be letting happiness slip through your fingers until you discover the true beauty of *your* complexion. For that dewy-fresh, young look is wonderfully appealing! So profit from the experience of glamorous cover girls.

Use only pure, mild SweetHeart Soap for daily complexion care. SweetHeart's velvety lather feels heavenly gentle on your skin. For its Floating Lift is an amazing beauty action. You'll quickly see its beauty benefits! One week after you change from improper care, your skin looks softer, smoother, younger.



Beauty is my business, too!

• Nadine Koehne, 10 months old, has started her modeling career. Chances are she'll grow up to be a lovely cover girl! For her mother guards the delicate beauty of Nadine's skin with pure, mild SweetHeart Soap.

• *Today get gentle SweetHeart in the new, large bath size.*



SWEETHEART

The Soap that AGREES with Your Skin



Keep COOL! Feel SMOOTH! Stay DAINTY!

Got those "high thermometer" blues? Then it's flower-fragrant Cashmere Bouquet Talc for you!—to help keep you cool and dainty all over! Try Cashmere Bouquet today and . . .



KEEP COOL Start with a tub or shower, follow with Cashmere Bouquet—*all over!* Absorbs any lingering moisture left after towelling . . . gives your skin a cool, fragrant freshness!



FEEL SMOOTH Before you dress . . . those little trouble spots, where chafing might occur, call for *extra* Cashmere Bouquet Talc. So smooth it on gently, feel how it *protects* with a silky-smooth sheath!

STAY DAINTY—

For perfect confidence in your 'round-the-clock daintiness, use Cashmere Bouquet Talc at least *twice* daily. Keep cool, feel smooth, be alluring . . . with its entrancing "fragrance men love"!



Cashmere Bouquet Talcum Powder

WITH THE FRAGRANCE MEN LOVE

25¢ and 39¢

Yes—

There's a Cashmere Bouquet Cosmetic for Almost Every Beauty Need!



LIPSTICK
Creamy, clinging . . . in 8 fashionable shades!

FACE POWDER
Smooth, velvety texture! 6 "Flower-Fresh" shades!

ALL-PURPOSE CREAM
For radiant, "date-time" loveliness—a *bedtime* beauty must!

HAND LOTION
Caressable hands in just *seconds!*

the rule that most forget



an open letter to Jane Wyman

Dear Miss Wyman:

We hear that while in London making *Stage Fright,* you have found a brilliant 18-year-old actress named Pamela Stimson and have signed her to a personal contract. We understand that you're planning to bring Miss Stimson back to Hollywood with you to present her to Warner Brothers as a wonderful possibility for future stardom.

Time was when such an operation would have been practically unthinkable for an established star. It's still pretty darned unusual. True, we can think of some other stars who have given a helping hand to youngsters who someday might well be competition for top roles and public favor. There's Humphrey Bogart, for one, who has given John Derek a powerful boost, and for another there's Joan Crawford, who has for many years been helping young performers up the ladder. But such examples of unselfishness have been a notably distinct rarity.

For Hollywood, unfortunately, appears by and large to be a place in which the prevailing law is the law of the jungle, with people on all sides briskly stabbing backs and stepping on faces in a savage battle to get to the top or to stay there

Yet here you are, Miss Wyman, giving what must be a tremendously promising newcomer an opportunity to become a major figure on the same lot where you currently reign. You're widely considered to be one of the nicest people in the movies. This generous thing you're doing certainly gives added basis for that reputation.

You are indeed demonstrating an allegiance to something to which Hollywood—like the greater part of the world today—seems to find small use for. It's something that's been around for quite a spell, now, and nobody's been able to improve on it yet: The golden rule.

William B Hartley

EDITOR



BY JACK WADE

the story behind

the GABLE LEGEND

■ A few days before he checked back in at MGM to make *Key to the City*, Clark Gable fished the big-game waters off Guaymas, Mexico, seeking the king of the seas, black marlin. One bright blue afternoon, using light tackle, he tied into a 250-pounder. For the next two hours Clark had his big hands full, in a one-man battle against the fightingest fish that swims.

Twelve times the swordfish broke water, tail-dancing, whipping every steel muscle in his body to free himself from the straining line that Clark's aching muscles held in the boat. Nine times Clark had him up close to the boat only to be forced to play the line out again and watch his catch zip away in a charging rush for life.

Halfway through the churning scrap, Clark started talking to his opponent. "Nice going kid . . . What a fighter! . . . Boy, can you take it! . . . Beautiful . . . Beautiful . . ." When he reeled him in at last, played out and conquered, Clark's eyes were sweat-blinded, his bulging arms trembled, cigarettes had burned blisters on his lips, his bare shoulders were roasted red. But he had his prize.

"Say, Skipper," said Gable, "suppose you can unhook him in the water?"

The Mexican boatman almost dropped his gaff. Was this Yanqui sportsman loco? Some people, they spent lives chasing a marlin and never got a strike. And here this man had caught this beautiful big one, this rare one, and wished to let him go!

"I theenk so, *Señor*—but . . ."

"Okay," said Clark. "Let him go. A fighting guy like that deserves his freedom."

Clark Gable's sporting sympathy with the swordfish he'd hooked is understandable. For a long time his own position has been somewhat similar. Not for two hours but for almost 20 (*Continued on page 60*)

Movie idols come and go, but for twenty years Clark Gable has reigned supreme in Hollywood. Despite the onrush of time and of mixed fortune, his public remains vast and loyal. What's the secret? What's the magic of his personality? Few people really know. Even his close friends seem baffled by his perpetual popularity. Here, in a penetrating story, Modern Screen presents an analysis of Gable the man— and why he is King.

GET OFF THAT HIGH

Prima donnas have their place, but not in Hollywood, warns Hedda—

BY HEDDA HOPPER

■ The other morning I ripped open a letter on my desk and shook my head as I read it. I shook it from sorrow and also from shock.

"I'd like to get my hands on that little girl and shake her until her teeth rattle," it read. "She ought to be spanked, breaking up her mother's chance for happiness like that. I doubt if I'll ever go to see her again in a picture."

That was one of a hundred letters like it—and I thought how different my mail about this girl used to be. Only a few months ago, the letters read, "How I wish she were my daughter. . . . She's a lovable darling. . . . I never miss her pictures. . . . She's Hollywood at its best. . . ."

But now the fans were writing me about Margaret O'Brien's temperamental young tricks in messing up her mother's marriage. All over the world, the public was angrily shaking fingers at the little idol they used to pet.

Only a few weeks ago, Louis B. Mayer, MGM's boss, called one of his studio's greatest stars to his office. He had a sad but necessary decision to hand her. "We can't stand these hold-ups any longer," he told her. "The industry and the state of business can't take it." He pointed out the promises she'd made to snap out of her nerves, and her failures. He cited what the failures had cost—$900,000 extra due to continual hold-ups on one picture alone. Then he told her she was out of the picture she wanted to do more than any she'd ever made; another star had been hired. "You need a long rest," he counselled kindly.

That's what Judy Garland's having—in a hospital in Boston, as I write, on long suspension from the studio where she rose from a kid to fame and love in the hearts of millions, and a salary of $7,500 a week.

Last fall I talked to a star on her return from making a picture in England. Before that, in Hollywood, she had dipped from a divine career to two serious flops. Their failure was mainly attributable to her own willfulness and bad judgment. But that seemed no great disgrace. I asked her then what she'd be doing next.

"I don't know," she answered. "I haven't had an offer. I guess nobody wants me," she laughed.

Not so funny, really. Not at all, the way it turned out. Because, unknown to me, she'd already written a fascinating foreigner that she'd come to him whenever he wanted her. And he did, all right. Do you think the once-adoring public will ever worship Ingrid Bergman again after Signor Rossellini and that Isle of Caprice, Stromboli? I certainly don't. *Under Capricorn,* the movie she made in England for Alfred Hitchcock, may be a box-office hit—but, in the long run, I'm afraid Ingrid has harmed herself irreparably.

What's happening to Hollywood's golden (*Continued on page 85*)



Ingrid Bergman reached the heights while following experienced guides, but when she insisted on running things herself, two weak pictures and scandal followed.



Teresa Wright bowed out of making personal appearances to help sell *Enchantment.* This was the last temperamental straw for her boss, Sam Goldwyn.

HORSE!

who's seen too many stars cool off before their tempers did...



Laraine Day was widely considered to be one of the sweetest and friendliest young actresses who ever came to Hollywood—but her sudden attack of lofty temperament on the set didn't serve to further that reputation.



Cornel Wilde is still coasting along on his fame from *A Song To Remember*. Instead of cooperating with his studio in propping up his talents, he fought against it, no longer gets the big Fox roles.



Bette Davis used to laugh at prima donnas, but she's well on the way to becoming one herself. Ever since *Winter Meeting*, she's been ducking the press she used to love, and wearing a chip on her talented shoulder.



Paulette Goddard tossed the first tantrum of her career during *Bride of Vengeance*. When she and her regular beautician disagreed, Paulette got another to give her the unwise make-up she wanted.



Marriage on her Mind

Gossips say she's a hermit; they say she hates men. But Liz Scott knows what she wants—he just hasn't come along.

BY FLORENCE SLOAN

■ Last year, after the Notre Dame-Southern California football game, Lizabeth Scott threw a party over at her place for the visiting Irish from South Bend.

During the course of the festivities, a big hulk of a fullback came up behind Liz and ever so gently tugged at a few locks of her blonde hair. Liz turned around.

"Do you mind if I ask you one question?" the fullback said. "It's been on my mind all evening."

Liz gave the mountain of muscle a small smile. "Ask away," she said.

"How come," the football player said, "that a beautiful blonde like you isn't married?"

Liz looked thoughtful for a moment. Then— "I just haven't had the *time,*" she answered playfully.

That was last year. This year, despite the fact that she's already finished three pictures, the last of which was Hal Wallis' *Bitter Victory,* Liz has plenty of time to get married—and wants to very much. "The only thing that's holding me back," she says frankly, "is that I haven't got a fellow."

What Liz actually means is that she hasn't found "the" fellow.

Movie-goers find that difficult to believe, because for the past three years, the gossip columnists have been announcing prospective husbands for her with both amazing and amusing regularity.

First, the columnists had Liz (*Continued on page 100*)



Burt Lancaster and Kirk Douglas have different opinions on Lizabeth Scott. Burt thinks she always seems lonely. Kirk admires her for her sociability.



Liz entertains Notre Dame football players Ziggy Czarboski, Creighton Miller and Johnny Lujack at a party for the team when they played U.S.C. last year.

how perfect is "PERFECT?"



Out of three things dearly cherished, Joan Fontaine filled her home with grace and joy and dreamlike beauty— yet tragedy walked in.

BY VIOLA MOORE

■ This is the story of a house that once knew love and happiness. In this house, beautiful Joan Fontaine and her producer husband William Dozier lived contentedly with their 11-months-old baby daughter Deborah. All Hollywood pointed to the Doziers as the perfect married couple—the perfect marriage in a perfect house.

Now that picture has changed. The perfect marriage has broken up, and happiness has departed from Joan's dream house. Joan left her husband to fly to New York. "We tried to make a go of it, but one couldn't go on pretending. We apparently just weren't suited," Joan has said sadly to her friends.

From New York, Joan left for Italy where she planned to stay four weeks while making her next film, *September*. Little Debbie, according to plans made by her parents at the time of their separation, was to stay with her father until her mother's return, at which time Bill Dozier would move out of Hollywood's one-time happiest home and Joan would remain there alone with her daughter.

This is the tragic story that all Hollywood has taken as a personal blow. It is also the story that everyone hopes will change—that Joan and Bill will reconcile their differences and return to the house that they gave such loving care.

And what about that house?

Somebody once gave Joan Fontaine a green ceramic bowl, a Spanish painting and half-a-dozen lovely sea shells. Joan is a girl with a poetic imagination. In these objects she saw a bowl, she saw a painting, she saw sea shells—but also much more. She saw them as the keynotes of a beautiful symphony that she would create—a symphony in the form of a hilltop house that she would completely redesign and redecorate herself. . . .

The house is a chocolate-brown redwood structure trimmed with white, standing in three acres of wooded ground. It affords entrancing views of the surrounding land, from the UCLA campus in distant Westwood to the sea at Santa Monica. It was owned formerly by the president of the Paddock Pool Company, and it was he who put in the unique swimming pool. Joan says she and Bill Dozier bought the place mainly because of this delicately-curved lagoon. And it was the first item on Joan's re-doing schedule—



Young Debbie Dozier has inherited her parents' skill at horseback riding, but she's still restricted to the nursery floor. Leading from the nursery there's a balcony with her special sunning crib.



Joan used the warm tones of her famous Utrillo painting (on the far wall) in designing her formal living-room. The larger living-room—known as "The Glass Room"—is pictured on the opposite page.



Bill Dozier's book-lined den was the kind of room where you could really relax and put your feet up. In addition to Joan's ceramics, the den contained an extensive collection of model sailing ships.



The view from the Dozier dining-room made it a charming place for lunching. But for dinner parties, they used the larger "Glass Room."



Joan gets a little suntan by the swimming pool. The rock garden was one of her best ideas, and she takes care of the shrubs herself.



The master bedroom, done in shades of hazy blue, is dominated by the seven-foot bed. The painting on the right, over the bed, is of Joan.



Joan's exquisite sea-shell pink dressing room is a wonder of uncluttered efficiency. The mirrored doors lead to her both and clothes room.

HOW PERFECT IS "PERFECT?"

which was triumphantly completed about a year ago, just before daughter Deborah was born.

Shady oaks and olive trees and twining tropical plants were set along the sides of the pool, and at one end Joan had made a towering rock garden planted with flowering shrubs. Then she began on the house.

She took her ceramic bowl, shaped like a jade-green cabbage, and from it designed her living-room color scheme. Dark-green paneled cornices border the ceiling and walls, and are filled with sprays of growing ivy. The leather seats for the bar are green, and so are the wrought-iron glass-topped tables and chairs. Intermediate shades of chartreuse blend into the clear lemon tones of the draperies.

Joan calls her living room "The Glass Room." It is well named. Its windows are solid sheets of glass, and give a three-sided view. Large French doors present vistas of the garden and pool. Sunlight and shadow filter constantly across the floor in ever-changing patterns, as the living green of the lawn and trees seems to come right inside through the glistening walls of glass.

The Doziers could have 20 people for dinner in this room, by grouping the smaller tables together. They could cope with a hundred for cocktails. But their favorite form of fun was musical evenings. And happily enough, among their special friends were Dinah Shore, Gordon MacRae, Jeanette MacDonald and Artur Rubenstein—which brings up the matter of Joan's miniature piano.

When the "Glass Room" was completed, Joan went shopping for her piano. She wanted one that, when not in use, could be kept out of the way in a closet. She went to an exclusive piano showroom, took out a tape measure, measured off a length and held it up.

"I want a piano this big," she said to the wing-collared salesman.

"You wish a *toy* piano?" said the salesman with a touch of hauteur. "I'm afraid, Madam, you have come to the wrong—"

"No, no!" said Joan. "I want a real piano. But a small one."

"Ah!" said the salesman. "For a child."

"No," said Joan. "For an adult, one I can keep in a closet."

The salesman raised his eyebrows. "You plan, Madam, to keep an adult in a closet?"

"Look," said Joan. "I . . ." Then she gave up. "Certainly," she said with a bright smile. "It's my eccentric uncle, who's coming to visit. He's lived in a closet for years—he thinks he's a vacuum cleaner—and I thought he'd like a piano for company. But I guess I'll just get him a piccolo. . . . Goodbye! It's been charming."

So she went across the street and bought a small piano.

Joan keyed the color scheme of her smaller, more formal living-room to her treasured Utrillo oil painting. This is the first room you see when you come into the house. It's a lovely, restful spot. Ancient Chinese tea-canisters serve as lamp-bases on either side of the couch. Above the large fireplace, two Chelsea China dogs guard the mantel. Chairs upholstered in paisley prints stand (*Continued on page* 96)



Back at work, Bob Walker takes time out for coffee and a re-reading of the script for his latest movie, *Please Believe Me.*

RETURN from TRAGEDY

With his own hands he wanted to bring her the world. This was Bob Walker's dream—leading him ever closer to despair . . .

BY ARTHUR L. CHARLES

■ In a small, sparsely-furnished room in a sanitarium in Topeka, Kansas, a thin, harried man of 30 sits silently on a cot and stares at the floor. The door opens and a professional-appearing man in a loose white coat enters.

The man on the bed doesn't look at him.

The doctor says, "Do you want to have a talk with me today, Bob?"

The patient grits his teeth and shakes his head, never looking up. The doctor leaves, but he'll be back again tomorrow.

Don't get this wrong. The man on the bed is a patient, yes. But he's not insane. He's Robert Walker, movie star. The Menninger Clinic, with its clean, attractive buildings designed and decorated in the best possible taste, is no "snake pit." It is a mental hospital, but here there is no restraint. It costs a lot of money to stay at Menninger's, and if you can't stand the tariff or you really want to go home, you don't have to make it over the wall in the dead of night to get out. You check (*Continued on page 81*)

For the story of Jennifer Jones' new-found happiness, see page 24.



THIS LOVE OF OURS

by Lucille Ball



fourth in a series

Life with Desi is crazy and exciting, but our love is deep and changeless.

■ He came whipping around the corner and knocked me off my feet. He picked me up and said, "Hey! You're Lucille Ball, aren't you?"

"And you're Desi Arnaz," I gasped.

There must have been more conversation than that, but I just can't remember what it was. I only know that when we left the movie set to go home that night, I had promised this Desi fellow I'd go dancing with him. He'd said something about wanting to teach me a new rhumba number for our movie, *Too Many Girls*.

Desi is a born romanticist. That night he didn't suggest any of the usual Hollywood night spots. Instead, we went to a tiny Mexican café in downtown Los Angeles. The place was a perfect romantic setting; a half-dozen candle-lit tables, homey checkered tablecloths. And a jovial proprietor complete with handsome black mustachios. For every woman who has been in love, one special date in her life stands out in her memory, to be lived over and over again. This would be mine.

Desi ordered a Mexican dinner, and we talked before, after and between each mouthful of food. We were like old acquaintances, and we didn't have time for a single dance. At the end of the evening I knew that Desi's home was in Cuba and that his father was mayor of the town of Santiago. He told me about his folks, I told him about mine. In a word—the evening was a complete success.

As you may have guessed by now, Desi turned out to be my favorite husband. We were married in a civil ceremony, November 30, 1940.

When Desi and I decided to get married, we chose a county courthouse in Greenwich, Connecticut. I was a little disappointed. The place was so public, and not at all romantic. On the specified day, we picked up our license from the clerk, and hurried over to the Judge's office. He was waiting for us. Instead of reading the brief civil rites there in his chamber, he winked, hustled into his overcoat, and smilingly pushed us out the door.

Desi and Judge O'Brien had found a better place for us to be married—the Byram River Beagle Club. The place was deserted. We stood before a great fire crackling in the huge stone fireplace of the club's lounge. The scent of burning pine-cones was as fragrant as incense, and outside, the first winter snow flurries banked the frosty window panes. Believe me, no movie set could have surpassed that rustic New England charm.

It would have been a wonderful place for a honeymoon, but we had to dash back to New York, since Desi and his band were appearing at the Roxy theater. Shortly afterward, we left for Hollywood.

My one great fear of our trip out to the coast were those three days Desi would have to spend in my company. (*Continued on page 98*)



"Isn't this romantic?" asked Desi when the above photo was shot soon after their wedding. It's from Lucille's personal album.

NO HELP WANTED

They never call him Mr. Temple, and they never will. Because the only hand she ever gave him— was in marriage.

BY IDA ZEITLIN



Next to Linda Susan, Lannie, the Agars' callie, is the most important junior member of the household. When Jack's on location, Lannie stays up all night, growling away at every sound.



On evenings at home, Jack and Shirley often get out their memory book. Among their favorite pictures is one taken right after their marriage—showing them dancing cheek-to-cheek.



In *I Married A Communist*, Jack plays the first really dramatic role of his career. Above, a scene with Janis Carter and Tom Gomez.

■ The day Jack went off to make his contract test, there wasn't a great to-do in the Agar household. Shirley said good luck at the door, and kissed him. Sometimes when a person's tied up in knots inside, it's better if you and he are matter-of-fact on the outside. Besides, you can say an awful lot in a kiss. . . .

Since then, Jack's made four pictures. His first two landed him 'way out front among the popular newcomers. His next two, if the grapevine's telling the truth, will really send him zooming. Last May, the University Theater of the Air, which can pretty well take its pick of actors, starred him in Stephen Crane's *The Red Badge of Courage*. He'd never done a broadcast before. Knees knocking together, he socked across a subtle, adult, and compelling job.

Jack's doing all right. At least, that's how it looks from where we stand. His own view is more sober. "All I know is, it's murder to watch myself on the screen. All I want to do is crawl down under the seat. All I think is, brother, have *I* got things to learn!" Beyond that he won't commit himself. "So far I've got by. (*Continued on page 78*)



When Jack comes home after a
hard day's work, Shirley pushes him
into a chair and makes it easy for him to relax.

by reba and bonnie churchill

House Swarming!

The walls rocked, the floors jumped and Bob Arthur almost hit the ceiling. There was a hot time at his house— when his gang came to warm it.



All the food at the surprise house-warming thrown for Bob Arthur

■ Robert Arthur opened his front door. For a second he looked wildly at the 18 people jamming his porch. Then, "Yipes!" he cried. "It's an invasion!"

"Surprise! Surprise!" we yelled, and pushed our way in.

We were Tom Drake and Terry Moore, bearing a pan of taffy and a bowl of tomato aspic; Colleen Townsend, Darryl Hickman, Margie Alston, Michael and Nora Kirby, loaded down with bread sticks and a roasting pan filled to the brim with spaghetti; Jerome Courtland escorting Sally Forrest, Lois Butler with Gene Reynolds; guitar-totin' Richard Foote with Barbara Fuller; Roddy McDowall with his sister, Virginia. Bringing up the rear were us Churchills, hustling between us a gallon container of peppery spaghetti sauce.

Soon as we'd all entered and the babble had somewhat subsided, the bewildered Bob was let in on just what had brought about this mass descent on his diggings.

It was like this: The gang had decided that Bob was becoming a Hollywood hermit. When not working in 20th Century-Fox's *Twelve O'Clock High*, he could always be found with his buddy, Frank (*Continued on page 44*)



Kind of sticky but most fun of all, an old-fashioned taffy pull climaxes the hectic evening. Terry Moore gives Tom Drake a few pointers on how to pull without getting stuck.

thur wos brought by the guests, who formed a chowline at once. Here, outhors Rebo and Bonnie Churchill and Colleen Townsend serve the spoghetti.



In what will eventually be Bob's ultra-modern kitchen, the tatty-pullers pause briefly to replenish supplies. The house is 'woy up in the hills ond still has no heat, but Bob hos great plons—for o helicopter londing field!



After putting o whirlwind polka on the phonograph, Sally Forrest, who used to feoch dancing, shows Terry how it should be done. Jerry Courtland (left) seems stumped—but he soon joined in vigorously.



(*Continued from page 42*) Long, building his new house. Although the place will not be completed for several months, the boys had already moved in.

The only time any of his pals were getting a glimpse of Bob was when he'd come around to "borrow a bath" (the new place was still minus hot water) or come seeking candles (it was also temporarily lacking in electricity).

Something had to be done. So we put our heads together and decided to surprise Bob and help him "break in" the house. With the wonderful aid of Frank Long and Bob's girl, Natalie Garrotto, we managed to keep the whole thing a dark secret from Bob.

Another major contribution from Frank was arranging lights. The neighbors down the hill (Bob lives high on a mountain in a spot that would take an ambitious bloodhound hours to locate) let Frank run an extension cable to the house. Then Frank and Natalie had the soldierly task of keeping Bob occupied in the house while we assembled the gang —who'd brought along a complete dinner— at the bottom of the hill. We'd decided that one mammoth onslaught was the best policy.

Jerry Courtland and Sally Forrest, early arrivals, (*Continued on page 93*)

Colleen Townsend takes charge of the second-helping division at Bob Arthur's party while Barbara Fuller and Reba lend her a hand.





Frank Long, Bab's roommate, and Barbara Fuller—Claudia in radia's *One Man's Family*—wonder haw much Dick Foote can hald.



Sitting aut a dance, Colleen and Darryl Hickman (he's in *Any Number Can Play*) seem happy with a less strenuous activity.



After doing everything but jumping rope with the taffy, Sally Forrest and Jerry Caurtland decided ta taste some—and it's gaod.



Roddy McDawall (left) brings his polka with Barbara to a frisky finale. Tam Drake pretends Terry Moore is too heavy for him.



Lois Butler, at the piano, and Dick Foate start the bunch singing the gaåd ald sangs. Dick was the singer in *Streets of Laredo*.



People pair off and wander away at the end ot any party. At this one, Lois and Gene Reynalds were attracted by the cool veranda.

the truth about rita's honeymoon



Surrounded by admirers at the Longchamps Race Track in Paris, Rita suddenly feels faint. She and Aly Khan spent 20 days in their first month of marriage at the races.

They might have rented the Persian Gulf and drifted off in a boat of gold. But they didn't—Rita and Aly's honeymoon was even more amazing!

By K. ROBY EUNSON

Rita and Aly Khan flew from France to the races at Epsom Downs.





Raas Prince Monolulu, well-known tipster, greets Rita warmly at the Longchamps track. Shortly after, Rita had the thrill of seeing her husband's horse win the *Prix de Courteuil.*



Rita congratulates Skylarking in the paddock after the horse won its maiden race at Le Tremblay, near Paris. The two-year-old filly was one of the four that Aly Khan gave Rita for a wedding present.

All the world watched Rita Hayworth and Aly Khan in their tempestuous, far-flung courtship, heard with excitement the sensational announcement of their "engagement", marveled at their spectacular wedding. Now MODERN SCREEN *brings its readers further authoritative coverage of this fabulous romance. In the following extraordinary story, our Paris correspondent presents an intimate picture of the famous couple on their honeymoon.*
—THE EDITORS.

PARIS.—After all the hullabaloo of their super-lavish wedding, one might have imagined that Rita Hayworth and Aly Khan would then have embarked on a honeymoon of history-making magnificence and revelry. But not so! True, the honeymoon has scarcely been like a jaunt to Niagara Falls. Yet Rita and Aly have spent it comparatively quietly and constructively. Their main public activity has been one in which hundreds of thousands of quite ordinary citizens engage every day: Going to the races.

Aly started right off making Rita's honeymoon a happy one by presenting her, immediately after the wedding, with a number of the pleasant things the wife of an Indian potentate should properly have. Among the gifts were a resplendent Alpha-Romeo automobile, four racehorses, a huge cash dowry and, of course, a few dozen diamonds and rubies.

While all the other presents were very nice indeed, the four racehorses have probably given Rita the most fun so far. A week after the marriage, she won her first race when her filly Skylarking, a beautiful two-year-old, came romping home ahead of the pack in its initial race at Le Tremblay, near Paris. Then Skylarking was shipped to England. There it didn't do so brilliantly—it ran fifth in a seven-horse race at Ascot.

Rita's other horses are Saxon, a three-year-old bay stallion that, like Skylarking, was bred in Aly's stud in Normandy; Sultan Blanc (White Sultan), a superb white stallion; and Princess Kernin, a fine chestnut filly. Saxon won a race for his new owner two weeks after the wedding. As he came thundering down the stretch at Longchamps, Rita almost climbed right over the rail, so thrilled was she at the sight of her racing silks out in front.

At the wedding reception, while the guests were working away on the gallons of champagne and Aly was effervescing from one group to another, Rita, suddenly feeling tired, went over and sat on a sofa with the Aga Khan, and he and she had a nice long talk. That's when the red cap, red shirt and green sleeves of Rita's racing silks were decided upon. The colors, if not in that exact combination, are the Aga's—and he asked Rita to keep them in the family.

"Rita loves horses and is not merely a racehorse-owner who goes to the races only when she has entries running," says Richard Carter, Skylarking's trainer. In the first month of her honeymoon, Rita spent almost 20 days at various tracks. She raced horses in both France and England, often got up just after daybreak in order to see her stable trained. (*Continued on page 62*)



Now she's returned to Hollywood, her first love—but she brings a new love with her, a new life—and people wonder . . .

BY GEORGE BENJAMIN

has Lana Turner changed?

More than a year ago, Lana Turner became the wife of millionaire Bob Topping and left Hollywood. Now, with Bob, she has returned to resume her screen career. The public has been asking how her marriage has affected Lana. The following story gives the answer.—THE EDITORS.

■ The tremendous four-engine airliner hurtled through the sky at 290 miles an hour. At 18,000 feet, the passengers could look up at the bright, hot morning sun and down at the billowing fog which hid the Los Angeles airport below.

FASTEN SAFETY BELTS. The warning sign glowed red. Travelers obeyed as though on cue from a director. On the arm-rests of her seat, Lana Turner's knuckles turned white.

Her husband, Bob Topping, noticed. "Hey," he said, grinning, "what's this?"

Lana managed a weak smile.

Now the plane began its glide into the blanket of nothingness below. Wisps of fog swirled by. Then the sun was gone and the engines set up a determined growl, biting into the lower air—down, down, down.

"See? Nothing to it." Bob was reassuring.

Lana closed her eyes tightly. Then the ship roared suddenly into a burst of speed. She felt the safety belt strain against her. Beside her, Bob smothered an exclamation of surprise—but abruptly they were in a bright corridor of sunshine which pointed down at the field (*Continued on page 63*)



Lana gains weight rapidly while relaxing, takes it off easily before working. Here, she poses with friends beside a 450-pound tuna she caught in the Bahamas.

At a special screening of *The Heiress,* these college fashion editors compare the real Montgomery Clift with his celluloid version. More formally



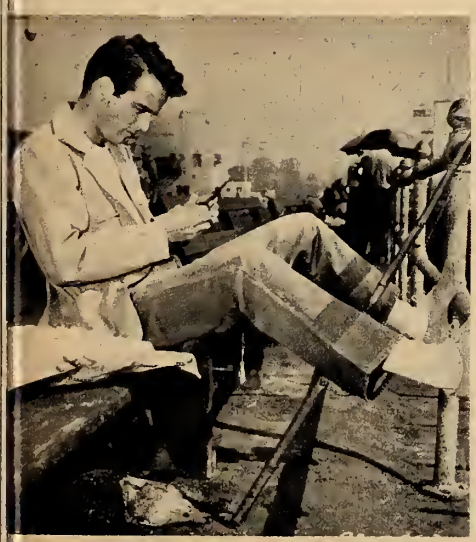
As one of "the most painful brats in theatrical history," Clift (with the aid of Andrea King) made life horrible for Thomas Mitchell when the three appeared in Broadway's *Fly Away Home.*



Although he had never been in the Army, Clift's performance as a G.I. in *The Search* was acclaimed for its solid reality. Clift, however, disagrees with the critics, stating, "The feeling of being a soldier among soldiers can't be faked."



ttired than usual, Clift relaxes under their scrutiny.



Despite quick fame and publicity build-ups, Clift's taste for the simple life remains. His burning desire is just to be a better actor.

modern screen proudly presents

MY OWN STORY



by montgomery clift

as told to george scullin

This is what everyone has been waiting for! Here, for the first time, Montgomery Clift tells his own story. It is the remarkable story of a stage-struck kid from Nebraska who wouldn't go home, of an actor who hit Hollywood like dynamite

■ Just a few years ago I was engaged in writing my life story for a small, dubious, but extremely important group of people in mid-town Manhattan. It was a brief story, about six lines, but upon their acceptance of it depended such little incidentals of personal interest as whether or not I continued to eat. They agreed that I was probably born on October 17, 1920, as stated in the script. It was obvious that I was six feet tall, weighed about 155, and had dark hair and blue-green eyes. My hungry look could support the statement that I was unemployed, but the doubt crept in about my profession. "An actor, he says," said my script-reader.

They went into a huddle, looking me over from time to time. I was wearing my best suit to make a good impression, and apparently I did. The huddle broke up and my script-reader returned with my life story. "All right, Clift," he said. "We've decided in your favor. You will start getting your unemployment insurance checks next week."

Circumstances are a little less strained at this writing, but my friends suggest that I keep my contacts with that unemployment office. It won't be necessary. I have a standing offer to return to Napa Valley, California, where I made good in a big way as a digger of irrigation ditches.

This fabulous business going on today—"Montgomery Clift, the brightest comet ever to burst into the firmament of Hollywood stars" —has me dazed, but not confused. I still know who I am. Now all I have to do is find out who the Montgomery (*Continued on page 73*)



In Warners' *Under Capricorn,* Ingrid Bergman, married to an ex-convict, Joseph Cotten, eventually becomes a dypsomaniac.

UNDER CAPRICORN

■ *Under Capricorn* is a big, flamboyant and satisfying drama, packed with explosive tensions. It takes place in Sydney, Australia, in 1831—when the colony's manpower cames mainly from British convicts sent out for terms of hard labor. One such is Sampson Flusky (Joseph Cotten), a low-born Irishman who, after serving seven years for murder, has rapidly become wealthy in the new land. His aristocratic wife (Ingrid Bergman)—for the killing of whose brother he was convicted—has followed him out, lived in poverty while he was in prison and now, broken in spirit by the years of hardship and loneliness for her own kind, has taken to drink. On the scene comes a young Irish gentleman (Michael Wilding) who turns out to be an old acquaintance of hers. With Flusky's blessing, he tries to rehabilitate her. This good work is luridly complicated by matters you'll find highlighted in the pictures to your right. . . . Alfred Hitchcock, working with a tense script, top-flight performers and a brilliant Technicolor production, has directed another bang-up entertainment.

Picture of the Month

Ingrid Bergman's latest role is in a taut, flamboyant drama of 19th Century Australia.



1. Wealthy ex-convict Sampson Flusky (Joseph Cotten) is happy at the initial success of elegant Charles Adare (Michael Wilding) in helping his wife Henrietta (Ingrid Bergman) conquer alcoholism.



2. Adare knew her in Ireland before she came here to Australia where Flusky was imprisoned for killing her brother. Housekeeper Milly (Margaret Leighton) suspects there's more than friendship.



3. Henrietta improves until she loses her grip again after Milly shames her before the servants. Adare goes to her bedroom to reason with her. Milly, vainly denouncing the pair to Flusky, leaves.



4. Henrietta now recovers. Adare takes her to the governor's ball—her first. Flusky is pleased until Milly returns, arouses his jealousy. He rushes off to the ball, makes his wife leave.



5. Adare follows her home, begs her to go off with him. But she says she loves Flusky—she killed her brother, Flusky took the blame. Flusky enters, in a struggle, accidentally shoots Adare.



6. If Adare dies, Flusky will hang. If not, Flusky will go back to jail—unless he confirms his wife's murder confession. Then Milly gets really mean and—but to learn the end, go see the film.

BY FRANCES CLARK

STOP LYING ABOUT



they whisper:

HE HAS CANCER.
HE GOES ON BENDERS.
HE AND DIXIE ARE SEPARATING.
HE'S LOSING HIS VOICE.
HE CAN'T READ MUSIC.
HE'S CARELESS ABOUT SINGING.
HE'S LAZY.
HE'S UNCOOPERATIVE.
HE'S RUDE.
HE'S UNFRIENDLY.

Few celebrities have ever been the subject of more lying rumors than has Bing Crosby. In the following story, a seasoned Hollywood reporter goes into some of the wilder Crosby yarns that the bzzz-bzzz group has circulated—and the effect on their victim.—THE EDITORS.

■ Back in the days when Bing Crosby had just abandoned Gonzaga U. textbooks to play the drums at high-school and college dances around Spokane with the Musicaladers, he stepped down from the bandstand one night and confronted a large senior.

"You been makin' cracks at me all evening," said Bing. "You don't like my drummin'. That's okay. You don't like

CROSBY!





Crosby leads a surprisingly rugged life for a man who's supposed to be dying of cancer. Here, he receives the winner's trophy at the Totem Pole Golf Tournament in Jasper National Park.



Friends and co-workers scoff at the idea that Bing is unfriendly. A sports enthusiast, and a good loser, Bing steps aside as Bill Morrow proudly exhibits the catch he made on Lake Pend Oreille.



Rhonda Fleming, Crosby's lead in *Connecticut Yankee,* was amazed by the scenes Bing threw her way. "How can they say he's uncooperative or rude?" she asks. "He couldn't have been nicer."

the way I sing. That's okay. But when you say I quit school because I was too puny for football—well, let's step outside."

Outside, Bing knocked the guy flat.

Back then, Bing was just a youngster who thought he had to prove something. Today, he's one of the most amazing successes in history. He no longer has to prove a thing—and he seems indifferent to the strange lies that, for quite some time now, have been told about him. But is it true that they no longer hurt Bing?

Take the latest rumor. How'd you like to have people spreading an utterly false report that you have cancer? Well, that's what they've been (*Continued on page 76*)

In a reshuffling of marital mates only Errol Flynn's unanswered for—although Princess Ghica says her intentions are strictly honorable!

hollywood's dizziest

By JOHN HOWLEY

Princess Irene Ghica and Errol Flynn sun themselves on the Riviera while all of Hollywood wonders about the outcome of this new romance.



marry-go-round

■ When Errol Flynn, actor, adventurer, and bon vivant, flew into Hollywood from Paris some weeks ago he was waylaid by a small army of female gossip columnists whose interest in the Flynn love-life is more than academic.

"Tell us," squealed one, "what have you done with the Princess Ghaki?"

"Is it true," demanded another, "that you and the Princess Ghekki are going to get married?"

"I hear tell," cooed a third, "that you've hidden the Princess somewhere in Hollywood."

Now, Flynn, who is nothing if he is not a gentleman, told these chroniclers of Cupid the truth.

"The Princess Ghica," he said, pronouncing the girl's name correctly, "is in Paris. I think she's a very charming woman. Beyond that, I have nothing to say about her. I'm here to do some re-takes on *The Forsyte Saga*. After that, I shall return to Europe."

These were simple, straightforward statements of fact. And yet, not very long after they were made, a well-known columnist announced that Errol had brought the Princess Irene Ghica to the movie colony, and that she was being hidden somewhere within its environs.

Another journalist went even further. She not only substantiated her colleague's report, but in addition, she told her radio audience that the Princess Ghica had flown in on the same plane with Flynn. "What's more," she confided to intimates, "I've seen the Princess' passport and the check made out by MGM for her passage. As you probably know, Errol refused to fly back unless Metro paid all the expenses for both of them."

Flynn, who has written fiction himself, can of course recognize it instantly—even over the radio. What is more, he has a delightfully pixyish sense of humor. For example, en route to Los Angeles from Paris, his plane had to put down in London; Flynn had to fill out various health and immigration credentials. On one of the blanks where he was asked to list his occupation, he wrote the simple word, "sex." Where he was asked to list his sex, he wrote the simple word, "occupation."

Flynn thought this very amusing. Some of the British officials didn't.

By the same standards of humor, the thought came to him after the columnists kept insisting that he was hiding the Princess Ghica in Hollywood, that it would be a shame to belie these guardians of journalism.

Flynn thereupon called Central Casting and got the name and

. . . and then we called the princess . . .

While columnists were reporting the presence of Princess Ghica in Hollywood, MODERN SCREEN *telephoned Paris, France—and had a highly interesting conversation. The following, slightly condensed, is an actual transcript of the call:*

M.S.: Is this the Princess Irene Ghica?
SHE: It is.
M.S.: Princess Ghica, I'd like to ask you a few questions about Errol Flynn.
SHE: I have a feeling that you are Mr. Errol Flynn or that this is one of his practical tricks.
M.S.: I can assure you, Princess, that I am not Errol Flynn.
SHE: If Mr. Flynn is near-by, I should like to talk to him.
M.S.: I am very sorry, but at the moment he's on the MGM lot doing some re-takes with Greer Garson.
SHE: I am sure he is doing a very good job.
M.S.: He always does. . . . Is it true that you plan to star in his next picture, *The Buccaneer?*
SHE: Well, I don't know. I would like to read the script again.
M.S.: Can you say just how you feel about Mr. Flynn?
SHE: Well, I am very fond of him. He is a very nice guy, don't you think?
M.S.: Oh, yes, very nice. . . . One of the other reasons I called is that the rumor has been going around Hollywood that Mr. Flynn had brought you with him to Hollywood and was hiding you out somewhere.
SHE: That, as you know, is ridiculous. I am speaking to you from Paris. It is now about midnight. I am going out dancing and the weather is just wonderful.
M.S.: Princess Ghica, are you in love with Mr. Flynn?
SHE: That is a very personal question. After all, I don't know Mr. Flynn a very long time. What does he say about such things?
M.S.: He never leads his private life in public. . . . Have you ever been married, Princess?
SHE: Yes, I have been married, and as a matter of fact, in eight days I will have my divorce.
M.S.: How did you meet Errol Flynn?
SHE: Through mutual friends.
M.S.: What did you think of him when you first met him?
SHE: I thought he was very charming, very handsome, very witty.
M.S.: You sound, Princess, like a woman in love.
SHE: You are just trying to get me to say things, and I will not, unless Mr. Flynn says them first.
M.S.: Do you have any children, Princess?
SHE: Yes, I have 16.
M.S.: Please, Princess.
SHE: I not only have 16 children, but I also am 89 years old.
M.S.: Well, princess, judging from your pictures you're very well preserved. . . . But are you engaged to Errol Flynn or have you an intention of marrying him?
SHE: As for my intentions toward Mr. Flynn, you may say that they are strictly honorable.
M.S.: Thank you, Princess—and goodnight!



NORA EDDINGTON AND DICK HAYMES *were married on July 17 in the garden of the groom's Beverly Hills home. The ceremony was performed by brilliant Superior Judge Edward Brand who stated, "I am not going to indulge in oratory. Marriage is a simple thing and only what you make it." Moments later, the couple exchanged rings. The bride's was a wide platinum band with the names Nora and Dick spelled out in diamonds. Haymes' ring was a relatively plain platinum band bearing the legend, "To Dick with love," and the date. Although he was not among the 100 guests attending, Errol Flynn made his presence felt by a telegram which read: "I wish you all the happiness two hearts can hold," and was signed, "The Baron." Nora Eddington had won her divorce from Flynn on July 7—and now was closing her chapter on a spectacular bit of Hollywood history.*



JOANNE DRU AND JOHN IRELAND *were noticeably absent from the Dick Haymes-Nora Eddington nuptials. Joanne, Haymes' former wife, had only recently been granted a final divorce decree on the grounds of extreme mental cruelty. Although she had previously denied any romantic intentions, Joanne, now obviously and openly in love, has stated that she and John Ireland will be married not later than September. For a time, it even appeared that they might "scoop" the Haymes wedding by rushing off to Laguna Beach to stage a surprise ceremony with Gregory Peck as best man. However, at a later party for friends, Joanne announced her present plans. Very soon after their wedding, the Irelands will find a home far removed from the place and the memories of Joanne's previous marriage—whose only happy result for her is the custody of her three children.*

address of a girl he knew who had played many bit parts as a Balkan.

"Look," he explained to her. "Everyone believes that the Princess Ghica is in town. She isn't. She's in Paris. But in order to have a little fun, and to keep up morale, I want you to play the Princess Ghica.

"Here's what we'll do. I'll take you on the Metro lot tomorrow. I'll have the word spread around that the Princess Ghica is coming. Then I'll introduce you to Bobby Bennett—he's our director—and to Greer Garson, and several others.

"When you meet Bennett, run your hand across his face and tell him he's 'verry prittie.' When you meet Miss Garson, I'll leave you two alone, and you just engage in women's talk with her—you know, ask her what sort of husband she thinks I would make. That sort of routine."

The following day, Flynn picked up his phony Princess and on their way to Metro he gathered a handful of tired old yellow gladioli which someone had thrown into a vacant lot.

"This," he said, handing the dead flowers to her, "is your bouquet." The girl howled. "I'll slip one of these," she said, "into Bennett's buttonhole."

As soon as Flynn and his Princess hit the set, the rumor flew from person to person that at long last Errol had taken his royal sweetheart out of hiding. Playing their parts perfectly, Flynn and the girl walked up to Compton "Bobby" Bennett, a shy Englishman if ever there was one.

"Darling," said Errol, turning to his Princess, "may I present Mr. Compton Bennett, our director?"

Bennett bowed at the waist. "An honor, Princess. An honor. How do you do?"

The Princess from Central Casting placed her long thin fingers on Bennett's forehead. "But you are so prittie," she gushed, "so verry, verry prittie." Bennett reddened. "I should like you for to wear this flower from me." And with that, she inserted a faded, broken gladiola in his buttonhole. "Your skin, it iss like ledder," the Princess continued, pinching the director's cheeks ever so lightly. "And this building, this edifice you work in, it hass no ceiling, does it?"

Flynn, who could barely keep a straight face, then escorted his charge to the portable dressing room of Miss Greer Garson, one of the wittiest, most understanding, and charming actresses he has ever worked with.

"Greer," he said, "I know you've heard a lot about the Princess Irene Ghica. Now, I should like you to meet her."

Greer was flattered. Nothing would do but the Princess must stay a while. So the Princess stayed, and Errol disappeared on some innocuous pretense.

Greer, aware of the fact that the Princess spoke English with a decided Balkan accent, was not too sure how well she understood the language. She made it a point to (*Continued on page 91*)



MY PRAYER *was* ANSWERED

by Jane Powell

Jane Powell, who now has a host of friends in Hollywood, gives a few autographs. Her next film will be MGM's *Nancy Goes To Rio.*

At home, she'd always known the warmth and laughter of friends. But in Hollywood, Jane Powell cried bitter tears of loneliness. And then she prayed . . .

■ I should have been the happiest girl in the world. Here I was, only 15, and a star. Yet I was extremely unhappy: I had been terribly lonely for over a year. "I wish I'd never come to Hollywood," I thought resentfully—and tearfully.

I came from a town where I knew everybody. Life had been wonderful in Portland, Oregon. I had grown up there among a crowd of kids my own age. We had gone to parties, shows and school affairs together. In Portland I had never known a lonely moment.

It was in Hollywood that I discovered how horrible loneliness can be when you are 15.

In most towns, young people go to public school and meet friends there. I went to the studio school. Sometimes I was the only student; at other times there were just a few others besides myself, none of (*Continued on page 95*)

THE STORY BEHIND THE GABLE LEGEND

(*Continued from page 29*)

years, Clark's been fastened to Hollywood by a taut, spinning string of great box-office pictures, great popularity, great fame. He's the undisputed king of the movie seas, a big-game guy, peerless, the champ.

He's made spectacular leaps, likewise a flop or two, but they've never bothered his box-office. He's still tops, he's terrific, he's sought after, respected. Like his swordfish, too, Clark Gable prizes his freedom above everything else he has. But there's one very striking difference. Nobody's thinking of letting Clark Gable go.

Since he made *A Free Soul,* which sent Clark off to the races, he's stayed annually in the top box-office 10, excepting one year during the war when his pictures ran out. He not only starred in the greatest money-maker in film history, *Gone With the Wind,* but in bonanzas like *Test Pilot, It Happened One Night, Boom Town, San Francisco, Red Dust* and *Hell Divers. Adventure,* which the critics panned, made five million dollars. So did *Homecoming,* which got the same review ribbings. No recent Gable movie has been a critical rave—*The Hucksters, Command Performance,* or *Any Number Can Play.* But they've all been good Gable—so enough said. They've all made big money. *It Happened One Night,* which won Clark his Oscar, has been re-issued nine separate times.

He's launched a double-dozen young actresses to fame through being his leading lady. He's been a man's hero, too. No clothes-horse ever, when he wore turtle-necked sweaters, everybody started wearing them. When he sported a Tyrolean hat, the same. He boosted along the popularity of skeet-shooting by taking it up. He's helped boom hunting and fishing. He's the original hot-rod kid. He aided mightily in glamorizing the Air Corps. During the war, Hitler dangled prizes before his *luftwaffe* for the Nazi pilot who could bring him down.

Come December 4, 1950, which is only a year away, Clark will have been on MGM's payroll 20 years. (He signed up first for two.) Yet he's just getting his second wind as Mr. Hollywood. Why and how come? What's the Gable magic? Why is his popularity perpetual, his world-wide audience unlimited, untired, unsatisfied, unrelentingly loyal, militantly devoted—in spite of time and times, good and bad, and Gable pictures the same? How does the guy do it?

Even some of Gable's close friends seem baffled when they try to put a finger on just what the magic is. But long ago, the late Irving Thalberg, MGM's great producing genius, summed up his then-new star pretty pithily: "Gable is manhood, personified," he appraised. "He's what every man admires, every woman loves, every boy would like to grow up to be." You could say the same thing today. Since then Clark Gable and the Gable charm both have been analyzed curiously from every angle because there's never been anyone remotely like him. In fact, the oft-tried Hollywood beginner's ballyhoo, "He's another Gable," has always boomeranged as an absurd and blighting career kiss-of-death. There's no such animal, never will be, and every candidate posing as such has been rudely laughed off the screen.

Clark himself has consistently snorted his perennial, "I'm lucky," explanation and gone on being himself, on the screen and off. Still, there's more to the Gable power than a rabbit's foot—more, too, than Thalberg's triple-threat theory of virility, sex-appeal and hero stature.

For one thing, Clark Gable knows his business from the ground up—which is where he started, as an extra. Maybe he ought to, after all these years. But there are plenty of other star veterans who still don't, who haven't had the enthusiasm, the curiosity and the conscientious competence that Gable owns as much today as when he began.

Though he won an Oscar for *It Happened One Night* (and gave it away to a boy admirer), he's not a great actor, if you believe either the critics or most directors. But Mervyn LeRoy, one of his long-time boosters and part discoverer, disagrees. "Don't ever kid yourself," he told me. "Gable's as good as they come on the screen. He can handle any scene in a way that pulls every eye right to him, and that, like nothing else, is movie greatness."

Clark knows everything about making movies—in every department. He's never in his trailer dressing-room between takes unless absolutely necessary, and then the door's never closed—he might miss something. He's out in the center of things with the people who are putting him on film. When a camera breaks down, he's got his head poked inside and his fingers fiddling until the bug's licked. "Shug" Keeler, a hunting pal of his, who's worked on dozens of Gable films, told me: "Clark could take out a card in darned near any studio union today. He could handle almost any job—electrician, carpenter, prop, grip, camera crew. He's learned by being curious as a cat."

common clay . . .

"Clark Gable's stayed great because he has the common touch," one of his best pals, the late director Victor Fleming told me once. "He likes people as much as they like him. I've never seen him bored or blasé in any setting." Victor Fleming directed Gable in *Gone with the Wind* and *Test Pilot.* Fleming was a rugged man like Clark, and the pair used to roar over the California countryside on motorcycles playing a sort of follow-the-leader on the highway. Often Gable disappeared and Vic would find him back somewhere chummed up with other Sunday motor-bike clubs made up of factory workers, mechanics and store clerks.

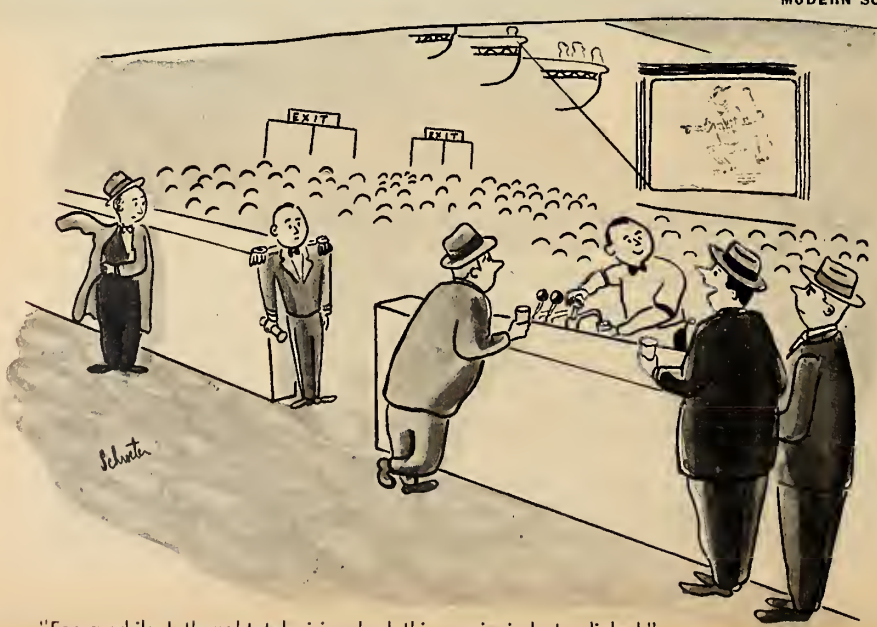
"People see and admire in Clark whatever they want to," thinks Howard Strickling, MGM official and Gable's close friend and ranch neighbor in the San Fernando Valley. Howard's travelled a lot with Clark. "They feel they know him. After all, they've either grown up or grown older with Clark. They've watched him fight, make love, eat, drink, sleep, shave, dress, get in jams and out of them, laugh, play, and get smacked around by life, just as they do—only on the screen. They've formed their ideas long ago about what he's like and he doesn't let them down. When he meets them, he's the same guy they think they know."

Gable loves to meet the people—whether they're Long Island society smoothies or Texas ranch hands. He has the happy gift of being equally at ease with both. By all odds the most glamorous man in the world, he doesn't carry the gloss with him in person. Nothing sets him apart as an out-of-this-world demigod. Hollywood seems to roll off him the minute he rolls out of Hollywood. He's easily recognized wherever he goes, enjoys the recognition and sops up the friendly admiration even when it inconveniences him.

Gable's a demon tourist and sightseer wherever he goes—and he goes just about everywhere. He keeps his viewpoint fresh and his perspective straight that way. This last stretch after *Any Number Can Play,* for instance, he drove to Oregon to his Rogue River shack; flew to New York to catch the new Broadway shows; drove to Phoenix, Arizona, to see Betty Chisholm, a girl he likes, and to take more lessons from a golf pro he also likes at the Arizona Biltmore. From there he bumped over the chuck-holed roads of Lower California to Guaymas and his marlin. Wherever he went, he saw all there was to see and what he could cram in to do—whether it was a whirl at the Stork Club with his Long Island friends, or a rodeo in a desert cow-town.

He rolls into a new town, maybe only pop. 2,500, rubbernecking all around, strolls

MODERN SCREEN



"For a while I thought television had this movie industry licked."

into a highway café and kids the waitress. "What's cookin', Sweetheart?" Clark drawls with his elbows on the counter. "What do you do for excitement in this town?" And she tells him, or the local cop does, or a garage grease-monkey does. Before he's through with them he knows all about their burg, and he's told them practically nothing about Hollywood or himself. If there's a carnival in town, a turkey-shoot or an election with free lemonade and fireworks, Clark's there and having a terrific time. Going East, he never misses taking in the zoos in New York and Chicago. Last year he spent all afternoon at a model coal-mine in Chicago. He's toured all the national parks, even Yellowstone, gaping at the geysers, including the one that could have been named after himself, Old Faithful.

Oddly enough, although Clark's popularity has long since surpassed the fabulous Valentino's, he almost never gets mobbed or swarmed, heckled or embarrassed in public. "There's some kind of native dignity and respect that guy packs that keeps them from it," says an MGM chaperone who's travelled a lot with Clark to benefits and openings. "They treat him like a human being instead of a Hollywood god."

knows his own strength . . .

Clark has an alert nose for trouble and has always ducked with rare good sense instead of playing the hero out in public without drawing a salary for it. One reason is that he's powerful—a rough, slugging hitter from his oil fields days—and he doesn't trust himself to get lured into a spot where he might hurt, possibly kill, someone. He's laughed his way good-naturedly out of many a café commotion in both New York and Hollywood in his time; many an emboldened drunk has peeled off at him with, "So you're the great Gable. Let's see if you're so tough!" Clark's either moved on or kidded him out of his folly.

In all the years Gable's been in Hollywood, no scandal of any sort has stuck to his name.

Clark went through the divorces from his first two wives, Josephine Dillon and Rhea Langham, without any dirt-dishing, recriminations, or sordid facts and figures. He's still friends with them both, although they're long ago out of his life.

Physically, Clark has bowed to time amazingly little. He's still ramrod straight, weighs 195—he tipped 175 at the start. He hasn't lost a hair of his thick black mop, though it's streaked with silver here and there. His muscles still bulge like a boilermaker's. And they're hard. His waistline's well under control. The Gable grin and the gray-blue Dutch eyes pack the same candlepower as always.

But his Ponce De Leon secret's not all a matter of Gable in the flesh. That curiosity and boyish interest in life has helped plenty. Clark reads and listens and looks, and as Mickey Rooney used to say, "The King's hep." Gable hates that tag, "King," by the way—and only a few friends can get by using it without a black scowl. He prefers just "Clark" or sometimes "Moose," hasn't heard "Billy" since his dad died and left him without one surviving close relative.

Clark has always ridden some rejuvenating hobby hard and still does. He's taken all-out turns with horses, dogs, shooting, hunting, fishing, ranching, stock-raising—even cooking and flower-growing. Lately, he's gone back to golf seriously, and again shoots in the 70's. He still nurses the fast motor craze he'll have until he dies. His hobbies have been the absorbing preventatives for any worry warts about his Hollywood fate or fortune. Clark himself expressed his philosophy on that a long time ago. "If they want me, they can still have me," he laughed to me once. "I'm available until they kick me out. And if they ever do—I'm still a darned good mechanic."

Clark will probably never have to fret financially. His colossal paycheck, like most jumbo Hollywood salaries, goes mostly to Uncle Sam, but he's been drawing one almost that big for years and he has plenty salted away by now. He's never been a big spender. His frugal Dutch blood forbids that. For a star of his magnitude and income, he lives in near-Spartan simplicity. He's still wearing the suits he had tailored before the war, which hung, moth-proofed, in his closets while he sported Air Force cords and pinks. He buys the best clothes and wears them forever. He doesn't tip lavishly or toss his money around. Yet he's a notoriously soft touch when he hears of any studio worker in distress. In this he's direct and man-to-man, usually with a $100 bill, or whatever he thinks the situation calls for, jammed quietly into the hand of the guy with a curt, "Forget it."

He's gone overboard on deluxe shooting irons, with an arsenal at his ranch that represents thousands of dollars. Incidentally, that's the only room at Encino he'll let be photographed. Clark explains, "It's the only thing that's really all mine." Rest of the place he still regards sentimentally as part his, part Carole's—and her touches have never been altered or disturbed.

Autos are a weakness like the guns. Gable has probably owned more cars than any star in Hollywood. He tries one out then trades it in, as motor dealer Al Menasco says, "before it needs a wash job." One year Clark traded in eight cars for different models. He's owned almost every make manufactured. Right now he's crazy about the inexpensive Plymouth that he drove on his Mexican fishing trip. His pet is a foreign Jaguar, but mostly for tune-up and tinker purposes. He runs it more in his garage than on the road. His television set is the first machine Clark has let alone. It's so complicated, he's afraid to touch it.

Clark's living set-up at Encino has changed practically none in the past seven years. He has the same two servants and a secretary, Jean Gorceau, to handle his affairs and still-flooding fan mail. Since "Pop" Gable died a couple of years ago, Clark seems more anxious to get away evenings. He's had more dates for Ciro's and Mocambo and when he sees his old friends it's usually at their houses, not his. They're still the same old Gable standbys—Chet Lauck and Tuffy Goff, Al Menasco, "Fieldsie" and Howard Lang, Howard Strickling, Bill Powell, Spencer Tracy, Howard Hawks, Jack Conway, Johnny Mahin. He lost one of the best last year when Victor Fleming died. Clark seldom adds a new friend, never drops an old one.

The recurrently recharged enthusiasm for life and the particular labors it has tossed into lucky Clark's lap probably explains as much as anything the secret of Old Indestructible and how he still works his Mighty Medicine.

He was all steamed-up about playing *Key to the City,* a comedy with all the stops out. On the set, the first day, Clark was describing to co-star Loretta Young his idea of their job.

"Let's do it strictly for fun all the way," he plugged. "Something like *It Happened One Night.* Do you remember it—or was it before your time?

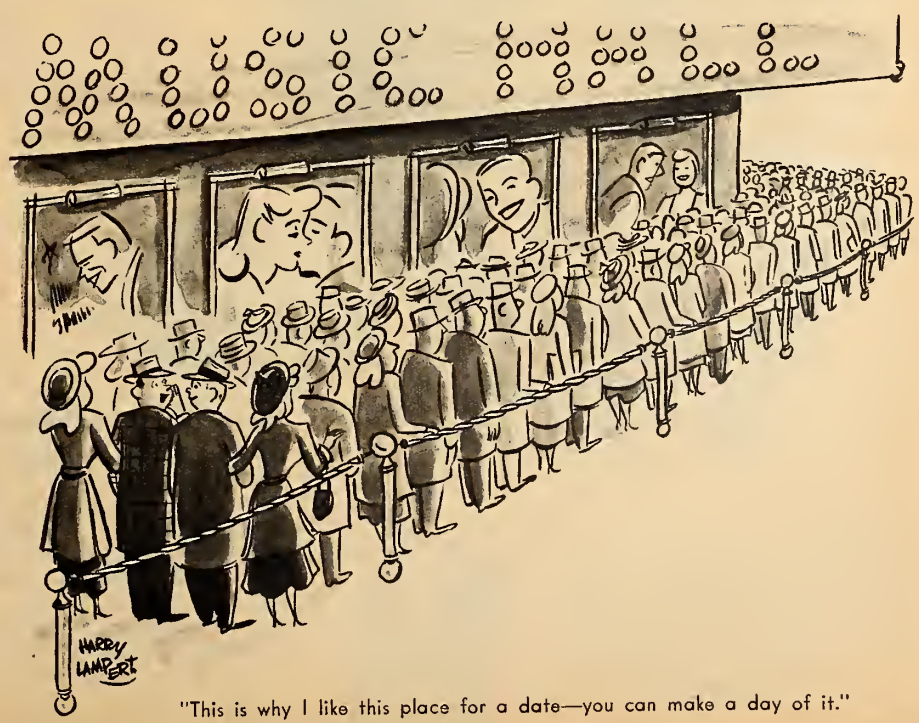
Clark and Loretta starred together 12 years ago in *Call of the Wild,* he was sure of that—but *It Happened One Night* was 17 semesters past and sometimes Clark gets the idea no one's as ancient around Hollywood as he is. He got his big ears pinned back fast.

Loretta nodded. "I seem to," she replied. "And I remember being so pleased to see such a promising young man get a break."

"Promising young man?" Clark sputtered. "Why, I was an old-timer then. I'd been around for years! Say—how long have *you* been in pictures?" he challenged.

"Since I was four," answered Loretta, "which was 10 years before you started—Junior."

Considering his ageless career and the fact—believe it or not—that Clark even wears a Little Lord Fauntleroy suit in *Key to the City*—maybe Loretta had something. Maybe "Junior's" a better nickname for Clark Gable than "King." THE END



"This is why I like this place for a date—you can make a day of it."

THE TRUTH ABOUT RITA'S HONEYMOON

(Continued from page 47)

While the woods were still glistening with dew, Rita's powerful Alpha-Romeo would glide along a narrow road and stop near the track at Chantilly, on the outskirts of Paris. Rita, in a neat tweed suit, and Mme. Germaine Vuiller, a new and close friend—who is in charge of Aly's stud farm at Marly la Ville—would leave the car and go down by the rail. There Rita and Mme. Vuiller would lean on the fence and, through their binoculars, watch the thoroughbreds go by.

Rita was on hand the morning that Skylarking had its final speed trial before winning its first race. "She's in shape," said Rita judiciously to trainer Carter. "She'll win."

"It takes a woman with horse sense," said Carter later, "to know when a horse looks fit enough to win."

And Rita has been demonstrating horse sense in other ways on her honeymoon. Instead of resting on the laurels of her new position as "Princess Aly," she's been making earnest efforts to fit herself for the social duties that go with it. For instance, she's been getting fluent in French. Mlle. Huchon, Rita's French teacher, says that Rita has seldom missed devoting part of a day to working at the language. Rita knows she'll spend much of her new life in places where French is the universal language, so she's gone about learning it in a business-like way.

"The lessons are at variable times," says Mlle. Huchon, "but she never quits before studying at least an hour. She speaks rapidly, now, with very little accent. She's been a truly remarkable pupil."

Aly must be proud of his bride—for this and many other things. Yet the sullen attitude he started exhibiting shortly after the wedding led to rumors that he and Rita were spatting. But Aly's bad temper wasn't directed at Rita. It was directed at the press—whose nose for news, Aly felt, was getting a bit too nosey. Photographers are his pet hate. His threatening to cane a news-service photographer made the front pages.

A few days after the wedding, Aly and Rita went to Le Bourget airport and climbed aboard one of Aly's private planes—a two-engine job. They ducked photographers and sent word ahead to the Deauville airport, where they were putting down for lunch before crossing the Channel to England, that photographers weren't to be allowed on the field.

"Since when," said one photographer indignantly to the Deauville airport manager, "do French government employees take orders from an Indian prince?"

"Since right now," replied the manager.

One big question in everyone's mind is how Rita has been getting along with people of another race and a completely different background from anything she's ever known. Since the day of her wedding, when the Indians were the most prominent guests present, they've been extremely important in her life. Well, Rita seems to be getting along with them beautifully. The most important of them, the charming and urbane Aga Khan, appears very fond of Rita, and she of him.

The Eastern guests were the first to arrive, back there in Vallauris. They filed in quietly and seated themselves in the second row of wooden seats in the dingy little town hall. About them hung an aura of mystery and mysticism, strange beauty and vast riches. The women's saris were of the finest silk, embroidered with gold and silver threads. The long-draped dresses were of exquisite shades of coral, green, blue, pink and yellow. Three of them wore diamonds set in the left sides of their noses. Every woman was literally weighed down with diamonds and pearls.

Standing there, I couldn't help wondering, "Someday, will Rita, too, be thus?"

But Rita didn't dress in any Eastern attire when, at the Moslem ceremony which followed the civil ceremony, she was married again the next day by the Imman from the Mosque in Paris. She wore a simple white blouse and a calf-length blue skirt. Aly wore a light suit.

There was a day when, under Moslem law, Aly was married to both Rita and Joan Yarde Buller, British heir to the Guiness brewing fortune. The papers of Aly's Moslem divorce weren't registered at the Mosque in Paris until the day after his Moslem marriage to Rita.

"It really didn't matter," explains Si Kaddeur Ben Ghabrit, head of the Mosque, "because under Moslem law, the Prince is entitled to have four wives at the same time, if he wants them."

At this writing, Aly is apparently quite contented on his honeymoon with one.

THE END



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HAS LANA TURNER CHANGED?

(*Continued from page 49*)

below like a spotlight in Radio City Music Hall.

"Oh, that's it," Bob declared. "The pilot found a clear spot and dived for it. . . . You still scared?"

"Not any more," Lana laughed. "Besides," she said as the lumbering bird slid neatly along the runway, "I wasn't frightened about the landing. It was something else—a little quirk of fear that hits me every time I come back to Hollywood."

What bothered Lana that morning at 6:09 a.m. on her return to Hollywood—as on all previous returnings—was the sudden memory of the first time she'd come to this town and the tragedy from which she and her mother narrowly escaped.

That was 14 years ago. Lana was 15 and driving with her mother and friends from San Francisco to Hollywood in a small sedan. It was raining and as the little car emerged from the mountains near Pasa Robles, a gust of wind smothered the highway with unexpected fog. The woman who was driving missed the turn. The car skidded violently, turned over twice, and settled into the ditch.

Somehow, Lana managed to open a door. Clothes torn, gasping for breath against the pressure of two broken ribs, she helped her mother out. The others emerged, bruised, but not seriously hurt, while Mrs. Turner, unaware that she had suffered a severe concussion, wandered around amid the pitiful mess of broken suitcases.

"I wanted to cry," Lana recalls today, "but what was the sense? I scrambled up to the highway and thumbed down a truck. That's the way I first arrived in Hollywood—and whenever I come back, I can't help wondering if I'll really make it alive."

This time, more than ever, the girl named Lana Turner had something to live for in the town that has made her famous. After 14 months away from Hollywood, 14 months spent alternately in Europe, Connecticut, Florida and on the high seas—Lana Turner was home.

When she and Bob entered the front door of her mother's home, Lana didn't bother to shed her coat. She rushed upstairs to the bedroom where little Cheryl, her six-year-old daughter, was still asleep.

i love you so . . .

Lana stood there a moment, staring. Cheryl's soft chestnut hair was mussed up around the little face. She was a picture of all the little innocents in the world. Here was the primary reason for Lana's homecoming. All those months, Cheryl had been writing Lana letters. At first, all the letters had been laboriously printed out—but her last letter was written in firm, round words. "I wish I were flying to you," Cheryl wrote, "because I love you so."

Lana whipped off her coat and put her arms around Cheryl. "Baby," she said, softly, "wake up." Cheryl stirred restlessly. A tiny hand rubbed at her eyes.

"It's Mummy, darling!" murmured Lana. "I'm home again!"

The words penetrated—and in an instant Cheryl was sitting up, her arms around Lana.

"I had to cry a little," Lana admits.

Which recalls another time that Lana wept—though then, it was scarcely from emotion. Lana had just finished the Warners picture in which she was "discovered." A reporter and two photographers went to her tiny house in Laurel Canyon, and set about proving that this kid named Lana Turner deserved a future.

"You may turn out to be a great dramatic actress—better than Bette Davis, even," they said to her. "Now, let's have a shot of you crying."

Lana blinked.

"Go on," they said encouragingly. "Cry."

Lana tried. But—no tears.

Then the boys brought out an onion. They cut it up and waved it under her nose. Lana remained dry-eyed.

Finally, one of them found a bottle of eyewash in the bathroom medicine cabinet. Lana held her head back and they put in big drops—teardrops.

"When that picture came out in a magazine with a caption saying that I could cry at the drop of a mean remark," Lana tells you with a smile, "people became convinced that here was perhaps the most sensitive gal who ever came to Hollywood."

Before long, they were almost right. Events took Lana over the bumps. The story of Lana's emotionally-troubled years is too familiar to recount. But she has now emerged into what is obviously the happiest period of her life—as Mrs. Henry J. "Bob" Topping, Lana has achieved a peace of mind she never knew before.

that siren of
the south—
ava gardner
on our
november cover
on sale
october 7

There have, of course, been reports ever since the wedding that this marriage was about to fail. Lana, long-familiar with the press, realizes that no Hollywood celebrity can escape such rumors, and takes them in her stride. But she *is* a bit weary of doing so. "Something's radically wrong with the press," she says, "when reporting so often completely distorts the facts."

As an instance, Lana can cite the time she and Bob had dinner in Paris in a night club called Bal Tabarin. It was getting late, and Lana suggested to Bob that they'd better go back to the hotel since they had to leave for Germany the next day—where Lana was scheduled to entertain the troops. [EDITOR'S NOTE: *Lana Turner is the only actress we know of who ever willingly gave up part of her honeymoon to entertain the U. S. Army overseas.*] Bob agreed that they should leave and said something like, "Okay, dear. The floor show will be over in a couple of minutes, and then we'll leave."

Two days later, Lana read in some paper that they'd engaged in a terrific night-club argument. When she showed the clipping to Bob, he read it and burst out laughing. "According to this," he said, "you're married to my brother Dan, and our name is *Stopping*."

And, speaking of getting things about Lana straight, there's one matter in particular she'd like to have straightened out—the matter of her weight.

"There's a picture of me taken not too long ago before I came back to Hollywood," Lana says. "When they saw it, my friends yelled, 'What were you *thinking* of to allow a picture like that to be taken! Why, you were positively *fat*—and now—why it's impossible to believe.'

"The solemn, down-to-earth truth is that when I'm on a vacation, I relax completely. I eat everything in sight and worry about nothing. All of a sudden I'm plump. I've never weighed more than 127 pounds, but to hear people talk you'd think I'd turned into a baby blimp.

easy come, easy go . . .

"Then I come back for picture work. I've slimmed down. Everyone thinks it's a miracle. It isn't. When I know I'm going to start working, well, I just more or less go into training again. I don't starve myself or take fancy frills. I simply stick to two meals a day, religiously. I have coffee and fruit juice first thing in the morning. That's all. Never a business of 'Oh, well, a breakfast roll won't hurt.' Sometime between 11 and noon I have lunch. It may be cottage cheese and pineapple or a salad without a fattening dressing. For dinner I have a lean steak, a chop or a roast. I never have dessert—but after dinner, Bob and I always indulge in cheese and coffee.

"By the time I'm halfway through a picture the wardrobe department is taking in my costumes and the camera crew is screaming at me to take it easy—I'm getting so thin the shots won't match up if I'm not careful. . . . Right now, I weigh 118—just what I weighed as a starlet."

Some people just can't believe that Lana's not still the charming scatterbrain she appeared to be in the old days. But she's far from that.

"When I first came into movies," Lana admits, "I signed a contract for $50 a week. I didn't even look at the papers when I put my name down. Now it's different. They say that in Hollywood, actors and actresses never read the fine print in contracts. Well, I've been reading fine print for the last five days until my eyes are about to bug out. . . . Not, you understand, that I think Metro is going to try to pull a fast one on me!" she adds hastily. "They've been marvelous to me. But I just think it wise to follow a business-like principle."

At this writing, three possibilities are being considered for Lana's next film—*The Reformer and the Redhead, The Running of the Tide* and *A Life of Her Own.*

"*A Life of Her Own,*" Lana muses. "I like that title. It's what I have now. . . . Of course, there are problems ahead. We want our own home. But we'll have it soon. Bob and I have beautiful plans all drawn up for our house in Bel-Air. From the outside, it's just a long, low semi-modern place—but inside, it's like nothing this world has seen!

"You know how it is about closets. No genius has yet figured out how to put in enough of them. But our architect has come close to solving the problem: He started with six dozen closets and simply built a house around 'em!"

In a way, Lana's done the same thing with herself. Out of lessons painfully learned, she has taken fundamental values of life and around them has constructed a new life—a solid life, harmonious, sunny, and deeply fulfilling. THE END

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the million dollar look

by connie bartel, fashion editor

■ When your favorite man lets loose with an appreciative whistle and says: "You look like a million dollars!"—*that's* what you dress for, isn't it?

But how to earn that whistle? As we're never tired of pointing out, looking like a million is no trick at all if you have a million to *spend*. But, if you count your $$, as most of us do, it takes some smart shopping.

On the next two pages we show you a hand-picked collection bound to make you look like a fashion model. If you need a new dress coat, there's a handsome black wool, page 66, that will make every date a standout. If what you need is a day-in, day-out coat, there's a beautiful fleece job, page 67, with a look of ready money.

For your dress up moments, consider, on page 66, the satin striped shirred taffeta with velvet touches (remember last month we told you velvet is the big trimming news of the fall). As for the sports get-up, you couldn't possibly look more station-wagon-set than in the jersey blouse and tweed skirt (page 67).

And in order to make buying these fashions as easy, inexpensive and pleasant as possible, we've arranged for you to be able to buy all four costumes under one convenient roof, in stores throughout the country—list on page 69. And, as always, you can order them by mail, too.

Virginia Mayo looks like a million in the rain

■ Virginia Mayo, currently starring in Warner Brothers' *White Heat*, makes rain seem worthwhile in a gleaming dark blue raincoat, sparked with red.

The raincoat has quilted-effect stitched collar, cuffs, pocket flaps and belt; the removable helmet-hood fastens close to show the shape of your pretty head. You can wear it belted tight; or swinging free.

It's in Celanese Dovcelle, and comes also in blue, red, wine, aqua, toast, brown or black. Sizes 8-18. By Sherbrooke . . . $22.95. At Oppenheim Collins, Brooklyn, New York City, and Philadelphia. Other stores page 69.

Umbrella from Uncle Sam's Umbrella Shop.

Red gloves by American Knit.

Naughty-but-nice checked rain gaiters by S. Rauh.

modern screen fashions



the MILLION dollar look ...



■ For the million dollar look, pick your date dress in one of the glamorous new crinkled fabrics—shirred taffeta striped with satin, trimmed with velvet collar, cuffs and belt. Close-buttoned bodice, flared skirt. Brown, green or wine with black stripes. 10-18. By Henry Rosenfeld, $17.95. Stores, page 69.

■ For the million dollar look, make your dress coat a dress-maker coat—elegant in jut of pocket, sweep of collar, flare of cuff; cut and carved in superb wool broadcloth. Top with Madcaps hat. Coat in black, taupe, blue, wine, green. 10-18. By Croydon, $39.95. Stores, page 69. *Dofan bag. Coro pearls.*

...for MINIMUM dollar price



■ For the million dollar look, make your daytime coat a big beautiful fleece with superbly cut shoulders, huge pockets, flared sunburst back. All wool Velva Glamour fleece. Nude, camel, wine, green, grey. 10-18. By Eddington, $39.95, at stores on page 69. *Madcaps hat, Kislav gloves, Valentines shoes.*

■ For the million dollar look, make your daytime costume a batwing-sleeved wool worsted jersey blouse, with a rakishly cut tweed skirt. Skirt comes with tweed belt; for fun, vary with Criterion's watch belt. Blouse by Harmet Classics, $4.98. Wool skirt by Schwartz, $5.98. Both at stores on page 69.

the CHAMPAGNE look



■ COPPER AND BLACK crinkled plisse taffeta—to make you look like an heiress, at least. The collar falls into flattering tunnel folds; the skirt sweeps wide. Copper, royal, green or amethyst with black stripes. Sizes 9-15. By Cheryl Fashions, $12.99. At Miller stores on page 71.

■ SHINING BRONZE satin—to make you look like an international beauty. Rounded jacket fastens with tiny gilt hooks; skirt has deep waistband; wide pleats. Bronzique, slate, green, blonde, grey. 9-15. By Lydella, $10.99. Arden satin pouch bag, $1.99. At Miller Stores, page 71.

WHERE YOU CAN BUY MODERN SCREEN FASHIONS

(Prices may vary throughout country)

Gleaming green raincoat worn by Virginia Mayo in the full color photograph (page 65) at the following Allied Stores:

Butler, Pa.—*Troutman's,* 200 S. Main St.
Cincinnati, Ohio—*Rollman's,* 5th & Vine Sts.
Columbus, Ohio—*The Fashion,* 116 High St.
Connellsville, Pa.—*Troutman's,* W. Crawford Ave.
DuBois, Pa.—*Troutman's*
Greensburg, Pa.—*Troutman's,* 202 S. Main St.
Kansas City, Mo.—*Peck's,* Main & 11th Sts.
Muskegon, Mich.—*Hardy-Herpolsheimer's,* 313 W. Western Ave.
New York City, N. Y.—*Gertz-Jamaica,* 162-10 Jamaica Ave.
Reading, Pa.—*Pomeroy's,* 6th & Penn Sts.
St. Paul, Minn.—*The Golden Rule,* 95 E. 7th St.
Savannah, Ga.—*Levy's,* Broughton & Abercorn Sts.
Spokane, Wash.—*The Bon Marche*
Warren, Pa.—*Metzger-Wright*
or: Write, Department M, Allied Stores Corp., 1440 Broadway, New York 18, N. Y.

MILLION DOLLAR LOOK fashions (pages 66 and 67)·
Sprinkled taffeta date dress (page 66)
Wool broadcloth dress coat (page 66)
Fleece daytime coat (page 67)
Jersey and tweed daytime costume (p. 67)
all available at the following Allied Stores:

Baltimore, Md.—*O'Neill's,* 114 N. Charles St.
Butler, Pa.—*Troutman's,* 200 S. Main St.
Cincinnati, Ohio—*Rollman's,* 5th & Vine Sts.
Columbus, Ohio—*The Fashion,* 116 High St.
Connellsville, Pa.—*Troutman's,* W. Crawford Ave.
DuBois, Pa.—*Troutman's*
Greensburg, Pa.—*Troutman's,* 202 S. Main St.
Kansas City, Mo.—*Peck's,* Main & 11th Sts.
Latrobe, Pa.—*Reed's,* 911 Ligonier St.
Lynchburg, Va.—*Guggenheimer's,* 700 Main St.
Minneapolis, Minn.—*Donaldson's* 601 Nicollet Ave.
Muskegon, Mich.—*Hardy-Herpolsheimer's,* 313 W. Western Ave.
New York, N. Y.—*Gertz-Jamaica,* 162-10 Jamaica Ave.
Paterson, N. J.—*Quackenbush's,* 192 Main St.
Pontiac, Mich.—*Waite's,* 70 N. Saginaw St.
Pottsville, Pa.—*Pomeroy's,* 100 S. Centre St.
Reading, Pa.—*Pomeroy's,* 6th & Penn Sts.
St. Paul, Minn.—*The Golden Rule,* 95 E. 7th St.
Savannah, Ga.—*Levy's,* Broughton & Abercorn Sts.
Spokane, Wash.—*The Bon Marche*
Syracuse, N. Y.—*Dey's,* 401 S. Salina St.
Tampa, Fla.—*Maas Brothers,* 619 Franklin St.
Warren, Pa.—*Metzger-Wright*
Waterloo, Ia.—*Black's,* 201 E. 4th St.
Yakima, Wash.—*Barnes-Woodin*
or: Write, Department M, Allied Stores Corp., 1440 Broadway, New York 18, N. Y.

(Store list continued on page 71)

Choose partners ... in
Dan River's "go-together" cottons



Shine on, shine on at the next square dance. Swing to the close harmony of harvest moon tones in new woven plaids and checks. They're in Dan River's washable gingham—fast color, pre-shrunk, permanently crisp. Dan River Mills, Inc., Danville, Va.*

Square Dancing Dress by Vicky Vaughn Juniors. Rose and green; blue and brown. Sizes 9 to 15. ***$5.95.***
Higbee Co., Cleveland; Younker Bros., Des Moines; Famous-Barr, St. Louis; Black & White Stores, Memphis; Jones Store, Kansas City; Joske's, San Antonio.

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go to any man's head. One-
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Also dark blue with light blue;
terracotta with rose. 9-15.
By Carole King . . . about $8.95.
For where to buy, see page 71.

WHERE YOU CAN BUY (Cont.)

Champage Look dresses (page 68) at the following Miller Stores:

Chicago, Ill.—*Millers*
Duluth, Minn.—*Millers*
Milwaukee, Wis.—*Millers*
Minneapolis, Minn.—*Millers*
and at other Miller Stores
or: Write, Department 10,
R. H. Miller Co.,
505 8th Ave.,
New York, N. Y.

Satin pouch bag shown with Champagne Look dresses (page 68) also at the following Miller Stores:

Champaign, Ill.—*Millers*
Evansville, Ind.—*Millers*
Minneapolis, Minn.—*Millers*
Norfolk, Va.—*Millers*
or: Write, Department 10, R. H. Miller Co., 505 8th Ave., New York, N. Y.

Striped gabardine dress (page 70)

Birmingham, Ala.—*Parisian, Inc.*, 1924 Second Ave.
New Orleans, La.—*D. H. Holmes Co., Ltd.*, 819 Canal St.
Richmond, Va.—*Miller & Rhoads*, Broad & 7th Sts.

or write: Carole King Jrs.
Att.: Miss Helen Ford
Customers Service Dept.
Forest City Mfg. Co.
1641 Washington Ave.,
St. Louis, Missouri

Buttoned crepe dress (page 72)

Brooklyn, N. Y.—*Oppenheim Collins*, 485 Fulton St.
New York, N. Y.—*Oppenheim Collins*, 33 W. 34th St.

or write: Doris Dodson Jrs.
Att.: Miss Betty Green
Customers Service Dept.
Forest City Mfg. Co.
1120 Washington Ave.,
St. Louis, Missouri

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BUTTONS

from the Paris Boulevards

The more buttons, the more ooh-la-la as far as the Paris collections are concerned—so here's an American adaptation that speaks perfect French. Black buttons near the shoulder line; tiny fabric buttons in the half-concealed center front—and a graceful fall of pleats. Rayon crepe. Red, midnight blue, green or black. Sizes 9-15. By Doris Dodson. About $12.95. For where to buy, see page 71.

MY OWN STORY

(*Continued from page 51*)

Clift is that they are all talking about. Must be quite a fellow. Bobby-soxers' idol, the middle-aged matrons' Romeo, the man's man, and the actor's actor. Also something of a heel, I've heard tell. Well, he must get around, to be all of that.

Just to keep you from getting me and that celluloid Montgomery Clift confused, I'll tell you who *I* am straight. You will get *his* story from other sources, so let him struggle with his own publicity.

As was stated on my application for unemployment insurance, I was born in Omaha, Nebraska, back in 1920, which makes me 28, as of this writing. Hardly a kid anymore—as my twin sister, mother of two children, is apt to remind me when I stop off for a visit in Dallas, Texas.

Omaha felt no particular sense of loss when the Clift family, consisting of my father and mother—Mr. and Mrs. William Brooks Clift—my brother, William, and my sister and me, moved away when my sister and I were six months old. It seems now that we were always moving away, which was all to my liking, though somewhat disturbing to my brother and sister, who liked school. I solved the school problem by not going at all. Being a twin had its advantages. My sister covered for me, and it never occurred to the truant officer that there might be another one the same age in the Clift family.

As you can gather from this, we had a sort of casual and nomadic family life. It was altogether wonderful.

no silver spoons . . .

I have seen stories covering this period of my life in which we splashed merrily in the family's gold-plated swimming pool while imported tutors dished out our education on silver spoons. This, to say the least, is slightly exaggerated. I did swim in a pool—at the YMCA while we lived in Ohio. I suppose you could say I had a tutor, if you want to give that name to my long-suffering piano teacher who used to come in, without hope, to see how I was making out with my first lesson. After a few months of progress, he came in with more hope to see how I was doing with my second lesson. Later, after kicking myself all over for not learning the piano while I had the chance, I had to work 10 times as hard to learn to play one-tenth as well.

The stories of our family wealth are based on the fact that my father, who now has an office in Wall Street, along with hundreds of other non-millionaires, is a financial manager who handles money for other people. Somehow, writers have been confused between the sums my father handled for other people, and the sums my mother handled paying our grocery bill. It's true that for a period following 1929, there wasn't too much money around for my father to manage—but our youth, thank Heaven, was perfectly healthy, and perfectly normal.

Every time my father finished a management job, which might take a few months or a couple of years, we moved on to the next. My twin sister brought home her lessons from school, my mother pounded them into my head, and so I progressed. A perfect educational program, to my way of thinking—though looking back at it now I don't see where my mother found the time. She should have batted me on the head, sent me back to school, and taken a few hours of well-deserved rest.

I never hammed it up around the house. Now and then, as all youngsters do, I lined up a bunch of kids, or was lined up, in our

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parents' old clothes, and we put on a play in the garage or in somebody else's barn, for the usual admission fee of a few pins. We even turned professional once, and put on a show for pennies instead of pins. As I recall it, I didn't star.

I suppose the turning point came in the fall of 1933, when a new management job took my father, and perforce us, to Sarasota, Florida. This not only put me in touch with the ocean, which I love, but also put me in touch with all the excitement and glamor of show business. And I don't mean the theater, which may or may not be glamorous, depending on which way you look at it. I refer to the circus. Now *there* is a show!

Sarasota is the winter home of Ringling Brothers' great circus, and every day I could watch for free the various acts being put together for the spring show. Aerialists had their trapezes swung outdoors, and all a 13-year-old kid like myself had to do was stand there and watch with his mouth hanging open. Then there were the elephants being trained, and the horses put through their paces.

The kids my age, already in the circus, could dive 60 feet into a fisherman's landing net, ride a galloping horse standing on one hand, and juggle a full set of bowling pins while standing on a flagpone. They were out of my league. I couldn't even climb a rope.

And so I went on the stage, which is hardly the same thing as becoming an actor. I've had 10 years of stage experience.

The theater which gave me my first taste of grease paint was the Winter Theater in Sarasota, where I had a small part in *As Husbands Go*. The production was part of the Little Theater movement that was beginning to flourish at that time, and there are times when I fear that the public response was more enthusiastic about the general idea than about the particular production involved.

My folks have assured me that they did not let me go on the stage to get rid of me. My father was a friend of Theron Bamberger, the producer, and Mr. Bamberger was putting on a play that needed four youngsters. My father confessed that he had a son who sported a streak of ham. Mr. Bamberger sympathized with him, and told him to send me around. The result was a part in *Fly Away Home*, starring that wonderful actor and guy, Thomas Mitchell.

We opened in the summer theater in Stockbridge, Mass., and went on to Broadway in the fall. Child actors are seldom loved for their sweet qualities on Broadway, but I think that before we had finished dropping ice cubes down the leading lady's evening gown and putting bananas from the fruit bowl on Thomas Mitchell's seat during the on-stage dinner, we were the most hated of the lot.

Andrea King, who was at that time using the stage name of Georgette McKee, was with me on some of this refined humor. Mitchell bided his time. He smouldered, but what we were waiting for with dreadful anticipation was the night he would burst into flame. At last it came. We had spotted the leading lady's gown while throwing grapes, we had put water in Mitchell's hat, and worse, we had been trying to act smart by slipping in horrible ad libs—a crime in any theater. He called us over.

He stood us in front of him without saying a word. He waited while we began to squirm. He let us squirm, and I know my ears were hot enough to scorch my hair.

Then he said, "You kids *might* have enough stuff to be real stage people—if you could cut out the monkey business."

That was all. He walked away. There was no more monkey business.

More parts meant more experience, but more experience did not mean better acting. I am supposed to be difficult to deal with now because I want a contract that allows me to approve my scripts and have the rest of the time to return to the stage, or just wander off by myself. That, to my mind, is not being difficult.

For three years, I performed in a variety of routine things, and then. . . .

I was out of a job.

The run on Montgomery Clifts was over.

My brother was in Harvard. My sister was preparing for Bryn Mawr College. My folks said, "school"—and by this time I was just smart enough to admit I was dumb. I went to school.

The year that I spent at a preparatory school fell short of leaving me an intellectual light. I graduated, and I passed my college entrance examinations by the proverbial margin Thornton Wilder had in mind when he wrote *The Skin of Our Teeth*. But if that year failed to sell me on the academic life, it did serve to consolidate all the loose ideas that had been rattling around in my brain. I decided then and there that I was going to become an actor, that acting opportunity and not professional security was what counted.

I'm not saying those were cast-iron resolutions. All I'm saying is that my year in school gave me time to develop those ideas, and that when I went back to the stage, I wasn't the juvenile jerk I had been.

(Critic's note: The intensity with which young Clift projects himself into his role is almost enough to save any play, no matter how bad. He seems to be trying to lift it out of mediocrity with his own bootstraps, and nearly succeeding.)

I plunged into four flops in a row and ended up the season applying for unemployment insurance. One play, after weeks of rehearsal, ran six nights. The next ran two weeks, the next five, and the last one almost staggered out of the red by lasting six weeks. In deciding against entering college, I had committed myself to my own career.

That was the low ebb. And though I hadn't made any money, those four flops had made me richer in acting experience than my previous four years.

I worked with Fredric March and his wife, Florence Eldridge, who wander between the stage and Hollywood at will.



critic's corner

WHICH PAPER DO YOU READ?

Dan Duryea in *Manhandled* is unquestionably the nastiest villain of the week, the month, and possibly the year. His cunning is matched only by his hypocrisy, his viciousness only by an utterly cold heart. I don't know what pleasure Dan Duryea's movie character gives people. One would hate to think that he expresses submerged desires most human beings could not even admit to themselves.

Archer Winsten
N. Y. Post

Dan Duryea, on the other hand supplies what little excitement there is to be found in this offering. For most of the time, he is merely unctously evil as he makes love to the girl, but he brings a bit of genuine terror to the ending. His acting is one of the few bright spots in a conventional and contrived murder mystery.

Howard Barnes
N. Y. World-Telegram

I worked with Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne, who made the movie, *The Guardsman*, and turning down all movie offers, have remained on the stage ever since. I worked with Dudley Digges, Tallulah Bankhead, Edmund Gwenn and Martha Scott, who take the roles to which they can bring the most, be it stage or screen. Even the playwrights in whose plays I found roles worked where they pleased on the ideas they wanted most to develop. People like Thornton Wilder, Lillian Hellman, and Tennessee Williams. Working with people like that, watching the way they carefully preserved their right to progress along their own paths to their own objectives—can you wonder that a would-be actor like myself would fight shy of a seven-year contract that would cost me the rights to the very things which they had taught me were the most valuable?

But to go back, I used my periods between plays to roam around the country. As you have probably heard, I am not a well-dressed man, nor am I fussy about where I eat and sleep. Getting around and talking to people was the easiest and most enjoyable thing in the world.

When the war came along, I just plain wasn't drafted.

But in *The Search* I had to play the part of a GI in Europe who befriends a wild little Czech lad whom the war has separated from his mother. While we were filming the picture, I did everything I could to absorb the feeling of the man in service.

But I am getting ahead of my story. I went back to Broadway in Lillian Hellman's hit play *The Searching Wind*. Quite naturally, with a playwright the caliber of Lillian Hellman, we weren't neglected by the Hollywood scouts. Just about everybody was getting offers, including myself.

This fine play was a natural for Hollywood, as subsequent events proved.

So there was Hollywood, an offered seven-year contract and all. It promised new experiences, new excitement—and dough. I could use all three.

But there was I, over 20 and just learning how to act. Seven years in Hollywood and what would I be, another face or another actor? Seven years on Broadway, and either I'd be on my way to becoming an actor or I'd be out of business. I would not be just another face.

I turned down the offers. I returned to the stage.

No longer was I just a youngster eager to grab anything that came along. I wanted parts that not only interested me, but which would be a challenge to my acting ability. Only in that way, I figured, could I progress toward my objective of a real career as an actor.

I rented a small flat uptown to keep my expenses down, and plunged into my work. I read an enormous number of scripts, not with the thought in mind that they had to be solid hits, but that they represented solid theater with plenty of room for acting. Thornton Wilder's *Our Town* is an example. It was played on a stage with no scenery and just a few props, and I took a part because if looked like a great chance to experiment. That *Our Town* subsequently became a great hit was, in my case at least, purely incidental.

The record will show that I accepted parts in as many successful flops as I did in hits. The ones that flopped did so loudly, and the ones that hit, like *Our Town* and *Skin of Our Teeth*, proved immensely popular.

To meet the people, and later interpret them on the stage, I wandered all over town at all hours of the day and night, talking to strangers in some of the best places as well as some of the worst. One summer I dug irrigation ditches in California and helped lay some building foundations on a friend's ranch. Thus, by meeting and working with people in all walks of life, in all sections of the country, I was adding to the fund of experience that all actors must have if they want to be more than empty shells.

Then Howard Hawks sent me the script for *Red River*. I read it and was enthusiastic, but the part called for me to ride a horse like a veteran cowpoke, and also to beat up John Wayne in a brutal fight. I thought I could learn to ride a horse—but to beat up Wayne? I admitted my doubt to Hawks, who suggested that I come out and look over the difficulties at closer range.

That sounded fair enough to me. There were no commitments, I had some free time, and if I didn't want the part I could always come home. I went west.

A short while later I was in front of the cameras.

All day we worked on location, and between takes the actors, all expert horsemen and veterans of many a Western, taught me how to ride and act like a cowboy. Unfortunately, some of the sequences where I was to do my best riding came early in the picture, and most of the scenes taken after I really learned how to sit a horse ended up on the cutting room floor.

But I found I liked working for the cameras. On the stage many of the finer subtleties of acting are lost to the audience in the back of the theater, but on the screen, thanks to close-ups, an actor has no such handicaps. At first I was guilty of overacting, still trying to get my character interpretation across to the audience in the back row. The camera caught all these exaggerations, blew them up to enormous size, and then hurled them back in my face as I sat in the projection room. I squirmed like a worm on a hook, but those rushes offered a challenge I was glad to accept. In a matter of weeks, with the assistance of Hawks, Wayne and the other actors, I was able to forget the exaggerations, and get down to the business of putting a live cowboy upon the screen.

I've already told you about my next picture, *The Search*, and the challenge it presented. The critics, I'm glad to say, had a goodly numbers of pleasant things to say about *The Search*.

My next job was *The Heiress*, the movie version of Henry James' novel *Washington Square*. The story concerns a prominent New York physician who lived a century ago on fashionable Washington Square. He dominates the life of his shy, plain daughter (played by Olivia de Havilland), and can't understand why she doesn't possess the social graces and beauty of his deceased wife. I play the part of Morris Townsend, a penniless man-about-town with whom the daughter falls in love. When the daughter agrees to marry me, defying her father and endangering her inheritance, I back out and—well, I suppose it isn't fair to give the story away. So all I'll say is that it moves up to a singularly dramatic conclusion.

After finishing *The Heiress*, I left Hollywood for New York where I stayed either in my little apartment or visited friends on Long Island. Until late in July, I enjoyed myself around New York, caught up on my reading and found time to take a good long look at the future.

It's a pretty exciting future. Around the first of August, I flew to Berlin, Germany, to make *Two Corridors East*. When this story goes to press, I'll still be in Berlin; and right now I'm not certain when I will be returning to Hollywood.

I guess that's about all I can say about Montgomery Clift, of stage and screen.



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STOP LYING ABOUT CROSBY

(Continued from page 55)

doing to Bing, incredible though it may be.

When columnists heard this cancer report, they started telephoning Larry Crosby, the brother who talks to the press for Bing. Larry wasn't as startled by this as he was a few years ago, when he was an advertising man in Seattle, and the organ player in a local theater phoned him to say: "I got it straight that Bing's got the d.t.'s so bad they had to put him away in a straitjacket!"

"Of course I knew the story was insane," says Larry. "But I checked to see how it had got started. Seems Bing had stopped off and had a glass of beer in San Francisco. That was all. Somehow, by the time that news got up to Seattle, it had become a lurid saga of alcoholism.

"As for the cancer report making the rounds—well, Bing and his family are up on their Nevada ranch for their summer vacation right now. That's a working ranch and Bing's right in there pitching. Pretty rugged for a man they say is dying of cancer, isn't it? . . . And if the old rumor that he and Dixie are separating starts up again, you can laugh that one off too. But Dixie came down today for a few days to see about some redecorating they're having done in the Holmby Hills house—and that's all it takes for rumors to start. So you'll probably hear that oldie again any day now."

getting better all the time . . .

When Bing changed from "live" radio shows to transcribed ones, it was because he felt that better programs would result when they could be assembled and produced with the care and control that transcribing allows—you can't change a song or a comedy line once it's gone on the airways, but you can always "edit" a transcription. Besides, having to show up for rehearsals and broadcasts at set times every week was working a hardship on the very busy Bing. Transcribing, he could do his shows at his convenience.

But the rumor-hounds bayed, "He can't trust his voice any more! Not hitting the high notes these days! And he's getting awfully husky, haven't you noticed?"

Says Troy Sanders, Paramount music director, who has worked with some of the biggest voices in the country: "As Bing has gotten older, his range has moved down a whole third. We feel he has developed a much richer tone. As for high notes, Bing can still produce wonderful high notes with perfect vocal technique whenever they're needed, and hold them as long as he wants. I know his range is much greater than he ever uses.

Asked if it were true that Bing can't read music, Sanders laughed. "That's ridiculous. He reads like a flash. But I used to believe that rumor myself. Years ago I asked him, 'Why do you always want to see the music before the lyrics if you can't read music?' 'Well,' said Bing, 'I just like to see the notes go up and down.'

"I wish I could read them as well myself! In a few moments he has the music down cold—then he concentrates on the lyrics. His interpretation of songs is by no means something he accomplishes casually—even if the result seems so simple that everybody and his brother think they could sing a song as he does. He's developed a technique in popular songs as great in its way as that of any operatic star. Bing milks a song dry of every meaning it has."

"But isn't he awfully lazy?" I asked.

"Absolutely not! The thing is—he's a quick study. Give him two-and-a-half pages of fresh script and he'll disappear for 15 minutes. When he comes back, he has it letter-perfect. You can pick out a song you know he hasn't sung in 20 years and he can sing it with all the words right. . . . Recently we were sitting around the set of *A Connecticut Yankee* when Sir Cedric Hardwicke tossed off a line of *Hamlet*. Bing picked it up and spoke the rest of the lines not only perfectly, but movingly. After a moment's silence, Sir Cedric cleared his throat and said, 'When did you have time to learn all that?' Bing laughed and answered, 'Oh, back in my school days I was quite a thespian.'

"A fellow with a fabulous memory like that has a lot of time he can use as he wants," Sanders concluded.

Barney Dean, the writer, a close personal friend of Bing, admits, "I used to think he was lazy. He sure *looks* lazy. But then it dawned on me how wrong I was. A lazy man is usually late or even never shows at all for appointments. Yet Bing will make a date to meet you somewhere, say at three o'clock a month hence, and doesn't even write it down. He doesn't have a secretary make a note of it. But you'd better be there right on the dot—because he'll be. If you suggest meeting to make a recording at nine o'clock, he'll say, 'Oh, let's make it eight.' Does that sound like a lazy man? And did you ever hear of a lazy man who comes all prepared so he can go through his work quickly and efficiently? Bing does. He works a full honest day, but he doesn't make a fuss about it. And he's most cooperative."

Hey, wait a minute! Most co*operative*? They say he's uncooperative and even rude to his fellow workers.

Rhonda Fleming, who played his lady love in *A Connecticut Yankee*, chimes in enthusiastically to tell a typical tale.

"From the tests to the end of the picture, he couldn't have been more cooperative or nicer. How can they say he's uncooperative and rude?" she exclaims, her lovely green eyes flashing.

"I was scared when I made the test for the role. It was the biggest chance I'd had yet. He made the tests with me. At first I was awfully tense. He joked and kidded, trying to help me relax. The cameraman ran out of film and said, 'Oh well, I guess we've got enough.' Bing said, 'No, sir. You have almost nothing at all. Let's take more. Give her a real chance.'

"Then, all through the picture, I was constantly amazed by the scenes he'd throw my way. For instance when I was standing against the wall singing 'Once and For Always,' the cameraman interrupted the action by saying, 'For heaven's sake, Bing, turn your face around. We're just getting your profile.' Bing answered, 'They've seen enough of me. Let 'em see Fleming.' So the camera focused fully on me except for a couple of quick flashes at Bing's face.

"When I thanked him, he just said, 'Can't look good myself unless everyone else looks good.'

"It's such a pleasure to work with him. He's a laughing, joking person, never serious. I don't see how he does it. He has no time to himself. People are always following him around. I don't know when he gets time to eat or sleep!"

And Troy Sanders adds: "I suppose that rumor about rudeness gets around, because when Bing has a lot on his mind he may pass even his best friends without speaking. He's done that to me dozens of times, but I think nothing of it. Apt to do the same myself on occasions.

"Then, too, when Bing takes up a problem, he goes right to the root of the matter and gives his solution in the fewest possible words. So few that less alert people are disconcerted. They may feel he's been blunt and rude when he's just been efficient."

Well, that's all very nice. But still, the Hollywood Women's Press Club *did* name him the most uncooperative actor of the year not long ago.

spike that rumor . . .

Lyle Rooks, former Paramount publicist, tells about the morning that selection was announced. She was working on *The Road to Morocco* with Bing and Bob Hope and she wanted to get either Bob or Bing to pose for a pair of gag photographs someone had thought up. Since Bob is notoriously cooperative, she asked him. For one shot he was to place a straw hat on each hump of a two humped camel, then pose for another, doubled up with laughter, beside the camel. "The straw that broke the camel's back sort of idea," Miss Rooks told him.

"Oh, no!" Hope moaned, turned and ran.

So now she'd have to ask Crosby. Knowing his reputation for disliking to pose for stills, she foresaw having to use a powerful sales talk—especially for these stills, after Hope's reaction. She felt discouraged about the whole thing.

Into Miss Rooks' gloom came a small voice saying, "Would you like *me* to do it?"

"I darned near fainted," Lyle tells today. "Bing had overheard, and had volunteered to pose! We shot the pictures. They cracked practically every publication possible. When I thanked him that morning, he grinned and said, 'Be sure to tell the ladies.'"

Feeling this was only an impulsive reaction to the morning news, she approached him with some trepidation a few days later to check the rumor that his pretty wife, Dixie, was to have another child.

She asked the intimate question apologetically. He answered her immediately, "Sheer fantasy, my girl, sheer fantasy! And don't be so apologetic. I'm used to that query by this time. People are always asking me."

"He never takes anything seriously. He



"I could have slept through it again."

just lets it roll off his back. If you take yourself too seriously," Lyle warns, "you'll come a cropper with him."

H. Allen Smith, author of such books as "Life in a Putty-Knife Factory," was commissioned to do a two-part article entitled "King of the Groaners," for the Saturday Evening Post. After making the trip to Hollywood, he met Bing, and Bing said, "Yeh, the boys told me you were coming. I'll see you later over at Paramount."

Smith sat around the Hollywood Knickerbocker for days and nothing happened. He never did meet Bing again. But he gathered enough material to produce his article nonetheless.

A writer for one of the country's biggest slick publications reports, "He's casual to the point of being discourteous. Our photographer considered himself lucky to get a couple of pictures. You just can't pin Crosby down."

Yet, if you suggest to the San Francisco newspapermen that Bing Crosby is uncooperative, they'll spit in your eye. They met him recently when the studio threw a press party in honor of director Frank Capra at the St. Francis Hotel while on location for Bing's *Riding High*, which will follow *Top o' the Morning*.

Publicist Floyd Simonton says, "I didn't expect Bing to come. Matter of fact, I almost didn't bother even to tell him about it. But I did say, 'We're having a press party for Frank Capra this afternoon. If you care to come, we'd be glad to have you.'

"At 10 minutes of five, I heard the door open and looked up. There was Bing Crosby! The first to arrive! After the rest of the guests had poured in, I expected Bing to duck out. But he circulated among the guests and talked a lot. He was the last to leave!"

Yet one fan magazine gave Bing its highest award and a banquet in his honor. He didn't show up! Why? Simply because he was to be the center of attraction. At the cocktail party, Frank Capra was the honor guest.

They tell how Bing balked at going to the Academy Awards when it seemed likely he'd get an Academy Award for *Going My Way*. Finally Buddy DaSilva, Paramount executive, persuaded him by saying, "If you don't go you'll give Hollywood a black eye, because these awards bring the best constructive publicity Hollywood gets. How's it going to look if you won't bother to pick yours up?"

Bing appeared.

He even stood still once for a big Welcome Home demonstration in Spokane. He took all the hullabaloo in stride. *But* that riot raised $20,000 for the scholarship fund at his alma mater, Gonzaga University.

He continues to seem relaxed, easy, and friendly. He knows exactly what he's doing. He doesn't make a fuss about it ever. He lives as he sings—with the most deceptive air of effortlessness.

Yet always about him, rumors are flying. And rumors are trying—the constant pressure they exert must be darned unpleasant for this really wonderfully pleasant guy. Why can't the rumor hounds lay off Crosby? THE END

The screen story of Bing Crosby's latest movie, *Top O' The Morning,* is to be found in the October issue of that richly entertaining Dell magazine, SCREEN STORIES.



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NO HELP WANTED

(Continued from page 40)

They gave me another picture, and that's the important thing."

He's a modest, level-headed young man with a large bump of determination, a gift for hard work and a fierce independence. These latter qualities had nothing to do with his breaking into pictures. They've had a great deal to do with his sticking.

Four years ago, on September 19th, Shirley and John were married. Though the war was just over, John was still in the Army and expecting to stay in quite a while—with the occupation forces in Japan. That's why they married when they did, instead of waiting for Shirley's 18th birthday.

If Jack's father hadn't died, if his mother hadn't moved to California, if he and Shirley hadn't met and fallen in love, the chances are he'd have gone into the Agar Packing and Provision Company, starting at the bottom like his father and grandfather before him. In Chicago, four generations of Agars had been meat-packers. "Looks like I'm the black sheep," grins John.

When you're in the service, headed for indefinite duty overseas, you don't think too far ahead. But John knew he wouldn't go back to Chicago. Realizing what pictures meant to Shirley, he'd said, "I'll never ask you to give them up." For himself, he still planned a business career. Once the Army was through with him, he'd go back to school for training in business administration. Then he'd see. If it wasn't meat-packing, it would be something else.

David Selznick changed all that. At the wedding reception, his eyes thoughtfully followed the tall young groom. A week later, he threw a party for Shirley and Jack. Among the guests were several directors. If Jack was being given the once-over, he didn't know it. He was pretty oblivious of everything but his bride, and the fact that in two days he'd leave her for Camp Kearns, the overseas replacement depot outside Salt Lake City.

It was to Salt Lake that the wire came. "WE WOULD LIKE TO SIGN YOU TO A TEST CONTRACT WHEN YOU LEAVE THE SERVICE. . . ." Jack's first reaction was total and stunned amazement. Then a resistance set up. "Where do I get off, trying to be an actor, just because I married a movie star?"

But Jack's is a healthy and an honest mind. Sure, he was bothered by that aspect of the situation. Sure, the whole thing left him doubtful and a little confused. But you couldn't just brush it off. So, like a sensible guy, he sought expert advice. Shirley and her mother were staying at the Hotel Utah, on their way home from a war-bond rally. Married men, with wives in town, were permitted to leave the post at night. That night Jack showed the wire to Shirley and her mom.

Privately, Shirley was enchanted. She felt that her handsome husband would be extremely photogenic, and whoever didn't sign him would be passing up a good bet. This opinion she was smart enough to keep to herself. In a spirit of calm objectivity, she and her mother pointed out both the advantages and the pitfalls of a film career. If anything, they stressed the pitfalls. Jack came clean with his own doubts and reservations.

"The last thing I want is to capitalize on being your husband," he said earnestly to Shirley.

"Look, Jack," said Shirley. "We all get our breaks one way or another. They spotted Guy Madison at a radio broadcast. They spotted you at our wedding. No matter *how* you get in, you still have to make good on your own . . . And let me tell you something, Jack: Your being my husband's going to make it just a little rougher on you. They're going to watch you just a little more closely."

Jack took the problem back to camp with him and thought it through. He liked the idea of a common professional interest with his wife. He liked the prospect of coming back to a job. If it didn't work out, he'd still be young enough to do something else. And anyhow, what the heck! They'd probably give him a test—and the old heave-ho! . . .

He sent a wire of acceptance. Then crowding events washed the whole business out of their thoughts. One night he told Shirley gently, "Tomorrow's the last. We're being shipped out to a point of embarkation."

Next evening she waited for a Jack who never came. Being a movie star has its obvious blessings and its less obvious handicaps. An officer had heard that some Hollywood star was in town, who happened to be the wife of one of his sergeants. Maybe said officer had indigestion. Maybe he was against stars marrying sergeants. Maybe he just liked the feel of authority. Anyway, he'd show them. Though every other man in his group was released, Sergeant John Agar was kept at camp that night, twiddling his thumbs. His buddies showed up at the hotel. "Where's Jack?" they asked. "We want to have a last drink to our overseas duty."

homecoming . . .

When the awful truth dawned on Shirley, all she had time for was a quick phone call—through which she sobbed steadily, while Jack could hardly get the words past his throat. He left the following morning. She left that night. On the way home, she kept the radio tuned in till she heard a commentator report that John Agar was en route to Okinawa. Then she turned it off, and sat quiet through the rest of the trip. Her mother will never forget the sight of a small figure, mounting the stairs to her bedroom, Jack's coat over her arm, his shoes in her hand. There were no more tears. Shirley doesn't weep easily, and by now she was cried out. As her eyes met her mother's, she even attempted a smile of sorts. "Well," she said. "So this is all I've got left of my husband. . . ."

And then, with practically one foot on the boat, Jack got the news that the Army point system had been revised, making him eligible for discharge. On January 29th, he came home for good.

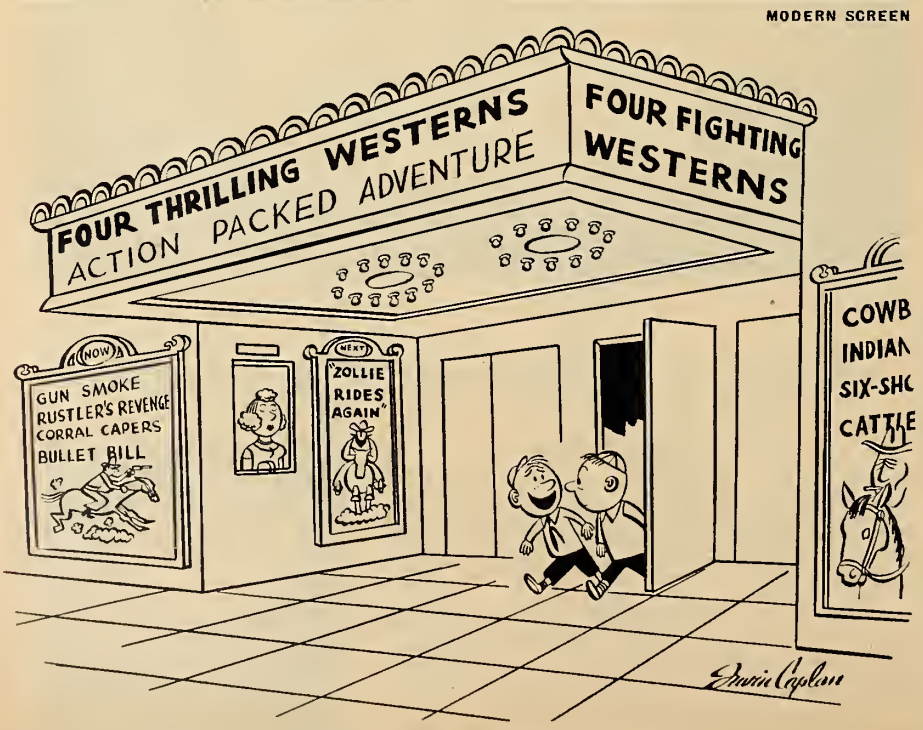
Then came the big event—Jack's test.

They hadn't talked much about the test. Without making a point of it, both felt that, in case he failed to make the grade, the less said the better. Nor did Shirley give out with advice. After all, she'd never been a man. Whatever she told him might prove misleading. Moreover, direction ought to be left to directors. As for Jack, from childhood on, his instinct had been to do things by himself. In this case, the feeling was just a little bit more intense. "She encouraged me," he says, "just by being my wife."

Also she checked him on cues. And one night she put pancake make-up on him. "Just to get you used to the feel. It's not too comfortable."

"Doesn't bother me at all," said her unsuspecting husband. Then, half-an-hour later, it tightened up, and Shirley heard a yelp. "Hey! My mouth is all stiff!"

Luckily, they used only grease on the set. It didn't make much difference. That day will live in Jack's memory as a day of torment. He played Joseph Cotten's part in a scene from *The Farmer's Daughter*. He was jittery, self-conscious, and sweating like a stoker. He still doesn't know how he came out of it alive. Straight from the wringer, he tottered home to Shirley, who was whipping up one of her special dinners for him. "How did it go?" she



"Boy, that was swell! But I think I'm developing saddle sores."

asked him, trying to sound very casual.

In no uncertain terms, he told her. She wasn't too upset. "Don't forget, this is mostly a photography test, Jack. They don't expect you to pull an Olivier acting job out of the hat. . . . C'mon, let's eat. You can't really tell till you see it on the screen."

Next day, the test was run for Jack and the director. Had Jack been the director, he'd have said to himself, "So long. Nice knowing you." This man was saying kind things, but who was he kidding? People are tactful. People don't like to say to your face, "You're terrible." A few days later Shirley and her mother saw the test.

"All *I* noticed wrong was you didn't seem to want to turn your face to the camera," Shirley told him. "All beginners don't. But you photographed swell, Jack. I met Mr. O'Shea. He liked it."

Jack thought Shirley was an angel, and Mr. O'Shea a prince. But you couldn't tell Jack he hadn't looked like a goon. When the okay came through a few days later, Jack was one happy but thoroughly flabbergasted guy. . . .

* * *

For the next year-and-a-half he studied like mad, taking lessons in diction, doing scenes from plays. After a while he grew restive. No one knew better than Jack that he needed all the training he could get. "If they'd let me go any sooner," he says now, "I'd have been really pathetic." But his spirit was that of a thoroughbred at the starting post, wild to be off and away. Inaction killed him. When would they put him to work? In anything. Just a walk-on. Just a chance to waggle his ears at the camera.

"Relax," Shirley told him. "Your time'll come."

discovery . . .

To Jack, John Ford's name is surrounded by radiance. "John Ford, God love him," is the way he generally puts it. One day Jack and Shirley went down to meet the boat that was bringing Jack's mother and sister home from Honolulu. Mr. Ford was also on the boat. His daughter, Barbara, had swam with Joyce Agar off the beach at Waikiki. Jack met Barbara's father. He didn't know that Mr. Ford was preparing a picture called *Fort Apache*. He didn't know that, practically straight from the boat, Mr. Ford went to Selznick's studio, and asked them to run John Agar's test for him. Good thing Jack didn't know. For his money, that test should have met with an accident, preferably fatal. Apparently Mr. Ford felt otherwise. All of a sudden Jack found himself in Ford's office. "How tall are you? How much do you weigh? Face the window, please. Face the door, please." A week later came the news that he was to play the young Army officer in *Fort Apache*.

"I told Shirley about it that night," says Jack. "She was pretty pleased. So was I. It was—well, it was sort of exciting, you know."

Such understatement is also characteristic of John. Though his eyes may blaze, his speech remains unfevered. At home it's different. "At home," reports Shirley, "he can sound off for two hours on the same subject, but with different wordage. He'd be wonderful in Congress for a filibuster." But with outsiders, his natural reserve takes over. No phase of his job is easy. "Manual labor—and I've done that, too, in my time—never left me exhausted like a day at the studio," he says. "But the hardest part is talking about yourself."

Well, Jack was signed, sealed and delivered for *Fort Apache* before anyone thought of teaming him with his wife. When Ford told Daniel O'Shea of Vanguard Pictures that he needed a Shirley



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Temple-type girl, he no more dreamed of getting Shirley than the moon. O'Shea said: "We happen to have a Miss Temple under contract. You want somebody like her? We can give you the genuine article." Certainly Ford grabbed her. Who in his right mind wouldn't have?

As for *Adventure in Baltimore,* Barbara Bel Geddes was supposed to do it first, then somebody else. Shirley read the script from Jack's viewpoint, and went mad over the girl's part. This she kept to herself. They'd agreed that it might not be wise to work together too much, especially at the outset of Jack's career. So, while Shirley was delighted with Selznick's last-minute wire, notifying her of the loan-out, she also wondered how Jack was going to take it. And how she should break the news. In the end, she decided just to break it—brief, blithe and business-like. "Read this, kid. Read it and weep."

He read it and laughed—very happily.

Fort Apache will always mean something special to them. It was Jack's first picture. Shirley was playing his sweetheart. Susan was on the way. Everything combined to make it a sentimental landmark for them. For Jack, it was something else, too. A chance to prove his gratitude. A chance to begin to find out whether or not he had a place in this business. For Ford, for the picture, for himself, he was going to do a good job or bust.

He did a good, competent job.

her severest critic . . .

He's in the business now with all his heart and energy. Actors who holler about being worked too hard leave him baffled. He'd work every day if they'd let him, and his once-beloved golf clubs could go fly a kite. His deep will to success has fired Shirley's. That may sound like a strange thing to say, but not the way she explained it: "After all these years of work, I feel a great need to study. Jack's done that to me—not by criticizing, just by the way he works himself. It's made *me* more critical. I know now that I'm very happy in comedy parts and in unmarried parts—as in *The Story of Seabiscuit* and *A Kiss for Corliss.* But with dramatic love scenes and things, I'm as out-of-place as I can be. Not that I haven't lived and suffered." A dimple pops out. "But not the right *kind* of suffering, I guess."

It's perfectly true that, in certain special ways, the going's been made rougher because they're married. Publicity's used their marriage. This was inevitable. But there are limits set by taste and fairness, which were overstepped. I remember one ad when *Fort Apache* was released: SEE SHIRLEY TEMPLE'S NEW HUSBAND! As though she'd had six! I remember the magazines, harping on a single string. How John got his break. No interest in his performance. No recognition of the fact that he'd sweated through months of work to put over a job that stood up with those of seasoned fellow-actors. How he *got* his break was an accident. How he used it wasn't. There lay the vital distinction that people couldn't be bothered to make. It had no wallop.

All this rubbed them both the wrong way. Having grown up in the atmosphere of Hollywood publicity, Shirley understood it better than Jack. It was more difficult for him to accept at first. Why couldn't they take or leave him on the strength of his work, and forget the rest? Shirley respected his stand, and went right along with him. There was one thing they could do about it—keep all publicity out of the house. "I'm not going to capitalize on being your husband." He'd meant it then, he means it now. Whatever press coverage he got, he'd get by virtue of his own value to the press. If he didn't get any, fine. He'd know that much sooner just where he stood. He got plenty. But for a year and a half they stuck to their guns. Then something happened. MODERN SCREEN proposed to put out an anniversary issue in honor of Shirley's 21st birthday, devoting 18 pages to the fabulous tale of her past and present.

"It's such a wonderful thing they're doing," said Shirley. "Only—they want to take pictures at home. What do you think?"

"Let the bars down, of course," said Jack promptly.

Which shows the measure by which these months had changed him. For one thing, he had two more pictures under his belt. That makes a difference. For another, he was getting hep to Hollywood. He'd learned that the press will be the press, and there's not much you can do about it. Most of its members try to play fair. A few will sell their souls for a piece of hot copy and, if there is none, make it up. This is to goad the victim into a counter-statement, which produces another piece of hot copy. Deep, hey? But ignore such operators, and they're left holding the bag. Jack's learned to ignore them.

As for Shirley, she's like an old salt who can sniff dirty weather way ahead. Jack was going on location for *Yellow Ribbon.* She was going on location for *Belvedere.* And where was she going? To Reno, of all places. Shirley heaved a sigh, picked up the phone and called a columnist—a good scout who deals them straight from the top.

"Thus-and-so are the facts," she told him. "It's our first separation, and I don't even like the sound of the word. But it's strictly business."

Understanding exactly what she meant, he used the story just as she gave it to him. Did that stop the diehards? Don't be silly. They knew the whole *Belvedere* company was headed for Reno. Shirley was their pigeon. "We hear there are clouds over the Agar household." Sure, there are clouds over the Agar household. Over the whole of West Los Angeles, in fact. The sun sinks behind them at night into the Pacific, and they look real pretty. Susan adores them.

who's nervous? . . .

Even in minor matters, Shirley and Jack don't always enjoy the same freedom as other movie couples. It was Jack's first day on *I Married A Communist.* This was his first dramatic role, and they were starting with his most dramatic scene. Trouble was, they didn't start. There he sat in his dressing room, kneading his hands and sweating, when Shirley dropped in. She'd brought him a key-chain with a little horseshoe, for luck. Never had he been gladder to see her. Some of the strain of waiting was released in talk. They had lunch together. Then his scene was called, and Shirley went off to Wardrobe to make some photographs. On her return, he was in the midst of work.

"Don't let him see you," they said. You'll make him nervous."

"But he *likes* to see me," Shirley objected.

She sat down where she could watch without being in the way. A line of people quietly formed in front of her and shut off her view. Any other actress would have been welcomed or ignored. But Shirley's a legend. A legend's bound to disturb her husband. When the director said, "Cut," Jack craned his neck for a sight of her. No sign of Shirley.

That night Jack asked, "Where did you disappear to?"

"They said I made you nervous, so I left."

"Nervous, my foot! Does me good to see you around."

Passing his chair, she planted a kiss on his ear and let it go at that. You can say an awful lot with a kiss. . . . THE END

RETURN FROM TRAGEDY

(*Continued from page 37*)

out—as you would do at a hotel.

Robert Walker wasn't insane. His refusal to talk to the doctor was, in a sense, the same attitude you show when you won't talk things over with a friend after a quarrel. He was no menace. No menace, that is, to anyone but himself. Then why was he there? Why was this curly-haired, soft-eyed young man confined to an institution dedicated to the treatment of the sick mind?

Freud said, and so do most practicing psychiatrists, that what you are today is a result of what you have been at some earlier time in your life. And a good psychiatrist can take apart your character now and read your biography. They pry into your dreams and memories—not, as some people think, to brew a mysterious mental medicine, but to get at the facts—at the truth you think you dare not tell.

young perfectionist . . .

Bob Walker was born in Salt Lake City, Utah. His father was a huge, lusty man, city editor of a newspaper and later a talented advertising executive. His mother was a feminine woman who had given her life over to feminine pursuits—being a man's wife, and raising her sons. Bob was no different from other kids, actually, *but he thought he was.* He was very thin, gangly, afflicted more than he should be, *he thought,* with acne. He was strong, but never robust. His eyes were weak. That's all right, you say—it sounds like the kid in the next block. Well, maybe the kid in the next block will do okay. Maybe he doesn't have the spark that makes great men. Maybe he'll be satisfied to be ordinary. Bob Walker wasn't.

The desire to be a better man than anyone else was born in Bob. He couldn't have helped any of the things he did if he had wanted to. A course had to be run. A crisis met and passed.

Certainly he was no tough guy. But there wasn't a kid in the state of Utah who could look crooked at him. He fought many a battle, and he seldom won one. But he never gave up. He'd try again—on a bigger kid.

The major portion of Bob's education was acquired at the San Diego Army and Navy Academy which, like most military schools, depends for its existence on the premise that some boys need a sterner hand than Mother can supply. At school, Bob was a good scholar. He had as much stamina as the next lad. But he was still gangly and thin and no adolescent Adonis. The first thing he established was that he *could* be whipped, but that it took a good man to do it. Then, flaunting his imagined deficiencies in the face of the odds-makers, he decided to become an actor, to make his living as the darling of the matinee set, to have girls fawning for his favors.

So Bob went off to New York to become an actor—and he also went off to New York to be on his own. He wanted to be better than the greatest stars in the business and take their places, and show the kid in the next bunk at San Diego that he could do it.

He wanted to have somebody ask him, "Who paid your rent last week, kid?"

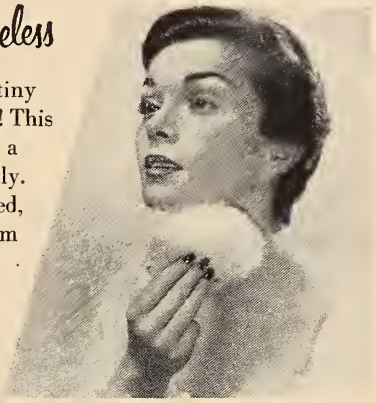
And he wanted to answer, "*I* did!"

Those two words are probably the key to Robert Walker's life. *I did! Look at me. I'm kind of skinny, and if I take my glasses off I can hardly see you—but I can still knock your block off!*

Well, there was a hitch. Bob had an aunt whom he admired very much. She was one of the most noted self-made

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women in America. Her name was Hortense Odlum. She was the wife of Floyd Odlum, the industrial empire builder. Bob loved her and admired her more than anyone else in his family. He went to live with her and started the rounds of the casting offices. You may not think there is hardship in walking out of a lavish suite in a fashionable hotel to pound the cold, cold pavement looking for a chance to play Hamlet. But if you want to play Hamlet more than anything in the world, it can mark you for life! You may not go along with the premise that free room and board in a swank home is cruelty. But if you want to pay your own rent more than you want to live, it can stain your soul! Yes, Aunt Hortense was a hitch.

It was only a never-say-die spirit that kept Bob Walker going. He borrowed the money to enroll in the American Academy of Dramatic Arts from his aunt (because now he had learned that he had to study his trade) and moved to a small room in Greenwich Village.

Now comes love. Sure, you've read about it. Shy boy meets shy girl in a dramatic school and they ride out on a cloud. Bob Walker met Phylis Isley. She was beautiful. She was retiring. She was a stranger in New York. No, she wasn't particularly poor. Her family owned theaters in Texas, and there's money in theaters in Texas. At any rate, they met on a common ground, and probably the words they said to one another sounded exactly like the words boys and girls falling in love have always said to one another.

Bob didn't know it at the time, but this is actually what he was saying to Phylis:

He: Let me take you away from all this.

She: You mean away from my work? The theater?

He: No. From the money. From your family. From everybody you need.

She: But what will we live on?

He: The best! The very best! We'll dine on pheasant, and drink wine, and you'll wear furs, and diamonds.

She: Are you that rich?

He: Gosh, no. But I can get those things for you. I can get you anything you want! Please let me get them for you!

Phylis said she'd let him get them for her, and Bob married her and went after them. And at this point in his life, Robert Walker found his first true happiness. *He was better than any man he'd ever known. He was showing the kid in the next bunk in San Diego.*

He got a flat in Greenwich Village. He bought a canary. He played in the Cherry Lane Theatre for 50 cents a night, and he

I SAW IT HAPPEN



My friend and I skipped school on the day that Down to the Sea in Ships *was premiered at New Bedford. We were walking down the street, talking and worrying, when we heard a pleasant voice behind us. "You'd better get back to school kids. I used to be a school teacher myself, and a pretty stiff one at that." Yes, it was the star of the new movie, Richard Widmark.*

Margery York
Fairhaven, Mass.

took home the jewels and the furs and the wine and the pheasant. One night the jewels would be a stick of bologna, and the wine a bottle of milk. For furs, he brought a bargain silk housecoat and a shiny, wool-lined rain cape. And they were divinely happy.

Children came. Two of them. Bob became probably the most sought-after actor in radio. He moved his family to Long Island. The jewels became filets mignon and maybe once in a while a real jewel—a brooch or a pair of earrings. The furs became furs. *But it didn't really matter. The happiness came from getting things by himself.* The Robert Walkers became substantial folk.

The hardest thing in the world to do is to stand still. Phylis Walker was an actress. She told her friends that she wasn't serious about it any more. A husband, two kids, happiness—who wanted more? But suddenly she was asked to come to Hollywood to test for pictures. She did—and she was just as happy that things didn't go so well. Then, David Selznick wanted to get a look at her and she came out again and tested for *The Song of Bernadette.* She not only got the job, she got an Academy Award for doing it.

And what about Robert Walker? *Something was missing now in his life.* Call it responsibility if you want to. Call it the haven he had built to bring his troubles to.

Then, MGM was testing actors for a picture called *Bataan.* The producer was Dore Schary. He had New York send him the tests and when he saw the thin, anxious-looking young man flashed on the screen, he tossed the rest of the tests in the bucket and sent for Robert Walker.

In all fairness to Bob, it must be told that he really didn't want to come. He was doing all right in New York. He came because his wife was in California, and because he took an instant liking to Dore Schary. He was a big success in the picture. But he couldn't take that back to lay at the feet of his wife. *She was a bigger success.*

love walked out . . .

Let's pass over a few years. A divorce was as certain as a flame when you strike a match. What ever happened to love? *Nothing! It was still there. That was the terrible part of it. It was still there, but it wouldn't work anymore. It was like a beautiful clock with a broken spring. Love was magnificent, but it ought to be taken out to be fixed.*

Let's get analytical for a moment and scan the signs of the degeneration of a character. A man has too much to drink. He pokes a bigger man in the nose. He gets his name in the paper. Why? Because he's famous. A man can't stand the loneliness anymore. He gets into his car and drives 500 miles. It causes a national sensation. Why? The man's famous. A man gets drunk and gets arrested. He offers to fight or foot race the cops, and he tells them he'll always be drunk. It makes some of the most colorful photos ever printed in a newspaper. Why? The man is famous. *What's the name of the devil?* Fame! *What's the curse of a man's life?* Fame!

Robert Walker called MGM and told them he wanted to quit. They thought he was crazy. You've got everything, they said. What do you want? *If he had told them he wanted a small room in Greenwich Village, a place to bring home a stick of bologna or a bargain raincoat, they wouldn't have understood.* So he didn't tell them. He told it to himself, and he had to drink to make himself understand—it was so long ago and so far away that he had to fog the present to get the perspective for memory.

And what about Phylis, now Jennifer

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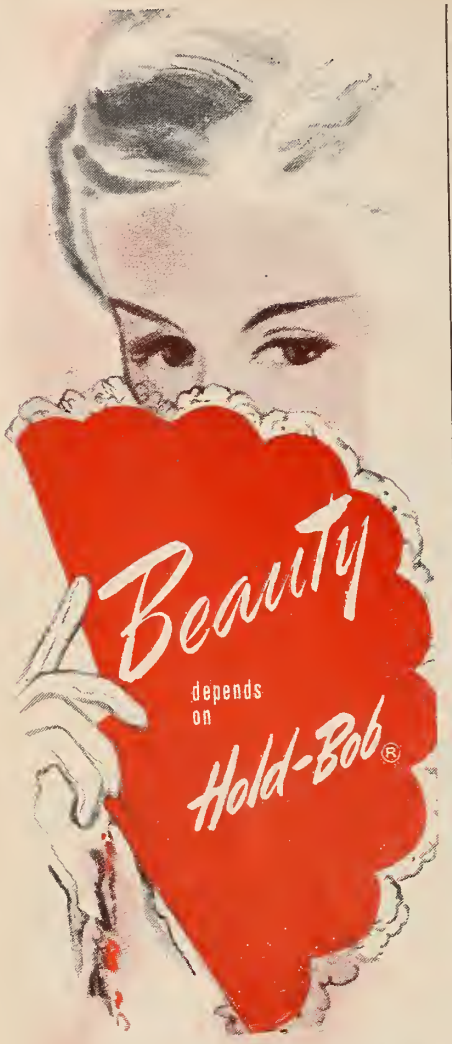


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Jones? Didn't she still love him? Sure she did. *If she hadn't, he could have found someone else.* But you can't steal back a dream and give it to someone else when part-owner of the dream—in this case Jennifer Jones—hasn't given it up.

There never had been a time when Robert Walker was in trouble that Jennifer Jones hadn't come to take care of him. You've read reams of copy on the great romance between Jennifer Jones and David Selznick. Their recent marriage proves that there was foundation to these stories. It was confusing to you, and I'll tell you why. *The love between Robert Walker and Jennifer Jones lasted five years longer than you thought it did!* It smoldered, burst into flame, very nearly died at times. It was a secret love, shared by four people: Bob, Jennifer, Robert and Michael Walker. They didn't live together. But they were a family. They shared the last days of their love jealously. Until Bob married another woman, his children didn't know their parents were divorced!

If Dore Schary hadn't gone back to MGM, this story would probably have never been written. Bob Walker was on his last legs when Dore Schary called him into the studio for a talk. He put his cards face-side up on the table. He told Bob he could leave pictures, go make another life for himself, drink himself to death or do anything he wanted to. He called in Bob's father and they all talked. Dore Schary didn't give Robert Walker another chance, as they say. He asked Bob to give the world, and the movies, another chance. *What for?* For Bob, for his sons, for his father, his mother, the millions of kind people who adored him. *Bob said yes—but he meant no.*

At any rate, he agreed to go to the Menninger clinic in Topeka, Kansas, to see if they could help him.

There he sat on the edge of a bed for months and wouldn't talk to anyone.

"Want to talk with me today, Bob?"

Bob Walker didn't look up. He just shook his head.

help came . . .

Then one day, another man came into the room with the doctor. It was Bob's father. He ruffled his son's hair and told him to get his clothes together. "It's no use," he said to Bob. "They can't do anything for you unless you help them. . . . I'm sorry, son. Very sorry."

Nobody except Bob, his dad, and the Menninger doctors know what happened then. Maybe the spirit of love and kindness that had always been at Bob's elbow got through to him. Maybe the little boy who had felt inadequate suddenly grew up and knew that life was more than a single battle. Bob asked to be allowed to stay, and promised to help.

In the talks he had with the doctors in the weeks that followed, Bob Walker found out about himself. He learned that a selfish design for living is a false one. That a goal a man reaches is only a step to another goal. That a man can have many shrines, each with an equal dignity. He found out that man's greatest enemies are his frustrations. He learned what his frustrations were and whipped them.

Now he's back in Hollywood. Healthy in mind and body. The first to laugh at a joke, and the first to feel sympathy for another man's sorrow. He's even discovered he likes the reporters he once scorned. He lives a quiet life in a home he bought with money he earned himself.

Bob's got that old desire again. He's determined to be the biggest and the best movie star in Hollywood. And he has somebody to bring his prizes home to—two small boys, Robert and Michael Walker.

THE END

sweet and hot



**Highly recommended
*Recommended
No Stars: Average

by leonard feather

FROM THE MOVIES

COME TO THE STABLE—"Through a Long and Sleepless Night" by Bill Farrell** (MGM). Promising MGM disc debut by the 20-yeor-old Clevelonder (*né* Fiorelli) who's now in his second yeor on the Bob Hope show. Bill, who ploys everything from harmonica to bass fiddle, led an instrumental quartet, didn't start singing until '47. This is o good tune with nice background work by Eorle Hagen's ork.

IT'S A GREAT FEELING—title song by Pearl Bailey* (Harmony); Doris Doy* (Columbia); Sommy Kaye (Victor) ."Fiddle Dee Dee" by Jimmy Dorsey* (Columbia); Johnny Desmond (MGM); Sammy Kaye (Victor). "At The Cafe Rendezvous" by Peggy Lee (Capitol); Doris Day (Columbia). "Blame My Absent-Minded Heart" by Doris Day (Columbia); Mindy Carson (Victor). "Give Me a Song With a Beautiful Melody" by Jack Carson and the Crew Chiefs* (Capitol); Lorry Green (Victor); Helen Forrest (MGM). "That Was a Big Fot Lie" by Jack Carson* (Capitol).
Pearl Bailey's helped out by Hot Lips Page on Harmony, which is Columbia's new 49-cent label and a good bargain. Jock Carson and Doris Day (they're in the picture) do the best jobs.

MADAME BOVARY—album from the sound track by Miklos Rosza and MGM Studio Orchestra* (MGM).

MONTANA—"Reckon I'm In Love" by Larry Parks ond Betty Garrett* (MGM); Paul Weston (Capitol).

MY FRIEND IRMA—"My One, My Only, My All" by Dean Martin* (Capitol); Kay Kyser (Columbia); Art Lund (MGM). "Just For Fun" by Dean Martin (Capitol); Kay Kyser (Columbia).

RED HOT AND BLUE—"Where Are You Now Thot I Need You?" by Doris Day* (Columbia); Fran Warren (Victor). "That's Loyalty" and "Hamlet" both by Betty Hutton (Capitol).

ROSEANNA McCOY—"Roseanna" by Freddy Martin (Victor).

THAT MIDNIGHT KISS—"They Didn't Believe Me" by Kathryn Grayson* (MGM); Georgie Auld* (Discovery).
It'd be hard to imagine two more wildly contrasted versions of the some tune. Just for laughs, you ought to get 'em both.

POPULAR

SAMMY DAVIS, JR.—"Can't You See I've Got The Blues"** (Capitol).
More amazing impersonations by the man with a million voices, who now adds Mel Torme and Al Hibbler to his list of victims.

BOPULAR

MILES DAVIS—"Israel"* (Capitol).

DIZZY GILLESPIE—"Jump Did Le Ba" (Victor).

BENNY GOODMAN SEXTET—"Blue Lou"* (Capitol).

WOODY HERMAN—"More Moon"** (Capitol).

GET OFF THAT HIGH HORSE

(*Continued from page 30*)

boys and girls, anyway? On all sides, idols crumble their feet of clay and Bright Promises peter unpleasantly out. Toasts of yesterday are crumbs today. New faces are in new places and the star scene is shifting like a Notre Dame backfield.

There've been some changes made in Hollywood—and there will be a lot more, too, for some very good reasons.

Hollywood is still making plenty of profit, but to do so in 1949, it has to make every production-dollar count. Costly temperament is out of style. Cut-ups are no longer cute. A crack-up earns a crack-down. Every Hollywood personality, old or new, has an account payable to deliver—and in jig-time too—or else the screen sheriff tacks up the bankruptcy notice where the ballyhoo was. Yep, there've been some changes made.

Let's detail the case histories of a few declines and falls:

Ingrid Bergman was mighty lucky—whether she knew it or not—as long as experienced Hollywood hands were steering her career. Ingrid wasn't so lucky when, thinking she knew all the answers, she took over the helm herself. I'll cut the misery short: *Arch of Triumph,* which she picked for herself, was so gosh-awful that even Charles Boyer couldn't make it good. They couldn't give it away to the customers. Then came Ingrid's life-dream, which she was determined to make come true—playing *Joan of Arc.* It was a one-girl show and an expense-no-objection project. *Joan* cost Heaven knows how many millions, to rival *Gone With the Wind*—yet the man who directed that all-time Hollywood hit, the late Victor Fleming, wasn't good enough for Ingrid to trust. She rowed with him, with the high-priced writers she hired, with the costume men, the set designers. It had to be perfect; it was sacred to Ingrid. She was a saint—it said here. It was a holy Hollywood crusade, that picture. And it was also, as one critic described it, "a big, beautiful, bloody bore."

"I'd do anything for a change," sighed Ingrid, after her flops. So off she went to Stromboli. It's sad to think that a lady who had had the world by the heart could handle it with such painful roughness.

no time for comedy . . .

As for Judy Garland's breakdown, there were good excuses—too much work for a frail kid, too much dishing out of nervous energy, a drained emotional reserve. An unhappy home, the pace of Hollywood, work, work, work. But still—excuses don't go these days. I'm sorry Judy Garland cracked up and I hope it's true that when she's got herself under control again she'll make *Show Boat* next year. Judy's hasn't much money saved from the thousands and thousands she's earned. MGM is advancing the expenses of her rest cure.

Bette Davis has worked up a touchy temperament that she never used to own—that, in fact, she used to laugh at—since she came back to the screen so unhappily in *Winter Meeting.* As Bette finds herself no longer the dramatic queen of Warners, she's acting up. She's ducking the press, where she used to be their darling, and she's wearing a chip on her shoulder. She's demanding things she knows from long Hollywood experience are impossible.

Bette wanted to close down *Winter Meeting* four days after the picture started, the minute she realized it was headed for a flop. Bette should have known that's mighty costly and, hence practically im-

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BRIGHT DAYS

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RELIEVES FUNCTIONAL
PERIODIC PAIN
CRAMPS-HEADACHE-"BLUES"



MIDOL
RELIEVES CRAMPS
EASES HEADACHE
CHASES "BLUES"

possible. From then on, she's been a battling headache to her studio and to herself. I hope her mixed-up picture of herself clears up soon and the old Bette Davis emerges. She's making mountains out of molehills right now and bringing her private troubles to her work. She's uncertain, unhappy and, I'm afraid, headed for a crisis if she doesn't settle down—a crisis brought on by Bette, herself, and her high-tension temperament.

Laraine Day certainly surprised the trustful souls who tagged her one of the sweetest, nicest girls this side of Salt Lake City. It's been some time now since Laraine cut up with Leo Durocher on her premature nuptial scandal that made faces burn all around Hollywood, except Laraine's. But the fire in that girl is still smoldering in many ways. She can still get steamed up and toss a temperamental tizzy. When Laraine made *My Dear Secretary,* a big typewriter company supplied a new-fangled super-dooper machine for her to use in the picture. Laraine wanted one, free, to present to her agent. "Sorry," the manufacturers replied, "that's impossible. This machine isn't on the market yet and if one were released, it would damage the whole presentation." There was quite a hassle worked up over that, during which Laraine temporarily walked off the set and all that silly business. The picture was finished on schedule—but Laraine's reputation had definitely suffered. Like her tempestuous husband, she'd better be on her good behavior from here on in.

No studio in Hollywood is ticking along more prosperously than 20th Century-Fox. Recently at a convention, their salesmen cried, "Give us more of Dan Dailey, Richard Widmark, Ty Power, Paul Douglas!" No mention of Cornel Wilde or Mark Stevens. Ty was the only old-timer the public still craved.

About that time Mark Stevens, who'd supposedly turned over a new leaf, punched a Fox official in the nose right on the lot in a fit of trigger-temper. Mark's been a studio headache ever since his big click in *Objective Burma* in 1945. He's had word battles by the dozen with people he should have gotten along with if he'd had good judgment. He's courted the sorriest personal publicity—among other things leaving his sweet wife, Annelle, and their darling baby for a whirl with Hedy LaMarr. The fine-looking, talented but moody redhead overrated his importance and he overplayed his hand. So what's happened? The top star parts Zanuck had in mind for him aren't there any more.

Cornel Wilde had the biggest free ride to fame of any young man I can think of.



HOW TIME FLIES!

Irene Hervey has just broken her engagement to Robert Taylor. Bob, according to reports, had to listen to the dictates of his fan mail, most of which insisted he remain single. After all, a guy has to please the customers.—*Modern Screen, March, 1936.*



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The musical score was the real star of *A Song To Remember,* and back of that a chap named Chopin. That picture was made—Heavens!—five years ago, yet Cornel is still coasting on it. He hasn't done anything really worth looking at since, except *The Walls of Jericho.* Yet all along his Hollywood trail, instead of thanking his lucky stars he was still walking there, Cornel asked for more—and more.

He wanted to play Lord Byron, instead of the things they had for him. He wanted to write. He argued with his studio instead of helping it prop up his talents with all the cooperation he could muster. He fussed with his ambitious wife, Pat Wilde, and broke up a time or two with resultant bad publicity. And he went off on trips for his frayed nerves—which wouldn't have been so if he had worked more for his bosses and worried them less. Inevitably, he's losing out. When he returned from his extensive, expensive tour of Europe, Cornel didn't have a Hollywood job waiting for his pleasure. He was in Hollywood a little over a month before he sailed back to Switzerland to make a film. He'll be back. He still has his contract for one picture a year—but he's not the hottest hero of the Fox lot any more. Cornel, unfortunately, seems to have wrangled himself right out of that.

strange hobby . . .

I don't think I can remember a more baldly rude and offensive gent to people who wanted to tell his story than George Sanders. George used to be in so many pictures, you couldn't get away from him on the screen. That's no problem anymore. Studios found his sarcasm and his sardonic snubs too insulting to take. George made a hobby of being insulting. He loved to shock. People interviewing him would get elaborately absurd answers. Lots of times he'd feign sleep while they talked and snore in their faces. I don't think George knew himself what he was going to do most of the time—except that he was going to be plenty unpleasant. When he lost his long-suffering wife, whom he treated indifferently and kept hidden from press and public, George went to a psychoanalyst to find out himself what made him that way. Now he's married to the Hungarian charmer, ZsaZsa Gabor Hilton, and maybe she can reform the man. But George Sanders is having few studio emissaries pounding on his doors for snubs these days, begging him to sign for juicy picture roles.

Someone once told George at Fox, where he was yelling to high Heaven about his dinky dressing room, "George, maybe if you'd stop calling Darryl Zanuck a so-and-so every time you turn around, you'd get your dressing room."

"I wouldn't dream of depriving myself of that privilege," said George loftily. A guy like that doesn't last very long in the big leagues these days.

With aspirin bottles working overtime, Hollywood studios are hunting no extra headaches from hard-to-please heroes and pouty prima donnas. Sam Goldwyn cut Teresa Wright off his payroll, snip, like that, when she wouldn't help him sell *Enchantment* with a personal appearance in New York. It's very doubtful if Teresa will get that huge salary again. And when young Cathy O'Donnell listened to her husband, Bob Wyler, and flounced away from *Roseanna McCoy* because she'd been told it wasn't important enough—Sam came right back with a cancelled contract and the advice, "Go find yourself something important." What Sam found for himself was the terrific 15-year-old Joan Evans—who not only walked right in when Cathy walked out, but is



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making that "unimportant" part open eyes all over town and launching herself a Cinderella career with it.

At the start of *Bride of Vengeance*, Paulette Goddard tossed the first temperament tantrum of her career. She went to her make-up man, who'd done very well indeed for her for eight years, and told him, "I want a complete new face. I want butterfly eyebrows, non-theatrical makeup. I must look completely different."

The make-up man said, "It's not your style, but I *can* give you butterfly eyebrows—though I'll have to pull half of them out. I can lay off all make-up—easy—though you'll look sick. But I can't make you look completely different without a new face—and for that you'd have to get born over again. Anyway, what's wrong with the one you've been using? Everybody loves it."

Paulette then took on another beauty expert—who gave her the new face she wanted. She got her way, all right—and I'm wondering how much damage she's done herself with that absurd, unbecoming face? If she's as smart as I think she really is, she'll never use it again.

The heart of Hollywood has not turned to stone, or anything like that, nor is the quality of mercy strained when honest human weaknesses prove the stars are only human. On the contrary. Little Maggie O'Brien's carryings-on about her mother's marriage drew more bad publicity than did Robert Walker's sorry slide. Robert Mitchum came through his marijuana mess with sympathy. Both Bobs' bosses stood behind them, helped them rehabilitate, both Bobs took their medicine and today are not only sincerely repentant, but proving that those trusts were not misplaced.

Nobody expects stars to live on a diet of milk toast, and the meek are not necessarily blessed around Hollywood forevermore. No studio boss, or anyone else for that matter, is sacred, and if a fight is right it gets a big hand and wins respect all around. Heaven help us if that "yes-man" craze ever hits Hollywood again! That would be the knockout blow for good pictures, sure enough.

But for the trouble-makers, the teasers, the boys and girls who show that temperament is only a long word for temper—the posers and preeners and pouty pumpkin heads—the sign is up: "Exit—this way out!"

Like the $10,000 mink coats you don't see flashed around so freely any more, the custom-built Cadillacs with liveried chauffeurs, the super yachts and the parties with individual floor shows for every guest—star temperament and high horses are boom-time luxuries Hollywood can no longer afford. THE END

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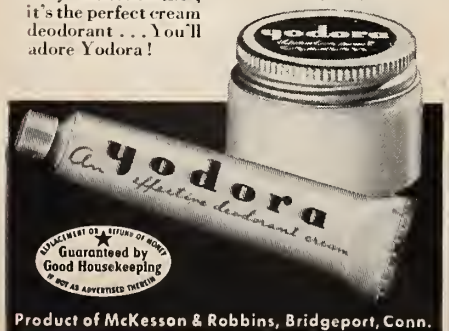


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. . . SO SHE MARRIED THE BOSS

(Continued from page 24)

It was no half-hearted Jennifer who fought at Bob Walker's side when they invaded Hollywood and, together, achieved outstanding stardom. That's a story hard to forget—especially if you were one of the partners. Bob Walker has shown that it isn't easy to forget, as far as he is concerned. Was the air of dilemma that hung over Jennifer in her relations with Selznick an indication that she, too, could not forget and go on to other things?

Many who have wondered about Jennifer, and have studied her, feel that she would deny she was so affected. Yet the heart has reasons which the mind doesn't know. Jennifer had been fiercely loyal to Bob and an undoubtedly devoted wife. Did that Jennifer refuse, for a long time, to be submerged?

There are other aspects of that Jennifer which may have counted importantly in her struggle while deciding to seek a new life with David. When she met Bob Walker, she was a Catholic and had been convent-reared in her formative years at Monte Cassini Junior College in Tulsa. Bob was a Protestant. When love came to them it overcame this difference, but not completely. Jennifer could think of marriage only within her church. Bob agreed to the usual arrangement in such cases—he signed a promise that their children would be brought up as Catholics. The ceremony took place at Christ The King Church in Tulsa and, as far as Jennifer was concerned, it was a marriage in accordance with the teaching given her by the Benedictine Sisters of Monte Cassini—that there could not be a dissolution of the marriage except for one of four stated reasons.

None of these four was given by Jennifer when she divorced Bob seven years later in Los Angeles. She charged cruelty and, as a matter of fact, had some difficulty proving it.

The Jennifer of today, in wishing to marry again, faced a situation that, certainly, the Jennifer of then could not have overcome. She could not again be married in the church. In the eyes of the church, as she well knows, her first marriage is still valid.

their hearts were young and gay . . .

Jennifer and Bob Walker came to Hollywood soon after their marriage. Robert, Junior, had been born on April 14, 1940, Michael on March 17, 1941. Jennifer was signed by David Selznick for *Song of Bernadette.* Bob was seen by an MGM talent scout and given an important part in *Bataan.* In a few weeks the Walkers were established in a little white house in the Hollywood hills. Their future looked bright, their hearts seemed gay—and yet, it was the beginning of the end for them as a family. You'll find the fundamental reasons for this presented, for the first time, in the story on page 37 of this issue of MODERN SCREEN. In the end, Bob left the little white house to live alone.

While *Song of Bernadette* was being shown to the public, David Selznick was producing *Since You Went Away,* with Jennifer and Bob as the sweethearts. It had barely gone before the cameras when Jennifer made the formal announcement that she and Bob were separating. Worried about its effect on the picture, Selznick sent for her.

Hollywood knew there was already a strong bond of sympathy between them. For some time, Jennifer had been referring to him familiarly in her interviews



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and discussions on pictures generally. "David says this," or "David says that," was a phrase she had been uttering often. Professionally, he was her complete mentor. Now she had an opportunity to do something for him.

"This thing between Bob and myself won't make any difference in our acting," she told Selznick. "Our personal affairs have nothing to do with our work." She and Bob played their love scenes perfectly.

For Jennifer and David Selznick, a basis for a stronger interest in each other than just their association as producer and star may have been formed at this time. Jennifer did more than act in the film. She made numerous trips around the country to assure successful openings. But as important as her appearances were to Selznick, and as intensely as he is known to drive himself and all who work with him at such times, his solicitude for her was such that he would instantly cancel any appearance if there were a chance that it would be unduly tiring for her. This became quite noticeable, and was commented on.

David Selznick is unlike a great many Hollywood producers in that he is almost completely creative in film art; he creates not only the picture, but very often the stars who are in it and quite often the screenplay that is to be told. His last few years of production work have been probably the most intensely busy in his career. A good portion of the time was devoted to starring Jennifer in *Duel in the Sun.*

It was after the completion of this film that David and Irene Mayer Selznick, daughter of Louis B. Mayer, ended their 18-year-old marriage. Part of her testimony at the divorce trial was that he had time only for his work, neglecting her and his home almost completely. The decree was granted in January, 1948—and from that time on, everyone fully expected he would marry Jennifer. Yet, until it was broken by the recent, sudden wedding, there had been only silence from Jennifer on the subject.

Last March, following her completion of *Madame Bovary,* Jennifer flew to Europe. Dodging reporters through the simple device of going under her old married name of Phylis Walker, she bicycled in Switzerland, loafed through Venice, Capri and Pompeii, and then in April was joined on the French Riviera by David.

accidental discovery . . .

It was in Cannes, after David's arrival, that Jennifer's identity was discovered. This came about when her trail crossed the press-dogged tracks of Rita Hayworth. A hundred or more American reporters and photographers had descended on Cannes to cover Rita's wedding. One of them spotted Jennifer walking through the lobby of the swank Carlton Hotel.

That did it. Jennifer soon found herself cornered in her room, with the din outside the door more resembling that of a gang of vigilantes than inquiring reporters.

That night, without having made a statement, she and David beat a hasty retreat across the Italian border to San Remo. When reporters learned of this, Jennifer left town in such a hurry that one of the maids at her hotel suggested that she and David had had a spat.

Soon David joined her in Zurich, Switzerland. For three weeks, they had comparative peace and quiet. Some evenings, they would have dinner by candlelight on the balcony of Jennifer's suite, overlooking Lake Zurich. Hotel attendants said that Jennifer seemed very calm and composed. Her French dresses, many of them in yellow, her favorite color, made her seem more slender and beautiful than ever. That's how David saw her as they looked out over the clear, beautiful waters of



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the lake, shimmering with moonlight. Perhaps it was in this setting that Jennifer at last gave consent to David.

Then they came to Paris, where Jennifer received the French equivalent of an Academy Award as best foreign actress of 1948. The presentation was made by the Minister of Commerce and Industry. Jennifer was lovely in gray organdy. It was her first public appearance since coming to Europe. "I'm as thrilled as can be about this," she said, "but all these reporters frighten me. I hate being interviewed. I never know what to say."

When pressed for information about her impending marriage, all she would say was, "I'd rather not talk about that. I'm too busy thinking about my next picture." (This will be *Gone to Earth,* which Selznick is now producing in England.)

David also refused to go on record one way or the other. "It's up to Jennifer to say," he declared. I do think the announcement should come from her."

As it turned out, no announcement was made at all. With no preliminary fanfare, Jennifer and David were married at 8:30 the morning of July 13, aboard a rented yacht off Portofino, Genoa. The witnesses were stage producer Leland Hayward and his wife and Louis Jourdan and his wife, Arabella Le Maitre—whom he calls "Quique." The vows were said before the British skipper. That afternoon, when a question arose as to his authority to perform a marriage in Italian waters, the ceremony was repeated at the city hall in Genoa, before an Italian civil official.

Thus Jennifer Jones, after so many months of tears and doubt, turned her back on the heartbreak and burning memories of the past. THE END

HOLLYWOOD'S DIZZIEST MARRY-GO-ROUND

(*Continued from page 58*)

enunciate her every word most carefully.

"Tell me, pliz," said the Princess after she and Greer had gotten through the introduction preliminaries, "you know Errol prittie well. You think maybe he make a good husband?"

Greer smiled politely. "I think so," she said, "but you know, Your Highness, he's had two wives already."

"This I know," the phony member of Rumanian royalty agreed, "but I understand he has a lot of money. Iss true?"

"Well, now," said Greer, "I'm not particularly acquainted with Errol's financial worth, but he does make a pretty good living. And I'm inclined to believe that he has nothing to worry about along those lines for a few years. . . . By the way, Your Highness—"

"Plizz, Miss Garson. I like you. You call me Irene. I calls you Greer."

"Thank you, your . . . thank you, Irene. . . . I was just wondering where you might be staying. I should very much like to give a little party for you and Errol."

The Princess thought for a moment. "I am a guest of Errol's."

Garson gave the Princess a Mrs. Miniver smile. "Just because people might talk," she offered, "I think it might be best if you moved out of Errol's place and stayed with Mother and me."

At this point, Flynn returned. He thanked Greer for looking after the Princess and then bustled her off the lot.

Ten hours later, it was in all the papers that the Princess Irene Ghica was definitely, unalterably and irrefutably in Hollywood. She had been seen on the MGM lot by at least 50 people.

THIS MONTH

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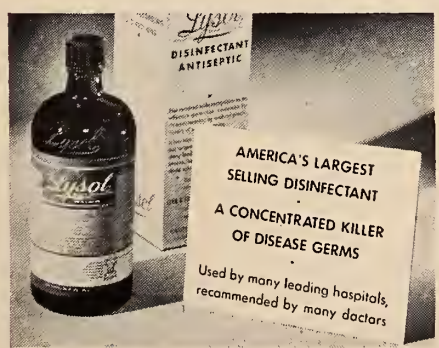
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The next day, when he learned that Greer Garson had been on the phone inviting friends to meet his Princess, Flynn revealed that the entire act had been a gag.

Bennett, who'd been wearing the dried-up gladiola all day, was fit to be tied—but finally accepted the gag in good grace. So, too, did Greer Garson.

Flynn paid the girl, who had played her part so beautifully, more than the $50 required by the Screen Actors Guild.

Everyone who heard about the joke thought it was simply wonderful and typically Flynn; everyone, that is, except the columnists who'd gone out on a limb.

When I asked Flynn what was really cooking between him and the Princess, he said very politely and honestly, "Nothing is cooking at this point. To coin a new phrase—we're just good friends. We were introduced by mutual friends in Paris some weeks ago. I'm very fond of the girl. In fact, I've offered her a part in my picture, *The Buccaneer,* which I hope to make at sea. And that's just about all.

"For some strange reason, everyone wants to know, 'Are you going to marry the Princess?' That's really a silly question. It's the kind of question you put only to a woman, since she's the one who decides whether or not she'll marry you.

"I don't know her well enough to even *think* about marriage, and frankly, old boy, I'd rather not discuss it."

you never can tell . . .

He may very well be in love with her—which is what a reporter on the Paris Tribune wired me after he'd occupied a table next to theirs at a Parisian restaurant called the Tour d'Argent. But this is purely conjecture.

Louella Parsons, who saw Errol in Paris when he first began to court the Princess, is sure that Errol is in love with the small, intelligent Princess who left Bucharest five years ago. She says in fact that the Princess "bosses Errol around as I have never seen him bossed by any woman, not even Nora, or before her, Lili Damita."

Freddie McEvoy, an old friend of Flynn's, currently residing abroad, is also convinced that Errol is more than inordinately fond of the Princess. "But you know Errol," he says. "You never can tell what he's going to do the next minute."

Errol himself, however, seemed to know when I talked to him.

"I've had the *Zaca* sailed to Cannes," he said, "and it should be there by the time I arrive." (The *Zaca* is Flynn's 118-foot, two-masted schooner, which he keeps docked at Port Antonio, Jamaica. Zaca is a Polynesian word, meaning peace.) "I'm going to pick it up there, and then with a bunch of friends tour the waters around Eastern Spain—on the lookout for some good locations for my picture."

"Will the Princess Ghica accompany you and be among your friends?"

"Well," said Flynn, grinning noncommittally, "first I'm going to do a little work on the script."

There has been a lot of talk to the effect that Flynn has been heartbroken ever since Nora divorced him to marry Dick Haymes. If he was at one time—and no man likes to see his home broken up—he is no longer.

He is, in fact, the same personable guy he was 15 years ago when he first came to Hollywood. To look at him, to talk to him, one would never think that here is a man who has gone through the vicissitudes of two hectic marriages. He looks very much like a man who, after philosophizing with himself of an evening, pours himself a glass of champagne, raises his glass in toast, and says: "Here's to woman—oh, that I could fall into her arms without falling into her hands." THE END

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HOUSE SWARMING

(*Continued from page 44*)

helped us tack direction signs along the canyon road. Soon all the others had arrived and parked their cars at the meeting spot. Then we pussyfooted up Bob's private road.

This road is quite an engineering feat. It cost Bob $1,000 to have it hacked out of the mountainside. Around every turn you're greeted by sky and space. It was no place for some of us who get dizzy after leaning out a second-story window. But we proceeded, reached the house, crept onto the porch, knocked gently on the door and—"Surprise! Surprise!"

We'd all been so intent on being cautious and quiet as we approached that we hadn't paid too much attention to the house. However, Bob, as soon as he'd settled down to being the perfect host at his unexpected party, filled us in with the details. When it's finished, it will be a super-modern house complete with pool and helicopter landing field. Bob's had the idea for this dream house for several years. When he got discharged from the Navy, instead of yearning for the traditional type of house, Bob wanted a modern-futuristic place. Something as up-to-date as the headlines, and with all those time-saving push buttons he'd read about in world-of-the-future magazine articles.

The place is built on three levels—but at present only one level is completed. It has to serve as combined living room, dining room, bedroom and kitchen. The boys hadn't as yet got around to wall-paneling, so behind the few pictures they'd hung we could see rough lumber studding, tar paper and wires. The place does look well-built indeed.

While Bob was showing the gang sketches and blueprints, Colleen Townsend, Barbara Fuller and ourselves decided to get things going in the kitchen. The spaghetti had to be heated, coffee made, and paper plates and forks unpacked. It got to be a wee bit confusing—not because of the four chefs. It was the two refrigerators, and two stoves, that gave the kitchen a slightly double-visioned effect. We later learned that Bob had sold his other canyon house, which had a small furnished apartment and was left with the extras.

After a huddle with Bob on how to get his "temperamental" glass coffee-maker to work, everything was ready. Maybe it was the clear mountain air or the high altitude, but everyone stashed away the food like starved bears.

I SAW IT HAPPEN



When I was in a New York little theater play a few years ago, a member of the cast asked to be replaced for the evening. A Broadway producer had arranged for her to see a hit in which she might immediately take over a part. Our director was annoyed. "You're supposed to stick with us through this run. You'll never get anywhere being so will-of-the-wisp," he stormed. He was wrong. Pat Neal started on her zooming career practically the next day.

Jen Heslie
New York

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Tom Drake and Terry Moore had a real excuse. They hadn't even had lunch. They'd spent their lunch hour posing for stills so they wouldn't be delayed tonight. They're co-starring in George Pal's production, *Rupert*.

The spaghetti, being spaghetti, was long and wiggly, but Dick Foote managed to wind it up expertly on his bread stick. The tomato aspic was topped off with gobs of Thousand Island dressing. Delectable frosted cupcakes completed the meal. After acquiring that so round, so firm, so fully-packed look, Sally Forrest decided a little exercise—in the form of a rollicking polka—was needed. Sally went over to the phonograph and put on "The Beer Barrel Polka." She next planted her hands on Jerry Courtland's shoulders and gave out with a little instructing on just how a polka is done. Sally should know. Before she was signed by Ida Lupino to star in *Not Wanted*, she taught dancing in San Diego. (Most of her pupils were slightly plump WACS and WAVES who wanted to reduce.)

Even in our somewhat glassy-eyed, stuffed state, the music got us. The rug was rolled up and furniture pushed back. Soon the room was alive with spinning couples who'd heel-toe and then prance about. As the polka grew faster, the girls clung for dear life while the fellas twirled them about the room.

Colleen Townsend and Darryl Hickman were temporarily "grounded" when they collided with Gene Reynolds and Lois Butler. Then, while everyone was taking a breather, Sally fished out another dinger of a polka disk. It's called "Hot Pretzels," with a tempo to match the title.

survival of the fittest . . .

When Roddy heard the swift strains, he begged off. He and Rand Brooks had been doing a fight scene all day for the Lindsay Parsons' film, *Black Midnight*. "It got a little rough, and I accidentally loosened Rand's tooth and he scraped my shoulder with his spur," Roddy explained. But, according to Roddy, it had been a breeze compared to the polka.

Gene Reynolds and Lois Butler, however, wouldn't be downed. When they got fouled-up on the steps they just slipped into an improvised Charleston and kept right on going.

Michael Kirby, who's a Canadian skating champ, and his equally talented wife, Nora, claimed they could out-polka anyone if they just had a cake of ice and their skates.

When the music finally stopped, the girls' hair looked more like spaghetti, and the boys' faces resembled perspiring beets. Fortunately, Dick Foote, who sang "Streets of Laredo" in the film, had brought along his guitar. So while the gang relaxed on Bob's three couches or sat Indian-fashion on the floor, Dick soothed us with some easygoing cowboy songs. As a grand finale, Barbara Fuller got into the act and joined him in a duet.

Barbara, when she isn't on the radio playing Claudia in "One Man's Family," is film-making at Republic Studios. She and Dick live in the same apartment building and practice singing—they lean out their windows and warble across the court to each other. Desi Arnaz's mother also lives in the building—and had briefed them on the finer points of Latin tunes. Barbara and Dick now gave out with these. On the familiar ones, everyone joined in.

Lois played one of the pianos (Bob's got two of these, too!) Gene manned the accordion and Natalie Garrotto (besides being Bob's girl, she's the singing lead with the Santa Monica Civic Opera Company) directed the singing. She used a bread


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stick for a baton.

We won't say that we were a little loud and ragged, but we will confess we noticed Bob's two cats, Mezzo and Forte, running for the hills. Tom Drake said that if he'd known in advance about this musical concert, he'd have brought along his tuba. He's a tuba player in his current picture. "I can't exactly *play* it," he said, "but would anybody notice that here?"

Colleen, who's co-starring with Dan Dailey in *Front and Center*, decided it was time for more food. She and Margie Alston, who've been friends since the eighth grade, brought out their contribution to the party—popcorn (unpopped) and syrup.

"If only there were a fireplace, we could pop the corn over it," sighed Terry Moore. "Guess we'll have to use the stove."

"What d'you mean, no fireplace?" said Bob indignantly. And sure enough, there was a slight depression in the floor. "Someday that's going to be a flagstone fireplace with a chimney clear to the ceiling."

But not being able to wait around until that happy day, we improvised with a skillet and the stove. As the corn popped into white fluffiness, it was put into a big bowl. The bowl must have had an invisible hole in it, since it vanished as soon as we put in each fresh batch. Then Margie stood guard over a batch while Terry poured syrup over it and fashioned popcorn balls.

The highlight of the party was the taffy. It was bright pink and green. While Bob and Natalie struggled to get it out of the pan, everyone dusted his and her fingers with flour and got ready to pull.

Tom Drake and Dick Foote artistically moulded their candy into lariats, horseshoes and handlebar moustaches. Darryl Hickman, stretching his taffy above his head with an agonized expression, gave a dramatic imitation of a circus strong-man.

After the pulling and chewing had gone on for a spell, somebody looked at his watch and said, "Gee, we're keeping Robert up past his bedtime—and ours!"

"Well, good people," said Bob, "how can I ever thank you enough? It's been terrific. I don't know when—"

He suddenly stopped. He had to. Colleen Townsend had popped a large wad of taffy in his mouth.

"The pleasure has been *ours*, Mr. Arthur," she said. "Right?"

"Right!" said we all—that is, those of us who could. Most of us could only nod and mumble through our taffy. THE END

MY PRAYER WAS ANSWERED

(*Continued from page 59*)

them in the same class.

When I met other actresses, they were usually much more sophisticated than I and talked glibly of night clubs. I'd never been inside one, nor was I anxious to go.

I liked bicycling and swimming—but where, oh, where were there kids my own age to do these things with me?

Instead of waking up happy, mornings, as I had in Portland, I'd wake up glum, wondering how I'd get through the day. When I was working it didn't matter so much. Then I could go to the studio early and by night I'd be too tired to care. But when I wasn't working—then it was bad.

When I said, "Whom can I go bicycling with? With whom can I go to the beach?" —Mother would say gently, "I'll go with you, dear."

And sure enough, down the street she'd pedal on her bicycle, side by side with me. Mother has always been a good companion to me—but I yearned for pals my own age.

Often I prayed, "Please help me make friends."

There seemed to be no answer to my prayer that first year.

Letters came from my friends in Portland. They told of gay times my old gang was having. I cried myself to sleep the night one such letter came. Perhaps it was good for me to cry so bitterly that night. The next morning I woke up feeling almost light-hearted. And suddenly I said to myself, "You've prayed for friends and nothing has happened. If you want to make friends, you'll have to do something about it."

What to do? I decided that I'd join a club of some kind. But there aren't many clubs for 15-year-old girls. Then I thought of the church. Surely there must be church groups for young folks to join.

That Sunday I went to the Episcopalian Church in Beverly Hills. I learned that there was a young folks' gathering every Sunday night. I went that night. I was shy and scared, and thought maybe no one would speak to me. But for the first time since I'd been in Hollywood, I found myself one of a group.

Every Sunday after that I went back. Soon the other young people in the group and I became friends. We went to parties at each other's houses; we went to the beach; we went bicycle riding together. We went on hay rides.

When they found out I was a singer, they often wanted me to get up and sing. I didn't like that so much, because I don't usually like to sing alone—it seems conceited. And I didn't want to be singled out as a motion-picture actress, different from the others. I wanted to be one of the gang, accepted by them as just another 15-year-old.

But to oblige them, I did sing at a few gatherings. Then, when they knew me well enough to understand, I stopped singing, except when the whole crowd sang. I was proud and happy when they remained my friends.

So my prayer was answered. And I learned an important rule from my experience: If you want something, pray as hard as you can—then work as hard as you can to help make your prayer come true.

THE END



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HOW PERFECT IS "PERFECT"?

(Continued from page 36)

invitingly about.

The small dining-room whose glass wall looks out over the hills, features dark wood and deep pink. Bill and Joan seldom used this room for dinner parties but they usually had breakfast here. Sometimes they carried their trays out onto the verandah which leads off the bedroom, and shared their breakfast hour with their tiny daughter.

In the warmer months, the Doziers entertained by their pool—where the lighting is indirect and the air is softly filled with music coming over a low-tuned loudspeaker hooked up to the record player within.

The Doziers' white-and-maroon kitchen, with its roomy closets and revolving spice-shelves, exerted a magnetic fascination over both of them. When they had days off from picture-making, producer Bill and actress Joan vied for the privilege of relieving the cook of preparing the evening meal. In happier times, Joan and Bill had one point of disagreement about their cooking. She said it was more of an instinct, once you'd learned the fundamentals. (She learned them at the famous Cordon Bleu cooking school in New York.) Bill said all you needed to be a good cook, was the ability to read a cook book. To prove this he volunteered to make a pineapple upside-down cake one afternoon. Strictly from the book. Said he'd never even seen an upside-down cake before. Joan said okay, go ahead. She'd eat her words, and the cake too, if it turned out right. Then she went back to smocking a dress for baby Deborah, and Bill locked himself in the kitchen.

Well, the cake turned out fine, and Joan ate two helpings as it came out golden and puffy from the oven.

Joan loves to make soufflés and delicately seasoned French dishes. Bill mostly goes in for corn bread, muffins and pies. Their cook backs out of the kitchen when her bosses feel an urge towards pots and pans. She goes out on the steps and admires the view till they tell her to come back in and sample their latest efforts. As a result, Cook is getting too fat for her uniforms.

deb came first . . .

Other hobbies that Bill and Joan shared were horseback riding and gardening. But the hub of their existence was their tiny daughter, now 11 months of bouncing babyhood. She has a peak of blonde hair like a kewpie doll, eyes like cornflowers, and a relentless determination towards locomotion. Seems she always wants to go places and see things—even the bottom of the swimming pool. Joan had a fright the other morning when she was sitting by the pool with the baby. Little Deb wiggled over to the edge and plopped in, face first. Says Joan:

"I let her get her face full of water before I fished her out. Maybe that lesson will keep her away from it—at least until I can get the pool fenced in. We'll start her swimming lessons soon, but until then, believe me, we're never going to let her out of our sight for an *instant!*"

Deborah's nursery, connected to the main bedroom by the wide, flower-boxed verandah, is done in blue, yellow and white. She exercises her small bare toes on the blue rag rugs and, guided by Joan or Ann, her nurse, rides her tiny white rocking-horse. Her crib is white with a lacy canopy, and two cherubic pink angels with silky wings are strapped to the bed-


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the fans

MODERN SCREEN FAN CLUB ASSOCIATION

Advisory Board Findings: Our Advisory Board has been working overtime to help solve one of our most pressing problems, and we'd like to thank the members for their promptness in suggesting solutions. The matter concerns the awarding of trophy cups and how many should be awarded to one club. With the aid of the prexies comprising the Advisory Board, we've come up with the decision to limit the number of cups. After a club has won two cups, it will receive credit for having the most points in a contest if it is the winner, but the trophy will go to the runner-up. When a club has accumulated a certain number of these credits as a winner (this number will be announced next month), it will receive very special recognition from the MSFCA! We'll be interested to know how you like the idea!

Prizes: To the best correspondents this month go REVLON'S KING'S RANSOM lipstick sets—seven of Revlon's most popular shades with a gold holder—beautifully packaged in a black velvet case. For that we'd start writing letters to ourselves, except for the fact that the sets are reserved for our correspondents! We know club editors will love the little foto stamps we're offering. THE AMERICAN FOTO STAMP COMPANY will make them for our best editors and the stamps will be awarded in blocks of 500. They're so very nice for stationery and journals—and we have pictures of any star you'd like. ENGER-KRESS billfolds have the hearty approval of all the This Is My Best winners to whom they've been awarded. The wallets are in lovely rainbow colors, hold snaps, folding money and change. And their artist of the month won't have to take a trip to appreciate the TANGEE TRIP KIT. The kit is packed with cosmetics. It's easy to carry and once you've owned one, you'll never see how you ever got along without it!

10th Semi-annual TROPHY CUP CONTEST
2nd Lap

This Is My Best: (100 points) "Golden Comet Day," Martha Farrington, Jeanette MacDonald Journal. "Train Song," Catherine Kusczynski, Club Friendship Journal. "We, the Movie Fans," Henryetta Lewis, Philip Reed Journal. "February 4th," Shirley Maxwell, James Melton Journal. "Are Fan Clubs Foolish?" Mary Kelly, Montgomery Clift Journal (Paul). "Just Reminiscing, Thanks," Margie Keith, Eddy Arnold Journal. **Best Journals:** (500 points) League 1. Nelson Eddy Journal (Nicholin). League 2. New Stars Journal. League 3. (tied) Humphrey Bogart Journal. Jack Smith Journal. **Best Editors:** (250 points) League 1. Margaret Sedlar, John Garfield Journal. League 2. Loretta Zitek, Harlean Matthias, Dick Contino Journal. League 3. Judy Baird, Gordon MacRae Journal. **Best Artist:** (150 points) Marilyn Brock, Perry Como Journal (Travnicek). **Best Covers:** (250 points) League 1. Jane Wyman Journal. League 2. Bob Crosby Journal. League 3. (tied) Audrey Totter Journal. Radio Stars Journal. **Best Correspondents:** (100 points) League 1. None qualified. League 2. Betty Petrie, Charles Korvin Club. League 3. Eleanor Paul, Montgomery Clift Club. **Most Worthwhile Activities:** (250 points) League 1. Farley Granger Club (overseas boxes). League 2. (tied) Jim Brown Club (donation to Father Flanagan Fund; stamps to veterans' hospital). Rise Stevens Club (donation of radio to veterans' hospital). League 3. Stuart Foster Club (Levitt) (contribution to Cancer Fund). **Membership Increases:** (100 points) League 1. Bing Crosby Club (Ness). League 2. Betty Grable-Harry James Club (Adams). League 3. Bill Lawrence Club (Lawson). **Candid Camera Contest:** (100 points for first prize, 50 points for others) Jamie Bellinger, Penny Edwards Club. Geraldine Schultz, Gene Autry Club. Beverly Bush, Frank Sinatra Club. Betty Cornwell, Perry Como Club. Patricia Danks, Patrice Munsel Club. John McNamara, Terry Moore Club.

posts. The angels were a gift from a fan in New York. Maureen O'Sullivan, Deb's godmother, gave her the hand-painted prayer stool which stands by her bed awaiting her first prayers. Her play-pen is out on the verandah.

The master bedroom is a happy compromise of masculine and feminine tastes. Joan took her theme for the decoration from her sea shells. She let their pearly tones sink deep into her imagination . . . then she set to work and dreamed up this enchanting suite of rooms—surely the most beautiful in Hollywood.

Basically, the scheme is blue-gray with touches of pink. Her seven-foot bed is covered with a rough-weave linen spread in the same blue-gray shade as the modern painted tables and desk. Bedside lamps have glass bases filled with an array of shells and coral. From the bedroom a shell-pink passage leads to individual dressing-room suites. Joan's is on the left. All in pink, the ceiling, walls and built-in furniture are set off with mirrored doors and heavy crystal doorknobs. This exquisite setting fits the "actress" side of Joan's life to perfection. Here she can be quite alone to study her script, set her hair, or answer her mail. Off the main room of her suite are several smaller rooms—in one a hair-dryer and telephone, in another a bathtub, in another her clothes, with spacious racks holding her 200 pairs of shoes. Joan wears negligees and housecoats in the same misty pinks and blues as the rooms.

A guest suite on the lower floor was always ready for 18-year-old Bob Dozier, Bill's son by a former marriage, whenever he was home from Brown University. Bob has his father's sturdy build and quizzical expression. He and Joan got along beautifully—except in those rare, teasing moments when he called her "Mother." Then she was ready to push him into the pool.

her face was familiar . . .

Joan will never forget their first meeting, when she went up to his school, and he paraded her round the campus pointing out the sights while five fellow students badgered the life out of him with inquiries about the "blonde babe" he had with him.

And then there was that incident in the train club-car, when Joan was coming home from her visit to Bob's school. A neat little brunette seated herself next to Joan and inquired in tinkling tones, "Don't I know you? I mean—your face—I've seen it *some*where!"

"I'm Joan Dozier," replied Joan, fondly twisting her new wedding band.

The girl sat up as though she'd been stuck with a pin.

"*No!* You're not related to young Bob Dozier?"

Joan nodded. "He's my husband's son."

"That gorgeous man! I met him at the prom last night. Now I'm on my way back to school. Gosh, just imagine being related to *him!*" The girl was breathless with the wonder of it all. Talked about Bob for an hour. Never once recognized Joan Fontaine, the Oscar-winner from Hollywood.

Joan used to laugh over that incident. But Joan isn't laughing now. Neither is Bill Dozier. Both have told their friends that they are miserable. And there is no doubt that much of the misery they suffer must come from the memories they have of one of the most beautiful houses in Hollywood—theirs—that held so much love.

Will they ever return to it—together? It is the hope of everyone in the film capital that they will. But at this point, Joan's home in Brentwood is the symbol of a perfect love in a perfect house—that wasn't perfect enough. THE END

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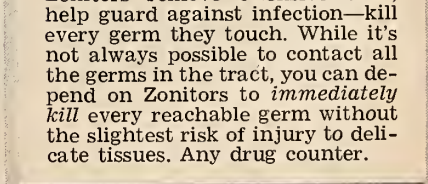
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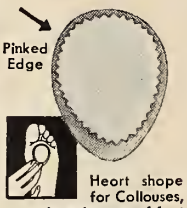


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THIS LOVE OF OURS

(Continued from page 39)

Would he be bored? Would he grow restless? I suppose it's the worry of every new wife—but there it was.

"Let's fly," I kept suggesting as train time approached.

"Fly?" Desi would say. "But Lucy, just think, three days on the train. Three peaceful, relaxing days. After New York, it will be heaven."

Not much like heaven, I thought, if those three days should seem more like three years!

Desi had less and less to say as the trip progressed. We traveled for miles without exchanging a word. I was a bundle of nerves. In the diner or the club car, he would stare off into space. Back in our compartment, he strummed his guitar. This went on through Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Kansas, New Mexico and right into Pasadena, California. As the train pulled into the station I was almost in tears, and ready to pronounce myself the year's outstanding bridal failure.

Suddenly I was tossed back on my fluffy pink Cloud No. 17. "Lucy," he said, "I've just completed our song. I've been working on it since we left New York. It's called, *My New World With You.*"

He played it for me that day on the train—and on every anniversary since then!

doctor, lawyer, indian-chief . . .

Sometimes I wish Desi was a mailman. Or a lawyer, or a dentist. Anything but a bandleader. Of course I never wish he was a traveling salesman, or an airlines pilot. I prefer the stay-put career, say an architect or the fifth vice-president of a bank.

This isn't just a selfish desire. Desi loves having a home and being in it. He is in his glory master-minding any new project at Desilu, our San Fernando Valley ranch. He will tackle anything from one nail for picture-hanging to the complete construction of a bath-house and a barbecue patio for summer entertaining. He also transformed a garage attached to the house into a step-saving utility room to accommodate our household equipment, such as the washing machine, electric ironer, deep freeze and mammoth storage cupboards.

Next to his hammer-and-saw projects, Desi likes to cook. Willie Mae, our full-time kitchen jewel, keeps on hand for him a high chef's cap and gigantic apron, appropriately embroidered, GENIUS AT WORK. In this impressive regalia, and with the proper ingredients, "Chef" Arnaz can fashion some downright professional Cuban delicacies. His specialty is *arroz con pollo*—chicken and rice.

He makes exquisite spaghetti, too, but we've sort of lost interest in that particular dish since "The Wreck of the Living Room Rug"—or, as Sam Spade would call it, "The Flying Casserole Caper." It happened not long ago when we were having a crowd of about 20 in for Sunday night supper. The menu on such occasions comes under Desi's supervision, and he is head chef.

That evening I was experiencing the satisfied glow of the hostess who feels that everything is going well. The guests were enjoying themselves and the house was looking its very best. Our big, comfortable living room, with its cheery dining area at the far end, seemed especially inviting and friendly.

Soon Desi appeared in the doorway, proudly bearing the huge, steaming casserole containing the *pièce de résistance*, spaghetti and meat balls. As he crossed the room—just about dead center—the casserole broke, the bottom falling out neatly

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and completely, scattering spaghetti and meat balls over our new rug, splattering curtains, walls and guests, and leaving a flabbergasted Desi holding two handles. If you think that wasn't a lot of spaghetti, I can give you the exact figure—17 pounds. That night, getting ready for bed, I found two weary strands of it in my shoe.

A less stout-hearted cook would have abandoned the enterprise at the drop of the casserole, and retreated with his guests to the nearest restaurant. But not my Desi. Once the debris was cleared way, he disappeared into the kitchen again, and in a matter of minutes had replaced the errant spaghetti with a superb soufflé. . . .

Desi and I share a hundred and one interests. We like many things. We like our quiet, easy country life, raising oranges, chickens, and an occasional pig—none of which we ever have the heart to eat. Except the oranges.

We like being hosts at Friday night square dances. We like lazy week-ends on our small cruiser, even when we don't leave the harbor at Balboa.

We like family gatherings on holidays, when the house is filled with the aroma of good food cooking and the walls bulge with cousins, aunts, brothers, sisters, small nieces and nephews, the three cockers and Hi Ball, our black and tan terrier.

We like parlor games when we have a gang at the house; games like charades. With Desi, "the game," as it's called in Hollywood, is especially intriguing because his interpretation of the King's English is often startling. There was the night he baffled us with a character whom he portrayed by going through repeated gestures of eating. He acted out a complete meal and when we gave up, disgustedly exploded, "Why you don't get it? Look, I am eating. Eet ees *Meal*-dred . . . Mealdred Pierce!"

When we all howled with laughter, Desi was indignant and swore never to be inveigled into playing "the game" again.

Our tempers, quick to rise and equally quick to subside, are another common ground for my husband and me. We have spats, lots of them. Most happily married couples do, but we never carry on a feud. Whatever the issue, the defendant and plaintiff thrash it out, leave it for dead, and go on to something more interesting.

Temperamental, sentimental, often impractical, but never dull, Desi is easily the most charming guy I've ever known. Probably the most revealing insight into a husband's character are the gifts he selects. I remember our first anniversary and the velvet jeweler's box I found at



Lucille and Desi Arnaz, wed nine years ago, leave the church after their recent remarriage.



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my plate that night. It was a magnificent gold bracelet, intricately designed of flexible leaves, each engraved with a word of the legend, LUCY, I LOVE YOU MORE THAN EVER, YOUR DESI.

For my birthday soon after, there was a companion bracelet of tiny gold replicas of every one of his records, each engraved with its title. Who but Desi would think of a gold taxi whistle, or the beautiful costume pin, in the shape of a large key and studded with rubies and opals, which he gave me last anniversary? Engraved on the back are the words, NURSERY KEY.

Desi and I were remarried on Sunday, June 19th, at the Our Lady of the Valley Church in Canoga Park. When Desi proposed to me again, after nine years, his second proposal seemed sweeter than the first. Knowing that he feels this way made our church wedding doubly wonderful. And I do know that for laughing . . . for loving . . . for keeps . . . he'll forever remain My Favorite Husband. THE END

MARRIAGE ON HER MIND

(*Continued from page 33*)

taking up with Burt Lancaster, with whom she worked on his first screen test. "That was a fine romance," Liz says. "Everything between Burt and me happened in print."

However, when the columnists learned that Burt was already happily married and a father, they neatly switched Scott's love allegiance from Burt to a handsome hunk of man named Rory Calhoun. But what does this Calhoun fellow do? He ups and marries an actress named Isabelita.

Undaunted, the columnists tried again. For 1949, they paired Liz with A. C. Lyles, a publicist who does Hollywood with great charm, and with Fefe Ferry, a Rumanian who kisses actresses on their wrists and accepts 10% of their incomes as an agent. But then a famous radio commentator tossed these two gentlemen out of the running with the announcement that Lizabeth Scott was at last in love—but really, crazily, tempestuously in love—with the heir to a newspaper fortune.

This heir, it turned out, was Mort Schiff, whose mother, Mrs. Dorothy Schiff Thackrey, owns the *New York Post*. But Liz said sweetly, as so many other girls in the same situation have said before, "Mort is a wonderful guy. But we're just friends."

In short, all the attempts to pair Liz Scott seriously with any man have been complete failures ever since she arrived in Hollywood four years ago.

The public will no longer believe the romances conjured up for her by newspaper columnists. And yet to many people —like the Notre Dame football player—it is rather baffling that a girl as beautiful, talented, honest and intelligent as Liz, is at 26, without fiancé or husband.

Ava Gardner had two husbands by the time she was 24; Doris Day had two by the time she was 25; Loretta Young was first married when she was 16½, Shirley Temple when she was 18. How come Lizabeth Scott has never even been engaged?

This question has given rise to some pretty strange and also funny stories. There are some who say that Liz will never get married because she'll always be in love with the memory of a man who died a hero's death in the war. There are others to whom Liz is the classic example of a girl who has shut everything out of life but career. You can even hear that she actually is married—very secretly—to a heavily-bearded, shadowy figure of behind-the-scenes international finance whose lightest word can shake every chancellory in Europe.

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All of this just isn't so, says Liz. (Not even the theory about the guy with the beard.) "I want to get married," she says, "and I will. Only up till now, the combination of circumstances has never been exactly right. I've been infatuated with men who haven't been infatuated with me; or it's just been a temporary infatuation on both sides and not a lasting love; or I've been too busy working.

"There are many girls my age throughout the country who haven't been married. That's no great tragedy, even in Hollywood. For some strange reason, though, the fact that I'm single makes people think I'm a recluse or that there's something mysterious or unusual about me. How ridiculous!"

Still, Lizabeth Scott *is* unusual. Her deep, throaty voice; her lovely, sharply-angled face; her hyper-active, expressive hands—all this is most definitely unusual.

"She is," as one actor at Paramount who has known her for a long while so aptly puts it, "a sort of lone wolf, a beautiful, intelligent girl who picks her male friends very carefully. She'd rather be alone with a good book than in a crowd with a bunch of handsome jerks."

Burt Lancaster subscribes to this school of thought on Liz. "She always seems lonely to me," he's written. "Lots of families have that one kid who walks alone. Liz is that one in her family."

generous to a fault . . .

Another actor, Kirk Douglas, who played with her in *The Strange Loves of Martha Ivers,* says that Liz is the most warm-hearted, generous, garrulous actress in Hollywood.

And when Liz starts to talk, you'd better watch out. No shy, repressed recluse, this girl. Instead, she's a dynamic, electric, highly articulate female who seems to vibrate as she talks. Her whole body seems to quiver with her words. "When she starts talking," says Kirk Douglas, "I stop."

Charley Feldman, her agent, once described her to a producer in this manner: "Liz has one of the best brains in town and also one of the best bodies. She's smart and she's sexy, a combination impossible to beat. When Lizabeth Scott says something, she means it; unlike a lot of other actresses, she never talks for effect.

When Liz had her option renewed this June, she was extremely happy—not only because it brought her salary beyond the $1,000-per-week mark, but because it proved to her that she had made the grade, that she was in Hollywood to stay. Best yet, it proved to the doubting Thomases that Hal Wallis, the producer, knew what he was saying when he stuck his neck out in 1944 and told several executives at Warner Brothers, "This girl is a whole lot better than her test indicates."

At that time, Liz had taken her first screen test and Warner Brothers had turned her down. But not Wallis; he was leaving that studio, and he told Liz, "As soon as I make a deal somewhere else, I'll sign you."

Wallis set up his independent producing organization at Paramount, and true to his word, he signed Liz to a contract, making her the first player on his talent roster.

All these years, Liz has worked and studied, to prove that Wallis' faith in her ability and her own faith, was not misplaced. She has neglected her social life, her love life, perhaps even her interest in men, to become a top-flight actress.

But now that she's reached the heights, Liz, like nine out of 10 other girls, is ready to make the big decision.

"Just let the right man come along," she says, "and you'll be seeing me leading three of my own kids in play rather than playing three leads in pictures. I want to get married."

THE END



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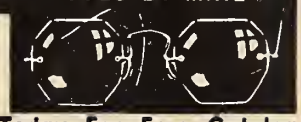
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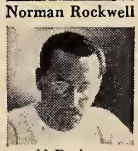
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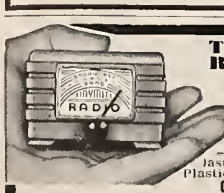
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GOOD NEWS

(Continued from page 14)



Kirk Douglas examines Jonet Woldo's make-up kit during a reheorsal of CBS' Family of Stars.

Jottings Around Town: Kirk Douglas, walking into a popular night spot alone three nights in a row, only winked when I asked him where all his pretty "dates" were. I hear Kirk has been "advised" against showing up with a different lovely every night.

Ann Sheridan's Paris clothes are dreamy. Saw her dancing around Ciro's in a black taffeta, cocktail-length and very decolleté with three flounces of pale pink petticoats. Every woman in the room was eying that little number with envy.

Ginger Rogers cries and cries on the set of *Perfect Strangers*, yet she denies that she and Jackie Briggs are having trouble after all these years, though she admits they had an argument. But if everything is patched up again, why does she continue to be so depressed?

John Hodiak removing strawberry shortcake dessert from in front of Anne Baxter at dinner at La Rue. Pretty cute. He likes her thin!

Ava Gardner and Howard Duff lunching in a booth at the Brown Derby. Into the next booth come Mickey Rooney and his bride, Martha Vickers. The Mick and Ava, who were once married, no speakee. Incidentally, Mickey and Martha are "expecting."

* * *

Questions and Answers Department: Are Wanda Hendrix and Audie Murphy expecting a baby? Wanda says, "Not yet"—but she does say she is hoping the rumors will be true any time.

Is Alan Ladd getting temperamental at the studio? Not a bit of it. He is one of the most cooperative actors in this business. When he didn't like certain things in the script of his *Postal Inspector* story, he went in and had a talk about them. Result—the bosses said he was right and ordered changes.

Is Judy Garland well enough to come back to work? Not yet. Judy is coming along very well and has put on nine pounds. But it will be a big mistake if she doesn't rest for several months yet.

Which actress is in the lead (so far) for next year's Academy Award? Deborah Kerr—hands down—for her wonderful work in *Edward, My Son.*

Has Kirk Douglas been suffering from a swollen head? If he was—he's over it.

* * *

Well, I guess this is all for this month. In my mail, I notice that Ricardo Montalban is beginning to attract considerable fan interest. Also, John Derek. I'm going to have a talk with both of these boys soon and I'll be having more to say about them. Elizabeth Taylor is still "Miss Big" among the girls with my correspondents. Thanks, as always, for your letters and keep 'em coming!

PHOTO CREDITS

Below you will find credited page by page the photographs which appear in this issue.

6 Bert Parry *Exc. T. Lt.*, Bob Beerman—7 *T.*, Virgil Apger, *Bot.*, Bob Beerman—10-12 Bob Beerman—14 Bert Parry—24 *T.*, Associated Press, *Bot.*, Wide World—27 Warners—28 Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer—30 *T.*, CBS, *Bot.*, Wide World—31 *T. Lt.*, Gus Gale, *T. Rt.*, 20th Century-Fox, *Bot. Lt.*, Morgan of Warners, *Bot. Rt.*, A. L. Whitey Schafer of Paramount—32 Shostal—33 *Bot.*, M. S. staff—34-36 Bert Parry—37-39 M. S. staff—40 Bob Beerman *Exc. Lt.*, RKO—42-45 Bob Beerman—46 *T.*, Associated Press, *Bot.*, Wide World—47 *Lt.*, Wide World, *Rt.*, Acme—50 *T.*, Paramount, *Bot. Lt.*, White Studios, N. Y., *Bot. Rt.*, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer—51 Paramount—54 Paramount—55 Paramount *Exc. T.*, Harry Rowed—56 Jerome Zerbe—58 Bert Parry—59 Bob Beerman—65-72 Jacques Simpson of Pagano Studios—99 Wide World—102 CBS.

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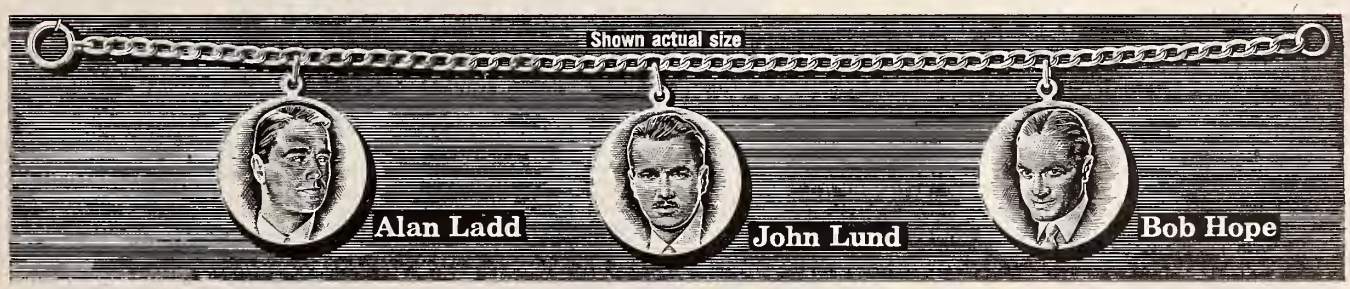


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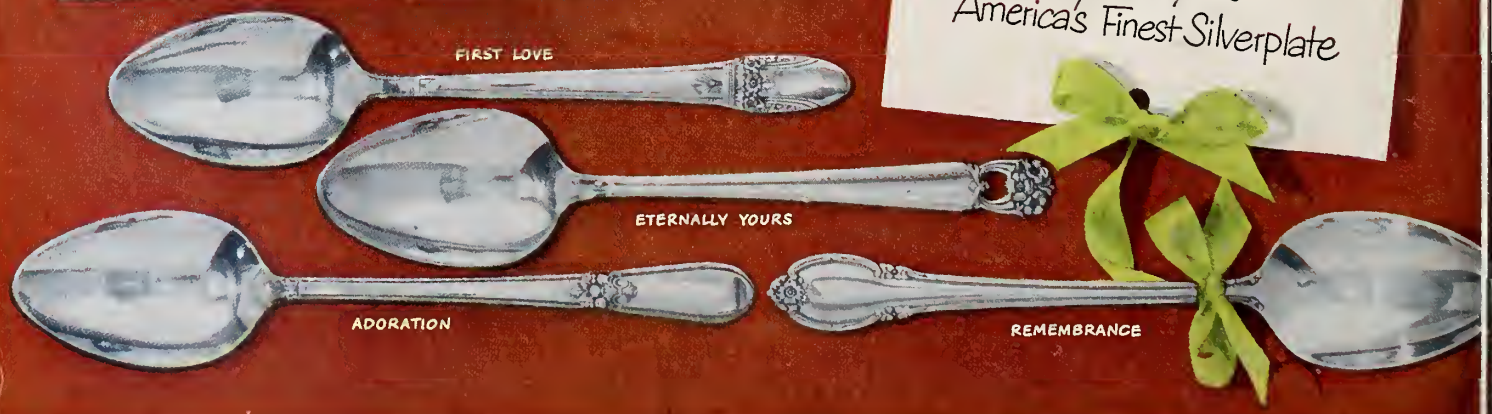
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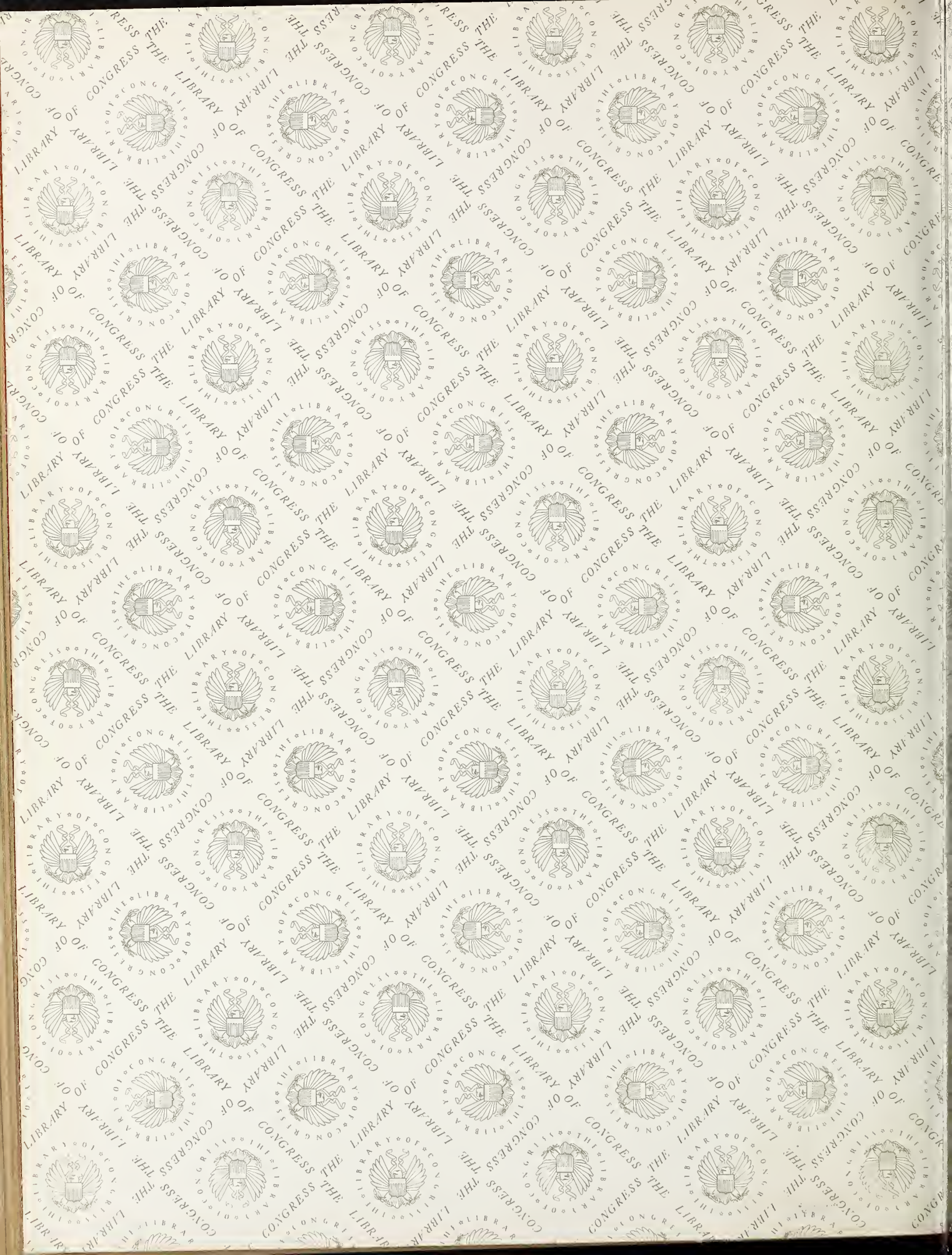
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